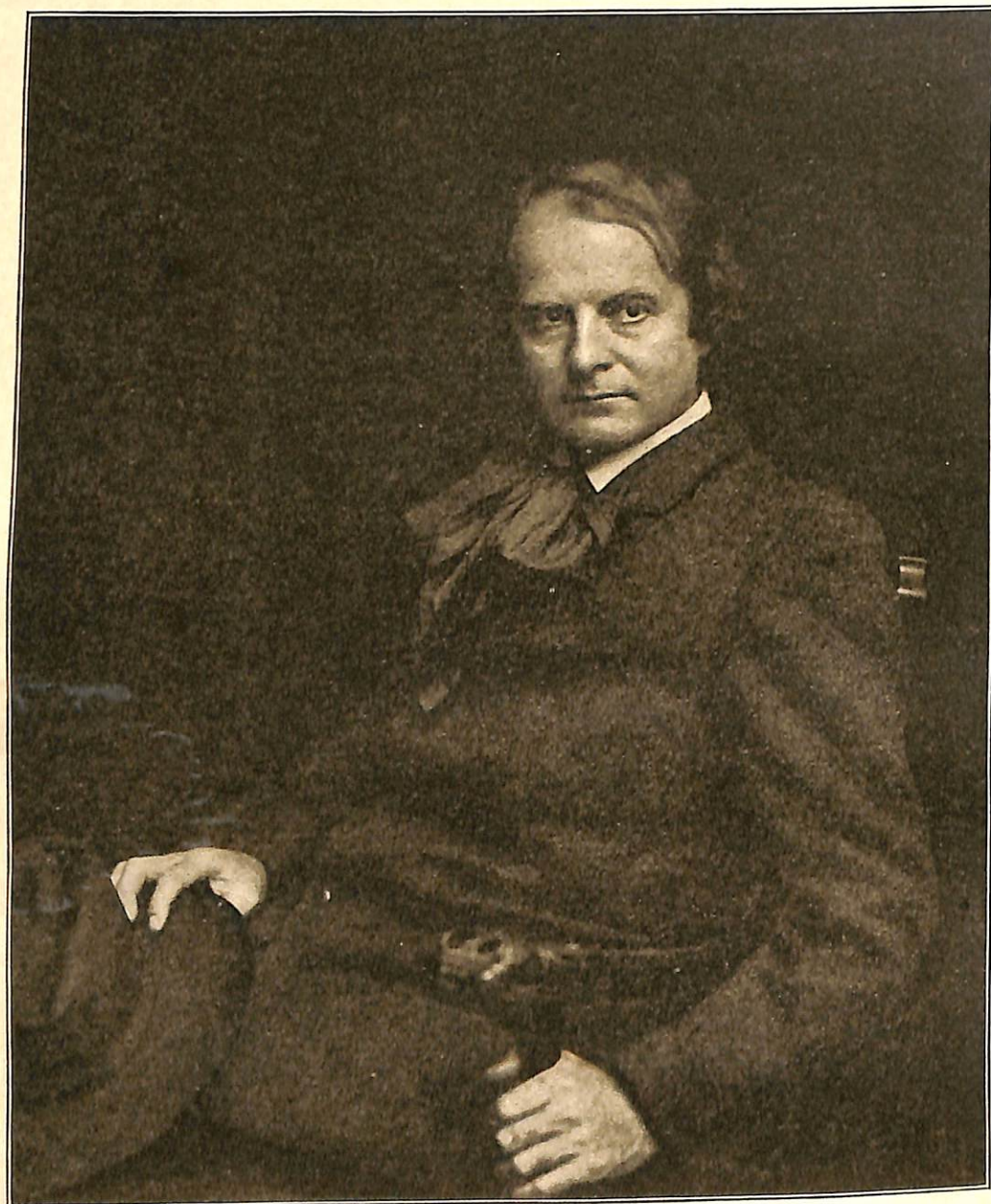


Contemplations

from the Writings of
of Elbert Hubbard by
Heloise Hawthorne

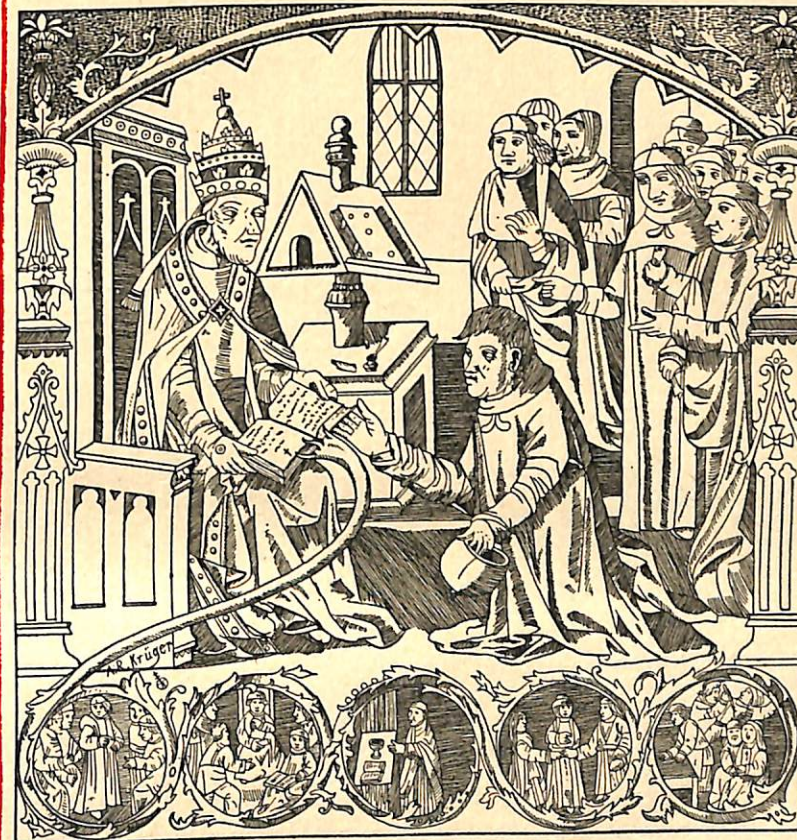


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ELBERT HUBBARD

Contemplations

Being Several Short Essays, Helpful Sermonettes, Epigrams and Orphic Sayings Selected from the Writings of Elbert Hubbard by Heloise Hawthorne



Wherein will be found Thoughts that may have been Expressed Before, but probably Not Quite so Well: with Truthful Incidents Gathered and Garnered from the Experience of One who has Realized the Value of the Passing Moments and has Endeavored to get as Much Good from Them, for Himself and Others, as Possible—who has Hoped Much, Loved Much and Failed Much, yet Whose Grateful Faith in the Eternal Beneficence of Things is Still Unimpaired

I WISH to be simple, honest, frank, natural, clean in mind and body, unaffected—ready to say “I do not know” if so it be, to meet all men on an absolute equality—to face any obstacle and meet every difficulty unabashed and unafraid—to cultivate the hospitable mind and the receptive heart.

CONTEMPLATIONS

LIFE AS A KINDERGARTEN. If there only were a Science of Education we would run the boys through the mill and the trick would be done. If education were a Science we could take so much boy and so much curriculum and produce, without fail, so much truth and competence.

¶ Alas! for our theories, most of the men who built up and manage our great railroads, were untaught, country lads. ¶ Very many of the strong men in all of our great cities—the men at the heads of factories and banks—were boys who never had the advantages of college training. Not alone is this true of the so-called “practical men,” but many of the foremost names in literature, science and art are those of men who never had any “advantages.” It is surely equally true that a great number of college graduates have gone to the front, but on the other hand, a college degree is no adequate verification of competence.

And just so long as some men who are not college bred take first places on the roster of fame, and some men who are college bred sink out of sight, most thinking men will admit that there is no such thing as a Science of Education.

And of the college men who succeed, who shall say whether they succeeded by and through the help the college gave, or in spite of it?

Yet many men who win often wail, “If I only had had the advantages of college training!” If so, it might have ironed all the individuality out of them. And yet I would have every man have a college education, in order that

he might see how little the thing is really worth. And I would have every man rich that he might know the worthlessness of riches. ¶ To take a young man from work, say, at eighteen years of age, and keep him from useful labor, in the name of education for four years, will some day be regarded as a most absurd proposition. It is the most



T is a great blessing to be born into a family where strict economy of time and money is necessary.

The idea that nothing shall be wasted and that each child must carve out for himself a career is a thrice-blessed heritage. Rich parents are an awful handicap to youth: few indeed there be who have the strength to stand prosperity.

¶ At last we must admit that the man who towers above his fellows is the one who has the power to make others work for him; a great success is not possible in any other way.

¶ The sculptor produces the beautiful statue by chipping away such parts of the marble block as are not needed—it is a process of elimination.

ness. He was no longer a producer and had to be supported by tithes and taxes.

And of course, as he did not intend to go back to the world of work and usefulness, it really did n't make any difference if he did sink into a pupa-like condition of nullity.

If you wish to get a glimpse of pitiable helplessness in a man, search out an unfrocked priest. Do you wonder that preachers uphold the creed? It is a death clutch.

The priestly method of education, of trust and reverence, and of repression—pouring ideas in from the outside, still obtains in most of the large colleges. The pupil is not taught to think for himself or express himself. The

gigantic illusion of the age. Set in motion by priests and preachers, the idea was that the young person should be drilled and versed in “sacred” themes. Hence the dead languages and the fixed thought that education should be esoteric. The only persons at first receiving education were the ones intended for the church. This separation from the practical world for a number of years, where work of no account was done & the whole attention fixed on the abstract themes & theories, often tended to cripple the man so that he could never go back to the world of work and useful-

system of recitations, where the lecture plan is in vogue, is such that nearly every youth who stands on his feet to recite is nearly paralyzed with fright—his teeth chatter and his knees knock together. All that fine spontaneity which one sees in a well regulated kindergarten is noticeable by its absence.

¶ In the smaller colleges, especially in the West, many instances are found of students working their way through school. My experience has led me to believe that such students stand a very much better chance in the world's race than those who are made exempt from practical affairs by having everything provided. The responsibility of caring for himself is a necessary factor in man's evolution, that must not be too long delayed.

And the point of this preachment lies here: that to make a young man exempt from the practical world, from sixteen to twenty-one, is to run the risk of ruining him for life. Possibly you have taken opportunity from him, and turned him into a mnemonic machine.

¶ There are people who are always talking about preparing for life, and preparing for eternity, and preparing to meet God. We are living in eternity now as much as ever we shall, and the only way to meet God is to have His spirit in our hearts. God is not away off there: He is here, and every day is Judgment Day.

A school should not be a preparation for life
— *A School Should Be Life.*

There will never be a science of pedagogy so long as you take the pupil from his work in order to educate him. Isolation from the

world, in order to prepare for the world's work, is folly. You might as well take a boy out of the blacksmith shop in order to teach him blacksmithing. College is a make-believe and every college student knows it. From the age of fourteen and upward, the pupil should feel that he is doing something useful, not merely killing time. And so his work and his

instruction ought to go right along hand in hand. And this sort of education is given out, in degree, in Purdue University, in the Schools of Technology, the various Agricultural Colleges, the Ferris Institute, by that strong and useful man, Beardshear of Iowa, and that other equally great man, Booker T. Washington, and by various other excellent men & women scattered here and there.

Yet we will not approximate the perfect college until we have an institution where any boy can go and earn his own livelihood, & where he will not be humiliated by the operation. Then stu-

dents will be paid for their work, and in turn they will pay for certain advantages, and thus the idea of mutuality, reciprocity and economy of time and money will be fostered and encouraged.

But a little while ago and men were educated only that they might belong to one of the three so-called "learned professions." But we discovered yesterday that the "learned professions" are a good deal of a humbug—a truth that the best members of the professions are now quite willing to admit.

The best lesson in life is the lesson of Self-Reliance, and the college that inculcates this best will approach the Ideal.



WOMEN often make shrill outcry at sight of a mouse; men curse roundly when large, buzzing, blue-bottle flies disturb their after-dinner nap; but let occasion come and the stuff of which heroes are made is in us all. I think well of my kind.

¶ Strong people are not so much advertised by their loving friends as by their rabid enemies.

¶ The heroic man does not pose; he leaves that for the man who wishes to be thought heroic.

¶ A bird in the bush is worth two on a woman's bonnet.

¶ Society does not punish those who sin; but those who sin and conceal not cleverly.

LEARNING BY DOING. There is no more preposterous admonition than that which has been dinged into the ears of innocence for centuries, "Children should be seen and not heard."

The healthy, active child is full of impressions, and that he should express himself is just as natural as for a bird to sing. It is nature's way of giving growth—no one knows a thing for sure until he tells it to some one else. We deepen impressions by recounting them, and to habitually suppress and repress the child when he wants to tell of the curious things he has seen, is to display a 2x4 acumen.

Last summer on a horse-back ride of a hundred miles or so, I came to an out-of-the-way "Deestrick School," just such a one as you see every three miles all over New York State. This particular school house would not have attracted my attention specially had I not noticed that nearly

half the school lot was taken up with a garden and flower beds. No house was near and it was apparent that this garden was the work of the teacher and scholars.

Straightway I dismounted, tied my horse and walked into the schoolhouse.

The teacher was a man of middle age—a hunchback, and one of the rarest, gentlest spirits I ever met. Have you ever noticed what an alert, receptive and beautiful soul is often housed in a misshapen body? This man was modest and shy as a woman, and when I spoke of the flower beds, he half apologized for them, and tried to change the subject. When, after a few moments, he realized that

my interest in his garden was something deeper than mere curiosity, he offered to go out with me and show me what had been done. So we walked out, and out, too, behind us trooped the school of just fifteen scholars.

¶ "In winter we have sixty or more pupils, but you see the school is small now. I thought I would try the plan of teaching out of doors

half the time, and to keep the girls and boys busy I just let each scholar have a flower bed. Some wanted to raise vegetables, & of course I let them plant any seed they wished. The older children, girls or boys, help the younger ones—it is lots of fun. When the weather is fine we are out here a good deal of the time, just working and talking."

And that is the way this man taught—letting the children do things and talk. He explained to me that he was not an "educated" man, and as I contradicted him my eyes filled with tears. Not educated? I wonder how many of us



WHILE I do not know anything about it for certain, it is my opinion that at the Last Great Day the folks who stayed around home and pruned their vines and tended their flocks and loved their wives and babies will fare a deal better than those other men who made war on innocent people and tried to render them homeless. Of course I may be wrong about this, but I cannot help having an opinion. ¶ Don't be selfish. If you have something that you do not want, and know some one who has no use for it, give it to that person. In this way you can be generous without expenditure or self-denial and also help another to be the same.

who call ourselves educated have a disciplined mind, and can call by name the forest birds in our vicinity? Do we know the bird-notes when we hear them? Can we with pencil outline the leaves of oak, elm, maple, chestnut, hazel, walnut, birch or beech trees, so others familiar with these trees can recognize them?

Do we know by name or on sight the insects that fill the summer nights with melody? Do we know whether the katydid, cricket and locust "sing" with mouth, wings or feet? Do we know what they feed upon, how long they live, and what becomes of the tree-toad in winter? Do we know for sure how much

a bushel of wheat weighs? I wonder what it is to be educated. Here was a man seemingly sore smitten by the hand of Fate, and yet whose heart was filled with sympathy and love. He had no quarrel either with the world or Destiny. He was childless that he might love all children, and that his heart might go out to every living thing. The trustees of the school

did not take much interest in the curriculum, I found, so they let the teacher have his way; and I have since been told that the best schools are those where the Trustees or Directors take no interest in the institution.

A rare collection of birds' eggs, fungi & forest leaves had been made, and I was shown outline drawings of all the leaves in the garden. This idea of drawing a picture of the object led to a much closer observation, the teacher thought. And when I found on questioning some of the children, that the whole school took a semi-weekly ramble through the

woods, and made close studies of the wild birds, as well as insects, it came to me that this man, afar from any "intellectual center," was working out a pedagogic system that science could never improve upon. Whether the little man realized this or not I cannot say, but I do not think he guessed the greatness of his work and methods. It was all so simple—he did the thing he liked to do, and led the children out and they followed because they loved the man, and soon loved the things that he loved.

Science seeks to simplify. This country school-teacher, doing his own little work in his own little way, was a true scientist. And

in the presence of such a man, should we not uncover?

LIFE IN ABUNDANCE. The supreme prayer of my heart is, not to be learned, rich, famous, powerful, or "good," but to be Radiant.

I desire to radiate health, cheerfulness, sincerity, calm courage and good will.

I wish to live without hate, whim, jealousy, envy or fear.

¶ I wish to be simple, honest, natural, frank, clean in mind and clean in body, unaffected—ready to say "I do not know" if so it be, to meet all men on an absolute equality—to face any obstacle and meet every difficulty unafraid and unabashed.

I wish others to live their lives, too,—up to their highest, fullest and best. To that end I pray that I may never meddle, dictate, interfere, give advice that is not wanted, nor assist when my services are not needed. If I can help people I'll

do it by giving them a chance to help themselves; and if I can uplift or inspire, let it be by example, inference and suggestion rather than by injunction and dictation.

That is to say, *I desire to be Radiant—to Radiate Life!*



AMERICANITIS is on the increase, the Wise Ones say. Americanitis comes from an intense desire to "git thar" and an awful fear that you cannot. The ounce of prevention is to cut down your calling list, play tag with the children and let the world slide. Remember that your real wants are not many—a few hours work a day will supply your needs—then you are safe from Americanitis and death at the top.

¶ Many a man's reputation would not know his character if they met on the street.

¶ The mouth indicates the flesh; the eye the soul.

¶ Talk less and listen more.

APASTELLE. A folder that contains a device representing a locomotive engineer at his post has been issued by the Chicago & Alton Railroad. The picture is one of the happiest inspirations of its kind I ever saw. The first time I looked upon it, it gave me a sort of thrill. There sits the man, gloved, cap drawn tightly, one hand on the

lever of the throttle valve, the other free. The pose is easy, natural—no intensity, no strain, no fear; on the face is a suggestion of elemental calm, and a courage that might be the envy of gods and men. Behind this quiet man, so calm, so poised, is a treasure of half a million dollars and two hundred precious lives—he holds them all in that easy and unquaking grasp. Before him are two straight lines of steel, & the huge, black, all-enfolding Night. And into the gloom, in all perfect faith, this quiet man forces his sensitive monster, with that precious cargo and the priceless lives. The man is fearless. On the boyish face care sits lightly, and yet in it all the artist has thrown a look of experience and a wisdom that betokens Power.

I wonder if the man who drew that picture ever read a little book by Edward Carpenter entitled, *Towards Democracy*. Let me quote you this:

“Was this then the whole sum of life?

“A grinning, gibbering organization of negations—a polite trap, and a circle of endlessly complaisant faces bowing you back from reality!

“Well, as it happened just then—and as we stopped at a small way station—my eyes from my swoon-sleep opening, encountered the grimy and oil-besmeared figure of a stoker.

“Close at my elbow on the foot-plate of his engine he was standing.

“And the firelight fell on him brightly as for a moment his eyes rested on mine.

“That was all, but it was enough.

“The youthful face, yet so experienced and

calm, was enough; the quiet look, the straight untroubled, unseeking eyes, resting upon me—giving me without any ado the thing I needed, and in a moment I felt the sting and torrent of Reality.

“The swift nights out in the rain I felt, and the great black sky overhead, and the flashing of red and green lights in the forward

distance. The anxious straining for a glimpse sideways into the darkness—the dash of cold and wet above, the heat below—

“All this I felt, as if it had been myself.

“O eyes, O face, how in that moment without any ado you gave me all!”

These splendid fellows who do their work and hold their peace—they do give us faith in God and faith in ourselves.

“They mind their own business! Is there anything finer than to mind one’s own business? O cursed spite, that men are born to set the others right.

Let us all mind our own business. How

curious it is that men should quit their work and make a business of looking after the business of others! No man is ridiculous excepting when he neglects his own affairs to look after the business of other men—no man but is splendid when he is minding his own business.

Ah! That is why I lift my hat to the engineer—he is doing his work. He is minding his own business.



GEERS, THE SILENT MAN. In certain quarters I have seen a tendency to smile, sneer, and also sneeze at mention of the town of East Aurora. To forever



Tis doubtless true that stupid men by remaining quiet may often pass for men of wisdom: this is because no man can really talk as wise as he can look.

“Mother nature is kind, and if she deprives us of one thing she gives us another—happiness seems to be meted out to each and all in equal portions.”

“We desire at least a modicum of intellectual honesty, and the man who shuffles his opinions in order to match ours is seen through quickly. We want none of him.

“Writers seldom write the things they think. They simply write the things they think other folks think they think.”



put the kibosh on any such unseemliness, I wish to tell of a citizen of East Aurora who has received a world-wide recognition and whose name will go down in history, because he has done things better in his own particular line than they were ever before done by mortal man.

The man I refer to is Mr. Edward F. Geers, spoken of wherever horses neigh as "Ed. Geers, the Silent Man."

Mr. Geers came to East Aurora about ten years ago to enter the employ of Mr. C. J. Hamlin, known to the fraternity as "Pa."

Pa is now well past eighty years of age, but he has an eye for Calico, dearly loves a horse, and he loves Ed. Geers, who dearly loves a horse and eschews Calico on principle. "The horse is God's best gift to man," says Pa Hamlin.

Pa Hamlin is not especially literary, for it was only about six months ago that he asked Mr. Bradburn, his farm superintendent, "What

is this here Philippine Magazine Hubbard is printing?—that fellow always hitched a little in his head, anyway, goodness me!"

Ed. Geers is a type of man that is fast becoming extinct. He reminds you of one of those Marblehead sea-captains, who used to go down to the sea in ships, and often left their bones to the barracout. Men, they were, of unflinching courage, loyalty that knew no compromise, religious withal and dauntless believers in the God of Battles.

Geers can never be bought, intimidated or turned aside, when he thinks he is doing his duty. He is as mild and low voiced as was Kit Carson, and could shoot as quickly, if

needs be. I do not think Geers has ever killed a man, but if not, the reason has been that the opposition regarded discretion as the better part of valor. If Geers should come to you, and in his quiet way say, "Git!" you would not stand on the order of your going, but go at once.

On the face of this man



MY Sheep know my voice." Clothes may deceive, manner may lie and words may be used to conceal your purpose. The voice

is the true index of the soul. People who are vulgar may dress correctly, and speak grammatically, but they continue to either screech or purr. The clear, low, musical modulation belongs only to the men and women who Think and Feel. To possess a beautiful voice you must be Genuine.

¶ People are always asking me to follow their advice, but they are never willing to tell which way it went.

¶ The recipe for perpetual ignorance is: be satisfied with your opinions and content with your knowledge.

¶ Be gentle, and keep your voice low.

was a grocer at Galena when he was thirty-five years old, and not much of a grocer at that. It was Opportunity that shook the reins over him and pushed his nose under the wire. Grant had gotten the flag in every race he had entered up to 1861.

All of Geers's battles have been won by generalship, and I believe Pa Hamlin is right when he says that Geers is the greatest horse general the world has ever seen.

Geers is just fifty, with a complexion like dark brick-dust, the result of wind and weather. I make this explanation because the man never touches intoxicants in any form and uses no tobacco. He is a trifle lame and a little

is a look of reserve power, an elemental calm that carries conviction. The repose of the man is ominous & his poise is fearsome. No one takes any liberties with him. His look, his features, his silence, his attitude, his moderate movements, his economy of language are all pure Cromwellian in their suggestiveness. Yet he is a kind neighbor, a good citizen and thoroughly respected by those who know him best. If Ed. Geers is your friend, he is your friend in all weather, fair or foul. His silence is the silence of General Grant, and in many ways he is just as great a man; for please do not forget that Grant

hunched, like Budd Doble, Jack Splan and Ed. Marvin; for who would n't be after being in a score of mix up runaways, upsets—racers falling dead, and six drivers, six horses and six sulkies piled as high as a haystack, like a game of football played by centaurs! Four times he has been carried from the track on a barn door for dead, but with nothing worse than a few broken bones sticking out through his clothes.

And still Geers lives & works, and works in joy, for his perfect health is proof of that. His career has just begun, he says, and yet let me tell you a little of what stands to this man's credit on the stud-book of fame.

To begin at the last, he drove The Abbot to his record of 2.03 1-4, which is the present world's record for trotters. Geers drove Robert J. sixty-seven heats in from 2.10 to 2.02 1-2, which last, I believe, is the fastest pacing time ever made in a race. He drove Fantasy in the Grand Circuit, giving her a record of 2.06, and winning ten straight races, where, in every instance, the field got away first and Geers held back, biding his time. At the proper moment he collared the leader on the home stretch and sent his horse under the wire first, on a final brush, going no faster than was necessary. He has given records to one hundred and twelve trotters and pacers, and has made world records twenty-three times. Of course, some of these world records have since been beaten; for instance—John R. Gentry wiped out the world's record of Robert J., but some of Geers's world records will probably remain. He drove Belle Hamlin, Justina and Globe, a triple team, in 2.14. This tremendous feat, it must be remembered, could only be done by driving the mile without a skip or break. Three horses abreast, or two abreast, are racing with each other, and if one goes off his feet, it would be a miracle to get him down and not drop at least ten seconds. Another peculiar feature of this last named

record is that all three of the horses were the produce of one sire.

As strange a race as Geers ever drove was when he started Milan Chimes at Hartford, July 5th, 1898. This horse had never before been in a race, yet Geers gave him the wonderful record of 2.13 3-4 in the second heat, coming home on a jog. He also won the

third heat in 2.16; and in the fifth heat, while in the lead of the field, the animal without warning fell dead.

In 1899 Geers drove twenty-three races, straight, and got the first money seventeen times, & a slice of the purse in all the rest. The courage of the man is sublime, and while

never courting danger, if the other fellows wish to get in a mix up, they can usually be accommodated. Geers drives his horse wherever the horse can put his nose through.

Some years ago I used to own a few Good Ones, myself, and five o'clock every summer morning found me up behind, sending 'em along a bit. The serene beauty of the morning, when the rising sun makes the grass glisten like diamonds with its weight of dew, is a thing to hide away in your heart and remember long. I do not get up quite so early now, not that hot suppers and fast trolley rides have discouraged me, for I have never indulged in such vain things, but the habit of tumbling out of bed to capture an Idea, before it escapes, has made the morning sleep acceptable. But the rides side by side with Ed. Geers in the early summer mornings, are mine even yet. For often at exactly 4.30 I awake as I did ten years ago, when Ali Baba used to feed the colts and then call me. But I do not bounce out now—just turn over and dream of jogging a cheerful chestnut stallion in the quiet of the June morning, when most of the villagers are asleep, and the hedge-rows are melodious with the twitter of birds. And so, though I no longer drive with Geers, I dream about it, and when we meet he always refers to "old times."



PLAIN living and high thinking do not go together through choice, for if you think high, you will not have the money to live high, and not having the money to live high, you live plain.

☞ To be famous is to be slandered by people who do not know you. ☞

The other day Ed. Geers drove up in front of the Shop and shouted "Hello!" I went out to see what he wanted. He took a book out of his blouse and handing it to me, smiled half apologetically and drove away without a blessed word.

I opened the volume and read the title-page, "My Experience with the Trotters: by Ed. Geers." That night

I read the volume from cover to cover. Mr. Geers's book is a plain and simple statement concerning some of the principal horse events in this man's history. That the horse world wants to know the facts set forth, & that they are valuable, coming from such a man, there is

no doubt. The Trotting Horse is a purely American Institution, and with its evolution Mr. Geers has played a most important part. He tells his story with a pleasing directness, as becomes a man who is accustomed to do things and not merely talk about them. Ed. Geers has collaborated his intellect, cunning and courage with the strength of the horse, and by this method a trotting speed has been developed by him in hundreds of horses that cannot be equaled by one horse in a thousand on the run.

And by the way, Geers was the first man ever to use a bicycle sulky in a public race. When he appeared on the track at Detroit in a "bike cart" in 1892, the Grand Stand lifted a laugh that could be heard a mile.

Geers sized up the field by dropping the first heat, and then went in and took the next three, straight. The talent got hit hard and "squealed" to the judges, declaring the "bike" a diabolical invention that pushed the horse along. The judges, who had put up small greenish rolls on Geers's horse, on the quiet, declared that the race was square.

Next year there were no high wheels to be seen on the Grand Circuit, and all records were knocked off about four seconds in consequence.

To show that Ed. Geers has a pleasing literary

style, and also to prove further that his heart is right, I give the following quotation. It is a fair taste of his quality:

"I do not believe any horse ever lived that possessed more racing sense, gameness and endurance than did Hal Pointer. I have often seen him, after a hard fought five heat race, being cooled out when another race was

called, and he would grow restless & uneasy and show by every action that he wanted to get back to the track and take a hand in the excitement.

"Hal Pointer was a difficult horse to get to score fast, and was always slow in getting away. He did not seem to be imbued with the neces-

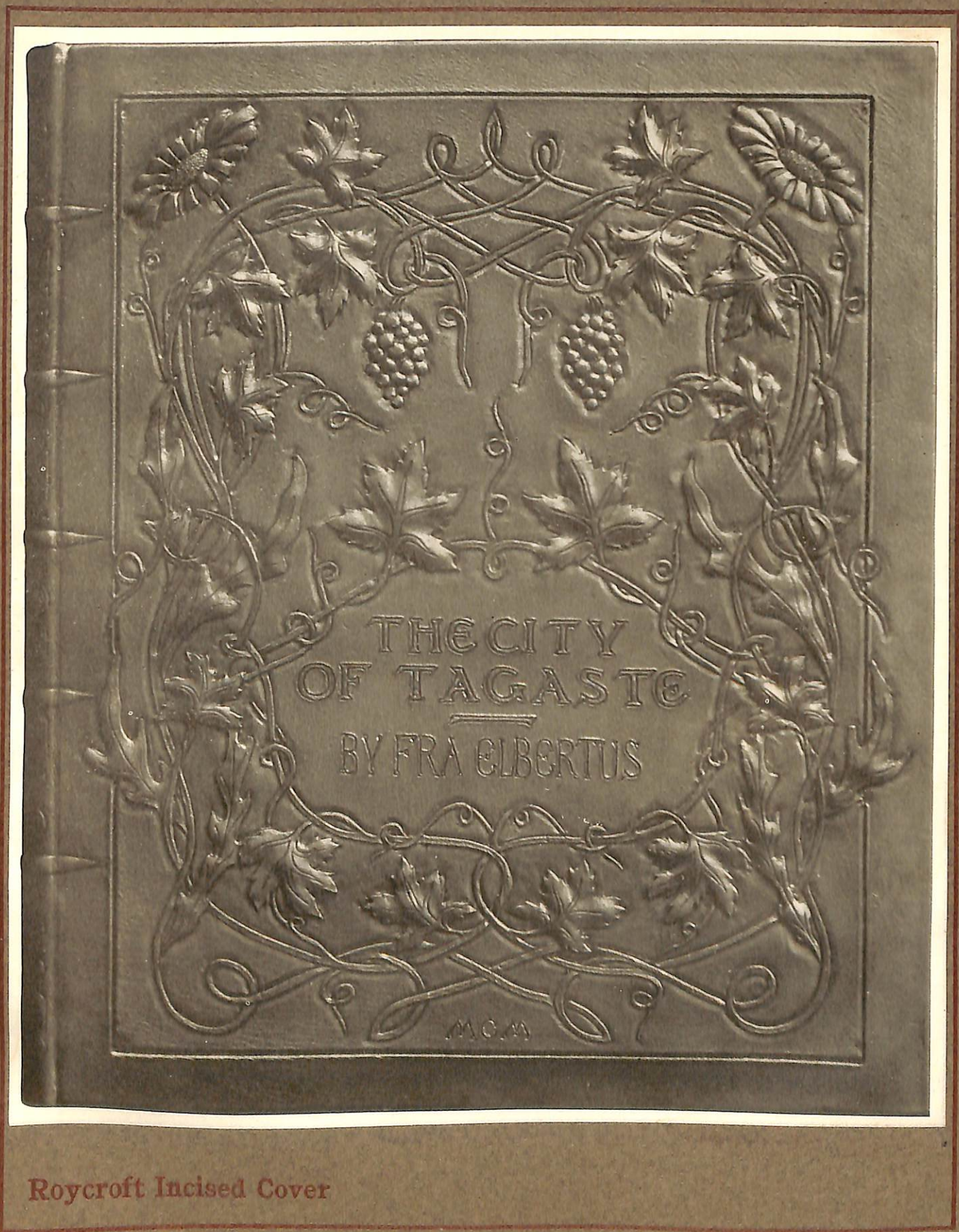
sity of winning the heat until the middle or latter part of the mile had been reached, and then he would bend all his mighty energies in an endeavor to first reach the wire, and very few horses were ever able to withstand his terrific rush. He never required, and would not endure punishment. Once when I was giving him a work-out he did something I did not like and I struck him with the whip twice, and in spite of everything I could do, he ran three miles before I could stop him. I never tried it again, and in all the races I ever drove him I never did anything more than carry the whip over him, and when I wanted some extra speed I would shake it at him. I gave him a record of 2.04 1-2, which was the world's record at that time.

"It is a lamentable fact that many good horses, after their days of usefulness are over, and they are no longer able to earn money for their owners, are, through avarice or want of sympathy, either killed or compelled to eke out a miserable existence doing drudgery for strangers, when, by reason of their past services, they should be tenderly cared for by those whom they have faithfully served. I am glad to know that no hardships of this kind are in store for grand old Hal Pointer. I am giving him just enough light road work for exercise, driving back and



SCIENCE has explained many things, but it has not yet told why it sometimes happens that when seventeen eggs are hatched, the brood will consist of sixteen barnyard fowls and one eagle.

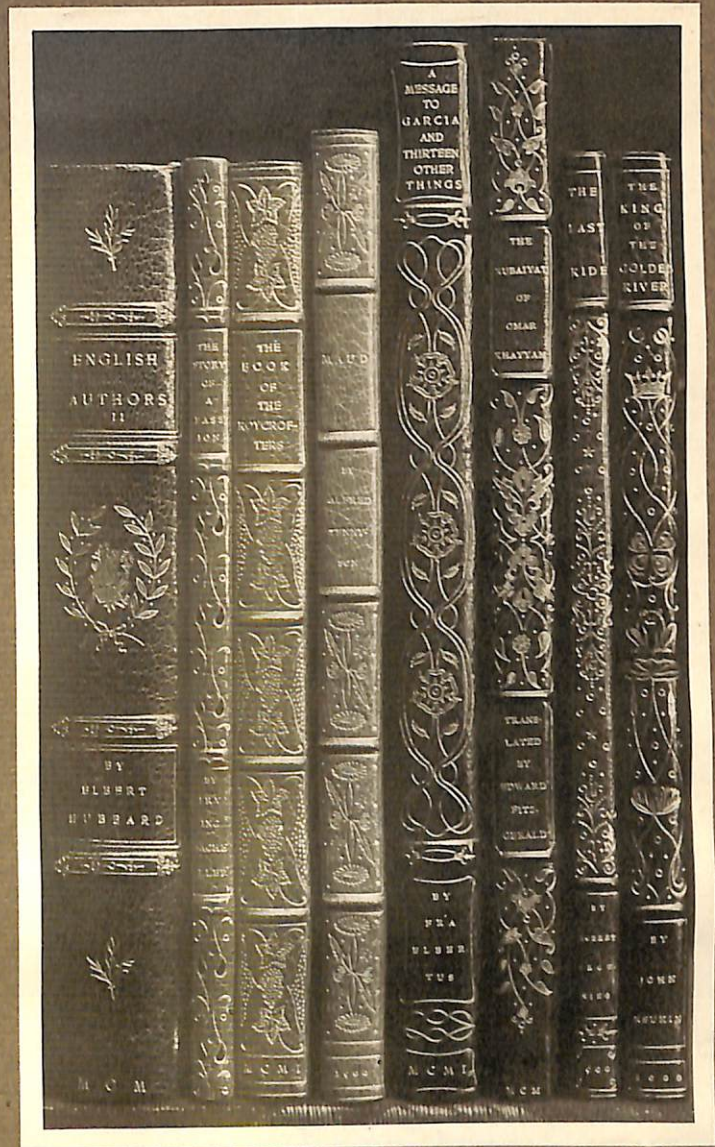
Verily, in the midst of life we are in debt.



THE CITY
OF TAGASTE
BY FRA ELBERTUS

M.C.A.

Roycroft Incised Cover



Set of Roycroft Backs

forth from Village Farm to the Jewett covered track. I generally drive him over to the hotel at East Aurora and hitch him under a shed when I go to dinner. He is very fond of carrots, and I always intend to put three in my pocket and feed him two before I go to dinner and the other when I am ready to start back. If I have the carrots for him, he seems perfectly satisfied and will be cheerful all the rest of the day; but if I forget them, he is mad and acts as ill-natured as does a smoker when he is deprived of the after dinner cigar."

The writer sincerely hopes that the following epitaph will not have to be used for many years:

"Here sleeps, winded, Honest Old Ed. Geers. His pedigree was short, but as an individual he was away up; and by performance he was Standard. The slice he took of this world's Purse was ample, so he has no kick coming. He was never known to sass the Starter, and he has perfect faith that when the bell rings at the Last Great Day, the Decision will be that he trotted Life's Race on the Level, and his

Soul will then be led away to roam, barefooted, in the Cloverfields of the Blest."

A MODEL SCHOOL. Everything is comparative. If you have not seen the best it is quite easy to be content with something else. Aye, men have been known to wax boastful over a thing that was extremely faulty, and to declare that the pattern

of the thing came from On High. And so sometimes you hear the orators tell of the Little Red Schoolhouse, and from their descriptions one might suppose that the public school system of America was a realization of the Ideal.

Before pursuing the subject further, let me say that any man who would ridicule our



MEN toil and sweat and struggle and chase the seasons 'round the globe. To escape the winter they go to Florida, and to get away from the summer, to the North Cape and Alaska. Money is the thing for which they tempt paresis, money that they may go to Saratoga and have peace, they say. Peace? There is no peace unless you sit down and wait for it to catch up!

☞ He who influences the thought of his times, influences all the times that follow. He has made his impress on eternity.

☞ Women under thirty seldom know much, unless Fate has been kind and cuffed them thoroughly.

☞ It is only in prosperity that we throw our friends overboard.

☞ The ideas that benefit a man are seldom welcomed by him on first presentation

would ridicule our public schools or attempt to depreciate the splendid work that the teachers are doing, is a person devoid of discernment and lacking in knowledge. It is safe to say that school-teachers in America do more work for less pay than any other class of persons with equal intelligence that can be named. And the love, loyalty, devotion & patience that is shown in the work by many teachers in our public schools is worthy of the highest esteem. And the teaching timber is continually improving—I know that. I am quite aware that the schoolroom that does not now have many traces of beauty and attempts at harmony, is exceptional. I know, too, that kindness & patience are now to be found where once

was force approaching brutality. The world is certainly getting better.

However, the man who would say that the public schools of America approach perfection, has a very crude intellect. The teachers, for the most part, know this, but they are cabined, cribbed, confined by the grocers, butchers, busy doctors and the shyster lawyers who compose the School Board.

The "Board" very rarely contains a man who either thinks or feels. In fact, the only thing to which he usually responds is the crack of the party lash.

In talking with a School Trustee a few days ago, he remarked to me, "Why, be gosh, these 'ere teachers get more pay than carpenters—and lookee! they only work six hours a day, and not

a tap do they do either on Saturday or Sunday!" That remark symbolizes the mental calibre of at least one half the School Trustees & School Directors in this land of the partially free. This being the case, the marvel is that our public schools are as good as they are; but the salvation of the matter lies in the fact that the average official never visits the school at all, and so knows blessed little about what is being done there. While the School Trustee does not meddle, yet his Ponderous Inertia is there, and this has to be considered.

And yet we are making good head. Such fine High Schools as those at Springfield, Mass., Duluth, Minn., and Joliet, Ill., are usually the

conception of one man, and are carried out by an entrepreneur who can mold men and things to his liking.

Yet exceptional and superb as are the schools I have mentioned above, they are only called "complete" by the man who does not know something better. Very rarely can one find a High School where the building is not overcrowded, the teachers overworked and un-

derpaid. I have a fair knowledge of the schools of America, and I believe the only High School in the United States that approaches completeness in plant, plan, curriculum and teaching force, is the Stout School of Menomonie, Wisconsin. The buildings, furniture and apparatus at this institution represent an outlay of a quarter of a million

dollars, and this in a village of four thousand people. And just bear in mind that twenty thousand dollars builds a pretty good school-house, and even half this sum provides a very good brick pile.

¶ This school has the best that money can buy in the way of sanitary appliances; the building is heated with steam, and lighted by electricity from a plant on the premises.

Here is the Kindergarten, Sloyd, Manual Training in way of carpentry, blacksmithing, molding, lathe work, and an electrical laboratory. In addition, for the girls, are sewing, garment cutting and cooking. In the High School department is the regular curriculum, such as is always found in any well appointed High School, with the ad-

dition of a very excellent chemical and physical laboratory; and a department of drawing and clay modeling, quite as good in degree as are to be found, well, at the Chicago Art Institute.

All this is free for the use of pupils residing in the township. It represents a course of fifteen years' study. And the pupil, who, say, graduates at the Masten Park High School in



THE success of every great man hinges right on that one thing—to pick your men to do the work. The efforts of any one man count for so very little! It all depends on the selection and management of men to carry out your plans. In every successful concern, whether it be bank, school, factory, steamship company or railroad, the spirit of one man runs through and animates the entire institution. The success or failure of the enterprise turns on the mental, moral and spiritual qualities of this one man. And the leader who can imbue an army of workers with a spirit of earnest fidelity to duty, an unswerving desire to do the thing that should be done, and always with animation, kindness, courtesy and good cheer, must be ranked as one of the great men of the earth.

Buffalo, goes for two years to Phillips' Exeter, and four years at Harvard, cannot get as much as the pupil can get right there in the village of Menomonie, leaving out, of course, the advantages of associations and traditions; but these, I believe, are offset by the Art and Manual Training.

The cleanliness, order, solidity, excellence and beauty of this school are unsurpassed. And when the new gymnasium—at a cost of fifty thousand dollars—is complete, with its swimming pools & apparatus, all under the care of a competent physician and physical director, Menomonie can exhibit a bit of Athens in the time of Pericles. ¶ This beautiful dream is being realized through the munificence of one citizen—which, of course, is understood, for the taxpayers in no community would submit to such "extravagance." And yet in hundreds of our towns & cities there are men who could do for their places of residence what this wise and generous man has done for Menomonie.

One more item concerning the Menomonie School may be of interest, and this is that it is the intention of the management to pay the men teachers and women teachers the same, and this amount means man's pay, not woman's.

A MAN AND HIS DAUGHTER. Five miles up the creek from East Aurora is the village of South Wales. Society

there centers around a schoolhouse where the Presbyterians hold service each Sunday morning, and the Methodists in the afternoon. South Wales has two stores, a blacksmith shop and a town pump where you always water your horse and get a drink for luck. The first turning to the left after the four corners, where the pump stands, up on

the hillside, second house on the right, lives a fine Philistine, beloved by all who can appreciate plain, hard, common sense, a dash of wit, and stern honesty of purpose.

This good man was a Forty-niner, but for some unknown reason things with him never panned. His motto once was, "Pike's Peak or bust." He reached Pike's Peak & managed to get back to East Aurora busted.

¶ Some one loaned him money to buy a team and a few implements, and he got a farm where boulders grew lush and lusty. There was no market for boulders then. When crops were good, things did not bring any price, and when the prices were high there was nothing much to sell.

However, the man and his wife managed to get a living, and send their boy and girl down to East Aurora to school—the boy going in the winter and the girl attending the spring and fall terms. ¶ And so the years passed, as the years will. ¶ But there came an evil day when Deacon P. closed in on his mortgage, and the occupants of the old farm found themselves just exactly where they were when they took the



OF COURSE we shall all die (I'll admit that), and further, we may be a long time dead (I'll admit that), and further, we may be going through the world for the last time—as to that I do not know—while we are here it seems the part of reason to devote our energies to that which brings us as few heart-pangs to ourselves and others as possible. We are here, and some day we must go, and surely we would like to depart gracefully.

¶ When two men of equal intelligence and sincerity quarrel, both are probably right.

¶ Have n't you ever felt that the prince is as good as the pauper, even if he is no better?

¶ In ethics you cannot better the Golden Rule.

¶ Reserve your best thoughts for the elect few.

place twenty years before. ¶ Then it was that the Philistine and his family moved to South Wales, first turning after you leave the town pump, second house on the right. ¶ They raised bees, and as the mother was now the business man, they got along first-rate—why, their income one year was three hundred and eighty dollars—think of that!

Yesterday I watered my saddle-mare, "Garnet," at the South Wales town pump, & then took the first turning to the left. At the second house on the right an old man with white hair and a long white beard sat in a chair on the front veranda. By his side, just below him, seated in the doorway, her hand in his, was an auburn haired young woman, say thirty years of age.

"Don't speak, don't speak!" called the old man in a loud voice, as I reined in. "Don't speak! I've bet Maud fifty cents that it is Colonel Littlejourneys; I know the one-two-three-four step of that horse—Oh! you can't fool me!" said the man cheerily. The man and his daughter are blind.

¶ I tied my horse, and went in. There were merry greetings, much asking after the folks, and urgent demands that I should put my horse in the barn and remain to dinner.

"Oh, but that Mozart was bad!" said Maud. "Why did n't you give the colored man a dollar and let him throw it after the first one!"

"What's the Ashtabula Disaster got to do

with Mozart?" demanded the old man in pretended wrath.

"What business have you to know anything about literature, music or art?" I demanded in turn. "Why, you are nothing but a farmer!"

¶ "I used to be a farmer, but now I am a literary critic. I'm what you call a *dilettante*, for I even have some one to read for me!"



AND if you ask me what a millionaire is I'd say, he is one who has discovered a weakness in mankind and then fans and feeds

it for a consideration. You may make a good comfortable living supplying the legitimate wants of men, but you cannot accumulate a million dollars until you know how to prey upon the hopes and fears of your fellows.

¶ It does not make much difference what a man studies—all knowledge is related, and the man who studies anything if he keeps at it will become learned.

¶ Sing Sing has several men who were sent there simply because they had Axminster desires and rag carpet capacities.

¶ Man creates both his god and his devil in his own image. His god is himself at his best and his devil is himself at his worst.

groped his way to a bureau drawer & brought forth the book which he insisted I examine.

¶ "How much is it to our credit?" he demanded.

"A thousand dollars," I answered.

"What did I tell you!" was his proud answer.

It was n't the money so much, either; it was the consciousness that Jack was succeeding

¶ "Surely, Papa is right, Colonel—we are not only *dilettanti*, but aristocrats—why, we've a bank account!" said Maud.

"Indeed," I replied.

¶ "Why, yes, you know Jack is getting along famously at his work. He is the supervising architect at San Francisco for a government building that will cost a million dollars. And then he built the Crocker Hotel, & when the Crocker Estate gave him a check for nine thousand dollars for his services, what do you think he did?"

¶ "I could never guess!"

"Why, he sent us a New York draft for a thousand dollars.—that's the way we got our large bank account."

The old man got up and I followed him into the house. He

—Jack who had plowed and sowed and reaped and cultivated stone bruises! Jack who had gone to the East Aurora "Academy" in winter and then taught school, and gone to the Boston Tech, and won a Foreign Travel Scholarship, and worked in McKim, Mead & White's (because they wanted a first-class man) and then had gone to San Francisco and was making a fortune—that is what made Jack's sister and Jack's father so proud and happy. There was only one thing that blurred their joy—Mother did n't live to know of Jack's success. Of course, she knew he would succeed, but she grew tired, so tired, and fell asleep and did n't awake, and that was four years ago.

"Let us show you our photographs of some of Jack's fine buildings," said the old man.

He arose & started for a little side bedroom, the spare room. Maud was going after the photographs, too, and they met in the door-jamb and stuck there like Humpty Dumpty and Pantaloon. There were mutual apologies and finally the photographs were brought forth, the father leading the daughter and the daughter leading the father, and each cautioning the other to look out for the big rocking-chair.

I took the photographs in my hand, and sightless eyes gazed into vacancy over my head. I tried to look at the pictures, but could n't see them for the tears that were running down my nose. Luckily no one saw me mopping.

¶ Why did I cry? Really I do not know—perhaps I cried because I am a fool, and think sometimes I have troubles, when there is no trouble and no calamity excepting to those who think trouble and recognize calamity.

I bade my dear friends good-bye out there

on the little veranda. The summer breeze stole through the wistaria and kissed the flowing white locks of the old man, and caressed the golden hair of the young woman, as they stood there hand in hand.

I mounted my horse and rode away down the dusty road. I took the first turning to the right, and looked back as I passed the corner.

¶ The father and daughter were still standing there, motionless. Their faces were raised, & they were looking away over me, completely over me, looking clear to San Francisco, where Jack is.

¶ I thought of a little book that was in my side pocket. I had been reading it that very morning. I took the volume out and read the title: *Where Love Is, There Is God.*



THIS world of ours, round like an orange and slightly flattened at the poles, is the home of a class of men and women who make up the Holy Order of the Elect. The initiates, strange to say, know not of their membership and for the most part never heard of the Order. They may be rich or poor, college-bred or unlearned, bond or free, but between their spirits ever is a mystic tie of brotherhood—they recognize each other at sight. They are the people who preserve the receptive heart and hospitable mind.

WORK IS FOR THE WORKER. Work is for the worker! Did

I say that once before? Very well, I think I will print it twelve times a year. Work is for the worker.

We become robust only through exercise, and every faculty of the mind and every attribute of the soul grows strong only as it is exercised. So you would better exercise only your highest and best, else you may give strength to habits or inclinations that may master you, to your great disadvantage.

¶ Work is for the worker, and work is a blessing. The Bible does not teach that—it teaches that work is a form of punishment, and only a very grim necessity at the best. Even the new testament is full of sympathy and condolences for the bearer of burdens and those who are heavy laden. There is much about looking forward to sweet rest in heaven, but not a word about getting on to your job. Heaven, to many, is a long rest, and no religion has ever pictured a paradise

where happiness came through useful activity. No wonder that the jolly, jolly mariners, sitting forevermore on the windless glassy floor, grew a-weary of the monotony.

¶ There are no glad congratulations in the Bible for the man who has found his work—only pity. And then, where in holy writ do you find the statement of this patent truth:

There is a certain amount of work to do in the world, and the reason some folks have to work from daylight until dark, is because many other folks never work at all.

It was a Philistine who had to discover that, and voice that.

¶ A certain amount of work is very necessary to growth.

Work is a blessing, not a curse, because through it we acquire strength—strength of mind & strength of body.

To carry a responsibility gives a sense of power. Men who

have borne responsibility know how to carry it, and with heads erect, and the burden well adjusted on their shoulders, they move steadily forward. Those who do not know better, drag their burdens behind them with a rope.

¶ We grow strong through assuming responsibilities—by bearing burdens and doing things, we acquire power.

¶ Love is for the lover—Love for Love's sake. That is just as new, just as modern as that work is for the worker. The Bible says nothing about the love of a man and woman being a blessing for its own sake. The men who wrote the Bible knew no more about it than they knew of the practical value of electricity. Love for its own sake is a new proposition.

¶ Solomon knew nothing of it. The New Testament is not wholly silent, however, for it gives a glimmer when the Master defends the woman by saying, "She loved much."

¶ But Paul was blind and deaf to love in its essence. He regards love as a weakness and says, "It is better to marry than to burn." All he has to say on equality is, "Let women learn in silence in all due subjection," and "If a woman would have knowledge let her ask her husband." No wonder the thought is appalling of a woman reduced to the meagre

source of gaining knowledge from her husband! And nothing about the woman who teaches her husband lots of things he never before guessed! Then what of the women who have no husbands—must they forever sit in darkness?

¶ Woe are we—calamity is upon us! And even that wisest of Americans, Benjamin Franklin, did n't know much about the subject, for in his Advice to a Young Man, he gives this astute aphorism, "All cats

are grey in the dark." ¶ Love for propagation.

¶ Love for gratification.

¶ Love for a home and darned stockings.

¶ One of the above reasons, or a mixture of all, was the highest philosophy that George Washington could bring to bear on the subject. And he failed in each and every count, if Paul Leicester Ford is to be trusted.

¶ And yet the wisdom of Washington in this line represents the wisdom of the ages, until yesterday.

¶ Now we add a fourth reason and we place first on the list: Love for Love's sake. The other reasons remain for those who wish them. The embrace of a man and woman in a thought is sublime. Few men, comparatively, have known this joy, for the reason that St. Paul's doctrine has been accepted by men and women alike, and the idea has been everywhere held that women were lacking in think capacity. Women thought they could



TYRANNY and intolerance always drive from their homes the best: those who have ability to think, courage to act, and a pride that cannot be coerced.

¶ The Peace Congress can cease its labors, for the question of war is gradually solving itself in this country: no man but a janitor will go to war in defense of a flat.

¶ The selfish wish to govern is often mistaken for a holy zeal in the cause of humanity.

¶ To be gay your life must be one that suffers no surfeit



not think, and so they did not. This is shown in the use of the word "obey," and the manifold legislation everywhere that has disfranchised women.

Yesterday woman was a chattel; now she is, in law, a minor; to-morrow she may be free—or partially so, that is to say, as free as man.

☪ These changes have gradually come about through isolated discoveries that a woman might be a man's comrade and friend—that a man and woman might be mental mates.

Then for the first time there existed honesty in the relation, for surely, I do not have to prove that honesty between master and slave is either an accident or a barren ideality?

Love for its own sake can only exist between a man and woman mentally mated, for only then is complete, unqualified, honest and frank expression possible.

Men who marry for gratification, propagation or the matter of buttons &

socks, must expect to cope with and deal in a certain amount of quibble, subterfuge, concealment and double, deep-dyed prevarication. And these things will stain the fabric of the souls of those who juggle them, and leave their mark upon futurity.

The fusion of two minds in an idea has given a new joy to the race, a zest to life, and a reason for living.

Love is for the lover.

And in this new condition, where the mental equality of woman is being acknowledged, there will be no tyranny and therefore no concealment and untruth. There will be simplicity and frankness, and these are the

essence of comradeship. And where there is comradeship there can love and reason walk hand in hand.

Love and Reason!

Love for its own sake, with honesty and truth for counsel and guide, is the highest good. It is the supreme endowment of God. And under these conditions

he who loves most is most blessed.

☪ Love and ownership.

☪ Love and "rights."

☪ Love and finesse.

☪ Love and management.

These things are very old, but Love and Reason is a new combination. And it can only exist where there is the unconditional admission of equality. Such a partnership means a doubling of every intellectual joy, and an increased sympathy with every living thing, a oneness that knows no limit. It means Universality.

We reach God through the love of One. We can gain the Kingdom of Heaven by having

the Kingdom of Heaven in our hearts.

☪ Love for Love's sake—there is nothing better.

It sweetens every act of life.

Love grows by giving.

Insight, sympathy, faith, knowledge and love are the results of love—they are the children of parents mentally mated.

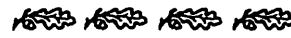
Love for Love's sake.



ALL men recognize in their hearts that they must have the good will of some other men. To be separated from your kind is death and to have their good will is life—and this desire for sympathy and this alone shapes conduct. We are governed by public opinion, and until we regard mankind as our friends and all men as brothers so long will men combine in sects and cliques and keep the millenium of Peace and Good-will a very dim and distant thing.

☪ Responsibilities gravitate to the person who can shoulder them, and power flows to the man who knows how.

☪ Cultivate poise



the Kingdom of Heaven in our hearts. ☪ Love for Love's sake—there is nothing better.

It sweetens every act of life.

Love grows by giving.

Insight, sympathy, faith, knowledge and love are the results of love—they are the children of parents mentally mated.

Love for Love's sake.



HANDICRAFT IN PRISONS. In most penitentiaries and prisons manufacturing plants have been installed by the State. The object of the plants is: First, to work a reformation in the prisoners by

useful industry. Second, to make the institution self-supporting.

¶ This scheme, introduced with the best of motives, has failed in its intent on both counts. I will grant, of course, that any kind of work is better than idleness, and it is further admitted that a certain profit has been realized from the labor of the prisoners, that has gone toward the maintenance of the institution. But the original proposition stands, that work as carried on in prisons is not a success, either morally or financially.

¶ The cause of the moral failure lies in the fact that work in every prison is regarded by wardens, keepers, overseers, and prisoners as a form of punishment. The guards do not work—the prisoners do.

¶ The financial failure, I believe, is because the industries introduced have been, almost without exception, of a kind and quality in which competition has been most keen

& profits too close for an easy management.

¶ The work has demanded little skill, and provided the largest amount of monotony. It has been assumed that "jail-birds" are not skilled, & so the articles manufactured have been of the cheapest and most flimsy sort.

¶ Men are set to work on parts and kept there without hope of promotion. Furniture of the cheapest kind now forms a staple in many prisons; and the men who work at it feed things into machines day after day, month after month, year after year. They are not allowed to talk to other prisoners, nor even to carry materials. They do not express themselves, excepting by stealth. They do

one thing, and nothing else, and this a thing that affords no mental stimulus, and adds nothing to the man's usefulness.

¶ The man who stands there at that machine has no interest or pride in his work. He is given a stint and compelled to do it; and as he works he is conscious that a guard with loaded rifle, death in hand, is watching him.



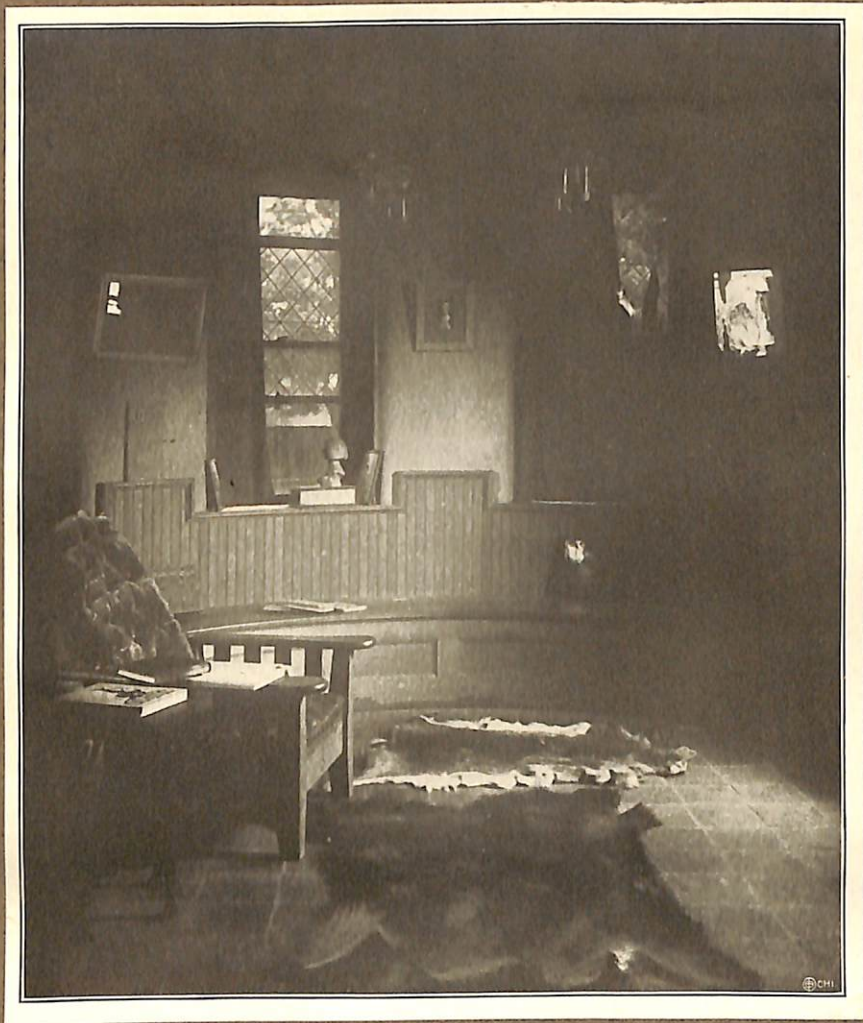
A TRANSPORT of power, bursting from pent-up feeling, carries us along on its tide and compensates for a deal of what an Oxford man pointed out to me as "bad taste." Over-culture produces a weak effeminacy; and were it not for those strong, vital, "rude" people that God sends into the world, spiritual life would perish as rose trees perish when the cunning gardener turns pollen to petal. The flower cannot reproduce itself—its reserve has been expended in this one production. Too much culture kills.

¶ A pedigree may be a matter of pride, but it is not consoling to ambition.

¶ Only one man is suffering deterioration faster than the prisoner, & that is the piece of moral punk who holds the rifle. Every guard in every prison is elected to be damned; & the prisoner's chances of reformation are not much better. In passing it is well to note the fact that in point of virtue a prison guard stands about on a level with the prisoners, and in mental acuteness he lags a little behind. Men become by doing, and the man who holds a gun as a life-work, never becomes anything, not even a necessary part of a machine.

¶ There is no money in the present

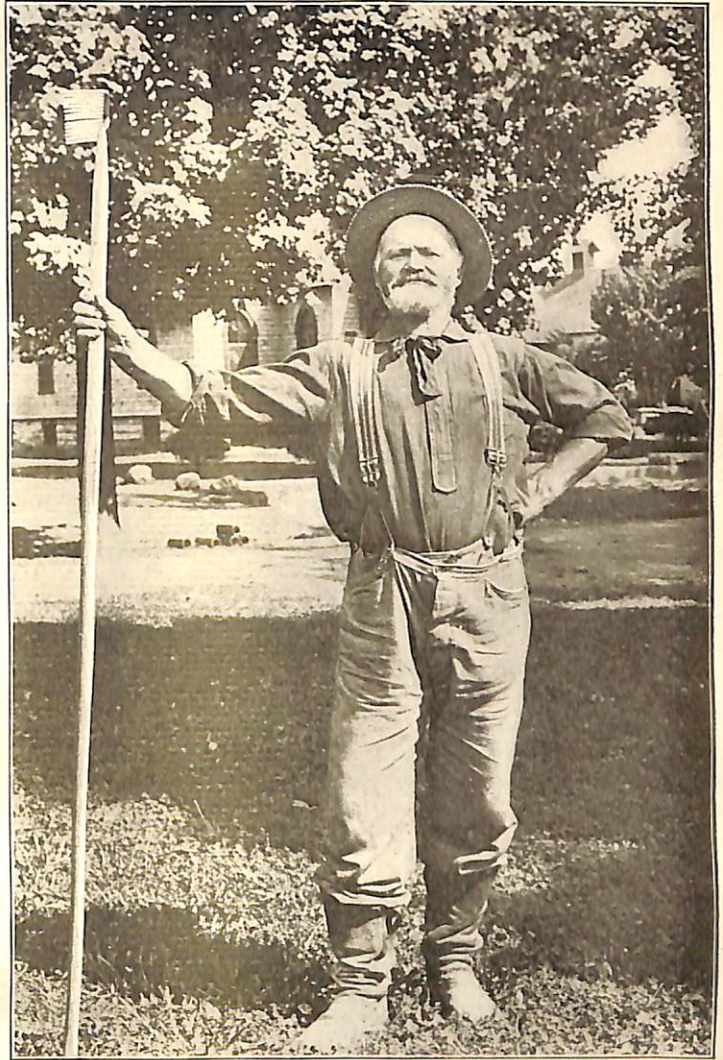
plan of prison industry for anybody, for the output is of a sort that is bought only by very poor people. This man in the prison is in competition with women and children who do the same work in factories outside. He is a sweat-shop pawn, and is adding to the general misery of mankind; and if he is intelligent, he knows it. No skill is acquired; there is no mental growth; and the man's chances of getting work when his time expires, are very faint. Thousands of men, unhandicapped by a prison record, out of work, can do his task as well as he. The only change in the man is that when he entered prison he represented crime, and now he



Rest Room in Chapel

Ali Baba

BLESSED IS THAT MAN
WHO HAS FOUND HIS
WORK.



IT IS ONLY BY LABOR THAT THOUGHT
CAN BE MADE FREE; IT IS ONLY BY
THOUGHT THAT LABOR CAN BE MADE
HAPPY. — Ruskin.

Elbert Hubbard, II.

mirrors nullity—weakness. Sin is misdirected energy, and the capacity for wrong means also the capacity for good; but weakness is the capacity for nothing.

To such a degree of cheapness have prison-made goods been carried that the name "prison-made" has become a stigma and a synonym for the tawdry. The sales agents

in certain instances taking advantage of the cheap production, have undersold "free labor," and the result has been a fine hullabaloo from the Trades Unions, with reasons more or less cogent and conclusive.

Of prisoners in state penitentiaries, not over five per cent are any more vicious in their instincts than the men outside. We find, on acquaintance, that the man in a striped suit is very much a man like ourselves. He has done some-

thing, while we have only thought it. He often lacks caution and he lacks will. Yet through the right influence at the right moment—his will supplemented by another—he might be outside; and a temptation coming to us when impulse was strong, we might now be in his place.

"What kind of men compose the House of Commons?" asked Oliver Goldsmith of Ursa Major.

"Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "take the first fifty men coming down Fleet Street."

The prisoner is a man and a brother. Our desire is to help him to help himself, and thereby help ourselves. Grant that he must be restrained and a limit put on his liberty, yet if we can make restraint largely moral and a matter of psychology, the greater are we. When we give this man back to society, we hope to give back a man that society needs, not one whom society would shun or gladly spare.

Revenge and punishment are things of the past. Revenge belongs to the savage, and the germ of punishment lies in the act. "Vengeance is mine, and I will repay," saith the Lord. And the Lord needs no help. This leaves us free to teach.

And so I am brought up to the vital point of this paragraph: Set prisoners to work at

hand-work. Do not suggest revolt by placing the man on a treadmill.

We grow through expression, and the only way to reform a man is through the right exercise of his faculties; thus allowing the man to reform himself.

Education should be through self-activity, not through punishment and repression.

The Kindergarten Idea has been partially introduced at the Illinois State Reform School at Pontiac, Illinois, and the results have

been most encouraging—a marvel, often, even to the teachers. And if boys from twelve to eighteen can be managed by kindness, full grown men can also. In fact, the youth of, say, sixteen, is the hardest proposition that confronts either the pedagog or penologist. The lad who is neither a man nor a boy, and considers himself immortal, is much more dangerous than a criminal of mature years. Even in many "good" boys, just turned into adolescence, revolution is rife, and discretion and caution are at low ebb.

I am positive that I can take, just as they come, twenty-five Sing Sing men, and by the Kindergarten Method manage them, in a room alone, day after day, without arms or a guard, in a perfectly orderly & decent manner. I can teach them to express themselves in useful work, and can gradually develop among the most of them a degree of deftness and skill that will make them self-supporting.



N T IS a great thing to keep silence without being glum—to down your critics without saying a word, and add to your friends by holding your peace! And since language can never explain to one who does not already know, and as words are never a vindication, silence, when ballasted by soul, is effective beyond speech.

☪ Abstinence is not enough, you must make life positive—do something.

☪ Churches, like Department Stores, carry the wares that are asked for.

More than this, I can secure, in a week, a hundred men and women who can teach just as well as I can. And I am not sure but that men prisoners can be taught best by women, and women prisoners taught best by men. The Kindergarten Method should be used in its entirety—that is, there should be music, singing, marches and calisthenics to relieve

nerve-tension. Also there should be oral expression under proper regulations, instead of the grim, deathly silence of the present prison.

Men can be led away from the bad by making life affirmative; & so these men should be set to making things with their hands, and gradually promoted from the simple work to the more complex.

For grown men Sloyd would be the simplest form of work, & this would lead to carpentry, wood-carving, cabinet work, ornamental blacksmithing and weaving. The simple weaving of "homespun" and bed covers would lead some straight to tapestries, just as wood-carving, modeling and drawing would lead the elect few to art.

Such industry would surely work a reformation in great numbers, and a just and proper pride would gradually grow up where before there was only a patibulary acquiescence that masked a dangerous crater.

As for the hand-made fabric, there can never be a glut in the market. It would have to sell higher than the machine-made article, and therefore the Trades Unions would be appeased. Competition would be overcome by making things better, not cheaper. If the thing is unique and beautiful, no stigma of "prison-made" would be attached. Prison-made now stands for sweat-shop and shoddy, and these things we do not want. Time is the

one thing that the prisoner is long on. Why this hot haste to get the thing done by Saturday night! Let the man be taught to do his task well. Not how cheap, but how good, should be the motto.

But best of all, hand-work in prison, instead of machine methods, would give us back men for criminals. The reason there is



NO ONE knows a thing for sure until he has told it to someone else. We deepen impressions by recounting them, & to habitually suppress and repress the child when he wants to tell of the curious and wonderful things he has seen, is to display a 2x4 acumen.

Lovers of truth must thank exile for some of our richest and ripest literature. Exile is not all exile. Imagination cannot be imprisoned. Amid the winding bastions of the brain thought roams free and untrammelled

no place now for the man who has "done time," is because we believe he is incompetent. He cannot do anything. He is helpless as a craw-fish that has just sloughed its shell. We have all the incompetents now that we can manage, and so we turn the jail bird away with a letter of recommendation or a certificate of character, and we ease conscience by rubbing into him a little trite advice about bracing up & living an honest life.

Mr. Booker Washington has well said, "The color line disappears when a negro has something which other folks want." It is the same with the ex-prisoner: if the man can do something really worth while, all prejudices are waived. Very, very few skilled artisans are ever sent to prison; and when in prison a man does acquire skill in a useful line, it is always by accident, and in spite of the keepers.

I know of one case at Auburn where a prisoner begged the privilege of making a chair of his own design—simply the craving for self-expression. Permission was granted, and the man produced a very creditable piece of work. In fact, the skill he possessed was a surprise both to himself and those in authority. Other prisoners saw what this man had done and prayed for a like privilege. This was denied, because there was no precedent or authority for such work. But the powers wanted the things that this skill-

ful man could make, and so he was given a separate room where, without guard or restraint, he follows his inclinations and works up his ideas into beautiful and useful things. Knowledge of the health, mental growth and skill that have come to this prisoner, accidentally caught the attention of a manufacturer. He wanted just such a man; and this manufacturer is now putting forth an effort to secure a pardon for this man. And although the prisoner is under life sentence for murder, there is no doubt that the pardon will be secured; for the primal reason for keeping a man locked up, is because he is not wanted outside. Convince a Board of Pardons that the man can & will do a valuable service for society, and prison doors fly open. **I**dleness is the only sin. A blacksmith singing at his forge, sparks a-flying, anvil ringing, the man materializing an idea—what is finer! I saw such a sight the other evening through a window. It gave me a thrill, and I said to myself, "The only saint is the man who has found his work!"

THE DISCIPLE. A woman of rare intellectual worth once told me that the most miserable month of her life was the first four weeks of her marriage. "Proceed!" I said, and settled myself back in the William Morris chair. And then she told me this: "I have a fair intellect and a passable education. I was a school teacher—had saved a little money and been to Europe. I painted a little in water colors, gave private lessons in 'express-

sion' and physical culture, & was thoroughly interested in the history of art. Of course an art collection for one of my limited means was quite out of the question, so I contented myself with an investment of a hundred dollars in photographs of masterpieces.

"Art in Des Moines, in 1890, was rather a new thing, outside of Oliver Perkins' bachelor apartments; so I found myself quite famous, for when I exhibited my photographs at the High School, and gave a little general talk on Art, there were a number of visitors present, friends & kinsmen of my scholars.

"Several said my little lecture was great, and a young man present demanded the privilege of procuring a set of lantern slides of my pictures so I could give my lecture in the Assembly Room. I tried to smile the matter off, but did n't succeed.

"The young man belonged to one of the first families of the place, and I was

proud of his attentions, for you know plain school ma'ams are a little outside of the social pale, and are only allowed beyond their Ghetto by grace.

"The public lecture went well, for I was full of animation, and my audience was gracious and sympathetic. Then I gave the same thing at the little towns around, the young man acting as my impresario. There was even arranged a class of Grown-ups in Literature and another in Art, and I of course was the leader. I doubtless acquired considerable skill as a public speaker, and this being before the day of woman's clubs, I was looked upon with local wonder and



NBELIEVE that no one can harm us but ourselves; that sin is misdirected energy; that there is no devil but fear; and that the Universe is planned for good. On every side we find beauty and excellence held in the balance of things. We know that work is a blessing, that winter is as necessary as summer, that night is as useful as day, that death is a manifestation of Life, and just as good. I believe in the Now and Here. I believe in You, and I believe in a Power that is in Ourselves that makes for Righteousness. **S**ecure freedom by holding fast to the truth that there is no devil but fear and that the Reality (God) is on your side.

pointed out to visitors. Well, suffice to say that my impresario proposed to me, proposed explosively one evening on the way home from one of my classes. I had always said, that a man who pops the question is a very small and insignificant creature; but now it seemed different.

"I was flattered—any woman is flattered

to have any man lay his all at her feet. Then I was just fresh from my lecture, and you know the intoxication of public speaking! I placed my head on his shoulder in the proper way. He kissed at me, smacked too soon, smashed my hat, and rubbed his whiskers in my eye. I had always said that a man who kisses a woman explosively, is worse than one who pops a premature proposal.

¶ "In five weeks I married that man. He was three years my junior, the son of a wholesale grocer, and so had a family name; and his wealth was no objection. I was

twenty-nine and growing yellow. There was no promotion ahead for me in my profession—school teachers are just worn out and buried. I was tired, over-worked and hungry for love, as all good women are. I had a chance, and I took it.

"My husband idolized me. He fed on my words, followed me with his eyes, and feasted on my every action. He thought that my little water color daubs were gems, considered my opinion on literature as final, and quoted my words on art to those who really knew better. In short, my husband did not know me at all, and never could. Yet we were tied for life. He never guessed my lim-

itations. To say that he was my Disciple I think covers the matter, if you add to this a goodly dash of animality.

"And all the time I knew that there was going to be a fearful awakening. My husband knew nothing of art or literature—knew less than I, and all I knew was names, dates and labels. I was a mere dabster, but he was n't

big enough to detect it, nor allow me to confess to him."

"I 'll have to go pretty soon," I said, and shifted my position in the Morris chair. "I see you got tired of your husband."

"I did n't say that," she retorted. "But a woman wants to serve a man, not be crawled to. I could forgive a beating, but my husband used to cackle applause at my most common-place remarks, as if they were scintillations.

¶ "Judge Waterman of Chicago divorced us on our first anniversary. Mary Baker Eddy had almost a parallel experience, you remember, and if

she had not secured marital freedom just as I did, in the courts, she would never have reached the sublime heights of Christian Science."

"Keep to the theme and cut out C. S. for the present—how about the alimony?" I ventured.

"It is one hundred and fifty a month, and comes quite convenient," she said.

"The story is interesting, but common-place," I answered. "Only one flash of philosophy is in it all and that is what you suggested about the Disciple. It is like this"——

"I thought you had to go?" she said.

"That depends upon who is doing the



HE desire for the expression of sentiments and emotions is very much akin to sex. Each is a reaching out for perpetuation, a bid for immortality, a protest against extinction. The gratification of an artistic success is the finest intoxication that comes to a mortal. But like all pleasures it must be shared to be complete. "When I have sung well," said Patti, "and the curtain is rung down, I want Someone to just take me in his arms and tell me it was good—I don't care so much for the applause of the audience."

¶ God does n't need us so much as his children do; so let us help them, and let God shift for Himself

talking," said I, and rebuked her by a look, and continued, thus:

A Disciple is a man who does not understand. He thinks that he is on, but he is n't. And the reason of his obtuseness lies in the fact that he is willing to be a Disciple, and has n't the phosphorous to be an independent Ego, as every man should. The true

token of the Disciple is that he is willing to let the other man do all the thinking. He is one who accepts the opinions of another without digesting them. He has such faith in his master that he accepts every word, and does not stop to analyze, weigh, sift or decide.

A Disciple is an individual who is hotly intent on hitching his ice-cart to a Star.

¶ That Man who had Twelve Disciples had twelve too many; no wonder that He used to send them away; no wonder is it that He went alone up into the mountain. The Disciples were becoming a nuisance with their childish

questions and quibbles and petty jealousies about preferences. He saw that they were going to make Him trouble. None of them rendered Him any service of which we know. A Disciple is a traducer in the germ. One of the Twelve betrayed the Man, another denied Him, a third doubted Him, and what the others did, nobody knows. Personal relationship is sure to transform a Disciple into an enemy.

Your enemy is a man who does not comprehend you, and your Disciple is the same; they mark different stages of the chrysalis, that's all.

If men could only know each other, they

would never either idolize or hate. ¶ Anyone who idolizes you is going to hate you when he discovers that you are fallible. He never forgives. He has deceived himself and he blames you for it.

"I hate him!" said Dr. Johnson of a certain man.

"Why, how can you say that, when you do not even know him?" asked Goldsmith.

¶ "Sir," Ursa Major answered, "that is the trouble, if I only knew the man I would doubtless respect him."

To know all is to forgive all.

Your comrade and friend! Well, that is something different. Your friend knows your limitations, respects your foibles, realizes your weak points. He sums up your character; he casts a balance and finds so much good to your credit; then he gives to you his faith and his loyalty.

¶ But your Disciple neither knows your best nor worst. He just invests you with a halo and bestows on you vir-

tues you do not possess. You never dare tell a Disciple the truth—nothing but a miracle satisfies him. A Disciple, in short, is an indifferent person who has been indiscreetly allowed to come close enough to strike a Good Man.

Your mental mate inspires you to nobler endeavor; he comprehends you at your best, appreciates your flights, detects your lapses, deprecates your aberrations, and his presence constantly tends to conserve sanity and a proper balance. On the other hand the Disciple tempts in the direction of extravagance and hypocrisy. He is easily imposed upon, and as he demands the impossible,



RABBITS are very much like folks in that they are never really so happy as when they are mis'ble. If Rabbits have n't any real sure-enough troubles, they always chew the cud and conjure forth a few.

¶ Men who are well traduced and hotly denounced are usually pretty good quality. No better encomium is needed than the detraction of some people. And men who are well hated also have friends who love them well—thus does the law of compensation ever live.

¶ It is a great and beautiful thing to be patient if wrongfully accused; to be so strongly girded 'round with right that you can meet slander by silence, and calumny with a smile.

there is a strong temptation to give it to him. **¶** All good men and women crave comradeship; but to have any one accept your word as holy writ, is a dire calamity. We want love and sympathy, and we want the right of being forgiven. We do not want to be idolized, we want to be pardoned. Flee the Disciple on your life! Limit him to correspondence and communication by telephone. If forced to it, do as the Sibyl of Concord does,—show yourself for about two minutes, once a year in the gloaming, from a high balcony, while the Non-Cogibund stand on the lawn, ten thousand strong, & tramp on the shrubbery.

THE PRICE OF INCOMPETENCE. All employees pay more or less for superintendence and inspection. That is to say, a dollar a day man would receive two dollars a day were it not for the fact that some one has to think for him, look after him, and supply the will that holds him to his task. The result is that he contributes toward the support of those who superintend him. Make no mistake about this: incompetence and disinclination require supervision, and they pay for it, and no one else does. The less you require looking after, the more able you are to stand alone and complete your tasks, the greater your reward. Then if you can not only do your own work, but direct intelligently and effectively the efforts of others, your reward is in exact ratio, and the more people you direct, and the higher the intelligence you can rightly lend, the more valuable is your life.



ART is the expression of man's joy in his work. You must let the man work with hand and brain, and then out of the joy of this marriage, beauty will be born. And this beauty mirrors the best in the soul of man—it shows the spirit of God that runs through him. **¶** It is foolish to say sharp, hasty things, but 'tis a deal more foolish to write 'em. When a man sends you an impudent letter sit right down and give it back to him with interest ten times compounded—and then throw both letters into the waste basket.

¶ A retentive memory is a great thing, but the ability to forget is the true token of greatness

The Law of Wages is as sure and exact in its workings as the Law of the Standard of Life. You can go to the very top, and take Edison for instance, who sets a vast army at work—and wins not only deathless fame, but a fortune, great beyond the dreams of avarice. And going down the scale you can find men who will not work of themselves,

and no one is able to make them work, and so their lives are worth nothing, and they are a tax and burden on the community in which they live. Do your work so well it will require no supervision; and by doing your own thinking you will save the extra expense of hiring some person to think for you.



GREAT INVENTION. Within twenty years a silent evolution has been going on in the method of teaching children. The changes have been so great that they have truly amounted to a revolution.

This change in manner and method has sprung principally from the influence of one man. That man is Friedrich Froebel. Froebel was the inventor and the originator of the Kindergarten. The Kindergarten is the greatest, most important, most useful innovation of the Nineteenth Century, save none. No rapid transit scheme of moving men from this point to that with lightning-like rapidity (with nothing special to do when they get there); no invention of calling up folks five hundred miles away and talking to them (with nothing really worth while to communicate), can compare in value with that which

gives love for brutality, trust for fear, hope for despair,—the natural for the artificial.

The Kindergarten! The Child-Garten—a place in which the little souls fresh from God bloom & blossom.

You cannot make the plant blossom. You can, however, place it in the sunshine and supply it allment and dew; but nature does the rest.

¶ So it is with teaching—all we can do is to comply with the conditions of growth in the child, & God does the rest.

We are strong only as we ally ourselves with Nature: we can make head only by laying hold on the forces of the Universe.

Man is part of Nature—just as much as are the tree and bird. In the main, every animal & every organism does the thing that is best for it to do. Froebel thought that human nature in all its elements is as free from falsity and error as Nature is under any other aspect. The idea that man is constantly prone to do that which is hurtful to himself, was revolting to this wise and gentle man.

The Kindergarten System is simply the



TO obtain a place, a free field, a harmonious expansion for your powers—this is life. To be tied down, pinned to a task that is repugnant, and have the shrill voice of Necessity whistling eternally in your ears, “Do this or starve,” is to starve—for it starves the heart, the soul—and all the higher aspirations of your being wither away and die.

¶ Until we have a school of literature that will combine all schools and give the liberty to a full expression of every mood, there will be a warfare between the “sects” that give free rein to imagination and the sect that, having no imagination, merely describes. When one school driven by the jibes and jeers of the other tilts up t’ other side, a heavy man will start the teeter back, and he is the man we crown. And let us ever crown the heavy man when we find him.

¶ Yes, a persecution has its compensation. In its state of persecution a religion is pure, if ever; its decline begins when its prosperity commences. Prosperous men are never wise and seldom good. Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you.

¶ Art is beauty, and beauty is a gratification, a peace and a solace to every normal man and woman.

¶ A bird in the bush is worth two on a woman’s hat

utilization of Play as the prime factor in education. Froebel made the discovery that Play was God’s plan of educating the young, so he adopted it.

Long before Froebel’s day every body seemed to think that play was a big waste of time in the children, and a sin in grown-ups. That which was pleasant was bad. Some people still hold to this idea, but such folks, I am glad to know, are growing a trifle lonesome.

In 1850, the year before Froebel died, he said, “It will take the world four hundred years to recognize the truth of my theories.” Only fifty years have gone (three hundred and fifty years are yet to our credit), and already we find the Kindergarten Idea coloring the entire scheme of pedagogics. Like a single drop of aniline in a barrel of water, its influence is shown in every part.

Napoleon’s character stands out sharp and clear, etched against the sky. He killed a million men, made homeless and houseless five million women & children, and left a trail of death and desolation behind him.

¶ We may admire the power of the man, but his life does not influence us: we do not imitate him, & between him and us there is nothing in common. He stands away out yonder with folded arms, upon a barren rock, at St. Helena, looking out upon the sad and solemn sea; and we are here.

¶ Two men of modern times have influenced the inner life of the race to a profound extent. Yet they are not widely known, nor are their names household words. They have mingled their lives with ours, and the river of their existence is lost in the ocean of our being.

¶ There is not a single home—among the better class of homes—in Europe or America but that shows the influence of William Morris. The simplicity, genuineness, truthfulness, and quiet good taste of Morris have influenced the entire housekeeping world.

Not a school-room in the world of civilization that does not show the influence of Friedrich Froebel. The Kindergarten Idea has also crept into the homes and is influencing and educat-



HE idea of "divinity" is strong in the mind of every great man. He recognizes his sonship, and claims his divine parentage. The man of masterful mind is perforce an Egoist. When he speaks he says, "Thus saith the Lord." If he did not believe in himself, how could he ever make others believe in him? Small men are apologetic and give excuses for being on earth, and reasons for staying here so long, and run and peep about to find themselves dishonorable graves. Not so the great souls—the fact that they are here is proof that God sent them. Their actions are regal, their language oracular, their manner affirmative.

¶ This life is full of gladness, and mayhap it is the gateway to another; and to live well here, is surely the best preparation for a life to come. God is good and we are not afraid.

¶ Man will some day find that the exercise of the spiritual or emotional nature through music, or the contemplation of beauty, is a necessity as much as food and drink.

¶ We are men and women, and our hopes and aims and final destiny are at last one—where one enjoys, all enjoy; where one suffers, all suffer.

¶ Life is a movement outward, an unfolding, a development.

¶ There is a time to teach things as well as a way

ing the parents, too. ¶ The use of pictures as a means of exciting self-activity is seen everywhere; children are being taught to observe nature, and they are encouraged to bring to the school the curious things they find in woods or fields—birds' nests, fungi, flowers—and these things are discussed with animation in open court.

There are less books and greater interchange of thought and feeling—more expression and less introspection.

Disgrace thro' the dunce-cap; "standing on the floor"; humiliation through corporal punishment, when the entire schoolroom quit study to look on; use of the ruler on the open hand on account of lessons not memorized—all these things are becoming beautifully less. Naggings, prohibitions, chidings, & stern threats now have no legitimate place in any school.

¶ But the things I have just mentioned, and which every man of, say, forty years, so well remembers, are as nothing compared to the inquisitorial horrors that childhood of a hundred years, or even fifty

years ago, had to endure. Thomas Carlyle once wrote: "Most people seem to think that when Jesus said, 'Suffer: little children to come unto Me and forbid them not,' He held a rod behind Him and was only trying to coax the youngsters within easy reach."

¶ It is not my purpose here to catalog the villainies of the past, done in the name of education; but the matter was summed up by a friend of mine, an Englishman, a few weeks ago, when he said: "I most emphatically believe in hell, for I've been there. When I was seven years old my parents placed me in a boarding school for boys, & I remained there five years. The

fagging and beastly brutality of the big boys toward the little ones, was only a reflex of the mental attitude held toward us all by the head master and his wife, who were neither better nor worse than the average teacher of the time. They were 'educated' folks, and piled up forty lines of Virgil on you for trivial acts or omissions; and when you were hopelessly bankrupt they cancelled the score with a cat-o'-nine-tails and the dark room with bread and water. My life there seared my very soul, and filled my heart with so much hate that I am at times a victim to it yet. The only compensation for that nightmare of my childhood lies in the fact that I saw the wickedness and atrocious error of a system that sought to repress and break the spirit, instead of giving it wings."

And that is the kind of education the Froebel System has supplanted. We have kindness now, and faith and love; and he who has the most sympathy, the greatest patience, shall be crowned with honor, and above all, he shall feel the approval of his Other Self. We will call him Teacher.

ABOUT LAWYERS. "Woe unto you, lawyers! for ye lade men with burdens grievous to be borne, and ye yourselves touch not the burdens with one of your

fingers. ¶ Woe unto you, lawyers! for ye have taken away the key of knowledge: ye entered not in yourselves, and them that were entering in ye hindered."—*St. Luke, IX Chapter, verses 46 and 52.*

In mousing over Mary Cowden Clarke's Concordance of Shakespeare, I find that the man who so successfully ran the Globe

Theatre had small use for lawyers. He refers to attorneys just eleven times, & seems to hold that to take a tainted plea and season it with gracious speech so as to obscure the show of evil, to set decrees at naught, pluck down justice, trip the course of law and blunt the sword that guards



IVE so to get the approbation of your Other Self, and success is yours. But pray that success may not come any faster than you are able to endure it.

¶ Everybody should make a will, and write it himself, even if he has nothing to give but a silver watch and a kind word

the peace and person,—these things are the work and occupation of lawyers.

To put it more briefly, Shakespeare regards a lawyer as one whose business it is to show people how to evade the law.

The only lawyer that Shakespeare speaks well of is Portia. And then, as if to take it all back, he allows this woman-attorney to deal in subterfuge, evasion and quilllets that are pure quibble. Shylock is the peer, in point of dignity and worth, of anybody in the court room. The gang that got him in tow, robbed him of every ducat that he possessed, and kicked him penniless into the street.

¶ They borrowed money from him and then found an excuse for not paying it. Not only did they fail to return Shylock the money they had borrowed, but they resurrected a Blue Law for the occasion, confiscated all of his property, giving half to the man who was owing him and half to the state. The original loan was for the benefit of Bassanio, so he could marry Portia. This fact one might imagine would have touched the woman's heart, but no—she wanted all the money Shylock had. And how much of the final swag went to Portia, Shakespeare does not say—he simply allows us to imagine.

The stealing of the "Broadway Franchise" or the lifting of the "Missouri Pacific" was

not in it a minute with this deal. ¶ See Irving in his latest conception of the Merchant of Venice and your heart will be wrung with pity for this poor old man whom roguery and law have so entrapped. The rascals who offered him twice his bond never intended to pay him a single centesimo. They first openly insulted him upon the public street, called him cutthroat dog, spit upon his Jewish gaberdine & voided their rheum upon his whiskers. Then having cajoled him into making the loan, they abducted his daughter, rifled his strong box and even carried with them the wedding-ring which in his youth he had given to his beloved Leah,

now dead. They taunted and goaded the poor man into a frenzy of hate. Nothing better reveals the truth than geese go in flocks than the commonly accepted opinion that Shylock stands for greed. Rather is it Portia who symbolizes greed,—Shylock stands for pride of race, driven by insult into revenge. ¶ The detestable characters in the play are "Christians"—the only man who wins our sympathy is the Jew. And of all the characters in the Merchant of Venice, the unwomanly woman-lawyer, snapper-up of trifles, preacher of mercy but devoid of all pity, as she is of truth,—is the most unlovable. ¶ William wrote from experience—all literature is a confession. He was not a professional writer—he was, first, a business man, like my friend, Luther Laffin Mills of Chicago, sometime Secretary of the Exterior, but recently appointed Minister to Altruria. ¶ Mr. Mills not long ago seated himself over the tripod and threw off the following fetching aphorism: "The man who is his own attorney has a fool for a client; but as most clients for attorneys are like the folks who cross London Bridge, what boots it?—lumery, dumety, dimity dee!"

In King Lear is a reference to something exceeding bad which "is like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer."

In Timon of Athens is this: "Crack the lawyer's voice, that he may never more false title plead, nor sound his quilllets shrilly." ¶ In Romeo and Juliet there is an allusion to "lawyers who straightway dream on fees." The grave-digger in Hamlet picks up a very crooked skull and says, "Why may not that be the skull of a lawyer?" And so it goes.

References to the "law's delay" are numerous, but never a complimentary word for the members of the Learned Profession. Every lawyer is an officer of the court, & yet fully one half of all the lawyers in the land are thorough rogues. And the curious fact is, all lawyers admit it.



HUMANITY is growing in intellect, in patience, in kindness,—in love. And when the time is ripe, the People will step in and take peaceful possession of their own.

¶ I desire to radiate health, calm courage, cheerfulness and good will.
 ¶ Do your work to-day as well as you can, and be kind

A lawyer is a moral strabismic, who revels in sharked up reasons. Lawyers are the jackals of commerce, and get their living by preying on the people.

Lawyers are men whom we hire to protect us from lawyers.

Don't you know that? Well, then, your experience in the business world has been very slight. If you have never had an obese attorney, who never did an honest day's work in his life, try to despoil you of your earnings, and threaten to turn the genial current of your life awry unless you would come down with the cash, there is something yet for you to live for. The average attorney has but two objects in life, grand and petit larceny.

¶ In nearly all the large cities of America there are lawyers who work with the police and divide the spoils. Then there are scubi lawyers whose sole business is to drink the blood of corporations and railroad companies. Their grip is that of the horse-leech—their hunger as insatiable. They chase ambulances and thrust their cards into the hands of dying men, or next of kin. Then at the trial they flash up witnesses who were on the spot—waiting for the accident to occur.

¶ Many lawyers there be who thus feed on calamity, and fatten on strife. If an estate is ever settled without dividing a part among

lawyers, there is a mad chorus of indignation from the attorneys who swear they have been tricked of their rights—undone!

It is a pleasure to realize that no lawyer who reads these lines will take any exception to what I have herein stated; for he will at once range himself up on the side of the virtuous—the side of the Good Lawyers—and run over in his own mind all the Rogue Lawyers who belong with the Goats.

¶ In order to show that I am without prejudice—purely Zangwillian—in the matter, I may state that I am under obligations to a pudgy pettifogger who purchased a little claim against me from a party that I did not owe. This precious pair evidently went snucks on it, & the action of the Pestiferous Pudgy Peasod was for just five thousand plunks. The very fact that I have a reputation for meeting my obligations promptly, made me a shining mark for blackmail.

¶ The Jagers accepted forty-two dollars and fifty cents, however, and signed satisfaction.

This was very kind of the Skeezi's Tumble-Bug, because he might have made me sit it out three days in a court room thick with the effluvia of his kind.

Then there was that suit brought against me for ten thousand dollars damages by Rudyard Kipling. I compromised with Tommy Atkins' Attorney for sixty-three dollars, "for expenses," and bought the beer. A few weeks ago I received a letter, postmarked Pretoria, from the man famous from an International Pneumonia, saying the Attorney had kept the sixty-three dollars, and in ad-

dition had demanded one hundred dollars for securing an injunction against me, restraining me from issuing Kipling's Complete Works—a thing I never contemplated doing.

¶ I wrote back to the Absent-Minded Beggar to send a check to old Adam-Zad, the lawyer that walks like a man, without delay, and count it joy.

¶ Once I sent a claim to a New York lawyer against a man who owed me a trifle of twenty dollars. The lawyer collected the amount, but he forgot to remit. I then sent my claim against the lawyer to another lawyer with orders to bring suit. Lawyer Number Two happened to be Edward Lauterbach, a Good Lawyer and a virtuous. Colonel Lauterbach wrote back that he had sent for Lawyer Number One and receipted the bill without asking the man for payment; and if I would likewise balance all my accounts against attorneys and not bother trying to collect, it would aid my digestion, ward off



HAPPY is the man who conserves his God-given energy until wisdom and not passion shall direct it.

So the younger in life he makes the resolve to turn and live, provided he is a man, the better for him and the better for the world.

¶ Every spirit makes its house; but as afterward the house confines its spirit, you would better build well.

¶ Be patient with the boys—you are dealing with Soul-stuff. Destiny waits just around the corner.

¶ The fine irony of an entailed nobility is so obvious one marvels to think it still endures.

¶ Violence symbols weakness—strength shows itself in patience and poise

nervous prostration, stimulate the ganglionic cells, and tend to sweet sleep o' nights.

Brother Lauterbach then added that his fee for the advice was ten dollars.

I sent the Ten and have been thankful ever since that I made the investment.

And now I am firmly convinced that Lauterbach is on to his job; and I have extended his advice, striking out the word "attorneys" and inserting "anybody" instead. There is no money in bringing suit, and still less in defending one.

So this is to notify all parties, pestiferous, politic and pudgy, that if they have claims, real, fancied or pretended against me, to

write stating the smallest amount they will accept in full, and I will order the Red-Headed Bursar to mail check.

Furthermore, this is to notify all parties who are owing me, that they need not pay if they don't want to. I am too busy doing good to humanity (and myself) to either defend claims or enforce them. Beside that, I'm mangy with money—so it's no difference either way.

My Lords: I have finished. Or in the words of my friend, Luther Laffin Mills: lumery, dumery, dimity dee.

THE VIOLIN.

There is no nation so far advanced, nor savage tribe sunk so low, that it does not produce music. And no tribe has ever been found that did not make music by stretching strings on wood and then vibrating them by the hands or with sticks. The principle is as old as man, and older far than history. Every child makes the discovery for himself that a string

drawn tight will "sing"; and the thought of making a musical instrument in this way doubtless originated with the hunter who twanged his bow. In Africa, Stanley noticed that his guides who were armed with bows and arrows, would strike the strings, one man after another, so as to produce a wierd sort of music, and this music acted as a rest to the nerves on the long march.

Who the man was that thought of placing a sounding board behind the strings and added the bridge and suggested strands of horsehair as a vibrator, are questions that are shrouded in mystery. And was he regarded as an infidel and destroyer of the

faith in thus seeking to improve on a good thing? Probably, however, it took a good many men, and a great many years to work these changes. But the fact is pretty well established that swords have been beaten into plowshares, and spears into pruning-hooks, and the deadly bow has transformed itself into a musical instrument that shoots sweet

sounds into the listener's heart.

There are in existence manuscripts which show drawings of a musical instrument called a rebec, used by the monks in the Sixth Century. The rebec had a bridge, a tail-piece, screws used for tightening the strings and a sound-post. Some of these instruments had but two strings & some twenty, and were manipulated first by a genuine hunter's bow. In fact the bass viol & the bow that used to play it, is a combination which goes away back to the very dawn of morning. The harp was first only a warrior's bow with a few strings added.



WE take an interest in the lives of others because when we think of another we always imagine our relationship to him. Then, too, other lives are to a degree repetitions of our own life. There are certain things that come to every one, and the rest we think might have happened to us, and may yet. So as we read, we unconsciously slip into the life of the other man and confuse our identity with his. To put ourselves in his place is the only way to understand and appreciate him & so enrich our own lives. It is imagination that gives us this faculty of transmigration of souls; and to have imagination is to be universal; not to have it is to be provincial.

And several centuries before the birth of Christ, they told of harps with a thousand strings, which gentle fiction was doubtless based on the idea that the more strings you have the finer the music; but this is an error in judgment, for the violin reached perfection with four strings, and when three of these broke Paganini went right ahead and produced ravishing music on one.

From the harp, the strings of which were picked with the fingers, or smitten with the hand, arose a great number of similar stringed instruments; and these gradually evolved into the claver or clavichord; then the harpsichord; and finally the grand piano. Musi-

cal savants have recently told us that the modern piano represents the acme of skill, and human ingenuity can go no farther. But we remember that Sebastian Bach made a similar remark two hundred years ago concerning the clavichord, and as the varnish is hardly dry on the best "Chickering" we can afford to simply enjoy the music—and wait.

¶ But not so with the violin. The piano & violin trace back to a common parent, yet they belong to different families.

¶ Herbert Spencer has explained that Darwin never said man was descended from the monkey. Darwin did say that man and the monkey were cousins—long centuries ago one of them took to the plains and became a man and the other stuck to the woods and is a monkey yet.

The violin and piano are cousins. A piano is bigger than a violin, but it does not know more on that account. The best violins are now worth as much as half a dozen of the best pianos. The piano has kept right along growing—in size—and may get bigger yet, but Stradivarius & his play-fellows in the Kindergarten of God, about the year 1690, at Cremona, struck the right key, and the "Cremona violin" in size, shape and construction admits of no improvement.

¶ Most instruments and tools used by men last the length of life of a man, and not longer. But the violin is handed down from generation to generation, and is loved as a human soul by men who grow tottering and feeble

and bequeath the beloved instrument to a babe in arms, who in turn becomes a man, grows old, and dying transfers the precious instrument to his grandchild. The good violin may be patched, mended, taken apart and glued together again, but the wood once soaked with sunshine, dipped in the silence, and charged with the melody of bells calling

men to prayer, gives out its sacred sound whenever it is caressed by a sympathetic hand and is held closely to the heart of one who loves it.



DEATH-BED repentances may be legal tender for Salvation in another world, but for this they are below par. And regeneration that is postponed until a man has no further capacity for sin, is little better; for sin is only perverted power, and the man who has no capacity for sin has no power to do good.

¶ When a man wrongs another he wrongs himself more; and so is an object of pity, not revenge.

¶ Unrest and ruin wrought through overtaxed nerves, come largely from owning too many things.

¶ Happiness and a reasonable content follow a just and proper exercise of one's faculties.

¶ Matter is only mind in an opaque condition; and all beauty is but a symbol of spirit.

¶ For the Sanitarium Habit there is no cure save poverty

CONCERNING RIGHT THINKING.

There is a nervous disease called paranoia. ¶ The belief that some one is trying to undo you is its first symptom. The holding of such a thought feeds the malady.

We believe things first and look for a proof later; & when the idea is once fixed in a man's mind that some one is his enemy, reasons as light as air are to him confirmation as strong as holy writ. The individual who thinks he is hated, will be hated, in reality, very shortly.

¶ Hate is catching.

¶ The person who thinks another hates him is, while in that mood, most unlovable.

¶ Love only responds to love.

¶ Incipient paranoia manifests itself in suspicion, distrust and jealousy. Acute paranoia reveals itself in pronounced hallucinations, and efforts in the line of revenge, even to the taking of lives of persons entirely disinterested.

Every police captain is familiar with that phase of paranoia where persons with staring eyes and cold sweat upon their foreheads demand protection from supposed enemies that are upon their track.

The psychologist can look down the paranoiac's past and see the time when the disease was only the germ of a distrust or glimmering suspicion.

¶ Goethe said, "I have in me the germ of every conceivable crime." And so are we all potential paranoiacs. To harbor the thought of wrong is to warm and vivify the germ.

¶ If a person injures me accidentally, I am quite willing to forgive him. If I think he did it purposely I want to fight. The matter lies with me & not with him at all. My mental state controls the situation—it is violence or peace, just as I think. It is quite possible for me to attribute an evil intent where none exists. If we can think wrong we bring the wrong into being, & thus create a condition of hate out of nothing.

Then if we can attribute wrong intent to others, of course they can to us. Yet we know that at the last, what we desire most, is to be loved and trusted. And yet this person who attributes malice to us, can, if we are not guarded, control us through a wrong thought, so as to make us unlovely and unlovable.

In certain physical conditions we think less of people than in others. I know a man who hates everybody and everything until about

ten o'clock in the morning. By noon he is quite approachable, and for an hour or so after dinner he is usually gentle and generous.

¶ Does not the amount of wrong and injustice in the world vary with us all according to the time of day and our physical condition?

¶ We do not fear anything but the evil.

The fear of evil is largely, if not entirely, a morbid and therefore insane idea.

From these things I gather that each one is really the Creator of the World in which he lives. And what is more, every man creates in his own image. Without an evil thought there never would have been any evil in the world. Banish evil thought, & thought of evil, and there would not now be any evil in the world.

¶ The thought of evil is born of fear. Paranoia as a disease is the direct result of fear—we fear some one is going to harm us, and then we hate. Hate is a manifestation of fear, and therefore is a species of cowardice.

Fear affects the circulation, even at times to stopping instantly and forever the action of the heart. A faulty cir-

ulation affects every organ, and most of all, the organs of digestion. And impaired digestion at once affects the mind.

Impaired digestion means impaired thought.

¶ The treatment we receive at the hands of others is very largely the reflection of our own mental attitude toward them. ¶ Prefix a "d" to evil and you get a personality. ¶ As a man thinketh, so is he. ¶ *Think no Evil.*



THE world will never again pay much good money for being defamed. There are no tidings of great joy in the thought of hell and damnation—no one ever deserved them. The big reward is for the man who will lighten our burden, and give us courage. We want hope, and hope for every one—salvation for a few and death for many will not do. If you wish to preach hell you can do it now only on half rations. And to meet the issue all sensible preachers are talking less about the next world and more about this.

¶ Yesterday's triumphs belong to yesterday, with all of yesterday's defeats and sorrows. The Day is here, the time is Now.

¶ If we are ever damned it will not be because we have loved too much, but because we have loved too little.

CANNED LIFE. "How do you manage to keep so young with all your manifold duties?" I once asked my friend Bath-House John.

"Say," said the Statesman, "I'll tell you how I keep young, I live Perfunk—see?"

To live Perfunk is a fine art. It usually means sound sleep, good digestion and length of days.

¶ The man that is much before the public, who is meeting many people, must do so in a perfunctory manner. To give issue to a genuine emotion when shaking hands with each would deplete one's life in a day. Hence canned goods are in order, and you give outcapsule Number Six or Number Ten, as the case requires. The woman who is

in society has a whole little round of stock phrases that meet every requirement, otherwise she could not keep her plumpness, and conserve her ambish—see?

The Canned Life has many advantages. This thing of doing the same thing every day at the same time, and taking all pleasures and recreations perfunk, of placing your duties in a row, with no worry beyond having a can-opener handy, is all very good. Most lives are Canned Lives, for we know exactly what the person will do or say under certain conditions, and where he will be at a certain hour. I have attended meetings of a whist club where not a remark was made the whole evening that had not been made at some former meeting.

You step on a dog's tail, and you may safely wager on what the dog will do. Just so you can anticipate the little neighborly whist club players. A certain hand brings out certain remarks and certain results liberate certain expressions in way of exultation, apology or disappointment. In all this you get the Career Perfunk—that is to say, Canned Life.

¶ However, there are some disadvantages that naturally accrue where any one policy

of life is carried to an extreme. ¶ On this last point the learned Dr. Sulzkeimer, Physician to the King of Siam, has recently contributed a little pamphlet, a copy of which the Doctor was so kind as to send me.

In this booklet the claim is made that all diseases are caused either by too much excitement, or not enough. Excitement of course

increases the heart-beat—the pulseruns up, the eyes begin to glisten, thought flows,—all the secretions are active. To a certain point this is well, for the digestion is aided, lungs expand, and the glands, through exercise, are in condition to do their perfect work.

But of course if the excitement is continued beyond this certain point the bo-

dily functions become deranged, the nerves get tired of the tension, and eventually we will have a case of "Nerves," variously known as Americanitis or Nervous Prostration, with a fine array of local symptoms, covering every sort of twinge, tired feeling and bearing down sensation mentioned by the celebrated Doctors Munyon and Pierce in their exhaustive and exhausting Wurx.

¶ On the other hand are the diseases and complaints that come from lack of excitement—that is, too much Canned Life. The prevalence of insanity among the wives of farmers is caused by too much Canned Life. The poor creatures perish for the lack of a fresh thought. First in the list of diseases caused by lack of excitement our learned author names cancer, which he explains is caused originally by a faulty circulation. A stoppage occurs, and nature tries to relieve the distressed point by sending more blood to the spot. Then we get congestion and next inflammation. A certain amount of excitation at the right time the author avers would have freed the system from all congestion and made cancer impossible.

There are also a whole round of maladies



IT is ridiculous to suppose that a youth can shut himself away from the actual world of men, women and things, in a college for a few years and then come forth and direct mortals in the way of life.

¶ The only men who should preach are those who can and who have done things.

¶ The sense of humor consists in knowing a big thing from a little one.

that can be cured by a new thought, a new sensation, new surroundings. A little excitement or a new experience often clears the cobwebs from the brain.

Elizabeth Barrett was suffering from partial paralysis, and a low degree of nerve force that was fast pushing her in the direction of melancholia. In fact she was suffering from

too much Canned Life. Love came to her, and she literally, as well as poetically, ran away, and got well.

This, of course, is an extreme case, but there are times in the life of every one when people pall, liver strikes, aches intervene & visions open of an operating table, sterilizing pans, nurses with white caps, and a doctor with bushy

whiskers and rolled up sleeves. Everything seems going to the devil.

When lo! there comes one bearing glad tidings. A new thought takes possession of us—we laugh and listen to a story or two and tell one—we go for a walk, the clouds lift and we forget we ever had a doubt or pain.

¶ Is n't this the Healing Principle in Christian Science—simply good news?

God is good, there is no devil but fear, nothing can harm us, the Universe is planned for good! Ah! a new thought—all life is one, and we are brothers to the birds and trees. Our life is a necessary and integral part of the Energy that turns the wheeling planets, and holds the world in space.

All life is One—God is on our side. We are freed from fear, emancipated from apprehension, and filled with kindness toward every living thing because all is ours, and we are a part of all we hear and feel and see.

¶ Circulation is increased, secretions flow, eyes brighten, beautiful thoughts animate us—saved by an Idea!

New thoughts are hygienic.

Love is a tonic.

All Life is One—God is on our side.

WALTER BESANT AND SOME OF HIS CRITICS. In London, where live all sorts and conditions of men, once lived one Sir Walter Besant.

Sir Walter often took a walk out through Hyde Park. At the entrance to the Park there used to crouch an old beggar woman, who held out a grimy hand and mumbled a woe-

ful tale of a dead soldier husband & hungry mouths at home.

Sir Walter always gave the woman a big copper penny as he passed.

It grew into a habit.

¶ After a time Sir Walter and the old woman were quite friendly: he nodded to her and spoke of the weather as he gave her the penny, and she showered on him her bless-

ings with a tongue needlessly glib.

One day as he gave her the penny he stopped to talk a moment, as he occasionally did, and the old woman handed him back the penny.

"Guv me siller or nawthink," said the woman, "the idea of a gent like you guvin a poor old woman like me a dirty penny—guv me siller!"

The woman came close and stuck her face up close to his and waved her arms in threat.

¶ Sir Walter started to go.

Her voice shot up into a cracked and vicious falsetto, she grabbed the lapel of his coat and screamed, "Guv me siller, you rascally rogue! Guv me what you owe me!"

Other beggars began to crowd around. Cabmen came running from across the road; pedestrians stopped. There was a mob gathering.

The woman made her appeal to the crowd. "Look at him now! Just look at him—he's the man that did it! He ruined me self-respect—he ruined me self-respect!"

The cabbies gathered close and began to mutter threats—they were clearly in sympathy with the old woman. "He ruined me self-respect! He guv me dole—he guv me dole!"



DIGNITY is the mask behind which we hide our ignorance; and our forced dignity is what makes the imps of comedy, who sit aloft in the sky, hold their sides in merriment when they behold us demanding obeisance because we have fallen heir to tuppence worth of talent

¶ Many people cannot adjust themselves to new conditions without pain.

¶ Sir Walter reached into his pocket, and taking out a handful of small coin, scattered it among the crowd.

During the scrimmage he made his escape.

¶ The next day Sir Walter took his walk in another direction.

Once after that in Whitechapel he was startled by a shrill voice, calling, "There he goes, there he goes,

—the man wot ruined me self-respect! Look at him, the fine rascal—he giv me dole—he giv me dole!"

Sir Walter saw a bus approaching, & barely reached the ladder & climbed to the top, when there was a gang of urchins and old women behind, pointing at him, thus, "That's 'im—the fine rogue wi' the long whiskers—the bloke in the 'igh 'at!"

Sir Walter's experience is not unique among philanthropists. Everybody

who is anybody has gotten the hatred of people by trying to help them. Your enemies are those you have helped most.

This sort of thing is what so often turns the milk of human kindness to bonnyclabber. But if we were strong enough we would never resent it; and Sir Walter, big, generous soul that he was, did not complain of his treatment—it was all a queer little comedy, with a touch of pathos in it, as all true comedy has, just as tragedy itself is flavored by comedy. The world is not made up of beggars, ingrates and fools—it is the patient workers and the active, kindly, sympathetic men and women who hold the balance of things secure.

No man who does a good deed should expect gratitude. The reward for a good deed is in having done it. And possibly Sir Walter made a mistake ever to give that first penny to the old woman. His heart was right,

but perhaps his act was wrong—who knows!

¶ Anyway, keep sweet—in the main humanity wish to do what is right. For a few days that old beggar assumed a place in Sir Walter's horizon quite out of keeping with her importance. But in this transaction you should pity the woman, not the man.

She forfeited the friendship of Sir Walter Besant.

God help all those, who through ignorance or folly, push from them the generous hearts that might help & bless!



N Nature there are no such things as reward and punishment, as these terms are ordinarily used.

There are only good results and bad results. We sow, and we reap what we have sown.

¶ Art is the beautiful way of doing things. Civilization is the expeditious way of doing things.

¶ To be your brother's keeper is very excellent, if you do not cease to be his friend.

¶ Teachers are those who educate people to appreciate the things they need

WHITESLAV- ERY IN THE SOUTH.

After Massachusetts, there is more cotton cloth manufactured in South Carolina than in any other state in the Union. The cotton mills of South Carolina are mostly owned and operated by New England capital. In many instances the machinery of the

cotton mills has been moved entire from Massachusetts to South Carolina. The move was made for the ostensible purpose of being near the raw product; but the actual reason is, that in South Carolina there is no law regulating child labor. Heartless cupidity has joined hands with brutal ignorance, and the result is child labor of so terrible a type that African slavery was a paradise compared with it.

Many of the black slaves lived to a good old age, and they got a hearty enjoyment from life.

¶ The infant factory slaves of South Carolina can never develop into men and women. There are no mortality statistics; the mill owners baffle all attempts of the outside public to get at the facts, but my opinion is, that in many mills death sets the little prisoner free inside of four years. Beyond that he cannot hope to live, and this opinion is derived from careful observation, and

interviews with several skilled and experienced physicians who practice in the vicinity of the mills.

Boys and girls from the age of six years and upwards are employed. They usually work from six o'clock in the morning until seven at night. For four months of the year, they go to work before daylight and they work until after it is dark.

¶ At noon I saw them squat on the floor & devour their food, which consisted mostly of corn bread and bacon. These weazened pigmies munched in silence, & then toppled over in sleep on the floor in all the abandon of babyhood. Very few wore shoes & stockings; dozens of little girls of, say, six years of age, wore only one garment, a plain linsey-woolsey dress. When it came time to go to work the foreman marched thro' the groups, shaking the sleepers, shouting in their ears, lifting them to their feet, and in a few instances kicking the delinquents into wakefulness.

The long afternoon had begun—from a quarter to one until seven o'clock they had to work without respite or rest.

These toddlers, I saw, for the most part did but one thing—they watched the flying spindles on a frame twenty feet long, and tied the broken threads. They could not sit at their tasks; back and forward they paced, watching with inanimate dull look, the flying spindles. The roar of the machinery drowned every other sound—back and forth paced the baby toilers in their bare feet, and mended the broken threads. Two, three or four threads would break before they could patrol the twenty feet—the threads were always breaking!

The noise and the constant looking at the

flying wheels reduce nervous sensation in a few months to the minimum. The child does not think, he ceases to suffer—memory is as dead as hope: no more does he long for the green fields, the running streams, the freedom of the woods, and the companionship of all the wild, free things that run, fly, climb, swim or burrow, living their own lives.

He does his work like an automaton: he is a part of the roaring machinery: memory is seared, physical vitality is at such low ebb that he ceases to suffer. Nature puts a short limit on torture by sending insensibility. If you suffer, thank God!—it is a sure sign that you are alive.

At a certain night school, where some good women were putting forth efforts to mitigate the condition of these baby slaves, one of the teachers said to me that they did not try

to teach the children to read—they simply put forth an effort to arouse the spirit through pictures and telling stories. In this school I saw the sad spectacle of half the class, of a dozen or more, sunk into sleep that more resembled a stupor. The teacher was a fine, competent woman, but worn-out nature was too much for her—to teach you must make your appeal to life.

The parents of the children sent them there so they could be taught to read, but I was told by one who knew, that no child of, say, seven or eight years of age, who had worked in the mill a year, could ever learn to read. He is defective from that time on. A year in the mills, and he loses the capacity to play; and the child that cannot play, cannot learn.

¶ We learn in moments of joy; play is education; pleasurable animation is necessary to growth; and when you have robbed a child of its play spell, you have robbed it of its life.



DO not see how any man, even though he be divine, could expect or hope to have as many as twelve disciples and hold them for three years without being doubted, denied and betrayed.

¶ If pleasures are greater in anticipation, just remember that this is true also of troubles.

¶ Poetry is an ecstasy of the spirit, and ecstasies in their very nature are not sustained moods.

¶ A splendid woman is generally the daughter of her father, just as strong men have noble mothers.

¶ The reason that thought flags and stupor takes possession of the child who works at one task for eleven hours a day, is through the fact that he does not express himself. We grow through expression, and expression, which is exercise, is necessary to life. The child in the mill never talks to any one—even if the rules did not forbid it, the roar

of all that machinery would make it impossible. All orders are carried out in pantomime, emphasized by punches, pinches, pokes, shakes and kicks.

This wee slave loses all relationship with his fellows and the world around him.

¶ I thought to lift one of the little toilers to ascertain his weight. Straightway through his thirty-five pounds of skin and bones there ran a tremor of fear, and he struggled ahead to tie a thread that was broken. I attracted his attention by a touch, and offered him a silver dime. He looked at me dumbly from a face that might have belonged to a man of sixty, so furrowed, tightly drawn & full of pain it was. He did not reach for the money—he did not know what it was. I tried to stroke his head and caress his cheek. My smile

of friendship meant nothing to him—he shrank from my touch, as though he expected punishment. A caress was unknown to this child, sympathy had never been his portion, and the love of a mother who only a short time before held him in her arms,

had all been forgotten in the whirl of wheels and the awful silence of a din that knows no respite.

There were dozens of just such children in this particular mill. A physician who was with me said that they would all be dead, probably in two years, and their places filled with others—there were plenty more. Pneumonia carries away

most of them. Their systems are ripe for disease, and when it comes, there is no rebound—no response. The medicine does not act—nature is beaten, whipped, discouraged, and the child sinks into a stupor, and dies.

There are now only five states, I think, that have no laws restricting the employment of children. Child labor exists in Georgia and Alabama, to an extent nearly as bad as it does in South Carolina. In each of these states there are bands of brave men & women who are waging war to stop the slaughter of the innocents; and these men and women have so forced the issue that the mill owners are giving way before them and offering compromise. But South Carolina lags and the brave workers

for liberty there seem a hopeless minority.

¶ For these things let Massachusetts answer. South Carolina weaves cotton that Massachusetts may wear silk.

South Carolina cannot abolish child labor because the mill owners, who live in New



HE author who has not made warm friends and then lost them in an hour by writing things that did not agree with the preconceived idea of these friends, has either not written well or has not been read.

¶ If you could make men believe that peace, truth, honesty and industry were the best standards to adopt—bringing the best results—all men would adopt them.

¶ The Conservative is a man who puts on the brakes when he thinks Progress is going to land Civilization in the ditch.

¶ I wish to meet all men on an absolute equality: to face any obstacle and meet every difficulty unabashed and unafraid.

¶ The poetic mood is transient. A composition by Chopin is a soul ecstasy, like unto the singing of a lark.

¶ To make a good impression means to make a man pleased with himself.

¶ There is no copyright on stupidity.

England, oppose it. They have invested their millions in South Carolina, with the tacit understanding with Legislature and Governor that there shall be no State inspection of mills, nor interference in any way with their management of employees. Each succeeding election the candidates for the Legislature secretly make promises that they will not pass a law forbidding child labor. They can never hope for election otherwise—the capitalists combine with the “crackers,” and any man who favors the restriction of child labor is marked for defeat.

¶ The cracker, capitalist and preacher live on child labor, and the person who lifts his voice in behalf of the children is denounced as a sickly sentimentalist, who is endeavoring to discourage the best interests of the State. The cracker does not reason quite thus far—with him it is a question of “rights, sah,” & he is the head of his family and you must not meddle,—his honor is at stake.

¶ So at every election he is jealously guarding his rights—he has n’t anything else to do—he has lost everything else but “honor.”

If women could vote in South Carolina they would wipe child labor out with a sweep, but alas! a woman in South Carolina does not own even her own body. South Carolina is the only state in the Union that has no divorce law. In South Carolina the gracious, gentle woman

married to a rogue has him for life, and he has her. The State objects to their getting apart. The fetters forged in South Carolina never break (in South Carolina), and the key is lost.

I say these things with no prejudice against the people of South Carolina as a whole, for some of the bravest, gentlest, sanest, most



HE reformer is a savior or a rebel, all depending largely upon whether he succeeds or fails. He is what he is regardless of what men think of him.

¶ We can go forward only as we leave hate behind. If we sow hate we must reap hate. We awaken in others the same attitude that we hold toward them.

¶ To be modest and gentle and kind, as we all can be, is just as much to God as to be learned and talented, and yet a cad.

¶ A good time to laugh is when you see a mighty bundle of pretense and affectation coming down the street.

¶ Everything is comparative; that is the only way we realize anything—by comparing it with something else.

¶ Reformers are often merely “abstainers”—they abstain from things and call it “virtue.”

¶ The pathway to success lies in serving the public, not in affronting it.

¶ Let us be *Radiant!*   

loyal and most hospitable friends that I have in the world live there. I make the mention merely as a matter of fact to show that the majority of the people in South Carolina have a long way to travel and are good raw stock for missionary work.

I learned from a reliable source that a cotton mill having a pay-roll of six thousand dollars a week in New England, can be run in the South for four thousand dollars a week. This means a saving of just one hundred thousand dollars a year: and the mill having a capital of one million dollars thus gets a clear gain of ten per cent per annum.

One mill at Columbia, South Carolina, has a capital of two million dollars. In half a dozen other cities there are mills with a capital of a million dollars or

more. These mills all have Company Department Stores, where the employees trade. A certain credit is given, and the employee who has a dollar coming to him in cold cash is very, very rare. The cashier of one mill told me that nineteen families out of twenty

never see any cash, and probably never will. The account is kept with the head of the house. Against him are charged house rent, insurance, fuel—three things the man never thought of. Next, the orders drawn on the Company must be met. Then come groceries, clothing and gew-gaws that the young women are tempted into buying, providing the account is not already overdrawn.

¶ You can only help yourself by helping others

Sometimes it occurs that the account is so much overdrawn by the last of the month that the storekeeper will dole out only corn meal and bacon—just these two things to prevent starvation and keep the family at work.

The genial cashier who made this explanation to me, did it to reveal the pitiable ignorance of the "poor whites,"—the cracker cannot figure his account—it is all a matter of faith with him. "To manage a cracker you have to keep him in debt to you," explained my friend, "then you can control his vote, and his family."

The ingenuity displayed in securing the laborers reveals the "instincts of Connecticut," to use the phrase of Ralph Waldo Emerson. There are men called "Employing Agents" who drive through the country and make the acquaintance of the poor whites—the "white trash." This expression, by the way, was launched by the negroes, and then taken up by the whites. No white man will acknowledge himself as "trash," but he applies the epithet to others who are supposed to be still more trashy than himself.

No matter how poor these whites are, they are always well stuffed with pride—they are as proud as the rich, and they would conduct themselves just like the F. F. V's, if they had the money. They are F. F. V's, slightly run down at the heel.

They apologize for their poverty and lay it all to the war. All consider themselves very much above the negroes—they will not work with the blacks.

The Employing Agent drops in on this poor white family and there is much friendly conversation—for time is no object to the cracker. Gradually the scheme is unfolded. There is a nice man who owns a mill—he will not employ negroes—they are not sufficiently

intelligent. The visitor can get work for all the women and the children of the household with this nice man. There will be no work for the man of the house, but he can get odd jobs in the town.

This suits the cracker—he does not want to work. A house will be supplied gratis for them to live in. A photograph of the house is shown—it is a veritable palace in comparison with the place they now call

home. The visitor goes away, promising to call again the next week. He comes back and reports that he has seen his friend, the house is ready, work is waiting, wages in cash will be paid every Saturday night.

¶ Cash!

Why, this poor white family never saw any real cash in all their lives!

A printed agreement is produced and signed.

¶ If the cracker has n't quite energy enough to move, the Employing Agent packs up his scanty effects and advances money for car fare. The family land in the mill town, are quartered in one of the company's cottages and go to work—the mother and all the children over five. The head of the house stays at home to do the housework, and being a man, of course, he does n't do it. He goes to the grocery or some other loafing place where there are other men in the same happy condition as himself. Idle men in the South, as elsewhere, do not feel very well—they need a little stimulant, and take it. The cracker discovers he can get whiskey and pay for it with an order on the Company.

He is very happy, and needless to say, is quite opposed to any fanatic who would like to interfere in his family relations. He is not aware of it, but he has sold his wife and children into a five years' slavery. The Company threatens and has the right to discharge them all if one quits—even the mother is not free.

But the cracker knows his rights—he is the head of his family, the labor of his children is his until the girls are eighteen and the boys twenty-one. He knows these things and he starts them off to their work while it is yet night.

And at the mill the overseers look after them. These overseers are Northern men—

sent down by the capitalists. In war time the best slave-drivers were Northerners—they have the true spirit and get the work done. If necessary they do not hesitate to “reprove” their charges.

But the cracker wants to be kind; he wants to accumulate enough money to buy a home in the country—it will take only a few years!

The overseers do not wish to be brutal, but they have to report to the superintendents,—there must be so much cloth made every day. The superintendent is not a bad man—but he has to make a daily report to the President of the Company; and the President has to report to the Stockholders.

The Stockholders live in Boston, and all they want is their dividends. When they go South they go to Pinehurst, Asheville or St. Augustine. Details of the mills are not pleasant; they simply leave matters to the good men who operate the mills—it is against their policy to dictate.

Capital is King, not cotton. But capital is blind and deaf to all that is not to its interest: it will not act while child labor means ten per cent dividends on industrial stocks.

¶ Instead of abolishing child labor, capital gives a lot, near the mill property, to any preacher who will build a church, and another lot for a parsonage, and then agrees to double the amount any denomination will raise for a church edifice.

Within a quarter of a mile from one cotton mill, at Columbia, South Carolina, I counted seven churches, completed or in process of erection.

And that is the way the mill owners capture the clergy. In talking with various preachers on the question of child labor they all, I found, had arguments to excuse it, blissfully unaware that the entire question had been fought out in the world’s assize, and that Civilization fifty years ago had placed her stamp of disapproval on the matter. One preacher put it in this way, with a gracious, patronizing smile (I quote his exact words): “Oh, of course, it is pretty bad—but then, dear brother, you know the children are better off in the mill than running the streets!”

¶ It is assumed that there are only two oc-

cupations for children—working in the mill and running the streets. And then this man of God confessed to me without shame that many of the men whose whole families worked in the mills, subscribed one-tenth of their income to the support of “the Gospel,” and gave him an order on the Mill Company for the amount; and this amount was with-

held from the wages and paid to him regularly by the cashier of the Company.

¶ God made flowers only that lovers might make suitable gifts

¶ The majority of the clergy of South Carolina have always stood for slavery. The clergy never move faster than the people, usually lagging a little behind. To get ahead of the pews is to separate from them, so the average clergyman will not champion an unpopular cause. The clergyman who speaks his mind for freedom has to get out of the church. Luther, Savonarola, Emerson, McGlynn, Beecher, Prof. Swing, Dr. Thomas and all that band of preachers who have stood out and voiced the cause of freedom, have been regarded by their denominations as renegades. Exile and ostracism have been the lot of freedom’s champions; and their ostracism and social disgrace have been the work of the respectable element in the church.

¶ And the reason the church has always sided with slavery is because she has thrived on the profits of slavery.

We have heard much about the danger that follows an alliance between church and state; but what think you of a partnership between grasping greed and religion—the professed religion of the suffering, bleeding Christ, the Christ who had not where to lay His head!

The Orthodox Protestant preacher is an institution in the South. You see his well-battered face on every train, at every station—he attends every gathering—nothing can be done without him. He preaches “the blood of Jesus,” and nothing else. His gospel is the promise of a perfect paradise hereafter for all who believe as he does, and hell and damnation for all who don’t. There has not been a patentable improvement made on his devil in two hundred years.

The South is priest-ridden to an extent that should make Italy and Spain jealous. The preacher is a power. One of them explained

to me that most of the heads of families that worked in the mills were "Christian people." He seemed to think that Jesus said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Cotton."

If the child workers of South Carolina could be marshalled by bugle-call, headed with fife and drum, and marched through Commonwealth Avenue, out past the statue of William Lloyd Garrison, erected by sons of the men who dragged him through the streets at a rope's end, the sight would appal the heart and drive conviction home. Imagine an army of full twenty thousand pigmy bondsmen, half naked, weazened, half starved, yellow, deformed in body, and all with drawn faces that show spirits too dead to weep, too hopeless to laugh, too pained to feel! Would not aristocratic Boston lock her doors, bar the shutters and turn in shame from such a sight? I know the sweat shops of Hester Street, New York; I am familiar with the vice, depravity and degradation of the White-chapel District; I have visited the Ghetto of Venice; I know the lot of the coal miners of Pennsylvania; and I know somewhat of Siberian atrocities; but for misery, woe and hopeless suffering, I have never seen anything to equal the cotton mill slavery of South Carolina—this in my own America!

Miss Jane Addams recently wrote: "A few weeks ago I stood at 10.30 at night in a mill in Columbia, S.C., controlled and owned by Northern capital, where children who did not know their own ages were working

from 6 p. m. to 6 a. m., without a moment for rest or food or a single cessation of the maddening rack of the machinery."

For the adult who accepts the life of the mills, I have not a word to say—it is his own business. My plea is in defense of the innocent—I voice the cry of the child whose sob is drowned in the thunder of whirring

wheels. The iniquity of this New Slavery in the New South has grown up out of conditions for which no one man, or class of men, it seems is amenable. The interests of the cracker, the preacher, the overseer, the superintendent, the president, and the stockholders, are so involved that they cannot see the truth—their feet are ensnared, & they sink into the quicksands of hypocrisy, deceiving themselves with specious reasons. They must be educated, and the people must also be educated.

So it remains for that small, yet valiant band of men & women in the South,

who are fighting this iniquity, to hold fast and not leave off in their work until the little captives are set free. Right will surely win. And to these earnest men and women who are braving ostracism, and who are very often scorned in their own homes, who have nothing to gain but the consciousness of having done right, we reach friendly hands across the miles, and out of the silence we send them blessings and bid them be strong and of good cheer. Seemingly they fight alone, but thought, hope & aspiration are never solitary—they are not alone, for the great, throbbing Mother-heart of the world, has but to know of their existence to be one with them.



A GREAT sorrow at one stroke, purchases redemption from all petty troubles; it sinks all trivial annoyances into nothingness and grants a lifelong freedom from all petty, corroding cares.

☞ He who influences the thought of his time, influences the thought of all the time that follows. He has made his impress on eternity.

☞ A pension often means that the receiver shall not offend nor affront the one who bestows it. Pensions are usually diplomatic investments.

☞ There are two qualities that are the property of only strong men: confidence and resignation.

☞ What is best to-day cannot fail to bring the best results to-morrow.



GET OUT OR GET IN LINE. If all the letters, messages and speeches of Lincoln were destroyed, except that one letter to Hooker, we should still have a pretty good index to the heart of the Rail-Splitter.

In this letter we see that Lincoln ruled his own spirit; and we also behold the fact that he could rule others. The letter shows frankness, kindness, wit, tact, wise diplomacy and infinite patience.

Hooker had harshly and unjustly criticised Lincoln, his Command-in-Chief, and he had embarrassed Burnside, his ranking officer. But Lincoln waives all this in deference to the virtues that he believes Hooker possesses, and promotes him to succeed Burnside. In other words, the man who had been wronged promotes the man who had wronged him, over the head of a man whom the promoter had wronged and for whom the promoter had a warm personal friendship.

But all personal considerations were sunk in view of the end desired. Yet it was necessary that the man promoted should know the truth, and Lincoln told it to him in a way that did not humiliate nor fire to foolish anger; but which certainly prevented the attack of cerebral elephantiasis to

which Hooker was liable. ¶ Here is Lincoln's letter:

Executive Mansion,
Washington, January 26, 1863.

Major-General Hooker:

General:—I have placed you at the head of the Army of the Potomac. Of course I have done this upon what appear to me to be sufficient reasons, and yet I think it best for you to know that there are some things in regard to which I am not quite satisfied with you. ¶ I believe you to be a brave and skilful soldier, which of course I like.

I also believe you do not mix politics with your profession, in which you are right.

¶ You have confidence in yourself, which is a valuable if not an indispensable quality.

¶ You are ambitious, which, within reasonable bounds, does good rather than harm; but I think that during General Burnside's command of the army you have taken counsel of your ambition and thwarted him as much as you could, in which you did a great wrong to the country and to a most meritorious and honorable brother officer.

I have heard, in such a way as to believe it, of your recently saying that both the army and the government needed a dictator. Of course it was not for this, but in spite of it, that I have given you the command. Only those generals who gain successes can set up dictators. What I now ask of you is military success, and I will risk the dictatorship. The government will support you to the utmost of its ability, which is neither more nor less than it has done and will do for all commanders. I much fear that the spirit which you have aided to infuse into the army, of criticising their commander and withholding confidence from him, will now turn upon you. I shall assist you as far as I can to put it down. Neither you nor Napoleon, if he were alive again, could get any good out of an army while such a spirit prevails in it. And now beware of rashness; beware of rashness, but with energy and sleepless vigilance go forward and give us victories.

Yours very truly,

A. LINCOLN.

One point in this letter is especially worth our consideration, for



SHAW-WELLS CO.

The Ball Room



The Blacksmith and one
of his Understudies

it suggests a condition that springs up like deadly nightshade from a poisonous soil. I refer to the habit of sneering, carping, grumbling at and criticising the ones above us.

¶ The man who is anybody and who does anything is surely going to be criticised, vilified and misunderstood. This is a part of the penalty for greatness, and every great man understands it; and understands, too, that it is no proof of greatness. The final proof of greatness lies in being able to endure contumely without resentment. Lincoln did not resent criticism; he knew that every life must be its own excuse for being, but look how he calls Hooker's attention to the fact that the dissension Hooker has sown is going to return and plague him! "Neither you, nor Napoleon, were he alive, could get any good out of an army while such a spirit prevails in it." Hooker's fault falls on Hooker—others suffer, but Hooker suffers most of all.

Not long ago I met a Yale student home on a vacation. I am sure he did not represent the true Yale spirit, for he was full of criticism and bitterness toward the institution. President Hadley came in for his share, and I was supplied items, facts, data; with times and places, for "a peach of a roast."

¶ Very soon I saw the trouble was

not with Yale, the trouble was with the young man. He had mentally dwelt on some trivial slights until he had got so out of harmony with the institution that he had lost the power to derive any benefit from it. Yale is not a perfect institution—a fact, I suppose, that President Hadley and most Yale men are quite willing to admit; but Yale does supply certain advantages, and it depends upon the students whether they will avail themselves of these advantages or not.

If you are a student in a college, seize upon the good that is there. You get good by giving it. You gain by giving—so give sympathy and cheerful loyalty to the institution. Be proud of it. Stand by your teachers—they are doing the best they can. If the place is faulty, make it a better place by an example of cheerfully doing your work every day the best you can. Mind your own business.

If the concern where you are employed is all wrong, and the Old Man a curmudgeon, it may be well for you to go to the Old Man and confidentially, quietly and kindly tell him that he is a curmudgeon. Explain to him that his policy is absurd and preposterous. Then show him how to reform his ways, and you might offer to take charge of the concern and cleanse it of its secret faults.

Do this, or if for any reason you should prefer not, then take your choice of these: *Get out, or get in line.* You have got to do one or the other—now make your choice. If you work for a man, in heaven's name, work for him!

If he pays you wages that supply you your bread and butter, work for him—speak well of him, think well of him, stand by him & stand by the institution that he represents.

¶ I think if I worked for a man I would work for him. I would not work for him a part of the time, and the rest of the time work against him. I would give an undivided service or none.

If put to the pinch, an ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of cleverness.

¶ If you must vilify, condemn and eternally disparage, why, resign your position, and when you are outside, damn to your heart's content. But, I pray you, so long as you are a part of an institution, do not condemn it. Not that you will injure the institution—not that—but when you disparage the concern of which you are a part, you disparage yourself.

More than that, you are loosening the tendrils that hold you to the institution, and the first high wind that comes along, you will be uprooted and blown away in the blizzard's track—and probably you will never know why. The letter

only says, "Times are dull and we regret there is not enough work," et cetera.

Everywhere you find those out-of-a-job fellows. Talk with them and you will usually find that they are full of railing, bitterness and condemnation. That was the trouble—through a spirit of fault-finding they got themselves swung around so they blocked the channel, and had to be dynamited. They were out of harmony with the concern, and no longer being a help they had to be removed. Every employer is constantly looking for people who can *help* him; naturally he is on the lookout among his employees for those who do not help, and everything and everybody that is a hindrance has to go. This is the law of trade—do not find fault with it; it is founded on Nature. The reward is only for the man that helps, and in order to help you must have sympathy.

You cannot help the Old Man so long as you are explaining in undertone and whisper, by gesture and suggestion, by thought and mental attitude, that he is a curmudgeon and his system is dead wrong. You are not necessarily menacing him by stirring up discontent and warming envy into strife, but you are doing this: You are getting yourself upon a well greased chute that will give you a

quick ride to hades. ¶ When you say to other employees that the Old Man is a curmudgeon, you reveal the fact that you are one; and when you tell that the policy of the institution is "rotten," you surely show that yours is.

Hooker got his promotion even in spite of his failings; but the chances are that your employer does not have the love that Lincoln had—the love that suffereth long and is kind. But even Lincoln could not protect Hooker forever. Hooker failed to do the work, and Lincoln had to try some one else. So there came a time when Hooker was superseded by a Silent Man, who ruled his own spirit, took the cities. He minded his own business, and did the work that no man ever can do unless he gives absolute loyalty, perfect confidence and untiring devotion.

Let us mind our own business, and work for self by working for the good of *All*.

~

THE JEWISH METHOD OF TRAINING CHILDREN. As a rule I have noticed that Jews treat their wives, children and aged parents with a deal more tenderness and consideration than we Hittites. I wonder if this is a fact, or is it a mere coincidence in my experience? I have had a

good deal to do with the Chosen, but I never yet heard one of them refer to his father as the Old Gent; and I have noticed, very often, in Jewish families that the grandfather or grandmother was the loving equal of the children and the pride and pet of the household.

¶ A full-grown Jew might put up a good company bluff, but a child is no hypocrite; and mark you this, the child gets its cue for manners and behavior from its parents. If the mother has little patience the child is a little worse, and if the father is a boor in his home his boys are hoodlums. Jewish children respect their parents and grandparents. They respect old age and well doing, and the reason is, I think, because the Jew, as a rule, makes a companion of his child.

¶ I do not believe that you can teach a child under fourteen anything by admonition; you teach him, however, most emphatically, by example. If you scold a child you only add to his vocabulary, and he visits on doll or playfellow your language and manner.

The Jew may hang on to a dollar when dealing with the Enemy, but he does not dole out pittances to his wife, alternately humor and cuff his children, nor request, by his manner, that elderly people who are not up-to-date shall get off the face of the earth. ❀ ❀

PATIENCE AND ENDURANCE.

Over the desk of William Morris there used to hang a motto, the words carved on wood; and the words were these: *He that Endureth unto the End shall be Saved.*

☪ Patience—that is the theme!

I am not sure that William Morris was the most patient man I ever saw; had he been patient by nature he would never have thought to have that sign constantly before him.

But it is well to realize that it is the patient man who wins.

To do your work and not be anxious about the result, is wisdom of the highest order. This does not mean that you are to sell yourself as a slave. If the position you now have does not give you an opportunity to grow, and you should know of a better place, why go to the better place, by all means. The point I make is simply this: if you care to remain in a place you can never better your position by striking for higher wages or favors of any kind.

☪ The employee who drives a sharp bargain and is fearful that he will not get all he earns, never will. There are men who are set on a hair trigger—always ready to make demands when there is a rush of work, and who threaten to walk out if their demands are not acceded to.

The demands may be acceded to, but this kind of help is always marked on the time-book for dismissal when work gets scarce and business dull.

Such men are out of employment about half the time, and the curious part of it is, they never know why.

As a matter of pure worldly wisdom—just cold-blooded expediency—if I were an employee I would never mention wages. I would focus right on my work and do it. ☪ The man that endures is the man that wins. I would never harass my employer by inopportune propositions—I would give him peace, and I would lighten his burden. Personally I would never be in evidence, unless it were positively necessary—my work should tell its own story.

The cheerful worker who goes ahead and makes himself a necessity to the business and never increases the burden of his superiors—will sooner or later get all that is his due, and more. He will not only get pay for his work, but he will get a bonus for his patience, & another for his good cheer.

The man who makes a strike to have his wages raised from fifteen to eighteen dollars a week, may get the raise, and then his wages will stay there. Had he



ENAN suggests that one reason why religion remains on such a material plane for many is because they have never known a great and vitalizing love: a love where intellect, spirit and sex finds its perfect mate.

☪ People who live all the year in the quiet valleys where the roses continually bloom, are not necessarily happy.

☪ If you have thoughts and honestly speak your mind, Golgotha for you is not far away.

☪ In man's fearsome endeavor to make himself secure for another world, he has neglected this.

☪ We believe a thing first and skirmish for our proofs afterward

kept quiet and just been intent on making himself a five-thousand-dollar man, he might have gravitated straight to a five-thousand-dollar desk.

I would not risk spoiling my chances for a big promotion by asking for a little one. And it is but trite truism to say that no man ever received a big promotion because he demanded it—he got it because he could fill the position, and for no other reason.

Ask the man who receives a ten-thousand-dollar-a-year salary how he managed to bring it about, and he will tell you he just simply did his work as well as he could. Never did such a man go on a strike. The most success-

ful strike is a defeat; and had this man been a striker by nature, sudden and quick in quarrel, jealous of his rights, things would have conspired to keep him down and under. I do not care how clever he may be or how well educated, his salary would have been eighteen a week at the farthest, with a very tenuous hold on his job. ¶ He that endureth unto the end shall be saved.

At hotels the man that complains is the man against whom the servants are always in league; and the man who complains most is the man who has the least at home.

If you are defamed, let time vindicate you—silence is a thousand times better than to explain.

¶ Explanations do not explain.

Let your life be its own excuse for being—cease all explanations and all apologies, and just live your life.

By minding your own business, you give other folks an opportunity to mind theirs; and depend upon it, the great

souls will appreciate you for this very thing.

¶ I am not sure that absolute, perfect justice comes to everybody in this world; but I do know that the best way to get justice is not to be too anxious about it. As love goes to those who do not lie in wait for it, so does the big reward gravitate to the patient man.

¶ He that Endureth unto the End shall be Saved.



WE grope our way through life. Nature's first thought is for reproduction of the species: she has so overloaded physical passion that men and women marry when the blood is warm and intellect cal- low. Girls marry for life the first man that offers and forever put be- hind them the possibility of a love that would enable them to lift up their eyes to the hills from whence cometh their strength.

¶ Man has tried to make peace with the skies instead of making peace with his neighbor.

¶ It makes but very little difference where genius is housed.

¶ By taking thought you can add cubits to your stature

(Now buried in an English grave—and this a memory-leaf for her dear sake,)

Ended our talk—"The sum, concluding all we know of old or modern learning, intuitions deep,

Of all Geologies—Histories—of all Astron- omy—of Evolution, Metaphysics all,

Is, that we are all onward, onward, speeding slowly, surely bet- tering,

Life, life an endless march, an endless army, (no halt, but it is duly over,)

The world, the race, the soul—in space and time the uni- verses,

All bound as is be- fitting each—all surely going some- where."

Yes, we are going Somewhere; we are moving, moving for- ward.

The world is getting better.

That hardly seems possible, some may say, when we re- call events that have transpired the last two years in South Africa, and in the Philipines. But that a chill of horror runs

over Christendom at the mention of these events, proves the proposition as first stated —if we were indifferent, the case would be hopeless.

But beside this there are substantial proofs that an Era of Kindness and Common-sense is being ushered in. Good-will has always existed, but it has been isolated, detached and had to hide itself for fear of being laughed into nothingness or stamped into death. Now the detached pickets have come together, touched hands, and a cordon of kindness circles the globe.

This is proven by our treatment of the in- sane. Other things bearing on the same point

ABOUT DR. R. M. BUCKE AND WHAT HE STOOD FOR. Said Walt Whitman:

My science-friend, my noblest woman- friend,

might be mentioned, but let this suffice for the present.

Hippocrates, who lived four hundred years before Christ, raised medicine from a superstitious rite to a learned profession. He treated the sick by regulating their diet, and insisting on sunshine, cleanliness and cheerful surroundings. Insanity, he declared, was caused by imperfect nutrition: and Hippocrates, it was, who first set forth the maxim that to have a sound mind you must have a sound body. *Mens sana in coropore sano*, was borrowed from the Greeks.

Hippocrates died & his genius and his knowledge seemed to die with him. The old superstition that insane people were possessed by devils came back, and incantations, with severe tests such as that of walking on red-hot stones, became again the fashion and vogue.

A great man's children may inherit none of his genius, but wait a generation or so, and the divine spark will again flare up into life.

¶ Galen, who lived six hundred years after Hippocrates, called a halt on incantations, and voiced the truths that Hippocrates had set forth, which truths we discovered for ourselves yesterday.

From Galen's time for sixteen hundred years the world seemed to sleep.

In 1750 Benjamin Franklin succeeded in founding the first Insane Asylum in America. Up to this time there were private Madhouses, where insane people were confined, usually chained by the leg to the wall, sleeping in straw and fed out of wooden dishes that were passed to them from a safe dis-

tance. ¶ The Salem Idea had subsided into the simple belief that insane people were possessed of evil spirits and were being punished for secret sins. Society washed its hands of the affair by locking the culprits up in dungeons or chaining them in rows, well out of sight of the rest of mankind.

Benjamin Franklin, the freethinker, knew the iniquity of treating the insane as if they were criminals and tried to remedy it, but the stress of political affairs silenced him ere he could fire a shot that would be heard the world over.

The year 1792 is a memorable one in the history of the treatment of the insane, for in that year Dr. Pinel in France challenged the entire medical profession by announcing that he was going to unchain fifty maniacs, just as they happened to come, and live with them without the use of force.

¶ And he did—and the world looked on aghast.

In the year 1801 Dr. Pinel was visiting a certain Asylum near Paris, and seeing about one-third of the patients had lost a hand, and in some cases both hands and a foot, he asked the cause of this mutilation.

“Oh,” was the matter-of-fact reply, “you see they pulled so on the ropes we had 'em tied with, that it made a ligature, cut off circulation in their hands, and then as gangrene set in, we had to amputate the parts to save the poor devils' lives.”

About the same time Elizabeth Fry and John Howard, in England, had sent glimmering rays of light through the gloom of ignorance by demanding that the word “Madhouse” should be abandoned, and that the insane



F everything in this world happens because something else happened a thousand years ago or yesterday, and the result could not possibly be different from what it is, why besiege Heaven with prayer?

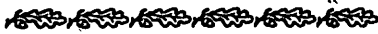
¶ Man does what he does because he thinks for the moment it is the best thing to do.

¶ Art is not a thing separate and apart—art is only the beautiful way of doing things.

¶ It is only in prosperity that we throw our friends overboard.

¶ Men are ever forsaking fortune when she is about to smile.

¶ To satisfy the God within is the poet's prayer



should be treated simply as if they were ill. ¶ At Worcester, England, Mrs. Fry insisted that naked women chained in stone cells should be unfettered, clothed and treated like human beings. At the same time she established a dining-room at the Worcester Asylum and had certain of the patients come and sit at meat with her as invited guests.

Before this no patient had ever been trusted with a knife, fork, metal spoon, or earthen dish—the idea being prevalent that the prisoner would surely swallow the fork, stab some one with the spoon, and end by severing his jugular with a fragment of the plate.

Mrs. Fry dismissed the armed guards and proved to the astonished officials that a good many insane people were not crazy—surely not all of the time. Many of them, she showed, had impulses and moods when they were kind, generous, orderly; and could be made helpful—and their bad times often bridged by love. ¶ Instead of feeding them all on chunks of meat and soggy bread, she paid special attention to their diet, and continued the thought of Hippocrates and Galen, although, as far as I can find, she never heard of either.

Matters followed a zigzag road, with progress all the time, although sometimes slow, until about the year 1880, when there came a great burst of light, and Dr. Bucke appeared.

¶ The Asylum for the Insane at London, Ontario, under the superintendence of Dr. R. M. Bucke, has in several important respects set the medical world an example. It has shown what kindness, trustfulness and

work can do in ministering to a mind diseased, plucking from memory its rooted sorrow.

It would be manifestly unfair to carry the idea that what is known to Dr. Bucke is not known elsewhere. Truth is in the air and belongs to all who can appropriate it: every great invention has been worked out by several men, in different parts of the earth at about the same time: and the general policy that Dr. Bucke follows in the treatment of his patients is world-property, like the Kindergarten Idea, and belongs everywhere to the men who think and the women who feel.



D RAYER is an emotional exercise; an endeavor to bring the will into a state of harmony with the Divine Will; a rest and composure that gives strength by putting us in position to partake of the strength of the Universal.

¶ We do what we do and are what we are on account of impulses given us by previous training, previous acts or conditions under which we live and have lived.

¶ To no woman can love mean so much as to one who is aware that she is physically deficient.

¶ An act is only a crystallized thought.

¶ By right thinking does the race grow

all handcuffs, straps and straight jackets; never again will we meet violence with violence; if we are struck we will never strike back—we will rule by kindness: we will master by mind.”

And for twenty years this has been the policy—kindness, patience, cheerfulness, trustfulness, work.

And the scientific world has to a great degree adopted the policy.

The Asylum at London has a system of graduation, and a plan of reward for well doing.

¶ Violent patients and those with a mania for destroying things, are placed in a ward where there is no furniture or anything that

Dr. Bucke has no secrets. Anything he knows is yours for the asking—but neither Dr. Bucke, nor any one else, can impart to you anything you do not already know.

Dr. Bucke called his attendants together and said, “Let us never again use any physical restraint with our patients; we will do away with

we will do away with

can be destroyed. This ward is simply a long, wide hallway with rooms opening off. Every patient has a room of his own. This room contains an iron bed with springs, mattress, blankets, sheets and pillow. If a patient destroys his bedding it is taken away from him, but only for a few hours at a time. The whole place is light, in fact, flooded with sunshine and it is

scrupulously clean. The suggestion of restraint is removed just as much as possible—all have the free run and use of the hallway. Every patient is regarded as a sick man; each is under the care of a physician who examines him daily & keeps a record of the case. Special attention is paid to his diet, vegetables and fruit predominating. Intoxicants are excluded entirely, but those who are accustomed to using tobacco are allowed the weed in moderate quantities.

In summer the inmates of this "violent ward," which we will call Ward A, are all taken out into

a large, pleasant yard, and spend the day there. No exception is made to the rule, unless a patient is so ill he cannot leave his bed. If a patient is violent, they let him work it off—it will not last long. Unless you meet violence with violence he soon gets enough of it. The insane man is apt to be a supreme egotist, and a good way to punish him is to pay no attention to him.

Beginning in Ward A the plan is adopted of trying to get a patient to forget himself and become interested in others. Thus one patient is asked to help to take care of some one else. If he reveals a disposition to be useful, even in the most trivial way, his case is

looked upon as hopeful and he is promoted to Ward B.

Here the plan of the rooms is the same as in Ward A, only there are pictures on the walls, chairs instead of benches, tables with books and magazines, and usually a piano. The women and men are in separate wards, but the scheme of getting the patients to work is

the same. In the woman's department, for instance—Ward B, I noticed a young woman-patient was combing the hair of another that seemed to be somewhat uneasy & worrisome.

"She does not appreciate your kindness," I said to woman Number One.

¶ "Oh," was the answer, "one does not expect any gratitude from the poor creatures. We never resent anything, no matter what it is."

¶ Woman Number One, a patient herself, yet was full of the Master Spirit of the place—she must be helpful and she must be patient.

Ward C differs only from Ward B in that there are curtains at

the windows, more pictures on the walls, rugs on the floor, and each patient's bedroom has a mirror, wash-bowl, soap dish, hair-brush, comb, etc., and many little things in way of decoration. Some of these rooms with their photographs on the walls looked not unlike students' rooms at Colleges—so orderly, well kept, and full of individuality they were.

In Ward C the inmates, almost without exception, come and go at will. If they run away they usually come back of their own account. Dr. Bucke told me that in twenty-six years at this Asylum he had never known a patient that ran away to injure either himself or any



A GOOD lie for its own sake is ever pleasing to honest men; we also respect a discreet silence, but a patched up, carefully explained record will not do. And when such small men as "Mr. S. Pepys" and James Boswell can write immortal books, the moral for the rest of us is that a little honesty in literature is not a dangerous thing. ¶ I appeal to those who have tried both plans, whether it is not easier to tell the truth than concoct a lie. And I assiduously maintain that if the case is to be tried by a jury of Discerning Persons, that the shocking facts will serve the end far better than a half-truth.

¶ Love is the great enlightener



The Phalanstery Dining Room



Reception Room in Chapel

one else. To make surveillance too rigid is a disadvantage in many ways; to be deceived by a man is not so bad as to distrust him—and this applies even to insane people. Trust—that is it—trust is the dominant note in that whole institution.

Once a patient escaped from Ward A. The man had recently arrived and was said to be very dangerous. A search was made, but no trace could be found of the runaway. They wrote to his friends, but he had not reached them.

About three months afterward one of the workers in the Asylum found the man working for a farmer ten miles away. The man had hired

out and was doing good service, living in the farmer's household. The family were entertaining a lunatic, unawares. The employee said nothing, but went home fast to report to Dr. Bucke, so the runaway could be seized. ¶ "Leave him alone," said Dr. Bucke. "He is getting better treatment than we can give him here."

The man worked a year for the farmer, and having saved a hundred dollars, bought himself a new outfit of clothes and a ticket for Colorado, and disappeared.

Dr. Bucke tells this story with a sly twinkle, to illustrate what scientific treatment rightly applied will do for an insane man.

Ward D is made up of detached cottages, scattered around over the beautiful farm. Here the patients live simply as families. There is no restraint of any kind. They keep regular hours, work, and have many employments—each according to his need.

¶ When patients are discharged from this ward they sometimes decline to go; and when they do go it is with much handshaking, fond adieus and the usual feminine tears.

¶ I happened to witness one such scene at the London railway station. Four women were in the carriage, two men were on the box.

¶ "They are all our folks," said Dr. Bucke to me. "One is a nurse, the other three

women, the driver, and the man on the seat beside him are patients."

One of the women was in tears, and the white-aproned nurse looked weepy.

"Ah," I said, "poor things, they have just arrived."

"No," said the Doctor, "the woman who is crying we discharged cured. The others just came down to see her off, and bid her good-bye."

While the general policy of conducting hospitals for the insane is about the same everywhere, still the executive ability shown in the management varies greatly, of course. A great success in anything is possible only where there is



LOVE, that curious life-stuff, which holds within itself the spore of all mystic possibilities: that makes alive dull wits, gives the coward heart and warms into being the sodden senses; that gives joy and gratitude, and rest and hope and peace; shall we not call thee Divine?

one-man power. The Canadian Government has shown rare wisdom in leaving Dr. Bucke alone—he has not been hampered by petty officialism, and thus he has been able to work out his own ideas.

In several respects I believe the asylum at London is in advance of any similar institution in the United States—three of which items might be named.

1—Better housing at less expense per capita. The buildings at London represent an outlay of \$400.00 for each inmate; while in New York State the rate at several institutions is over \$3,000.00 for each inmate. Imagine a house costing \$3,000.00 in which one person lives, and you get a condition far beyond what the average man possesses. A simpler condition—less machinery in the business of life is desirable. There is no good reason for housing insane folks in palaces.

2—The attendants, including nurses & physicians, at London are in the ratio of one to each fifteen patients. In many asylums they are one to seven.

3—The useful labor performed by the patients, I believe, exceeds in value the labor done by patients in any similar institution in the world—Switzerland excepted. The industries are intensified farming, horticulture, weaving, carpentry, stock raising and build-

ing. The general work of the place, such as cooking, sewing, laundering, and keeping the place in order, is for the most part done by patients—this accounts for the small number of paid employees and attendants. The prime object of this economy is not to save money, but is a hygienic measure and in the interest—physical and mental—of the patient himself.

¶ "When thee builds a prison thee would better build it with the thought in mind that thee or thy children may occupy the cells," said Elizabeth Fry to the King of France.

Most of the buildings at the London asylum were built under the personal supervision of Dr.

Bucke himself; and in the arrangement, as well as in the entire conduct of the institution, he has worked as if it were for himself. His attitude toward a patient is, "I am that man."

As a sort of spiritual index to the heart of Dr. Bucke I herewith reprint the dedication from his book, "Cosmic Consciousness":

TO MY SON, MAURICE ANDREWS BUCKE.

8 December, 1900.

Dear Maurice:—A year ago to-day, in the prime of youth, of health and strength, in an instant, by a terrible and fatal accident, you were removed forever from this world in which your mother and I still live. Of all young men I have known you were the most pure, the most noble, the most honorable, the most tender-hearted. In the business of life you were industrious, honest, faithful, intelligent and entirely trustworthy. How at the time we felt your loss—how we still feel it—I would not set down even if I could. I desire to speak here of my confident hope, not of my pain. I will say that through the experiences which underlie this volume I have been taught, that in spite of death and the grave, although you are beyond the range of sight and hearing, notwithstanding that the universe of sense testifies to your

absence, you are not dead and not really absent, but alive and well and not far from me this moment. If I have been permitted—no, not to enter, but through the narrow aperture of a scarcely opened door, to glance one instant into that other divine world, it was surely that I might thereby be enabled to live through the receipt of those lightning-

flashed words from Montana which time burns only deeper and deeper into my brain.

Only a little while now and we will be again together & with us those other noble and well-beloved souls gone before. I am sure I shall meet you and them; and that you and I shall talk of a



O love the plain, homely, common, simple things of earth, of these to sing; to make the familiar beautiful and the commonplace enchanting; to cause each bush to burn with the actual presence of God, this is the poet's office.

¶ If love is life, and hate is death, how can spite benefit?

thousand things and of that unforgettable day and of all that followed it; and that we shall clearly see that all were parts of an infinite plan which was wholly wise and good. Do you see and approve as I write these words? It may be well. Do you read from within what I am now thinking and feeling? If you do you know how dear to me you were while you yet lived what we call life here and how much more dear you have become to me since.

Because of the indissoluble links of birth and death wrought by nature and fate between us; because of my love and because of my grief; above all because of the infinite and inextinguishable confidence there is within my heart, I inscribe to you this book which, full as it is of imperfections which render it unworthy of your acceptance, has nevertheless sprung from the divine assurance born of the deepest insight of the noblest members of our race.
So long! dear boy. YOUR FATHER.

While the printers were putting the above article into type, word came that Dr. Bucke was dead. There had been a storm of sleet and snow: the trees were laden with their burden of beauty that beamed and sparkled in the bright moonlight. The Doctor had

spoken of this beauty to his family, and had stepped out upon the veranda to view it. He slipped and fell, striking on the back of his head, and died almost instantly from concussion of the brain. Painlessly and without warning he passed away, the prime thought of his life filling his heart at the instant—the wonder and beauty of this great Universe!

It will not be amiss for me to repeat here what I said at the Roycroft Chapel two weeks before Dr. Bucke's death, on returning from a visit to him: "Dr. Bucke, the friend, companion and literary executor of Walt Whitman, is the manliest man I ever saw. His face beams with intelli-

gence, animation, honesty, courage, gentleness and good cheer. He radiates life and health. The tenderness and sympathy he shows for those poor people in his charge is god-like, yet his feelings never play him false—he is never maudlin—he does not go down to them: he lifts them up to him."

When a young man Bucke was caught by a storm in the Rocky Mountains and lost in the snow. When found his feet were frozen so that circulation had ceased. His companions amputated the feet—anæsthetics being a thousand miles away. For six weeks the stricken man lay in that mountain cabin, tended only by his rough, yet gentle, companions. For the first time in his life he had time to think. "I was born again," he said to me, with a smile, "I was born again; it cost me my feet—yet it was worth the price!"

Few, comparatively, knew of the tragedy of this man's life—the artificial feet—although he did not regard it as a tragedy, and he was averse to mentioning it. He reveled in the blessings of existence, not its disadvantages. And he only mentioned the facts to me to make clear a point in philosophy: we pay for every blessing with a price.

It was Jack Frost that crunched his feet; it was the beauty of the Frost that lured him out of his library the night of his death. Yet,

true to his nature, he bore his ancient enemy no grudge. He did not even take the precaution to carry his cane—the ice had been lying in wait for near fifty years—it grappled with him, and he was dead.

I shed no tears on account of the fate of this strong and manly man: he did his work, lived his life, and the power that upheld and

sustained him Here will not forsake him There. He was very nearly an Emancipated man—almost Universal. And the Power that loaned him to us possibly has need for him elsewhere. Earth is poorer for his passing; and we are the richer that he lived. He has gone Somewhere.



THE individual who does a great and magnificent work is on close and friendly terms with God. He is the son of God, and it is necessary that he should feel his kinship in order to do his work.

☉ We grow strong thro' doing things.

WHAT SHALL WE DO? The spirit grows through exercise of its faculties just as a muscle grows strong through use. Expression is necessary to life. Life is expression, and repression is stagnation—death.

Yet there is right expression and wrong expression. If a man permits his life to run riot and only the animal side of his nature is allowed to express itself, he is repressing his highest and best, and therefore those qualities not used atrophy and die.

Men are punished by their sins, not for them. Sensuality, gluttony and the life of license repress the life of the spirit and the soul never blossoms; and this is what it is to lose one's soul. All a-down the centuries thinking men have noted these truths, and again and again we find individuals forsaking, in horror, the life of the senses and devoting themselves to the life of the spirit. This question of expression through the spirit, or through the senses—through soul, or body—has been the pivotal point of all philosophies and the inspiration of all our religions.

Every religion is made up of two elements that never mix any more than oil and water mix. A religion is a mechanical mixture, not a chemical combination, of morality and

dogma. Dogma is the science of the unseen: the doctrine of the unknown and unknowable. And to give this science plausibility its promulgators have always fastened it upon morality. Morality can and does exist entirely separate and apart from dogma, but dogma is ever a parasite on morality, and the business of priests is to confuse the two.

¶ But morality and religion never saponify. Morality is simply the question of the expression of your life forces—how shall you use them? You have so much energy—and what will you do with it? And from out the multitude there have always been men to step forward & give you

advice for a consideration. Without their supposed influence with the Unseen we might not accept their interpretation of what is right and wrong. But with the assurance that their advice is backed up by Deity, followed with an offer of reward if we believe it, and a threat of punishment if we don't, the Volunteer-Superior Class has driven men wheresoever it will. The evolution of formal religions is not a complex process, and the fact that they embody these two unmixable things, dogma and morality, is a very plain and simple truth, easily understood, undisputed by all reasonable men.

And be it said that the morality of most religions is good. Love, gentleness, truth, charity and justice are taught in them all. But, like a rule in Greek grammar, there are many exceptions. And so in the morality of religions there are exceptional instances constantly arising where love, truth, charity, gentleness and justice are waived, on suggestion of the Superior Class, that good may follow. Were it not for these exceptions there would be no wars between Christian nations.

The question of how to express your life will probably never down, for the reason that men vary in temperament and inclination. Some men have no capacity for certain

sins of the flesh; and others there be, who, having lost their inclination for sensuality through too much indulgence, turn ascetics. Yet all sermons have but one theme: how shall life be expressed? Between asceticism and indulgence men and races swing.

Asceticism in our day finds an interesting manifestation in the Trappists, who live on

a mountain, nearly inaccessible, and deprive themselves of almost every vestige of bodily comfort, going without food for days, wearing uncomfortable garments, suffering severe cold; and should one of this community look upon the face of a woman he would think he was in in-



LIVERS of the truth must thank exile for some of our richest and ripest literature. Exile is not all exile. Imagination cannot be imprisoned. Amid the winding bastions of the brain thought roams free and untrammelled.

¶ Liberty is only a comparative term.

stant danger of damnation. So here we find the extreme instance of men repressing the faculties of the body in order that the spirit may find ample time and opportunity for exercise.

Between this extreme repression and the license of the sensualist lies the truth. But just where, is the great question; and the desire of one person, who thinks he has discovered the norm, to compel all other men to stop there, has led to war and strife untold. All law centers around this point—what shall men be allowed to do? And so we find statutes to punish “strolling play actors,” “players on fiddles,” “disturbers of the public conscience,” “persons who dance wantonly,” “blasphemers,” and in England there were in the year 1800 thirty-seven offenses punishable by death.

When expression is right, and what not, is a matter of opinion. One religious denomination that now exists does not allow singing; instrumental music has been to some a rock of offense, exciting the spirit, through the sense of hearing, to improper thoughts—“through the lascivious pleasing of a lute”; others think dancing wicked, while a few allow pipe-organ music, but draw the line at the violin; while still others employ a whole orchestra in their religious service

Some there be who regard pictures as imple-
ments of idolatry; while the Hook and
Eye Baptists regard buttons as immoral.
¶ Strange evolutions are often witnessed
within the life of one individual. For instance,
Leo Tolstoy, a great and good man, once a
sensualist, has now turned ascetic, a not
unusual evolution in the lives of the saints.

the same thing. Whether the race will ever
grow to a point where men will be willing
to leave the matter of Life-Expression to the
individual is a question, but the Millennium
will never arrive until men cease trying to
compel all other men to live after one pattern.
¶ Most people are anxious to do what is
best for themselves and least harmful for

But, excellent as
this man is, there is
a grave imperfec-
tion in his cosmos
which to a degree
vitiates the truth he
tries to teach: he
leaves the element
of beauty out of his
formula. Not caring
for harmony as set
forth in color, form
and sweet sounds,
he is quite willing
to deprive all others
of these things
which minister to
their well-being.
There is in most
souls a hunger for
beauty, just as there
is physical hunger.
Beauty speaks to
their spirits through
the senses; but Tol-
stoy would have
your house barren
to the verge of hard-
ship. My veneration
for Count Tolstoy
is profound, yet I
mention him here
simply to show the
danger that lies in
allowing any man,
even one of the wis-
est of men, to dictate to us what is best.
We ourselves are the better judges. Most
of the frightful cruelties inflicted on men
during the past have arisen simply out
of a difference of opinion arising through
a difference in temperament. The question
is as live today as it was two thousand years
ago—what expression is best? That is, what
shall we do to be saved? And concrete
absurdity consists in saying we must all do



SEX holds first place in
the thought of God. Its
glory pervades and suf-
fuses all Nature. It is sex
that gives the bird its
song, the peacock its gorgeous plu-
mage, the lion his mane, the buf-
falo his strength and the horse his
proud arch of neck and flowing tail.
Aye, it is sex that causes the flow-
ers to draw from dull earth those
delicate perfumes that delight the
sense of smell; it is sex, and sex
alone, that secures to them the daz-
zling galaxy of shapes and colors
that reflect the Infinite.

¶ I wish that all parents knew that
love is better than a cat-o'-nine-tails,
and that sympathy saves more souls
than threats do.

¶ The friends we have are only our
other selves,—we get what we de-
serve.

the future, with more confidence in our-
selves, and more faith in our fellows, and
the race will be ripe for a great burst of light
and life.

TEACHING IS BETTER THAN
PUNISHING. Honey bees are the
most intelligent animals of their size of
all the works of God. Bees should be han-
dled by those who love them. To handle
bees carelessly or indifferently is to injure

the bees; and probably to be injured yourself. Aye, you may pay for your carelessness with your life.

Men who manage horses successfully are always men who love horses. I am a horse-man and know by actual experience every phase of horse raising and horse training.

☞ Horses should be taught, and not broken.

☞ Men should be taught, and not governed.

And to teach successfully you must love. He who loves the most is the best teacher.

Men who manage men should be those who love men. But most jails and prisons are in the hands of men who despise and fear other men.

Every prison is a university in which hate, falsehood, villainy and vice are taught. Every jail is a sort of preparatory school for wrong. And all the hate and untruth that prisons create spring naturally into being for the reason that men are filled with the delusion that they possess a divine right to punish other men.

Every item of the decalog can be legally broken, and the business of lawyers is to tell you how. Thus society sets the example of wrongdoing. And so long as the state sets the example of killing its enemies, men will occasionally kill theirs. Laws, to a degree, are contrivances for revenge, but principally for making the many pay tithes and taxes to the few. Are the politicians you know men who love their fellow-men?

Be careful how you manage men, for the day is surely coming when if you have not

love and yet attempt to manage men, you will pay for your rashness with your life.

☞ Preachers have told us that we should reform in order to prepare for death. The wise teacher tells men that they should forsake sin, so as to prepare for life. Sin is a wrong expression of your life energy and therefore is a mistake—and a mistake fraught with

bad results.

All men in the law or out of it, who make a business of disciplining others, are in a very bad & foolish business.

☞ That is to say, they are expressing their lives unwisely—sinfully. Judges, lawyers, detectives, policemen & prison guards are expressing their lives absurdly, so they very seldom grow either in intellect or spirit. Almost without exception they are all rogues and hypocrites.

Sin is its own punishment. God never punishes men for their sins: a self-lubricating & automatic Law looks out for that. How preposterous the illusion that holds fast in the mind of puny man that it is his duty to go nosing and

hunting around over the world with handcuffs, clubs & come-alongs in order to punish other men who have sinned! Such hunters of men are ignorant of both God and Man, and are themselves hunted by the devil. ☞ Be wise and teach, but do not punish: for God's in his Heaven, and all's right with the world.



THE pure, happy life of Nature would pale at the thought of abusing one's mate. Among wild animals the females are protected; no tigress is ever abused or imposed upon—in fact, she would not stand it. In a condition of untrammelled nature animals are eminently just and moral in their love affairs. In a state of captivity, however, they will sometimes do very unbecoming things.

☞ When we realize that we are a part of all that we see, or hear, or feel, we are not lonely. But to feel a sense of separation is to feel the chill of death.

☞ Things strongly condemned must have merit, for why should the pack bay so loudly if there is no quarry!

☞ The achievement is more than the public acknowledgement of the deed.



WHAT SHOULD BE THE FUNCTION OF GOVERNMENT. Every thoughtful traveler in Europe must

be impressed with the superfluity of folks—that is to say, folks with nothing to do. In Italy this plethora seems more pronounced than elsewhere. At every hotel there are four servants where only one is required.

At Genoa there lined up in the hallway to speed my parting a fachino, four porters, three waiters, two chambermaids and a boots,

while tapering off into the street were various able-bodied loungers, numerous old women and a full dozen small brigands. Each and every one in the line expected—aye, demanded legal-tender. All had done service, or said they had, and to omit any one from the payroll was to call down curses loud & deep. The amount of tax ran from one lire (twenty cents) to five centesimi (one cent), and a small handful of coppers was then required for the mob to struggle

for in the street, so escape could be made under cover of the smoke.

At Venice you pay your gondolier a tariff rate per hour, and as he calls off the names of the palaces you pass (when you wish he would not) in a gibberish he thinks is English, you must pay him extra. Besides, if you are so reckless as to land along the way, the “hooker” who holds the boat expects a copper. At all churches old women open the doors and officious loungers offer information that is not desired, for expected coin.

¶ To refuse to give to the beggars is to invite insult and insolence. Desperation is written on the dark faces that beseech you, and when you remember how, not many moons ago, this superfluous Italian populace exploded in one wild yell and made a dash for the baker shop windows, you do not wonder.

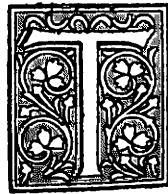
¶ Naples, Rome, Florence and Milan were placed under martial law, and at Milan alone

in the month of May, 1898, two hundred people were shot by the soldiers in the public streets during my brief stay.

I saw volleys fired into crowds. The living would scurry away like frightened rabbits, into alleys, houses, side streets, cellars. But there on the sidewalks and in the streets lay the fallen and tumbled dead—men, women

and children. In less than five minutes' time wagons loaded with soldiers dashed up; the dead and dying were thrown like cord-wood into the springless tumbrils, & with cracking of whips, horses and wagons dashed away. Some of the soldiers remained & with hose and buckets and brooms every vestige of blood was washed away. The papers made no reports—some denied that a volley had been fired.

And now the King of Italy has gone by a quick and painless



HE great orator always shows a dash of indifference for the opinions of his auditors; and the great writer is he who loses self-consciousness and writes himself down as he is, for at the last analysis all literature is a confession

¶ So peculiar, complex, and wonderful is this web of life, that our very blunders, weaknesses and mistakes are woven in and make the fabric stronger.

¶ Hate may animate, but only love inspires

route into the Beyond. He was only a man—not a great man, neither was he a bad man. Only a vain, ignorant, selfish man—with transient moods of wanting to do right—whose feet had been caught in a mesh of wrong, and who had n't the power to get away. To kill him was absurd, for the wrong for which he stood still exists. It is the institution and policy, not the man. More volleys will be fired into the crowds that cry for bread. The death-carts will continue to dump their victims into coffinless graves.

I shed tears for the homeless, the harassed, the oppressed—for the women who hold hungry babes to famished breasts—for the ignorant and brutal who wrench at their bonds, and who by violence hope to achieve freedom.

For the dead King I waste no pity. He himself caused thousands of men to be killed. He lived by the sword and died by the

bullet. What else could he expect? He invited his fate. He was only a slave at the last, and Death has set him free.

Italy has less than one-half the population of the United States, yet she has a navy that outmatches ours. She maintains an army of two hundred and fifty thousand men in time of peace, and there is one priest for every sixty persons. She might maintain the priests, but she cannot possibly hope to advance & carry the army that rides upon her back. Italy is the extreme type of all the European countries, with the exception of Holland, Switzerland, Norway and Sweden. These stand for intelligence, sobriety, beauty & worth. Italy is rotting at the core. The moss is at work pulling down the palaces that Caprino planned; the grass springs from between the paving stones where Michael

Angelo trod, and the noble Romans and courtly Florentines, like the crawling lizards, only bask in the sun in winter and move but to keep in the shade in summer. Conscription kills ambition. Men will not work where the Government demands half their wages, as Italy does. Only two careers worth mentioning are open to aspiring youth in Italy—the army and the church. Manual labor is held everywhere in contempt, and this accounts for the seeming superfluity of folks and the brazen beggards. The rich set the example of idleness. Italy's art is a thing of the past. Italy was.

Governments cannot be done away with instantaneously, but progress will come, as it has in the past, by lessening the number of laws. We want less governing, and the ideal government will arrive when there is no government at all.

So long as governments set the example of

killing their enemies, private individuals will occasionally kill theirs. So long as men are clubbed, robbed, imprisoned, disgraced and hanged by the governing class, just so long will the idea of violence and brutality be born in the souls of men.

Governments imprison men and then hound them when they are released. Hate will

never die so long as men are taken from useful production on the specious plea of patriotism, and bayonets gleam in the name of God.

¶ The worst part about making a soldier of a man is not that he kills brown men or white men, but that the soldier loses his own soul.

¶ In America just now there are strong signs of following the example of modern Italy. To divert the attention of men from useful production to war, waste and wealth through conquest is to invite

moral disease and death. The history of nations dead and gone is one. They grew "strong" and died because they did. Insurance actuaries say that athletes are bad risks.

¶ Switzerland to-day is the least illiterate as well as the most truly prosperous country in the world. She is, in fact, the only republic, for the people themselves make the laws. Her government is of the people. In Switzerland to work with your hands is honorable—manual training for both boys and girls is a part of the public school system. Her gilded social aristocracy is either English or American.

Switzerland has no navy, for the same reason that Bohemia has not; and while every man is a soldier, yet three weeks' service every year is only a useful play spell. In Switzerland there is no beggards and little vice. Everywhere life and property are safe; the people are healthy, prosperous and



O me the love of man for woman is as sacred a thing as Christ's love for the Church: and all of its attributes are as divine as any of the fantastic hazards of mind. Indeed we should know nothing of love did we not see it manifest in man, and the only reason we believe in the love of God is because we find love on earth.

¶ For merit there is a recompense in sneers, and a benefit in sarcasms, and a compensation in hate: for when these things get too pronounced a champion appears.

happy. Switzerland minds her own business and the chief tenet of her political creed is, "We will attend to our own affairs." She will fight only if invaded, and fortunately she is not big enough to indulge in jingo swagger. ¶ The flag of Switzerland is the White Cross—white on a red background—and this is the symbol of peace and amity the wide world over. The "Geneva Cross," a red cross on a white background, designed in compliment to Switzerland, is the one flag upon which no cannon is trained. ¶ And now at the parting of the ways would it not be wise for our America to choose between the example of Switzerland and Italy? ¶ America is truly a giant; it is well to have the strength of a giant but not well to use it like a giant. This country is the richest country the world has known—in treasure and in men and women. If we mind our own business and devote our energies to the arts of peace we can solve a problem that has vexed the world from the beginning of time. Shall we make our country blossom like the rose, or shall we follow the example of Italy?

ART AND RELIGION. I am not entirely sure this will hold in every instance, but it seems true in the main. Please think it out for yourself, and if I'm wrong, put me straight. The proposition is this: The Artist needs no religion beyond his work. That is to say, Art is religion to the man who thinks beautiful thoughts and expresses them for others the best he can. Religion is an emotional excitement whereby the devotee rises into a state of spiritual sublimity, and for the moment is bathed in an atmosphere of rest, and peace, and love.



MOB is the quintessence of cowardice—a dirty, mad, hydra-headed monster, that one good valiant St. George can thrust to the heart. When a mob speaks I say: *Vox populi vox devil!* ¶ A smooth lawn with terra cotta statuary gives a peace to the possessor that even religion cannot lend. ¶ The brethren of Joseph deposited him in a cavity, but you cannot dispose of genius that way. ¶ The men who live in history are those whose lives have been well written

All normal men and women crave such periods; and Bernard Shaw says we reach them through strong tea, tobacco, whiskey, opium, love, art or religion.

I think Bernard Shaw—a cynic, but there is a glimmer of truth in his idea that makes it worth repeating. But beyond Natural Religion, which is the passion for oneness with

the Whole, all formalized religions engraft the element of fear, and teach the necessity of placating a Supreme Being. ¶ Our idea of a Supreme Being is suggested to us by the political government under which we live. The situation was summed up by Carlyle when he said that Deity to the average British mind was simply an infinite George the Fourth. The thought of God as a terrible Supreme Tyrant first found form in an unlimited monarchy; but as gov-

ernments have become more lenient so have the gods, until you get them down (or up) to a republic, where God is only a President and we all approach him in familiar prayer, on an absolute equality.

Then soon, for the first time, we find man saying, "I am God, and you are God, and we are all simply particles of Him," and this is where the President is done away with, and the Referendum comes in. But the absence of a supreme governing head implies simplicity, honesty, justice and sincerity. Wherever plottings, schemings and doubtful methods of life are employed, a ruler is necessary; and there, too, religion, with its thought of placating God, has a firm hold. Men whose lives are doubtful want a strong government and a hot religion.

Formal religion and sin go hand in hand. ¶ Formal religion and slavery go hand in hand. ¶ Formal religion and tyranny go

hand in hand. ¶ Formal religion and ignorance go hand in hand.

And sin, slavery, tyranny and ignorance are one—they are never separated.

Formal religion is a scheme whereby man hopes to make peace with his Maker; and formal religion also tends to satisfy the sense of sublimity where the man has failed to

find satisfaction in his work. Voltaire says, "When woman no longer finds herself acceptable to man, she turns to God." When man is no longer acceptable to himself he goes to church. In order to keep this article from extending itself into a tome, I purposely omitted saying a single thing about the Protestant Church as a useful Social Club, & have just assumed, for argument's sake, that the church is a religious institution.

A formal religion is a cut 'cross lots—

an attempt to bring about the emotions and sensations that come to a man by the practice of love, virtue, excellence and truth.

When you do a splendid piece of work and express your best, there comes to you, as reward, an exaltation of soul, a sublimity of feeling that puts you for the moment *en rapport* with the Infinite. A formal religion brings this feeling without your doing anything useful, therefore it is unnatural.

Formalized religion is strongest where sin, slavery, tyranny and ignorance abound.

Where men are free, enlightened, and at work, they find all the gratification in their work that their souls demand—they cease to hunt outside of themselves for something to give them rest. They are at peace with themselves, at peace with man and with God.

¶ But any man chained to a hopeless task, whose daily work does not express himself, who is dogged by a boss, whenever he gets

a moment of respite turns to drink or religion.

¶ Men with an eye on Saturday night, who plot to supplant some one else, who can locate their employer any hour of the day, who use their wit to evade labor, who think only of their summer vacation when they will no longer have to work, are apt to be sticklers in Sabbath keeping and churchgoing.

Gentlemen in business who give eleven for a dozen, and count thirty-four inches a yard, who are quick to foreclose a mortgage, & who say "business is business," generally are vestrymen, deacons and church trustees. Look about you! ¶ Predaceous real estate dealers who set nets for all the unwary, lawyers who lie in wait for their prey, the merchant princes who grind their clerks under the wheel, oil magnates whose history never is written nor can be written,



At the last, no man who does his own thinking is an "ite." Outwardly he may subscribe to this creed or that, and if he is very discreet he may make his language conform, but inwardly his belief is never pigeonholed, nor is his soul labeled. In theology the great man recoils at the thought of an exact geometrical theorem, for he knows its vanity; and all algebraic formulae in our sublime moments are cast away.

¶ Hope pushed to the other side is cowardice.

often make peace with God, and find a gratification for their sense of sublimity by building churches, founding colleges and libraries, and holding fast to a formalized religion. Look about you!

To recapitulate: if your life-work is questionable, doubtful or distasteful, you hold the balance true by going outside for the gratification that is your due, but which your daily work denies, and you find it in religion. I do not say this is always so, but it is very often. Great sinners are apt to be very religious; and conversely the best men who have ever lived have been at war with established religions. And further, the best men are never found in churches.

Men deeply immersed in their work, whose lives are consecrated to doing things, who are simple, honest and sincere, want no formal religion, need no priest nor pastor, and seek no gratification outside their daily

lives. All they ask is to be let alone—they wish only the privilege to work.

When Samuel Johnson, on his death-bed, made Joshua Reynolds promise he would work no more on Sunday, he of course had no conception of the truth that Reynolds reached, through work, the same condition of mind that he—Johnson—had reached by going to church.

Johnson despised work and Reynolds loved it; Johnson considered one day in the week holy; to Reynolds all days were sacred—sacred to work; that is, to the expression of his best. ¶ Why should you cease to express your highest and holiest on Sunday? Ah! I know why you don't work on Sunday! It is because you think that work is degrading, and because your barter and sale is founded on fraud, and your goods are shoddy. Your week-day dealings lie like a pall upon your conscience and you need a day to throw off the weariness of that slavery under which you live. You are not free, and you insist that others shall not be free.

¶ You have ceased to make work glad-some, and you toil and make others toil with you, and you all well nigh faint from weariness and disgust. You are slave and slave owner, for to own slaves is to be one.

¶ The Artist is free and he works in joy, and to him all things are good and all days are holy. The great inventors, thinkers, poets,

musicians and artists have all been men of deep religious natures; but their religion has never been a formalized, restricted, ossified religion. They did not worship at set times and places. Their religion has been a natural and spontaneous blossoming of the intellect and emotions—they have worked in love, not only one day in the week, but all days, and to them the groves have always and ever been God's first temples. Let us work to make men free! Am I bad because I want to give you freedom, and have you work in gladness instead of fear?

Do not hesitate to work on Sunday, just as you would think good thoughts if the spirit prompts you. For work is, at the last, only the expression of your thought, and good work is religion.



Tis only during the sessions of sweet silent thought that a man can summon his soul to judgment. Not even then is he always quite sincere or free from pose, for we view our acts as a passing procession, in which we proudly march, and even into the deepest seclusion we carry somewhat of this strange dualism of character. The average man plays to the gallery of his own self-esteem.

¶ Superfluous things are the things that we cannot do without; irrelevant things in literature are the necessary

¶ Man, in a state of Nature, is true to his mate, but civilize him, and he may be. Is it the law of "Thou Shalt Not" that breeds Immorality?

¶ The book written with anxious purpose is made from paper, and to the paper mill it soon returns.

¶ A cheerful resignation is always heroic; but no phase of life is so pathetic as a forced optimism

and I was the Class-Day Poet. Both of us had our eyes on the Goal. We stood on the Threshold and looked out upon the World preparatory to going forth, seizing it by the tail and snapping its head off for our own delectation. ¶ We had our eyes fixed on

THE FOLLY OF LIVING IN THE FUTURE. The question is often asked, "What becomes of all the Valedictorians and Class-Day Poets?"

I can give information as to two parties for whom inquiry is made—the Valedictorian of my Class is now a worthy Floor Walker in Siegel, Cooper Company's

the Goal—it might better have been the gaol.

¶ It was a very absurd thing for us to fix our eyes on the Goal. It strained our vision and took our attention from our work.

¶ To think of the Goal is to travel the distance over and over in your mind and dwell on how awfully far off it is. We have so little mind—doing business on such a small cap-

ital of intellect—that to wear it threadbare looking for a far off thing is to get hopelessly stranded in Siegel, Cooper Company's.

Of course, Siegel, Cooper Company is all right, too, but the point is this—it was n't the Goal!

¶ A goodly dash of indifference is a requisite in the formula for doing a great work.

No one knows what the Goal is—we are sailing under sealed orders. ¶ Do your work to-day, doing it the best you can, and live one day at a time. The man that does this is conserving his God-given energy, & not spinning it out into tenuous spider threads that Fate will probably brush away.

¶ To do your work well to-day, is the sure preparation for something better tomorrow. The past has gone; the future we cannot reach; the

present only is ours. Each day's work is a preparation for the next.

Live in the present—the Day is here, the time is Now.

There is only one thing worth praying for—to be in the line of Evolution.



ONLY second-rate men have exalted aims. The great of earth simply endeavor to do their work, not to be great. They meet each problem of life as it presents itself, cheerfully, bravely, manfully, be the duty high or low. The great navigator dies in innocent ignorance of the fact that he has discovered a continent.

¶ Without love the world would only echo cries of pain, the sun would only shine to show us grief, each rustle of the leaf would be a sigh and all the flowers only fit to garland graves.

¶ The thought of the love of God cannot be grasped in the slightest degree, even as a working hypothesis, by a man who does not know human love.

¶ A man who puts himself in a bad light, caring not a fig for our approbation or censure, is no sham.

¶ Mediocrity always fears when the ghost of genius does not down at its bidding

THE STONES THAT THE BUILDERS REJECTED. There was a time when the farmers about East Aurora were fairly rich, but that was in the long ago. To talk now about "the independence of the agrarian population" is a fine piece of irony. In journeying through the country, when you see a house with a touch of art about it,

fences in splendid condition, outbuildings painted, and a barn that is not declining into desuetude, you may safely assume that the owner is some city man, playing at agriculture. "I had the best farm in the country," said Horace Greeley, "but it took all of my income to make it so."

¶ So reduced are the farmers of New York State that no first-class insurance company will take a risk on farm property. Farmers are thought to be a bad moral risk, it being rightly assumed that a man in financial straits is in no position to dally concerning such trifles as meum and teum.

To insure a farmer's barn is to invite the man to borrow money & invest it in kerosene. Not one farmhouse out of forty in New York is insured, for the simple reason that the

insurance companies decline to do business with farmers. Last week I was shown a circular letter sent out by "The Agriculturist Insurance Company," of Watertown, N. Y., wherein its agents were ordered to write no more policies on farm property under any

consideration; and the anomaly comes in when we consider that this company was organized in 1866 for the special purpose of insuring agriculturists against loss by fire.

¶ Yes, the farmers around East Aurora are poor. To a great degree they are reduced to a state of trade and barter; and cold cash is a thing that seldom gladdens their eyes. A year ago should you have tramped with me across an East Aurora farm you would have said that the chief crop was bowlders.

This is not quite so much so as it was.

¶ And this is why: When we built our big fireplace in the new Shop out of bowlders, the result was so pleasing that I just said to Billy Kelly, who did most of the work, "Billy, this Shop is getting too small for our force; let's put up an entire building of field stones. Will you stand by?"

"I'll not only stand by for a year or two, but I'll stick by the Roycroft Shop until I die of old age," solemnly answered Billy.

Now Billy Kelly is one of the few men in this world whom I know, who speak the truth. Sammy is possessed of a tropical imagination, the Red One often indulges in fancy's flight, and Ali Baba is an awful liar. But Billy Kelly is truthful.

"John," said Billy, "you draw the plans, and give me the boys, and we'll put up that building."

Billy always calls me "John"—'most every

one around the Shop does, because that is not my name. It all happened when a man from Buffalo drove up in a fine buggy and seeing me running the lawn-mower, called, "I say, John, you—hold my horse a minute!"

¶ I went over and held the horse. The man went inside and asked for Fra Elbertus.

¶ "That 's him out there holding your horse!" was the reply. But never mind that. We were talking about Billy Kelly & the new building to be made out of bowlders.

¶ "Put 'er there, John," says Billy. So we shook hands on it; and straightway I wrote an advertisement to insert in the *Blizzard*, offering one dollar a load for bowlders. The next morning after that advertisement appeared the stones began to arrive.

The second morning there was a procession of loads, & wagons loaded with bowlders were seen coming to town from all directions. Most of the farmers were suspicious & insisted on having their money on the spot; so Baba was provided with a shot bag of silver dollars, and to each man he gave his due. The Baba also availed himself of the buyer's privilege, and rubbed a little good advice into the farmers as to the advantage of giving honest measure and providing good stones. One man caught bringing shale was well damned, and pointed, personal, derogatory remarks were made concerning his ancestry.



ES, this we all know: all of man's handiwork that finds form in beauty has its rise in the loves of men and women. Love is

vital, love is creative, love is creation. It is love that shapes the plastic clay into forms divinely fair; love carves all statues, writes all poems, paints all canvases that glorify the walls where color revels, sings all the songs that enchant our ears

¶ Great men are ever lonely and live apart, but birds of a feather flock together because they are afraid to flock alone. They want warmth and protection. Fear and the herding instinct are closely related.

¶ How else can we reach heaven save through love? Who ever had a glimpse of the glories that lie beyond the golden portals save in loving moments?

¶ To lovers all things are of equal importance, and this is the highest sanity.

er's privilege, and rubbed a little good advice into the farmers as to the advantage of giving honest measure and providing good stones. One man caught bringing shale was well damned, and pointed, personal, derogatory remarks were made concerning his ancestry.

¶ But every day the stones arrived and Ali Baba was kept busy as a black ant, inspecting the goods, and holding the agrarians up to quality and quantity.

No crops were being planted—every one was hauling stone. "I allus heard John was a bit off," said one farmer, "an' now I know it."

¶ And this man made hot haste to move his crop to market ere "John" was declared dangerous and locked up.

The farmers hauled stones.

They hauled fifteen hundred and forty-seven loads, & that was all the stones they could afford to haul at a dollar a load. It was all the stones that lay within the dollar limit, which was two miles from town. Three or four loads a day they could bring if the distance was not over two miles, but when stones got so scarce that they had to be hauled, say, three miles, then two loads were considered a day's work.

¶ The next person who buys bowlders in East Aurora will have to pay two dollars a load—I have bulled the market on niggerheads.

Bowlders come in limited editions, and Ali Baba says it will be at least twenty years before another

crop can be grown. ¶ In the meantime, with the help of the "boys," which means the printers and artists, working odd hours, Billy Kelly has erected a beautiful building from the field stones—the stones rejected of men. Billy and the boys did n't do quite

all the work alone—they had some help from the gang that hangs around the station, but all the printers had a hand in it.

Beside having enough bowlders for the Library building, just completed, we have enough hardheads to make the Roycroft Phalanstery.

The plans are all completed, and Billy and the boys began on the foundation last week.



HERE will doubtless be a certain general mental drift or tendency in a thinker, but until one abandons his reason, and barter his birthright for a mess of assuring pottage, his belief is in a state of flux, and sedimentation does not take place. It is a low grade of intellect that expects to corral truth in a "scheme" or to hold it secure in a "system."

¶ Man, wise as he is, and pluming himself on his ability to defeat his fellows, cannot with impunity play his tricky games with God.

¶ To succeed get ahold, and hang on—inertia is often as good as enterprise. In nature it is the parasite that grows fat.

¶ There are many deeply religious people outside the church, but those inside usually call them infidels.

¶ How sharper than a serpent's tooth is a thankless parent!

¶ An ounce of performance is worth a pound of preachment

to learn from the lips of vice and stupid ignorance our knowledge of the most vital and profound and potential of all faculties! Through love—for there is no other way—lead us back to love and light, so that like the flowers, the tendrils of our hearts may

LOVE IS ALL.

I say to you that man has not sufficient imagination to exaggerate the importance of Love. It is as high as the heavens, as deep as hell, as sublime as the stars and great as the galaxy of worlds that fade on our feeble vision into mere milky ways.

Love holds within her ample space all wrecks, all ruins, all grief, all tears; and all the smiles, and sunshine & beauty that mortals know are each and all her priceless gifts, and hers alone.

God of all Mercy, whose name is Love! Look Thou upon us and in pity pluck from our hearts that deep rooted unbelief, and that mirroring uncleanness of thought that causes us yet as a people

draw from Thee those delicate perfumes of inspiration and rich harmonies of color that alone give beauty and proportion to our thoughts and acts. We have wandered far, but hearken Thou to us, for we thirst and are never quenched, our hearts hunger and are never satisfied, we cry and the heavens are but brass! God of Mercy, we beseech of Thee to hear us, and in pity bring us back, through love, to Thee!

A STUDY IN BROWN. On the Lake Shore Railroad, Train No. 32 leaves Toledo at 8.50 a. m. and arrives at Cleveland at 11.25, stopping at Sandusky and Elyria. The distance is one hundred and eleven miles.

Laylander took this train, he told me, on the morning of July 23rd, 1900. This train, known as "The Fast Mail," is made up of a dozen mail cars and one passenger coach at the end. Formerly the entire train was made up of mail cars alone, but the traveling public importuned the management until the one coach was added, this as a matter of accommodation. The train making very fast time, this one coach is naturally well filled by people who wish to arrive.

On the occasion mentioned, nearly every seat was taken. Back by the door on the obsolete wood box, now used as a receptacle for the trainmen's lanterns, sat a solitary woman.

This woman was an Arrangement in Brown, her dress being a dark brown, her waist of a lighter shade of brown, the veil matched the skirt; and upon her wide brimmed hat was a drooping melancholy ostrich feather of a shade that matched the waist. To complete the costume there were brown gloves of undressed kid. It was a chromatic ensemble worthy of Sammy the Artist.

Laylander entered the coach just as the train was pulling out, and meditatively walked the

length of the car looking for a vacant seat. Laylander is big, towsled, homely, awkward, but carries a look of power and intelligence that only the Discerning detect. The Vision in Brown on the wood box, at the extreme corner, half caught Laylander's attention, but made no special impression. He walked on down toward the wood box, crowned with its precious freight.



WHILE there is a grave doubt whether there are any attorneys in heaven, it is a fact that there is one lawyer in the Calendar of Saints—St. Yves of Brittany. Lecky, the historian, tells how when the peasants celebrate the feast of St. Yves they sing: *Advocatus et non latro—Res miranda populo.*

¶ Men judge women by those with whom they have been most intimate.

As none of the persons sitting alone in the seats offered to push over and welcome a stranger, he moved on in a sort of brown study toward the Study in Brown, growing more & more aware of the Presence with each step; still, he did not look toward the lady—he was just aware she was there, that's all.

He intended to go through to the rear door, make a bluff at getting a drink of water, then turn back and make one of the swine move over.

Just before he reached the water-cooler, a brakeman pushed in ahead of him, and said in a brakeman's guttural, meant to be kind, "Here, Lady—I have a seat for you—this way, please—is this your grip?"

The lady half smiled, but did not move. Then she said in a quiet but perfectly audible voice, "No, that valise is not mine. I am very comfortable here. I am holding this seat—holding it for my friend!" and she looked straight into the eyes of Laylander, who was vulcanizing in a way that might have been regarded as rude, attracted by the drooping, melancholy ostrich feather, and the sweetest voice he had ever heard.

The lady smiled, and the lines around Laylander's mouth grew tight in an attempt to meet his vis-a-vis half way. She made a motion to draw her skirts close, so as to make room on the wood box. Laylander removed his hat like a wooden automaton, wondering where he had ever met this woman before. ¶ He sat down but did n't say anything, because there was really nothing to say.

¶ The woman was a superb creature. Laylander had taken that all in; she was an aristocrat from the toe of her flat-heeled, broad-soled English shoe to the tip of the drooping melancholy feather. She was such a thorough aristocrat that she was also a thorough democrat.

The sweat was beginning to stand out on Laylander, and he was going to make some remark about the weather, when the low and gentle voice said, semi-confidentially, "We have never met before, so do not try to locate me. If we had ever seen each other before this we would not have to strive to remember the event. Do you like Maeterlinck?"

¶ Now it so happened that Laylander was charged with Maeterlinck to the point of saturation. He said, "Why, goodness, yes!"

Then they talked of Maeterlinck.

"He is as universal as Whitman, only Whitman is never pierced by the world-sorrow. Whitman is so full of courage that it gives one courage to read him, yet Maeterlinck is more subtle," said the lady.

"Ah, yes! Whitman is masculine, while Maeterlinck is evidently the son of his mother. His best characteristics are distinctly feminine—he is like Frederick Nietzsche."

¶ Then the lady confirmed Laylander's statement by a quotation from Nietzsche, and reaching into a brown-trimmed Boston bag, which she held in her hands, she drew forth Nietzsche's last book of essays, and read half a page aloud, leaning over toward the big Laylander. This reminded Laylander of something in Ibsen's *Ghosts*, and he drew the book out of the side pocket of his coat.

¶ Then they conversed—"communed" is the word Laylander used in telling me about it—communed concerning the philosophy of Whitman, Nietzsche and Maeterlinck.

"This, I think, is Sandusky," said Laylander,

peering out of the window. ¶ "Oh, no, we stopped for five minutes at Sandusky—it must have been over an hour ago. We are just running into the Cleveland Union Station—this is where I get off."

The train stopped.

Laylander took the Boston bag and followed down the aisle. ¶ He walked dumbly by the

lady's side to the entrance of the waiting-room.

Then they paused there and looked at each other for just an instant.

Laylander quite forgot to hand the lady her property—he stood clutching the Boston bag in both hands as if it might fly away.

She gently took it from him with one hand, and lifting her brown veil with the

other, said softly, "I do not know your name—I do not wish to. You do not know mine. Let it remain so. Probably we shall never meet again. You may kiss me if you wish," and she stepped close and stood on tiptoe.

¶ WHO ARE THE HEATHEN? "Every religion began simply as a matter of reason," says Max Muller, "and from this drifted into a superstition." Without the basis of reason on which to build, the superstition could not exist. But it is the history of all religions that the ignorant, led on by the designing, use the language of hyperbole, poesy and symbolism as if they designated concrete things. When this is done you have a superstition. It is the simplest evolution, and the sternest, truest, most undeniable, in all the world of thought—this thing of transforming a poetic figure into a literal fact. "Figurative language is the bulwark of the Church," said John Wesley. This accounts for the fact that in all religions there are many men who represent a high order of intelligence: and their belief is made tenable only by placing a mystic and poetic construction upon the creed. Priests, of course, are



LOVERS are hopelessly given over to mysteries and secrecy, to signs and omens and portents; they carry meaning further and spin out the thread of suggestion to a fineness that scowling philosophers can never follow.

¶ You can lead a boy to college, but you cannot make him think.

¶ I love you because you love the things that I love



Chapel Entrance

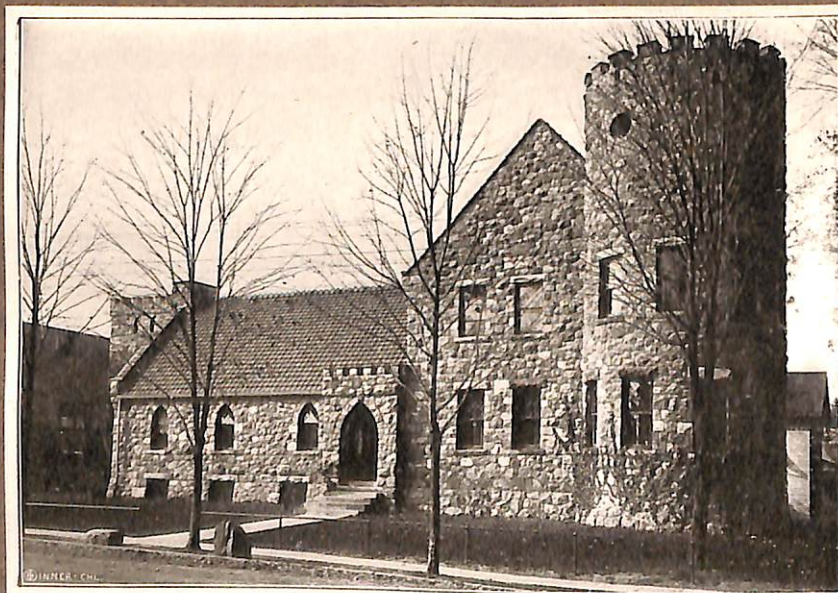
Sammy's
Studio



TALK LESS AND
LISTEN MORE

The Roycroft
Chapel

MEN ARE GREAT
ONLY AS THEY
ARE KIND # # # #



often caught in the mesh of superstition, but those of the first grade in every land have an Esoteric Truth for themselves, and leave the gross fact for their followers.

Religions are many and diverse, but reason and goodness are one. It is the business of the prophet and seer to sound this truth again and yet again, lest religion degenerate completely into fetish, and the dervish take the place of the doer.

¶ A few weeks ago I met a bishop of the Episcopal Church who seriously argued that my position outside "The Church" was preposterous, I belonged inside. "Why," said he, "you believe not only that one man was Divine but that all men are; and all of our creed you hold as poetic truth. And this you have a perfect right to do inside of the Church, only it is absurd to be getting yourself misunderstood by expressing things that are beyond the average intellectual grasp. If there is any trouble with your faith it is in that you believe too much. Now be diplomatic and sensible and cease to fight & antagonize. Come home, find

companionship in the Church and peace for your soul. And if you think that churchly honors will be a satisfaction to you it can all be arranged."

One point in the bishop's plea is worth our while and that is that the heretic is a man with faith plus. The heresy head-hunters are a very stupid lot, and any man who has staked his life on a belief in the love of God

and placed no limit on the mercy of the Unseen has ever been game for the theological Rough Riders.

The matter of martyrdom in the good old days ago (and the best that can be said of them is that they are gone) was only a huge misunderstanding. And the tragic joke of it all lies in the fact that persecutor and martyr are cut from the same piece. The two were good men, but they were lacking in humor. The persecutors and martyrs have zeal in excess, & they have surely supplied the Great Aristophanes of Heaven many a laugh by the quick changes in which they have traded places in the stocks & upon the gallows.

¶ The foregoing remarks were suggested by an Associated Press Dispatch stating that two Zionist missionaries sent out by Rev. John Alex. Dowie of Chicago were mobbed at Mansfield, Ohio. Later I had the felicity of interviewing one of these missionaries who gave his story, with full details as to times and places.

He was caught by the mob, stripped, decorated with pea-

green paint, and then chased by sundry citizens, male and female, who carried peach-sprout switches that they used with unctiousness. These ladies and gentlemen of Mansfield, Ohio, who chased the missionary, were Baptists, Methodists and Presbyterians. The Chicago Zionites had simply encroached on their preserve, and they arose and resented the intrusion with a "righteous indignation."



HAT parent only is doing his whole duty who is training the child to do without him; and herein nature and necessity are usually wiser than fortune's favorites.

¶ As the second commandment was the death of Art for a thousand years, so has the forced servility of woman held civilization in thrall to a degree that no man can compute.

¶ "Vengeance is mine and I will repay," saith the Lord, and others. The others think the Lord needs an instrument, and they volunteer to be it.

¶ You cannot legislate virtue into people. There is no man ever any better than he wants to be.

¶ The true work of all governments is to do away with the necessity of any government.

¶ Those who do most in the world are those who *love* most.

The Catholics feel too sure to be troubled by small fry like our friend Dowie, and the infidels, including Universalists and Unitarians, for the most part do not care a dam. So it was left for the chaste Dowieites to be hand-illuminated and chased by the folks who are very much of their own kidney. That is to say, they were all chasers and chasees, firm believers in the

dogma that Jesus of Nazareth never had but one parent, and furthermore, these people hold that a belief in this vagary is absolutely necessary to save us from eternal damnation.

¶ This brings us up to the "Society of the Sanctified and Righteous Fist," which we translate in our terse & idiomatic way into "The Boxers." The inspiration of this society is religious zeal, reinforced by patriotism, both of which have served as the last refuge for all the really great scoundrels who have ever lived. We meet the Boxers, in turn, by religious zeal, backed up with patriotism. We love our religion & our country, and so do they, and so we fight.

In China there are three religions recognized by the State: Confucianism, Taoism and Buddhism. Confucius lived about five hundred years before Christ. He was not the originator of the doctrines he taught and distinctly protests, repeatedly, against any such assumption. To call him the founder of a religion would be like calling Tolstoy the originator of Christianity—both are merely interpreters. Confucius gathered together

the best that was in antiquity in way of philosophy and ethics and applied this philosophy to life. He studiously avoids all reference to the existence and attributes of the Divine, but merely states what he believes is best to do while here.

The word Confucius or Kung-fu-tse means "The Holy Master" or "The Exalted One";

the real name of the man himself is lost in the mist. Confucius has often been likened to Socrates, but in fact is a combination of Socrates and Moses, for he founded a minute ritual & made many rules for the conduct of our lives. He was guided by the "Voice," just as Socrates was by his "Demon" or Moses by the "Lord." All of which means probably nothing else than that there is a something in each man's heart which tells him what is right and what not. All Quaker mothers ask their little children, when a question of conduct arises, "What does the Voice say, Dear?" The child pauses, considers & knows what is right.

Dr. Paul Carus has said that all the Mosaic laws are simply

sanitary, and he has further stated that Moses was merely endeavoring to lead his people out of captivity into physical and mental freedom. He died before his experiment had developed very far, and his followers built up a superstition on his life and works.

¶ Confucius said "To understand yourself is the key to wisdom." Confucius was essentially an individualist, as all wise men are



T is a great man who, when he finds he has come out at the little end of the horn, simply appropriates the horn and blows it forevermore

¶ He who will not accept orders has no right to give them; he who will not serve has no right to command; he who cannot keep silence has no right to speak.

¶ What is the good of eternally discussing the Future? If God is or is not, we are bound to keep doing the best we can, one day at a time, just the same

¶ Even impressionable women do not find it hard to resist temptation when offered by the wrong man at an inopportune time.

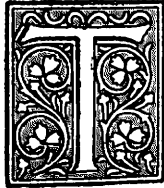
¶ The charm of reading is in the recognition of what we know.

¶ Positive anything is better than negative nothing

and ever have been. Once one of his followers asked Confucius what he should do in a certain vexed situation. "Do unto others as you would have them do to you," was the reply.

¶ Contemporary with Confucius is Lao-tze who taught of the Tao, which means the Way. The word has a peculiar metaphysical meaning and really has no equivalent in English. Tao represents the First Cause or Guiding Principle of life, and is the good angel that carries the lamp and points us the pathway we should follow. The thought is extremely poetic, & symbols all we can read into it. But that there is one best way to live—all agree. There is the right and the wrong, and Tao will lead aright if we will become as little children, cease all violence of direction and have faith in the good. It seems impossible that Jesus did not know of the doctrine of Tao, for he calls Himself the Way and uses again and again the thought of simplicity, gentleness and peace, and his philosophy of unselfishness is one with the life and thought of Lao-tze. "I represent the Way, the Truth and the Life," said Lao-tze.

¶ Tao was originally simply a religion of reason—it taught the better way. But upon the poetic expressions of Lao-tze priests built a fabric, just as Renan avers that Paul established a church on the fervent sayings of Jesus. Paul was the founder of the Christian Church, not Jesus; but the orthodox faith was not complete until we had Dante and Milton.



TAKE my word for it, Charlie, the man pushing a wheelbarrow is just as happy as the man riding in the automobile—he has just as good a digestion, sleeps as well, and will live as long. God equalizes all things, and if you get off a way, so as to get the perspective, you will see everything is of one size.

¶ Do not stop to think about who are with you, and what men are against you. It matters little at the last—both the ability to harm and the ability to help are overestimated.

¶ The only way you can get into the Kingdom of Heaven is to carry the Kingdom of Heaven in your heart.

¶ People who profess to love their enemies are apt to hold averages good by hating their friends.

¶ Gentleness and good cheer—these come before all questions of morals.

¶ In the first century after Christ, Buddhism was introduced. The Emperor Ming-ti officially recognized it as the third state religion, and since his time the reigning Emperor has regularly been present once a year in the temples of Confucianists, Taoists and Buddhists. In fact the Emperor officially believes in each of the three religions, just as the

Ruler of England is a Presbyterian in Scotland & an Episcopalian when he returns to England.

¶ Buddhism at the base stands for gentleness, kindness, earnest seeking after light and all that is just and right. It also teaches the sacredness of life, so that a good Buddhist is both a vegetarian & an abstainer from all intoxicants. But Buddhism is an exceedingly complex & intricate affair to explain, quite as complex as Christianity. Christianity embraces over a hundred recognized denominations, some of which insist on decorating members of rival sects with green paint. In fact, I myself believe in the teachings of the Christ most thoroughly, yet the expressed thought that I am a follower of

Christ would be met with howls of derision by most of my respectable neighbors and also down the creek as far as Ebenezer. Yet it is a grain of satisfaction to me to remember that Christ was not a Christian; for St. Paul, Dante & Milton were, in his day, yet to come. ¶ But the different kinds of Buddhists in India and China live on very good terms. ¶ To make this fact plain it should be stated

that when the Nestorian Christians visited China in the Seventh Century they were greeted by Buddhists, Taoists and Confucians as the "Glorious Teachers," and all began to compare the similarity of their basic principles.

So this happy condition continued until the beginning of the Ninth Century, when the Nestorians had become strong and established many convents. They owned much property and occasionally came into collision with the Buddhists who trespassed on their rights. In some cases bands of men, sort of paid Pinkertons, were hired by the different religions to protect their temples from intruders. The Confucians armed also, very much as England now buys two warships whenever Russia orders one. So in the year 841 the Emperor Wutung issued his notorious edict abolishing all Buddhist and Christian Convents in China. The Protestant Barons in England made the Catholic Monks go out in exactly the same way, in the Fourteenth Century. ¶ So the Christians and Buddhists

had to go from China, and Marco Polo, who traversed China about the year 1270, says he found not a single Christian on his travels. But he did find that the Buddhists, who had slowly returned to China, knew of Jesus of Nazareth and held Him in great esteem, speaking of Him as a "Budh" or a reincarnation of Buddha. And so it is to this day—all the higher sects of Buddhism recognize

our Christ as one who taught their gospel. In other words they claim Christ as a Buddhist. ¶ Converts to any new religion, or phase of religion, are necessarily men who know little of the history of religions. Men who know all religions have small faith in any. All the great religions had a little beginning. A man of power stands out from the world, regard-

less of precedent, heedless of consequence, and points the Way. His is a religion of reason, and he has always said in substance that righteousness is only a form of common sense, that sin is folly and the best way to help yourself is to help others. He has always been a man of the widest sympathy & most sublime charity. But he is opposed, hated, vilified and misunderstood. Stupidity and hypocrisy confront him, and he speaks in bursts of fevered eloquence—in parable. He feels that his life is guided by a Power behind and beyond himself, that he voices Universal Truth. All the truly strong men feel their kinship to the Godhead, & so express themselves. All the truths they utter are



NATURE showed great wisdom in sending the young in litters: when she cut down to one, she lapsed. The other day I saw three lion cubs with their mother. The way those cubs wrestled with each other, lay in wait, charged, sprang and tumbled, was wonderful. Hour after hour they kept up the rough-house play. They released enough energy on each other to turn a dynamo. Lucky for that lioness that she had three babies, and not simply one. If there had been but one it would have required all her time to amuse the youngster, and he would have worn her nerves to a frazzle. As it was, the cubs amused each other and gave the fond mother time to meditate & think Great Thoughts. ¶ The best recipe for having strong, excellent and noble children is to be a strong, excellent and noble parent.

never new—they are as old as fate. But truth is always being corrupted by the ignorant, the selfish and the designing, and so these "Prophets," "Budhs" or "Christis," varying in power and degree, are continually coming to the front and tearing away the veil of superstition and hypocrisy. After they are gone, their scattered words may be seized upon by the ignorant, and a

symbolism is made to stand for a literal fact, and then you have a superstition. Orthodox Christianity is a superstition, and is at once recognized as such by the wise men of China. And there are more philosophers pro rata in China than in America. The Pundit Lalana says that in the East there is an Emerson every four miles. ¶ The educated Chinaman

knows all we know and all he himself knows beside. The three state religions of China contain every bit of truth that is to be found in Christianity. Commercially and materially we excel the Chinese, but this is the result of climate, environment & conditions outside of all religion. And trolley cars, long distance telephones, Maxim guns, electrocution chairs, palace cars, and Hoe multiple presses are the result of conditions absolutely untouched by the spirit of

the Man who preached the Sermon on the Mount. ¶ We have all the splendid things I have enumerated, but on the other hand we have mobs that strip women of their clothing on the public street, we decorate Christian preachers with green paint, we burn men at the stake, or cut their carcasses into bits and give them to the crowds as souvenirs. In every large city of America no unarmed man is safe at night; not a day passes but women-thugs rob men on the public streets of certain large cities in daylight; we have poverty, vice, prostitution, destitution on every hand. Half of our population live in the cities: the spirit of Christ has small place in our government, and it is notorious that our cities are governed by the worst. Drunkenness exists to a degree the world has never elsewhere seen, excepting in England and Scotland. And as it was Schlitz beer that made Milwaukee famous, so likewise much of the

wealth and prestige in many of our cities was secured by ministering to perverted appetites. ¶ The idea of such a country as this, where purity, honesty and truth are exceptional, sending missionaries abroad is the very acme of bigoted assumption. The missionaries we send to China never become citizens of China—not at all. They are ever American,

English or German, as the case may be. They are “foreigners” to the last and never come to fully know or sympathize with the people they are trying to teach. The result is they only make hypocrites or beggar attaches—“rice converts,” as Lafcadio Hearn points out in his interesting book *Out of the East*. If these men wanted to do good & benefit mankind there is plenty of the raw material right here at home; but their ignorance makes of them an easy prey



HERE is a grave doubt as to how much civilization has been benefitted by rulers and warriors. Often they have made this world a place of the skull—not so the teachers. It was not a teacher who smote agony untold to mother hearts by an order to destroy the first born. It was not a teacher who ordered American soldiers to “kill all over ten years of age.”

¶ To Nellie C.:—You ask what I consider my best piece of writing. Answer—The Mozart manuscript that I lost out of the car window.

to their zeal, so they go abroad to save the souls of the “heathen.” For the most part the Protestant missionaries are a weakling lot. ¶ I am informed by the Red One that an expert accountant is a bookkeeper out of a job. A missionary is a preacher who has failed to receive a loud “call” at home. Missionaries do not go abroad to learn—they go abroad with preconceived ideas concerning the “heathen,” full of the fallacy that they have the truth and the heathen are without it. To send men to India to learn and then have these men come back and tell us what they learned would be a wise move, but to send men across the sea to unload their ignorance and arrogance is absurd and is bound to make trouble.

It must further be noted that the Chinese never harmed us in the slightest until we invaded their country. We exclude Chinamen from America and yet we raise a mighty

howl because they try to exclude us from China. And our grievance against China now is not a matter of "the sacredness of life." Life is not a sacred matter to us at all. We mow down men with our rapid firing guns, and then traverse the country, barnstorming, boasting of it. We show pictures of the mutilated and fallen by stereopticon and in our newspapers without apparent shame. We have killed a hundred Chinamen for one missionary killed by the Chinese, and are so ruthless of life that we palliate the crime by saying a missionary is worth a hundred Chinamen, thus putting a Rialto value upon souls, which act only a Juggernaut of blood could justify.

The missionaries as a rule are ignorant, unsympathetic, arrogant: all fully confident that they have a monopoly of truth. Their presence is an affront to a mild and gentle people. First they are tolerated, then feared when it is seen that they divide house against house and create factions and ill will. Between the missionaries of different Christian denominations there is ever strife and rivalry. They warn the converts against other denominations. Some of these missionaries or their followers become traders, and commerce enters. Then come foreign soldiers to protect the foreign missionaries and foreign merchants. Russia seizes a province to pay for some fancied indemnity; the French take a concession; the Germans a coaling station; the English a port; the Italians raise a row because they get nothing, and behold Chinese "exclusiveness" grows impatient.

The poor heathen cannot understand why they should not be let alone. They see no special virtue in the pig-eaters who come to force a religion on them which seems no

improvement on the one they have. So they organize the Society of Sanctified Fists and after long suffering riot breaks out and the missionaries are either killed or bundled back home.

"Vengeance is mine and I will repay," saith the German Emperor.

I can see a grain of excuse in the Boxer movement, but I do not find anything to pardon in the brutality of the Methodist Bishop who recently said, "We will Christianize the Chinese, even if it takes a million bayonets and costs a sea of blood."

Altogether my sympathies are with the Boxers. They are only following the exhortation of Pitt to us as colonists. And I say to all persons anxious to benefit mankind:

Build over against your own house—the heathen are at your door. Let him who is without sin cast stones at Chinamen.



WE grow through expression—if you know things there is a strong desire to express them. It is nature's way of deepening our impressions—this thing of recounting them. And happy, indeed, are you if you know a soul with whom you can converse at your best.

¶ If I were a woman, I would cultivate the fine art of listening. No woman can talk as interestingly as she can look.

¶ The ostrich's plan of disposing of difficulties is not without its disadvantages

ABOVE THE RABBLE. The Eiffel Tower is one thousand feet high; it is the highest structure in the world. Next to this comes the Washington monument, five hundred and fifty-five feet. The Great Pyramid is four hundred and eighty feet; the spire of St. Peter's at Rome is four hundred and thirty-two feet.

There are four elevators that run to the second landing of the Tower—two ascending and two descending. From this point there is one running up and one running down. In order to lessen vibration to the structure and to the vertebræ of passengers, the elevators move at the rate of only one hundred feet a minute; thus it takes ten minutes to make the ascent.

The second landing-place is three hundred and seventy feet from the ground, and this is

about as far from mother earth as most people care to go. The highest buildings in Chicago are about two hundred feet. From the roofs of these edifices the people below look like pigmies; the rattle of traffic is heard as a faint hum. But from the top of the Eiffel Tower men and women on the ground all look alike; they are mere dots, without height or individuality.

¶ The Eiffel Tower is the greatest scheme for elevating humanity ever conceived. It costs five francs to make the ascent, but it is worth the money. It will try your nerves, and possibly make you seasick, but the joy you feel on getting back to earth is compensation for all discomfort.

Besides this, change is hygienic, and new sensations, new experiences and new views are tonics. In fact, a specialist in neurotics at Paris takes certain of his patients to the top of the Eiffel Tower in order to arouse them out of their despondency—to animate and compel them to think of new things.

We have all heard of the chronic invalid who was not cured until the house caught afire; but who wants to start a conflagration as treatment for melancholia? Yet the elevators at the Eiffel Tower run every day, and it has happened that when patients who have tried to commit suicide are taken up in the nicely cushioned cage, they have become frightened and begged to be taken down at once. ¶ Let me frankly confess that I was first attracted to the Eiffel Tower through the advice of a physician. I had overworked, endeavoring to read all of the chipmunk magazines as fast as they appeared. Nervous prostration set in, and neurasthenia had taken a firm hold on me, and if my actions at this time were slightly peculiar, the gentle reader

must be charitable and attribute my eccentricity solely to my physical condition—and the magazinelets.

I made the ascent of the Tower by stages: the first time I was fully satisfied on going to the second landing. The next time to the third, and on the third ascent I reached the summit.

¶ Had I gone but once it would have been

an experience never to be forgotten. Alas! the medicine was so palatable that I took a double dose, and on the second trip the Tower was only half as high. I was quite *blase*. ¶ The work of the great engineer? What of it! He has the earth to build upon, the corners of the world from which to draw material, books that tell him the crushing resistance of his base and the breaking tension of his beams. He digs for his caissons, lays his foundation, places his steel uprights,



UOB was stung into self-vindication—a thing no man should ever attempt. If men do not comprehend the trend of your life by your actions, they will never know it better by your making a personal explanation. Your life may be right but your reasons never. Life, like love, is its own excuse for being.

¶ One of the compensations in sin is that it saves a man from becoming a Pharisee.

¶ Self-Reliance is very excellent, but as for independence, there is no such thing

counts on the force of the wind, computes the exact weight of each piece he will use, bolts and rivets part to part, carrying up columns and girders by elevator, and like the building of a railroad, lays the track for his carriages as he goes. A railway extends iron after iron on the ground; this extends iron after iron into the air. But it is all according to well digested physical laws; it is all geometric. The Tower has four immense corners three hundred feet apart that are mortised into the very crust of the Miocene Period. The pressure on each square centimetre at the base is nine pounds; that at the Washington monument is fifty-eight pounds. The difference is in the material used. Who is afraid? There it rises, tall, straight, correct, cold-levelled with plumb-line and square. It is all mathematically adjusted, clamped, implicated, riveted, rectilinear, symmetrical, sure. It cost \$1,500,000.

On my third passage in the elevator of the Eiffel Tower the novelty of the thing had quite worn away. I joked with the ticket-seller, slapped the guard on the back, entered the car and pacified several ladies who were a bit nervous and threatening to scream; then I gave the order to ascend. My jaunty manner quite put the passengers at their ease. In pigeon French I explained the workings of the elevators, the cost of the structure, the time it took to build it and the difficulties encountered.

On the down trip one of the ladies asked: "Who was it built this tower, anyway?"

"I am the man who built it," was my unblushing answer.

☞ "I thought from your accent that you were an American?"

☞ "Madam, you evidently forget that in building towers the vocabulary gets a trifle mixed up."

The next day as I viewed the Eiffel Tower from my hotel window, I smiled in derision.

☞ On first approaching the Tower a week before, I had been overawed, then I admired, then endured, then pitied, then embraced — an opportunity to scorn it.

And this is how it happened: In the Paris edition of the *New York Herald* I read an advertisement worded as follows: "Prof. Le Galligar, the celebrated aeronaut, will make an ascension for scientific purposes to-morrow, from the Champ de Mars. Three passengers will be taken at fifty francs each. Apply early at Fifteen Rue St. Denis."

An overwhelming desire had come over me to spit down upon the pride of M. Eiffel. Here was the chance. I hastened to Rue St. Denis, found Prof. Le Galligar, a bright youth of about twenty-two, at a little wine shop. He was too young to be celebrated, and did not look scientific, yet I paid him my

passage money and took a receipt. He could not understand my English, and to me his French was incomprehensible; but by means of much pantomime it was agreed that I should be on hand at two o'clock the following day.

I slept little that night, and was up betimes the next morning. When I approached the

Champ de Mars in the afternoon, I saw the great mud-colored balloon swaying back and forth like an impatient elephant. Quite a large crowd had gathered. On working my way through the jam I found that ropes had been stretched in the form of a square to keep people back. I managed to reach the ropes, dodged under, and was seized by a big "John Darm." I shouldered him to one side, and just as he was about to draw his sword, Prof. Le Galligar rushed for-



YOUNG men, ardent and full of zeal, are always coming to the rescue of God. They defend Him heroically. Does any one speak disrespectfully of the Almighty they rush in as champions protecting His good name and vindicate Him if possible by humiliating the offender.

☞ Sickness sometimes is the calling a halt that gives a man time to think.

☞ It is a good policy to leave a few things unsaid.

☞ It is not difficult to bear another's woes

ward, all in spangled tights. He embraced me, and kissed me on both cheeks. He introduced me to the assemblage, first to the east, then to the north, then to the west, then to the south. The crowd cheered lustily.

Soon the other two passengers appeared. One was a tall, slim man, the other short and stout. They were embraced by the professor, and duly introduced, first to me, then to the crowd, east, north, south and west.

My shipmates were both Frenchmen, and spoke no English. I was neither frightened nor nervous, but still I had prayed hard that at least one of them might speak English. I wished to hear my native tongue before I left the earth.

But there was no time for disappointment. The Professor seized me by the arm, marched me around to the other side of the swaying basket, and pointed to the rope ladder. I consulted my watch; it was just two o'clock.



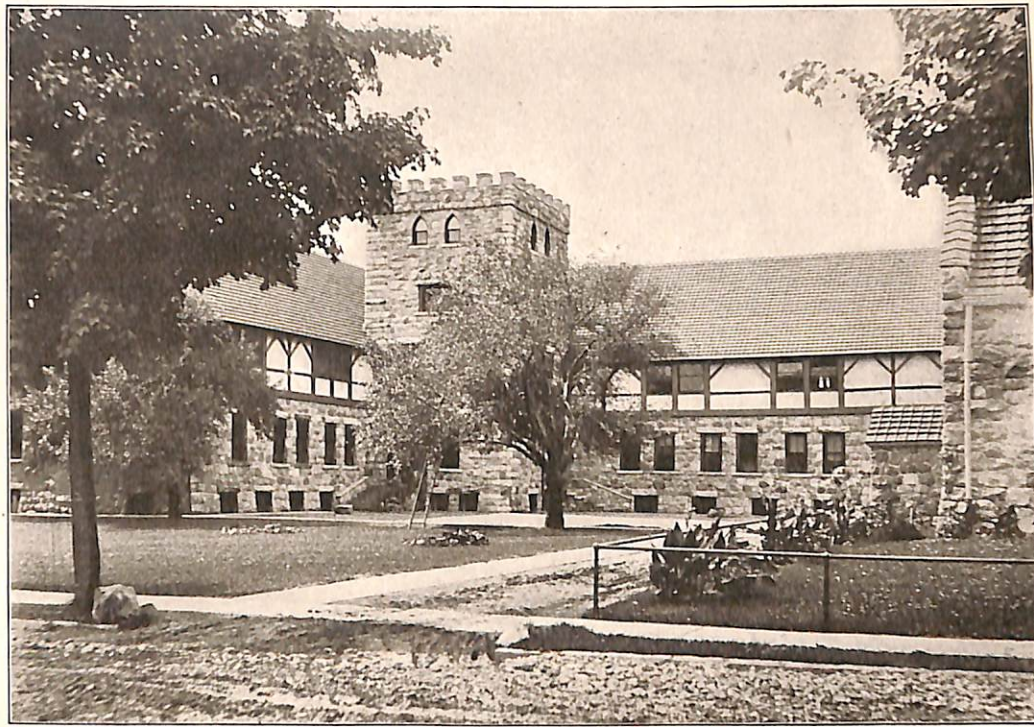
The Library
Fireplace

A IM HIGH AND CON-
SIDER YOURSELF
CAPABLE OF GREAT
THINGS * * * * *

The Phalanstery

WORK IS FOR THE
WORKER * * *

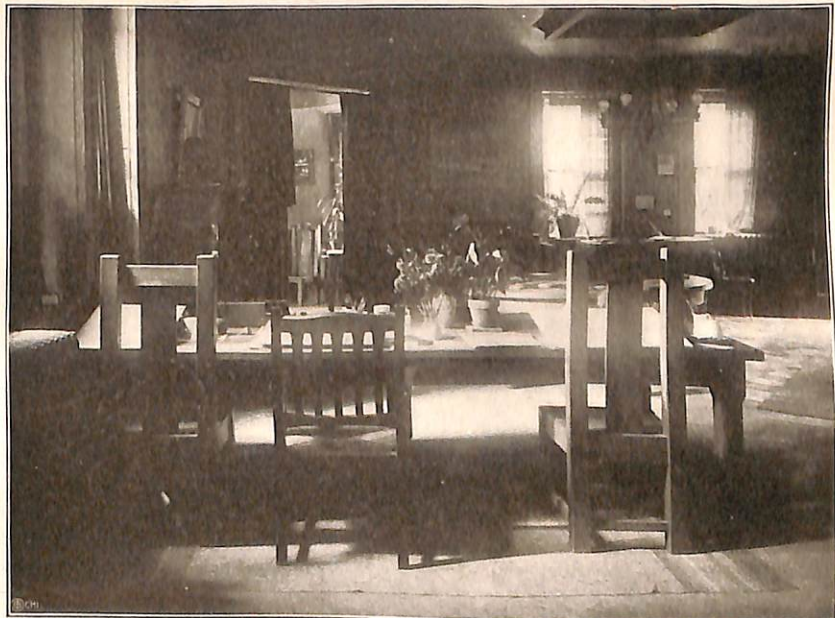




The
Shop

BEAUTY SHOULD BE LIKE A SUNSET--
FREE TO ALL WHO CAN DRINK IT IN.

Reception
Room in
Chapel



I climbed up, and found that my colleagues had preceded me.

On standing in the basket the top came nearly level with my shoulders. The tall man's head was a foot above mine and the little duodecimo's a foot below—his face deathly pale. ¶ The Professor perched airily on the edge of the basket, and gave orders to cast off. Then it was that the little stout man got his hands on the side of the basket and tried frantically to get out—he had changed his mind. The Professor slid down & grasped him by the legs, endeavoring to pull him back in. I took a hand, too. We forced him to the floor, while all the time the crowd cheered.

Then there was a silence. I stood on the prostrate form of the fat man and looked over the side to see what this sudden quiet meant. A shrill feminine voice came to my ears just then: "Why, that's the man who built the Eiffel Tower!"

¶ I looked down & there, to the front of the crowd, was my friend of the day before. She waved her parasol at me, and I was going to shout back an antemortem statement but my attention was diverted by seeing that the anchor ropes, which had been held by a dozen men a moment before, were now dangling.

We were off! No, we were not moving at all; the earth was slowly slipping away from us and turning at the same time. The north of Paris was sloughing around to the northeast. ¶ The Eiffel Tower pushed down and away. It slid down until we were at the first landing, the second, we were even with the top; it glided down beneath us a hundred feet. I

leaned over the basket and spat violently. The tall man jabbered in French, shook my hand, and the Professor all the while tumbled out cards, dodgers and sundry advertisements in the interest of science. And still the little man lay in the bottom of the basket, and the great city slowly swirled and slipped away, away, away. ¶ The houses were only



HE books written behind prison bars, by men in forced exile and by those who paid the penalty of honest expression with death, largely inspire earth's highest thoughts; the world's Saviours are often society's outcasts.

¶ Every author is the hero of his tale. Make no mistake—when he pictures a man that is wise & good, that man is himself or the person he would like to be.

¶ No joy can be complete apart from a love that loves the whole world's joy better than any separate joy of any single soul.

¶ Listen closely and you will detect the minor note in the voice of every man of decided worth

money of others; black ants working for the applause of black ants; black ants seeking to reform ants blacker than themselves. All born in sin, and therefore deserving damnation. Yet some were to be saved by special enactment. How pick out which were to be saved, and which not? They were all alike. So I damned them all, and then forgave them—electing them to Tuilleries in the skies.

¶ Paris with its long line of white houses was drifting away. The black ants could no longer be distinguished. The boulevards were reduced to mere threads, and the winding Seine was only a long crooked chalk-mark. ¶ M. Le Galligar had thrown out all

painted play blocks gently rocking up & down, and the horses were surely out of a Noah's Ark collection. We were over the Champs Elysees, approaching the Arc de Triomphe. ¶ The people looked like black ants as viewed from a tree top. Some of them were moving, some evidently had discovered us and were standing still. There they were, a full three million of them below us, eating, sleeping, fighting and praying; in houses, on roofs, on ladders, on fences, a few up the Eiffel Tower, but all on earth. Some were in love, some disappointed, some laying plans to get the

of his advertising matter, and was slashing bags of sand and emptying them. The air was cold, and he was slapping his hands; I slapped mine, too. The face of the tall man was pinched and blue.

The earth had given us the slip now; it had faded from sight, and below was only a great, white, spreading cloud. And yet, strange! I

could plainly hear human voices. They came as sounds do across a quiet lake.

¶ The Professor consulted his instruments & made notes, then he pulled at a cord. The cloud enveloped us, covering our faces with mist. ¶ The bleating of sheep could be heard—the voices became plainer, the green of the earth came back, but Paris was only a gray bank of clouds on the horizon.

The earth was rising to greet us. Men, women & children were leaving their houses—some running across fields in our direction. Two drag-ropes were out—one with an anchor. Again the aeronaut pulled at the cord; the earth came nearer. ¶ The basket dashed against a tree and bumped its freight all together. We apologized. Then we hit a stone wall, but shot up again ten feet in the air.

The anchor failed to catch, but fate was kind; an old woman in a rainy day skirt and wooden shoes was after us. She ran like a sprinter. At last she got the rope in her hands; she yelled “whoa” sturdily and pulled hard, but could not stop us. Other women came, children too, then a man. All lent a hand. The fat passenger was standing, and the instant the basket touched the ground he rolled over the side into the friendly lap of earth. We

all climbed out. ¶ The Professor lighted a cigarette, gave a jerk to a small rope, and the great balloon struggled, quivered, sank and died. ¶ A whole peasant village was babbling about us. The Professor was arguing hotly with the fat man; the peasantry too, were taking part. It was all in very rapid Francais. ¶ Suddenly M. Le Galligar received the gift of tongues. He turned & spoke to me in English that was strongly tinged with a Dublin brogue. He explained that the law of ballooning was, that the first individual to seize the rope of a descending balloon was to receive ten francs; this is to be paid by the person who first got out of the basket. He appealed to me as the judge: should the fat man pay or not? ¶ I decided that he should pay, and he did. ¶ Then we settled for the apples which were knocked from the trees by our dragging anchor and paid five francs for fixing the stone wall. ¶ As the Professor started to roll up the dead balloon I looked at my watch. It was just twenty-five minutes after two. We were twelve miles from Eiffel Tower.



YOUNG converts are afraid that God shall become ridiculous. They cannot comprehend the difference between criticising their conception of God, and God Himself. All blasphemy laws are based on this misconception.

¶ Every man who has been pulled into a theological argument (& where is the man who has not been pulled into a theological argument?) thinks less of himself afterward.

¶ Common sense is a form of godliness, & in the last analysis wisdom & virtue are synonymous; and whatever is wise cannot but be good.

¶ The men who do things, and not the men who merely talk about things, are those who bless the world.

¶ The professor started to roll up the dead balloon I looked at my watch. It was just twenty-five minutes after two. We were twelve miles from Eiffel Tower.

SOCIETY AND ITS DIVERSIONS.
Herbert Spencer, at eighty-three years of age, has recently sent some small shivers down the spines of the Leisure Class in England by saying, “The society represented by our so-called best families is essentially barbaric.”

This remark, coming from a commonplace man, would have excited no comment, but when Herbert Spencer stands behind a sen-

tence, it is apt to mean much. The *Pall Mall Gazette* quoted the comment and added: "Poor old man! he is certainly in his dotage." ¶ The worst about Spencer's remark is that it is true. Society moves in a circle—things are in a swirl, and civilization could never exist at all were it not for the fact that country boys, born in families of no social standing, no wealth, are constantly going up to the cities to take places where only men of power can exist.

The society represented by our Best Families is essentially barbaric—in America and elsewhere. And the reason is that it has ceased to produce and now only consumes. ¶ It lives on the labor of others.

¶ The thing which does not serve—that has no use, is surely a burden to somebody if continued.

¶ The self-appointed Superior Class is an awful handicap to civilization.

¶ Our Best Society destroys, consumes and lays waste. The Child Slavery of the

South, the Sweat Shops of the cities, and the unending toil of most farming folk is a direct result of our Best Society—this so-called Superior Class.

There is a certain amount of work to do in the world, and the reason some people have to work from daylight clear into the night is because others do not work at all. If you consume more than you produce some one must labor to make good the deficiency.

¶ Our Best Society is intent on honoring the man who wastes and consumes. In fact, if you are a mere producer, and nothing else, the Best Society does not deign to notice you, much less admit you into its charmed circle.

¶ In order to belong to the Best Society you must dress so you cannot be useful—you cannot shoulder a trunk, carry out the ashes, cook, hitch up a horse, nor dig in the ground. The raiment that Society demands you shall wear, forbids your using your muscles in any useful effort.

At the Waldorf-Astoria

seventeen hundred servants are employed, and this is just the capacity of the hotel—there is one servant for every guest. And in meat and drink each guest wastes about five times as much as he consumes. This fact is also true of all the so-called First-Class Hotels in our large cities.

¶ Some one has got to make good this wastage—and it is the social outcast who does it.

Only a few years ago all useful work was done by slaves. These slaves were bought, sold, worn out, beheaded and tossed to hell at will by the Best Society.

¶ Gradually things have bettered, but the distinguishing



SHOW the marbles that fill your niches and the canvases that glorify your walls to those who seldom see such sights. Give your education to those who need it, your culture to those who have less, and you double your treasure by giving it away

¶ The great man is poised and satisfied—no matter what happens.

The little man is always full of trouble; and this trouble he always lays to the fault of others.

¶ Most of the really great men in America have warmed their bare feet frosty mornings on the spot where the cows have lain down.

¶ We are heirs to the past, both its good and its ill

feature of the Best Society yet is that it attaches a disgrace to useful effort—it dissociates itself from toil.

In every town and city in America there is this little Smart Set that patterns its life after that of the Turk. It is waited on, and spends its days in having "a good time."

Usually the true type centers itself around a small ivy-covered church upon which is a disguised cross.

In Virginia, for instance, the Best Society swings around this church with its skimmed, iced and rudimentary cross. Education is to fit one for this Best Society—to avoid work and do it gracefully. And if one can become

a priest to this Society and preside at the modest, ivy-clad chapel with its pee-wee cross, what greater honor!

Oh, yes there is one honor just as great, the Army! The Church or the Army, which shall it be? is the tantalizing question that confronts the ambitious mother—to save souls or damn them—it really matters little.

¶ Annapolis with brass buttons or the Church with hooks and eyes! Which? And anyway, thank God! Reginald is to be a gentleman. He shall dance & hunt and shoot—he shall be an ornament to the Best Society.

¶ The Best Society gets its recreation through waste and destruction. In Virginia especially it demands blood. The horses they use are first deprived of their tails. The birds mate, nest and rear their young, only to be shot & mutilated by members of the Best Society; foxes are bred but to be chased by packs of hounds that are kept for no other purpose than to destroy

these foxes that are bred to be destroyed for the amusement of this Superior Class.

¶ The foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but what's the use when we who belong to the Best Society know where they are! ¶ The following is a clipping taken from the Society Column of the Richmond, Virginia, *Dispatch* for May 21st, 1902. I print the extract without comment:

“On Sunday evening the observant captain of the Waynesboro Club, Captain William McCray, who belongs to our Best Society, and who is ever on the alert to take advantage of any new scheme in the sporting line, noticed about two bushels of chimney swal-

lows taking refuge in a neighbor's chimney, whereupon he summoned James Craig, and together they concocted a plan by which to take captive the unsuspecting denizens of the air. By means of a large sack spread over the top of the chimney, and the application of a dense smoke at the bottom, about four hundred swallows were incarcerated.

The originators of the plan were so jubilant over their catch that they immediately communicated the news to several members of the Staunton Gun Club, whom they invited, & Messrs. William McDaniel, S. P. Davis & John Foxhall joined them Monday afternoon in a shooting match. The birds were liberated from a trap one at a time, and the sportsmen said they have never undergone such a test of marksmanship as they were put to by the frightened swallows. ¶ A number of spectators were present, including a number of ladies, and neither the attraction of the polo



HERE is no Secret Society that has corralled truth. Truth is in the air, and when your head gets into the right stratum you know it. No one can impart it to you until the time is ripe, and when the time is ripe for you to know, you do not have to ride a Goat in order to understand

¶ Nature punishes most sins, but blasphemy, sacrilege and heresy are things that nature does not provide any punishment for; therefore man has to look after these things himself.

¶ The best souls often suffer most, while baseness and flaunting pride go free. But pain is not all pain.

¶ Wit and insight are saving virtues that only the strong possess

game, going on at the time, nor the impending storm, could drive them from the scene of excitement.

The match lasted for several hours, and William McDaniel of Staunton, took the lead, killing thirteen out of twenty-four birds, followed by Dr. T. S. Richardson, who killed twelve out of twenty-four.

A notable feature in the case is that the swallows that were so fortunate as to escape made direct for the shelter of the chimney from which they had been captured.”

¶ If there is any better way to teach virtue than to practice it, I do not know it.



ABOUT KNOCKING AND KNOCKERS.

Arise, my God, and strike, for
we hold Thee just,
Strike dead the whole weak
race of venomous worms
That sting each other here in the dust.

—Tennyson.

Mr. William T. Stead once wrote some things about Chicago. Some of the items he penned were not wholly complimentary. The intense activity of the place, Mr. Stead thought, had evolved a certain impatience and often an ungenerous quality of mind that revealed itself in heresy trials, divorce mills, political fights where aldermen defied the judges, the judges defied the legislature, and the legislators challenged the governors. To this English visitor the daily papers were unnecessarily busy with charges, accusations and indictments, and everywhere, even in parlors, scandal, defamation and vituperation seemed to abound. "Chicago averages a murder a day, not counting all those who are done to death by Chicago Tongue," said Mr. Stead. ¶ Mr. Israel Zangwill, countryman and friend of Mr. Stead, visiting Chicago some time after, was escorted about the city by a Committee to Behold the Sights. Among other places of interest he was taken to the Stock-yards, where luncheon was served for the party. During the meal a Pert Miss, seated

next to the guest of honor, asked him this question: ¶ "Mr. Zangwill, how do you like Chicago Ham?" ¶ The Dreamer of the Ghetto raised his sorrowful face and said, "I like it, I like it—much better than Chicago Tongue!" ¶ A thousand years before Christ, Solomon said some wholesome truths about this matter of Tongue. It is doubtful whether he had any prophetic vision of the Chicago article, and really there is no proof that Chicago Tongue is any worse than any other brand; but let it stand as the type of a Bad Thing. ¶ A tragic, though perhaps not a remarkable case of Chicago Tongue, came to my attention a few years ago. It seems that a good natured and somewhat talkative man remarked in a little Bohemian company that a certain artist, well known to those present, wore trousers that bagged beautifully at the knee. ¶ A man and woman in the party, who had a well defined case of artistic jealousy toward the volatile man, repeated the remark to the artist who was referred to. The woman repeated the remark in the morning, and the little artist, of a sensitive and gentle type with no capacity for horse-play, was just a trifle nettled. And when the man told him the same thing with varying accent and inflection, in the afternoon, the matter took on a

rather serious shape. A few days after the artist met the gossipy woman again, and he questioned her as to what had been said. She repeated the remark about Pants, with gesticulations, genuflexions, shrugs and curves; and wishing to prove her friendship, warned the artist to be on his guard against those who were trying to Unhorse him. ¶ The more the artist thought of the matter the more sure he was that this remark about his raiment really meant that he was a man devoid of taste, lacking in refinement, if not decency, and totally unfit to associate with ladies and gentlemen. Each time he met his alleged friends they pumped the poison into him. The matter preyed upon the man's mind until he could neither eat, sleep nor work. He sought out his traducer, insulted him openly, and got himself well chastised. His violence lost him his position, and a long season of dissipation and idleness followed, with golden moments lost and lost forever. The last I heard of the man and woman who had so unwittingly combined to work the ruin of their friend, they had turned on each other and were rending reputations to rag-time. ¶ The incident just mentioned sounds like an extreme case, but I hardly think it is, for the mischief-makers are at work in a similar way on every

hand. Should the Angel Gabriel come to me and in a confidential undertone declare that a certain man, any man or any angel, was a vilifier of truth, a snare to the innocent, a pilferer, a sneak, a robber of graveyards, I would say, "Gabriel, you are troubled with incipient paranoia—I do not believe a word of what you say. The man you mention may not be a saint, but he is probably just as good as you or I. In fact I think he must be very much like you, for we are never interested in either a person or a thing that does not bear some direct relationship to ourselves. Then, Gabriel, do you not remember the words of Bishop Begum, who said that no man applies an epithet to another that cannot with equal truth be applied to himself?" ¶ When we remember that hoarse, guttural cry of "Away with him—away with him!" and when we recall that some of the best and noblest men who have ever lived have been reviled and traduced, indicted and executed by so-called good men—certainly men who were sincere—how can we open our hearts to the tales of discredit told of any man? The Billingsgate Calendar has been exhausted in attempts to describe Walt Whitman, and the lexicon of abuse has been used to hammer the heads of such men as Richard

Wagner, Victor Hugo, Count Tolstoy and William Morris. Knowing these things, as every one does, shall we imitate folly, accept concrete absurdity for our counsel and guide, and take stock in Chicago Tongue? ¶ That entire Salem Witchcraft insanity was nothing but a bad case of Chicago Tongue. Much of the martyrdom & bloodshed of the past can be traced directly to the same cause. ¶ Nations have gone to war because some princeling has charged that a King stuck his tongue in his cheek and bit his thumb when another King was mentioned,—nothing but Chicago Tongue! ¶ Do not deceive yourself with the vain thought that women hold a monopoly on Chicago Tongue—men set them a pace in this direction that they can never hope to equal. The gossip of women is usually of a patty-pan order, and comparatively harmless compared with that of men. ¶ One peculiarity of Chicago Tongue is that when it is passed along from one person to another it takes on ptomaines. The original remark, uttered in a certain circle, may have been utterly devoid of poison, but when the repetition comes, in a different atmosphere, to different hearers, told by another man, the wit that once disinfected the thing is gone, and we have only dead, stale, tainted, unprofitable

Chicago Tongue. And so you see how a person who repeats an unkind remark is probably doing a much greater mischief than the one who first voiced it. The man who repeats the story, and thus retails the poison, fails to supply the antidote. Let his name be anathema. ¶ The basic principle of Chicago Tongue is jealousy. Jealousy is a social cancer, and grows by what it feeds upon. And its only food is Chicago Tongue—the more tainted the better. ¶ I once knew three intelligent men to start in giving each other small doses of Chicago Tongue, just by way of banter. The doses were increased, and in a short time all three began to really believe the stories they had been telling about a particular man of whom they were all more or less jealous. The cancer grew worse—the poison was at work—the trio held meetings behind locked doors to devise a way by which they could rid themselves of the supposed enemy. Assault and even murder were on their proposed program. They were wild, mad, stark, staring crazy on Chicago Tongue. ¶ Luckily, a sane man discovered them in time, rapped them all vigorously over the head, separated them one from the other so they could no longer infect each other and pool their poison. Had this separation not been brought

about they surely would have all run down a steep place into the sea and been drowned, as was that herd of swine in the story, when the devils took the rudder. ¶ If you are a man, beware how you let any devil get possession of your thinking apparatus. All devils use Chicago Tongue as bait. ¶ In way of strictest justice, though, it must be admitted that the dealers in Chicago Tongue are often innocent of wrong intent—that is, they do not know it is loaded. And when the boomerang comes back they are so surprised and grieved, and hurt! and they lift their hands in innocence and assume the pose of martyrdom. ¶ Every large newspaper office is the scene of a seething discontent. Peace is never declared—war reigns eternally. The public probably knows nothing of these plottings, counter-plottings, curses, revilings, jealousies. The trouble is under the surface, just as much as are the loves, jealousies and heartaches Below-Stairs. The impassive face of Jeems, as he stands behind his master's chair, tells no tale. ¶ It is the business of Jeems to see nothing—and everything—to hear nothing and repeat nothing. This if he is an artist in his line, for woe is Jeems if he brings the troubles of Below-Stairs to his master's ears, hoping thereby to find favor. For we hate the man

who brings us trouble. In the olden time the messenger who brought tidings of disaster paid for his temerity with his head. On the other hand, blessed are the feet of him who bringeth glad tidings: he shall be rewarded with a necklace of gold, and he shall choose for his own, from the fairest daughters of earth. ¶ I have spoken of the constant friction, faction and fight that exist in every newspaper office. The truth of this is classic, but the Underground Fight is everywhere where many men are gathered together in a like occupation. The Army is a hot-bed of gossip. The Church is just as bad, and if a history of ecclesiastical rancor were written it would reveal an inferno of hate. And then the Sons of Esculapius—every blessed one of them carries two or three hammers in his kipsy, this besides the one he has constantly in use. In fact the Sons have formed themselves into one gigantic orchestra, and the only piece they play is the Anvil Chorus. ¶ Newspaper offices are mentioned because there the pot seems to seethe and boil and spit with greatest glee. Hate, jealousy and rage continually feed the flame. Possibly the reason the fires of strife are never banked in a newspaper office is because the men work under an intense nervous pressure. There is hot haste,

and broken hours of rest, and always stimulants in way of tobacco, drink and drugs. Hence there are sharp answers, snubbings, marble faces, icy hands and bitter hearts; for despondency follows fast where good cheer is reinforced by drink. Then beside, three-fourths of the matter printed in the average daily paper is a record of strife, and the workers become imbued with it. When a young man goes into a metropolitan newspaper office as a reporter, he is given a table among forty other tables, where men with hats over their eyes write in feverish haste. Possibly here and there are those sitting in idleness with feet on the table. These men have done their tasks for the day and are watching the clock, waiting for the hour when they are allowed to leave. Our new man not having much to do, gets to talking with one of these idlers—they go out together to get a drink. At the bar are other young men, and these are pointed out by the new-found friend, and jerky scraps of their history given, which seem to cover every crime in the calendar, and every phase of iniquity that brutish beings could devise. These so-called rogues are employees of the same concern that employs the Glib Informer. ¶ The Greenhorn dares to remark that they do not look so bad as that, and then he is reas-

sured by facts and dates, and times and places. ¶ Should the Greenhorn stick to his new friend, he is quickly introduced into a clique and becomes a part of the jealousy and cruel bickering of the place. He is pushed this way and that by those with stronger minds—or more experience—takes part in plottings to oust certain men, not fully knowing why, and in a few months—a year perhaps—gets the Blue Envelope himself. He does not realize why he should be discharged, because he is not aware that hate and jealousy have inoculated his mind, but these things are beginning to reveal themselves in his work. The life of a man in any one metropolitan newspaper office is very short. A year, say, is about the limit, when out he goes, penniless, to look for another job. ¶ Should any man hold his place for two years or more, it is because he has religiously avoided mixing in factions; he has lent his ear to no plots; listened to no scandal; bore no bad news; gloried in no man's downfall. And when you find a veteran like, say, Chester S. Lord of *The Sun*, you know him to be a man who is above all idle gossip, bickering, quibbling and jealousy—who takes no part in schemes and plots, and who will not hearken to them in others. The man who cannot enjoy a good

position without plotting to dislodge some one else, is laying a fuse that will cause himself to be lifted into space very shortly. ¶ A ludicrous feature of Chicago Tongue is that those who deal in it most, always are full of grievances and wails, because, they allege, other folks are talking about them. Indeed, this is their excuse for the constant use of the hammer,—that some one is “knocking on them.” They mistake the sound of their own hammers for that of others. ¶ Any man who plots another’s undoing is digging his own grave. Every politician who voices innuendoes, and hints of base wrong about a rival, is blackening his own character. For a time he may seem to succeed, but the end is sure—it is defeat and death. All those plotters of the French Revolution who worked the guillotine in double shifts were at last dragged to the scaffold and pushed under the knife. ¶ The hate we sow finds lodgment in our hearts and the crop is nettles that Fate unrelentingly demands we shall gather. They who live by the hammer shall perish by the hammer. ¶ If you work in a department store, a bank, a railroad office, a factory, I beg of you, on your life, do not knock. Speak ill of no one, and listen to no idle tales. Whether the bitter things

told are true or not, has no bearing on the issue. To repeat an unkind truth is just as bad as to invent a lie. If some one has spoken ill of me, do not be so foolish as to hope to curry favor by telling me of it. ¶ The “housecleaning” that occurs in the offices of companies and corporations every little while comes as a necessity. In a small establishment the head of the house can usually pooh-pooh the bickering out of the window, but in large concerns where many men are troubled with lint on the lungs, and everybody seems to have forgotten his work, just to “chew,” then self-protection prompts the manager to clean house. It is the only thing he can do to preserve the life of the concern—out go the bacteria. ¶ It is said that Mr. James Gordon Bennett, proprietor of the *New York Herald*, comes home from Europe, only to discharge, peremptorily, every employee in his service. At regular intervals the place gets honey-combed with plot and counterplot, hate, jealousy and factional folly, and the master, having no time to sift the lies or sit in judgment on fishwife gossip, just cleans the coop from cellar to cockloft of good and bad alike. ¶ It is very likely that if Mr. Bennett remained in personal charge of his estate he could keep the Chicago Tongue in

subjection, but being away, hate permeates the structure and the Augean act is positively necessary. ¶ I suppose there are institutions where Chicago Tongue is to a great degree obliterated, thro' the strong personality of the man at the helm. I have seen schools where the generous spirit of one man filled the whole place. But the man who is great enough to flavor a newspaper plant with love and patience, I fear has not yet been found. ¶ And of this never for a moment doubt, that the man who manages successfully a great railroad, factory, bank or other enterprise, is one who neither listens to, nor bears tales to any person of what this one says or does. He treats all with courtesy and fairness, and like the great and loving Lincoln, when his generals were accused, deducts seventy-five per cent from every accusation and throws the remainder in the waste-basket—actions alone count. ¶ Where many men are employed, there are always some who are full of schemes and plots for more pay, shorter hours or favors generally. They scheme to have one foreman "bounced" in order to have another man, who will help their cause, put in charge. Should success follow their efforts, and the old foreman be replaced, the first move of the new man will probably be to discharge the con-

spirators who helped him. Men who conspire, and plot, and who lend a ready ear to the idea of a strike, are marked on every time-book for dismissal when the hour is ripe. And whenever you find a newspaper man or a printer who spends half his time looking for a job, you can rest assured that he is one who carries a large cargo of Chicago Tongue. ¶ You can never stand in with the boss by telling him of those who are laggards. The only way you can win his favor is by setting the loafers a pace. He knows all about the loafers—God help him! for if he did not he could never successfully manage an institution. ¶ No man can ever succeed who hopes to get a better position by defaming or dragging down the reputation of another. There is but one way to win, and that is to do your work well, and speak ill of no one, not even as a matter of truth. Any other course leads to tears, woful waste of life-force, and oblivion. There is only one way to win the favor of good men, and there is only one way you can secure the smile of God, and that is to do your work as well as you can, and be kind, *and be kind.*



¶ Interest a person in useful employment and you are transforming Chaos into Cosmos. Blessed is the man who has found his work.



OUR OTHER SELF.

Work to please yourself and you develop and strengthen the artistic conscience. Cling to that and it shall be your mentor in times of doubt: you need no other. There are writers who would scorn to write a muddy line, and would hate themselves for a year and a day should they dilute their thought with the platitude of the fear-ridden peoples. Be yourself and speak your mind to-day, though it contradict all you have said before. And above all, in art, work to please yourself—that Other Self that stands over and behind you looking over your shoulder, watching your every act, word and deed—knowing your every thought. Michael Angelo would not paint a picture on order. “I have a critic who is more exacting than you,” said Meissonier, “it is my Other Self.” ¶ Rosa Bonheur painted pictures just to please her Other Self, and never gave a thought to any one else, and having painted to please herself, she made her appeal to the great Common Heart of humanity—the tender, the noble, the receptive, the earnest, the sympathetic, the lovable. That is why Rosa Bonheur stands first among women artists of all time: she worked to please her Other Self. ¶ That is the reason Rem-

brandt, who lived at the same time Shakespeare lived, is to-day without a rival in portraiture. He had the courage to make an enemy. When at work he never thought of any one but his Other Self, and so he infused soul into every canvas. The limpid eyes look down into yours from the walls and tell of love, pity, earnestness and deep sincerity. Man, like Deity, creates in his own image, and when he portrays some one else, he pictures himself, too—this provided his work is Art. If it is but an imitation of something seen somewhere, or done by some one else, or done to please a patron with money, no breath of life has been breathed into its nostrils and it is nothing, save possibly dead perfection—no more. ¶ Is it easy to please your Other Self? Try it for a day. Begin to-morrow morning and say, “This day I will live as becomes a man. I will be filled with good cheer and courage. I will do what is right; I will work for the highest; I will put soul into every hand-grasp, every smile, every expression—into all my work. I will live to satisfy my Other Self.” ¶ You think it is easy? Try it for a day.

¶ Recognize that a line of conduct that may be right under one condition may be evil when pushed too far

TIME AND CHANCE. The subject is rather complex, Dearie, so I'll have to explain it to you. The first point is that there is not so very much difference in the intelligence of people after all. The great man is not so great as folks think, and the dull man is not quite so stupid as he seems. The difference in our estimates of men lies in the fact that one man is able to get his goods into the show-window & the other fellow is not aware that he has any show-window or any goods.

"The soul knows all things, and knowledge is only a remembering," says Emerson.

This seems a very broad statement; & yet the fact remains that the vast majority of men know a thousand times as much as they are aware of. In the silent depths of sub-consciousness lie myriads of truths, each awaiting a time when its owner shall call it forth. To utilize these stored up thoughts you must express them to others;

and to express well your soul has to soar into this sub-conscious realm where you have cached these net results of experience.

¶ In other words, you must "come out"—get out of self—away from self-consciousness, into the region of partial oblivion—away from the boundaries of time and the limitations of space. The great painter forgets all in the presence of his canvas; the writer is oblivious to his surroundings; the singer floats away on the wings of melody (and carries the audience with her); the orator pours out his soul for an hour, and it seems to him as if barely five minutes had passed, so wrapt and lost is he in his exalted

theme. ¶ When you reach the heights of sublimity, and are expressing your highest and best, you are in a partial trance condition. And all men who enter this condition surprise themselves by the quantity of knowledge and the extent of the insight they possess. And some going a little deeper into this trance condition than others, and knowing



TO join this brotherhood of Consecrated Lives requires no particular rites of initiation—no ceremonial—no recommendations. You belong when you are worthy. Those who belong to the Brotherhood feel the absolute nothingness of the world of society, churches, fashion, politics and business; and realize strongly the consciousness of the Unseen World of Truth, Love and Beauty.

¶ Sheep and cattle go in droves, while a lion simply flocks with its mate—and lets it go at that.

¶ Whenever any good comes our way, let us enjoy it to the fullest, and then pass it along, in another form

nothing of the miraculous storing up of truth in the cells of sub-consciousness, jump to the conclusion that their intelligence is guided by a spirit not theirs. When an individual reaches this conclusion he commences to wither at the top, for he relies on the dead, and ceases to feed the wellsprings of his sub-conscious self. ¶ The mind is a dual affair—objective and subjective. The objective mind sees all, hears all, reasons things out. The subjective mind stores up and only gives out when the objective mind sleeps. And as few men ever cultivate the absorbed, reflective or semi-trance

state, where the objective mind rests, they never really call on their sub-conscious treasury for its stores. They are always self-conscious. ¶ A man in commerce, where men prey on their kind, must be alive and alert to what is going on around him, or while he dreams, his competitor will seize upon his birthright. And so you see why poets are poor and artists often beg.

And the summing up of this sermonette is that all men are equally rich, only some through fate are able to muster their mental legions on the plains of their being and count them, while others are never able to do so. ¶ But what think you is necessary before a

person comes into possession of his subconscious treasures? Well, I'll tell you: It is not ease, nor prosperity, nor requited love, nor worldly security—not these, Dearie; no. ¶ “You sing well,” said the master, impatiently, to his best pupil, “but you will never sing divinely until you have given your all for love, and then been neglected and rejected, and scorned and beaten, and left for dead. Then, if you do not exactly die, you will come back, and when the world hears your voice it will mistake you for an angel and fall at your feet.”

And the moral is, that as long as you are satisfied & comfortable, you use only the objective mind and live in the world of sense. But let love be torn from your grasp and flee as a shadow—living only as a memory in a haunting sense of loss; let death come and the sky shut down over less worth in the world; or stupid misunderstanding and crushing defeat grind you into the dust, then

you may arise, forgetting time and space and self, and take refuge in mansions not made with hands; and find a certain sad, sweet comfort in the contemplation of treasures stored up where moth and rust do not corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal. ¶ And thus looking out into the Eternal, you forget the present and enter into the Land of Sub-Consciousness—the Land of Spirit, where yet dwell the gods of ancient and innocent days. ¶ Is it worth the cost?

PLAGIARISM AND KABOJOLISM. There is that which is called plagiarism, and I trust that upon this theme



CONSECRATED Lives!

You meet and you part, but you each feel a firmer impulse to keep the light burning—the altar light to Truth, Love, Simplicity and Beauty. No other bond is required than that of devotion to Truth, the passion of listening in the Silence, the prayer for Wholeness and Harmony, the earnest desire to have your life reflect to the Good.

¶ When we get to heaven, if all these fine fellows who never lived except in books are not there, it will be a lonely place, cursed with a monotonous felicity.

¶ It is difficult to improve on the plan of God; many have tried it but to their sorrow

no quibbler will challenge my fitness to speak. ¶ A frivolous person has defined plagiarism as the act of taking your own wherever you find it. I shall not, however, attempt to becloud the subject with smartness, but will deal with it seriously and sincerely as is meet. ¶ Plagiarism consists in appropriating as your own the Good Stuff of another. ¶ There

are three degrees of this moral malady: petit plagiarism, plagiarism in second degree, and grand plagiarism. ¶ Petit plagiarism consists in lifting the simple thoughts & sentences; plagiarism in the second degree, consists in lifting scenes & chapters; & grand plagiarism consists in seizing the whole book and putting your name on the title page.

Grand plagiarism may be committed through the connivance of the plagiaree—in which case the offense is condoned. Judge Gaynor has recently ruled that an injunction in such a case does not lie, altho' the parties may. ¶ The antithe-

sis of plagiarism is kabojolism. This offense consists in attributing to another Good Stuff which he never expressed; and, in short, is simply plagiarism placed wrong side out, or more properly, if I may be allowed the expression, turned t'other end to.

The simplest and most common form of kabojolism consists in quoting some absurd or mythical personage. In small towns the habit is as plentiful as the Jigger in July; and the Bucolic Philosopher at the Grocery constantly refers to Ol' Bill Jones, and states what he could easily prove had Ol' Bill not passed to the Realm of Shade.

Dickens pictures this phase of kabojolism

when he has Mrs. Gamp constantly refer to her mythical friend, Mrs. Harris.

Kabojolism in the second degree consists in stating things tinted with risqué and flavored like heinzbeans, for which you do not wish to stand sponsor, but which you feel should be said in the interest of the Higher Criticism. Therefore, you say them, and give another credit. ¶ Kabojolism is no new thing: Thucydides tells of how Aristophanes referred to the great speech of Pericles over the Athenian dead heroes as "the best thing that Aspasia ever wrote."

In the days of Augustus Cæsar a part of the duties of the Questor was to write the orations for the Emperor. This was well understood, & nobody attempted to dodge the proposition. Time does not change human nature much, for just recently a zealous follower of Grover Cleveland put forth the claim that he was the only president since Lincoln who wrote his own mes-

sages. ¶ The late Judge Hubbard of Geneseo, New York, once gave a particularly eloquent and forceful Fourth of July oration. After the address a local joker stepped up, shook hands with the speaker and asked him this question, "Judge, which one of your daughters wrote that speech?"

The Judge might have parried the gentle thrust, but instead the truthful man answered, "Oh, Nellie is the author of it!" Then seeing the smiles on the faces of the bystanders he continued, "Nellie is the author of the speech, but as I am the author of Nellie, I claim the speech." It is needless to say that the Judge was much more proud of his

daughter who could write a good oration, than of any oration he could possibly write himself. I would be—would n't you?

I once advertised one of my workmen as an Infant Prodigy—he was neither an infant nor a prodigy—but he looked the part. In the language of my friend, Colonel Ed. Geers, the Prodigy could not trot a little bit,

but he was a tremendous looker. So I showed him to the visitors & they were wonderfully much impressed.

The genuine crack-erjack work about the place was done by small, red-haired & bow-legged men with freckles, and hand-me-down suits and diffident manners. As long as I could keep the Prodigy from talking, and at night destroy all the work he did during the day, as Penelope raveled the shroud, I was all right. ¶ After a time the Prodigy affected a short velvet jacket, and a tailor-made codpiece. He soon became known as the Wonder of the World. Worse



¶ **A**ll our belongings should mean much to us, and great care should be exercised in selection. We need only a few things, but each of these things should suggest utility, strength, harmony and truth. All of our actions must be suggestive of peace and right. Not only must we speak truth, but we must live it. Our lives should be consecrated to the good—lives consecrated to Truth and Beauty. Consecrated Lives!

¶ Speak to-day what you think is true, and contradict it all to-morrow if necessary.

¶ The greater comprehends the less; but the less cannot comprehend the greater

than that, he began to believe it, and then either he or I had to go. ¶ He happened to be it. ¶ Voltaire was more given to kabojolitis than any other writer I now recall. He cited authorities numerous and sent all the savants of Europe digging in the libraries for men and books that never lived outside the figment of his own pigment.

Grand kabojolism consists in attributing to another a whole book that you yourself have Dashed Off. Not long ago one Tark Boothington wrote a book. Bone, Marl & Company offered to publish it if my name could be used as author. There was a thousand dollars in it for Tark, and as much for me, but the

book was so bad I stood firm and absolutely refused to be bribed. My friend Edgar Saltus says in his monthly gallimaufry that Daudet used to employ 'prentice talent on his books. Some of Daudet's boys did remarkably well for green hands, but they would occasionally lapse, as even careful writers may. A lady reader of Daudet's Works having stumbled upon a beautiful anachronism wrote to Daudet and put him straight. Thereupon instead of writing a courteous note of thanks to the lady, Daudet so far forgot himself as to reply, "Dear Madam: I have not read the book in question, & what's more, I do not intend to."

When Rudolph von Liebich and Amy Fay were pupils of Franz Liszt, they were once making merry over a musical composition by the Duke of Weimar. "Have a care, children," said the Master in his gentle way, "Have a care, children, how you make fun of the music of princes—you can never tell who wrote it."

At least three instances are on record where men have created a nation that never existed and given the people a literature, a science and a religion complete. Chatterton started to do something like that, when he slipped his hawser and drifted to Bedlam.

More than once it has happened that men have written books and knowing their own names could not give them sufficient ballast have put the MSS. on Deity. Indeed, this has been a not uncommon expedient—to attribute authorship of books and children to God. This lets all parties out from under, absolves from blame, and if there is credit to be gotten later some one always shows up

and claims it as Agent for the Principal. ¶ The law defines a whole round of dire deeds and puts the blame on God—man is let off; but there be lawyers who would like to get a service on God and make Him show cause, mulcting Him for damages, or placing Him in contempt for non-appearance. This tendency to put the blame on somebody, and finally falling back on God, on account of the difficulty in locating Him, is a very ancient plan.



H E man of the Consecrated Life may mix with the world, and do the world's business, but for him it is not the true world, for hidden away in his heart he keeps burning a lamp before a shrine dedicated to Love and Beauty. The Adept only converses at his best with Adept, and he does this thro' self-protection. To hear the world's coarse laugh in his Holy of Holies—no! and so around him is a sacred circle, and within it only the Elect are allowed to enter.

¶ Modern Martyrdom is the sweet apotheosis of the things we do not care to avoid.

¶ A man's word is only valuable when it is not for sale

and flashed it, with God's name on the title-page. So far God has written no pamphlet repudiating it and the various other books attributed to Him.

That scheme of the "Cardiff Giant" was worked out on the suggestion of men who assisted Smith with his Hot Stuff. The only difference was that Smith's *piece de resistance* was a book, and the other fellows' was a giant. Both were prepared by hand, both planted, both dug up.

The fellows attributed their giant to God, just as Smith had done with his book—with this to their advantage; God has made giants, but whether He has made books or not is still

¶ The life of the individual mirrors the life of the race. In my boyhood's days we had a hired man named Joshua. If anything was ever lost, stolen, broken or misused, we always said, "Josh, he done it!"

That scheme of Joseph Smith, disrespectfully referred to by the ribald as "Joe Smith of Nauvoo," was no new thing. Six men in the history of the world have done the thing better. Smith wrote a fairish book, buried it deep in the ground, and at the right time dug it up

debatable. ¶ A rather curious complication in the line of kabojolism came to me a few years ago. My friend, Colonel Cudahy of the Beef Trust, who, they boastingly say in Chicago, was suckled by a sow, just as Romulus and Remus were cared for by the she-wolf, wrote a somewhat sensational novel. At least I heard he had written a novel in-

spired by the swish of a petticoat, and although I had not seen the book, yet following a habit acquired while working on the New York Sun, I reviewed the book first and trusted to luck to read it later. Unfortunately for me it transpired that Colonel Cudahy had written no book—he had only contemplated having Samuel Eberly Gross write one for him.

However, the review had gone out to the syndicate, and it could not be gotten back. Hardly had my critical comments on Colonel Cudahy's work appeared than McClurg & Company telegraphed me for a hundred copies, thinking I was the publisher. I advised Aleck that if he would forward me a case of six quarts, we would call it square. That disposed of him, but in less than a week, Charlie Thorne, of Montgomery Ward & Company, arrived in Sun-Up, and the first topic he brought up was the Cudahy novel. Mr. Thorne told me he had read the book and considered my review an impartial and Able Effort. In thus saying he had read a book that had never been written, Charlie revealed himself a peachful prevaricator, but as I had reviewed the work I was hardly in position to nail the lie. So we just stood there and looked at each other like two curs that had stolen a capon. Happily, just then Ali Baba called to me and asked where I had left the shovel. This changed the subject, and I saw Thorne was as much relieved as I.

The giving of letters of recommendation to folks for whom you have no use, is a common form of petit kabojolism. Then there are big men who often sell their names to

boom things, like Judge Cheesemite of Keene, New Hampshire, who never weighed more than one hundred and twenty pounds in the shade, who yet has his name placarded in the Boyce Weeklies as an example of a man whose life was saved by a certain Obesity Belt built at Jackson, Michigan.

There is also that case of George Stevens, a noted jester, justler and all-'round jack-anapes, of Toledo. Stevens made the fortune of one Jim Laroux, a muskrat Frenchman, who invented a blood medicine called Perunia, & paraded Stevens as one who had been snatched from an untimely tomb by its use. Stevens, I hear, has recently



NO organization ever contained within its ranks the best. Organization is arbitrary & artificial: it is born of selfishness; and at the best is a mere matter of expediency.

¶ We are all children in the Kindergarten of God: and it doth not yet appear what we shall be

had a misunderstanding with Laroux, and has stated in print that he never even tasted the bellywash concocted by the muskrat rival of Dr. Pierce. ¶ In the meantime the muscovy muskrat rides in an automobile.

Love itself is a form of kabojolism, for its province is to exaggerate the excellence of its subject and bestow a credit where it is not wholly due. The beautiful, budding, blushing country lass, aged nineteen, is seldom the paragon of sweetness, gentleness, intellect, modesty and truth that we, editorially speaking, in our youth warmly averred. For a time we succeeded in making her think so, and later we had to gently undeceive her, otherwise she would have used us, editorially speaking, as a door-mat. Life moves in spirals—periodicity is everywhere—and recently I myself was exposed to kabojolitis. ¶ I was out with Major Pond on a lecture tour, and the Major prepared a circular setting forth the excellence of his attraction. This circular made me out to be quite the Greatest Thing that ever happened. The Major said my personal presence was such that the audience was won before I had said a word; and when I began to talk the multitude hung upon my words spellbound. He declared I was the Themistocles who would lead the world out of artistic bondage.

That settled it: I went to Major Pond and told him that if this Themistocles business were true, and I had no doubt but that it was, I should have at least One Hundred Dollars more a week.

At this the Major fell in a swoon and awoke swearing; finally he cooled down and explained to me that I should know better—the circular was just

a case of commercial kabojolism:—credit where it was not due. He told me I was really considerable of a chump, a sort of wagtongue chough, but it would not be good policy to say so on the bills.

¶ Then the Major explained to me this truth: The fifty-seven varieties of freak,

and all the fantastic tricks, fussy airs, and foolish elevation of the nose and chin of a cantatrice come from the fact that she reads the newspaper reports that her impresario writes about her, and takes them literally. And this is why all impresarios grow old and senile early in life—it comes from enduring the contumely of the *premiere danseuse* and the cantatrice, who refuse, womanlike, to take the small bills *cum grano salis*. The reason so many histrions express their contempt for the horse-blocks—and everything else—from the altitude of high Olympus, is because they regard the press notices penned by the manager as Holy Writ.

¶ A woman I know has a husband who is for her a spiritual sinker, yet she quotes him in public and puts him forth as an example of virtue—when, in fact, he is quite the other thing. Charles Frohman once told me that he considered the romeike habit worse than hitting the pipe. He said every *prima donna* he ever knew, but one, was puffed up with the hallucination that she was the dimity divinity of Orpheus—the favorite of the gods—all this through the romeike dalliance. Thus does the lady-star, who is a sort of ladybug, grow great on newspaper guff, and win the obese obeisance of toddy mixers, bell-boys, hack drivers and other ardent

expecters of scale. ¶ I am fully convinced that there is just as much kabojolism in the world as plagiarism—just as much undue credit given as credit withheld.

Let me close with a somewhat sad but true incident: In New York, years ago, there used to live an elderly gentleman with long white whiskers, a linen duster and patriarchal

ways. He was commonly known as the “Bum Peter Cooper.” At conventions and all public gatherings, his services were in demand at two dollars per. All he had to do was to applaud the speakers by striking vociferously on the floor with his cane, say nothing & look like the real Peter Cooper.



AND so this Artist and his Wife were priests of Beauty, and their little girl was a neophyte; and the room where the Roman lamp burned was filled with the holiness of beauty, and no unkind thought or wrong intent could exist there. Consecrated Lives!

¶ Finally, through the applause that always greeted him when he appeared upon the stage at public meetings, a buzzing blue-bottle got into his bonnet, and he became possessed of the idea that he was the Sure-Enough Peter Cooper, and the other man, who built the Cooper Union, was the Bum. He grew garrulous and fell into the habit of referring to the Real Peter Cooper as a freak, a fake and a fraud. As long as the Bum was quiet, all was well, but when he began to talk, his supporters were obliged to throw him into the Irish Sea.

A good I-X-L bum, if he is a looker, has a place, but when it begins to put on airs, something always happens. The bum is one of society's luxuries. In the language of John Randolph, “the necessities we must have, but the luxuries we can do without.”

The suggestion of one who has dallied both with plagiarism and kabojolitis would be the advice of Ali Baba to the young Athenian who wanted to borrow twenty-five oboli so he could wed: *Don't*.

At the last all Art is One, and the same truth can be stated of kabojolism. And I am fully convinced that as all things are held in place by the Opposition of Forces, and as the wind is only rushing to fill a Vacuum, and the flowing waters are working out an equilibri-

um, so kabojolism is a part of the Great Plan to hold the balance true.

Some of us are very sure we are not getting the credit that is our due—we are not appreciated. If this is true let us take consolation in the thought that we are Necessary Parts of the Whole, and as we are not getting due credit, some one is getting a credit that is not his due. All is One, and nothing really makes any difference.

PAY AS YOU GO. I'm not

so sure just what the Unpardonable Sin is, but I believe it is this disposition to evade the paying of small bills.

☪ Ask the grocer, the liveryman or the butcher, who are the folks that contract bills and never pay, or pay when they dam please, and he will tell you they are the aristocrats. The blacksmiths, stonemasons, carpenters & farmers look you squarely in the eye, speak to you frankly face to face, and if they promise to pay you Saturday night, and cannot, they come around and tell you why. I have been despoiled of hard earned dollars, and had my reputation ripped up the back when I ventured to ask for my own, but never excepting by those who have a Thursday.

If you wish to lessen the worries of the world and scatter sunshine as you go, don't bother to go a-slumming, or lift the fallen, or trouble to reclaim the erring—simply pay your debts cheerfully and promptly. It lubricates the wheels of trade, breaks up party ice, gives

tone to the social system and liberates good will. ☪ Pay as you go.

Especially pay the people who work by the day and toil with their hands. A dollar means much to the man who spades your garden—never humiliate the man by making him ask for his dollar. Give it to him immediately the work is done, and if he did it well, tell

him so. When the woman who crouches over a sewing machine for you all day long, brings the garment home, pay her all you owe, and do not add to her troubles by exercising the prerogative of one who is paying over money, to flaunt out either insulting remarks or insulting manners.

☪ The Gentle Man shows his true nature in his treatment of social inferiors; and of all damning sins, the withholding of money due a working man is the worst. ☪ Let us pay as we go. The cheerfulness & good will we give out with our money will in turn be given out by those we pay it to. ☪ Pay as you go.



HE success of an individual is usually damnation for his children. Luxury enervates and kills, and this is the reason that the race has made such slow and painful progress. All one generation gains is lost in the next. The great nations have died off from the earth simply because they have succeeded.

☪ The Jiner instinct in a man is a manifestation of weakness, not strength. It is a clutch to get something for nothing, a grab at good which you have not earned.

☪ Two consecrated lives constitute a congregation and where they commune is a temple.

☪ No one knows a thing for sure until he tells it to some one else.

☪ Is truth a thing to hide in a ginger jar and place on a high shelf?

☪ Man cannot advance and leave woman behind

MUSIC HUNGRY. I'm forty miles from a lemon, Dear, and

the same distance from a library, but if my memory serves me rightly, Emerson once said, "I would bathe me in sweet sounds. Ah, that would be a rest and benediction!" And so to-night I'm music hungry. I have spurred my spirit in a vain attempt to write, but the result is a composition that would make you think of a book advertisement by Lawrence Hutton in Harper's. You know

Annie Besant told us that the soul lived on certain planes, and if one would express divine thoughts, the spirit must rise above the lowlands. I think there's something in that, for one cannot be much wiser nor better than the people he is with. And to reach an attitude where the sense of sublimity is possible, I need music. ¶ Some day, you

know, I am to write a beautiful thing that shall link my name with that of Great Ones gone, but I'm sure I can never do it without you are in the next room at the piano. You will have to play each morning for an hour to lift me into the right atmosphere, & then you can steal out on tiptoe and I will finish the chapter. When the chapter is done, I'll read it to you and kiss your cheek and you will say it is Sublime, as you ever do. And what a joy it is that comes after work well done! It is an ambrosia well worth going through Hades to sip. But to be really happy, you must have some one with whom to share your joy: one can bear grief alone, but it takes two to be glad. Peg Woffington knew that when

she played her part like an angel of light, for in the wings she knew Sir Henry Vane was waiting with her cloak, and when she danced panting off the stage she went straight to his arms, oblivious to the roar of applause and loud calls of "Bravo! Bravo!"—she only heard his whispered words, "Well done!" ¶ Yes, Dear, I'm music hungry:—hungry for music—and you.

THE VAMPIRE. William Marion Reedy holds the *Mirror* up to Nature as follows: "The sensation of the day in English art is the painting, 'The Vampire,' exhibited recently at the Gallery in London. It is the work of Philip Burne-Jones, related to Sir Edward Burne-Jones, the pre-Raphaelite mystic, friend of Swinburne and

Rossetti, and a generally 'beautiful soul.' The painting is remarkable in itself for a gruesome power of painting a rather bitter moral that is not new now any more than when Villon, as translated by Henley, sang 'Booze & the Blowense Cops the Lot.' The picture shows a dead youth, type of a murdered soul, and over him bends the vampire with the face of a woman. The cynical, bitter lesson is well pressed home, but there is a certain taint of hasheesh art about it. The picture is more sensational than meritorious as a creation in paint. And of more importance than the picture itself is the poem written by Rudyard Kipling for it, who is Mr. Philip Burne-Jones' cousin.

"The verse and the picture remind one of the story of Whistler and Rossetti. Rossetti one day showed Whistler a painting upon which he was engaged. Some time later Whistler, visiting the author of *The House of Life*, asked about the painting. Rossetti said he had put the painting away uncompleted. 'But,' said he, 'I've written a sonnet on the subject of painting. Let me read it to you.' Whistler submitted.

THE so-called "disadvantages" in the life of a child are often its advantages. And on the other hand, "advantages" are very often

disadvantages of a very serious sort. To be born in the country of poor parents, is no disadvantage.

¶ We grow through expression, and the large colleges, even yet, afford a very imperfect means for expression—all is impression and repression and suppression.

¶ By going with a gang men hope to grow wise. But while wisdom has sometimes come to men in solitude, it is not to be found in the crowd.

¶ If your life is to be a genuine consecration, you must be free. Only the free man is truthful; only the heart that is free is pure.

¶ Let's keep the windows open to the East, be worthy, and sometime we shall know

When Rossetti had finished, Jimmie arose and said, 'Rossetti, frame the sonnet.' And so there are a great many people who will think, with good cause, that the Kipling poem is better than the Burne-Jones picture. The picture is somewhat tawdry. The verses that interpret it are finely bitter and iconoclastic of the gynolatry just now general in the world. The savage spirit of the verse is refreshing. It illustrates again that Mr. Kipling is the only living poet, barring Swinburne & Henley, who writes poetry that has in it meat for men.

"This poem on 'The Vampire' goes to the very source of the real mockery of failure in life and in effort. Woman does not understand. She never did and never will. The man loves something in her beyond herself, and the more he gets of her the surer he is to fail of the attainment of that fuller thing to which she invites and yet bars the way."

Mr. Reedy is right, woman does not understand—neither does Mr. Reedy; nobody does. Continually there comes to every thinking man a Voice which says, Arise and get thee hence for this is not thy rest. All through life are these way stations where man says, "There, now I've found it, here will I build three tabernacles." But soon he hears the Voice and it is ever on, and on, and on. He came into life without his choice and is being hurried out of it against his will, and over the evening of his dreams steals the final conclusion that he has been used by a Power, beyond himself, for unseen ends.

But the novelists, and politicians, and economists, and poets are continually telling us that man's troubles comes from this or that, and then they name their specialty. They are like catarrh doctors who treat every patient, no matter what the ailment, by nasal douche.

¶ Marriage is only a way station. Trains may stop two minutes, or twenty minutes for lunch; the place may be an ugly little cross-roads or it may be a beautiful village; possi-

bly it's the end of a division, but egad! Dearie, it's not the end of the journey. Very young people think it is, but they find their mistake. It's a nice place, very often, but not the place they thought it was. They bought one thing and when they got home found something else in the package, and nature won't change it. But woman should



LL success consists in this: you are doing something for somebody—benefiting humanity; and the feeling of success comes from the consciousness of this.

¶ The Brotherhood of Consecrated Lives admit all who are worthy, & all who are excluded exclude themselves.

not be blamed for that—that's God's fault, not her's. Philip Burne-Jones, Kipling and Reedy say man is unhappy because woman doesn't understand, but I'm quite sure that one of the trio knows that the unrest and weariness of life lies deeper. ¶ Woman understands man quite as

well as man understands woman, and I believe a bit better. I have spoken.

Thomas De Quincey was saved from despair and death by Ann of Venusburg. De Quincey lived for full fifty years after that—always looking for Ann. Some folks say that he was looking for his ideal, and that he simply called it "Ann"; but this is a mere quibble. De Musset translated the *Essays of an Opium Eater* and transformed Ann into a conventional society belle, lest the Faubourg D'Upper be shocked. But as the Gentle Reader is neither a child nor a fool, let the facts suffice as De Quincey recorded them: Ann was of Venusburg. ¶ Every man whose life and aspirations are touched with the Spirit, spends his life, perhaps unconsciously, looking for the Ideal Woman: the woman whose soul will make good the deficiencies in his own. He feels his weakness, his incompleteness; he is conscious that alone he is but half a man, but if he could only find Her—his other half—all would be as God designed it. Thus sought Dante, thus sought De Quincey, thus sought Le Gallienne in his Quest. And Le Gallienne found Her—the Golden Girl—found her just where De Quincey found his Ann. ¶ Ann of Venusburg was not a vampire; the Golden Girl was not a vampire. Each was the woman who Under-

stands. And having an understanding mind and a willing heart each gave life and healing and complemented the soul of a strong man, instead of sucking his heart's blood.

¶ The man of Spiritual Impulse is to a degree an ascetic; perforce, he must be, for Spirituality is sex manifesting itself in religious or artistic fervor. I will grant if you insist on it, that asceticism is a form of sensuality that finds its gratification in denial. I will also grant that your Artist is not a celibate, and all I claim is that his highest pleasures are to him symbol. He knows that the things which endure are spiritual.

¶ And so the woman who is to complement this man of intellect and soul must be the Woman who Understands. He cannot teach her, life is too short. She should comprehend without explanation that sex must not run rampant; neither need it be subdued, but it must be spiritualized. If she allows mere intuition to lead she is a vampire, and in a very short time will hold her mate only by a statutory bond, and here is a case where woman's boasted intuition leads straight to ashes and desolation. And even though a bishop in full canonicals has solemnized a riot of the passions, and little girls in white have gone before strewing flowers, love's death surely follows license. Can law sanctify sensuality, and do all the "bad women" live in this "quarter" or that? The police do not know, for they are but the tools of that ignorant, blundering, blind thing, the law; and the preachers who conventionally bless certain things and curse others, lift an eyebrow and ask in affected surprise, "What does the gentleman mean?"

But the law of antithesis exists, the paradox lives, life is a spiral; and possibly when all Things are Made Plain, we who have glorified in women but a single virtue, will find that De Quincey and Le Gallienne were right, and that the woman who Understands is the Magdalene, who from out the purging fires

of purgatory completes the circle and arises, pure and spotless, recognizing Deity incarnate when all others blindly fail.

Walking through the gallery of statuary of the Luxembourg I saw the white carved nude figure of a man—a man in all the splendid strength of youth. Standing behind him on a higher part of the pedestal was the form of

a woman; and this woman was leaning over, her face turned towards him, and her lips about to be pressed upon his. I moved closer and to one side, and saw that on the face of the youth was an expression of deathly agony; and then I noted that the muscles of that splendid body were tense in



WHAT think you the earth will be like when the majority of men and women in it learn that to be simple and honest and true, is the part of wisdom, and that to work for Love and Beauty is the highest good?

¶ If you would have friends, be one.

awful pain. And in that one glance I saw that the woman's body was the body of a tigress—that only her face was beautiful—and that the arms ended in claws that were digging deep into the vitals of the man as she drew his face to hers. ¶ Suddenly feeling the need of fresh air I turned and went out on the street. That piece of statuary gave Philip Burne-Jones the suggestion for his painting, "The Vampire." Now one might suppose from that awful sermon in stone that woman was the cause of man's undoing. But for the benefit of henpecked and misunderstood husbands I'll call attention to the fact that men who have achieved most in literature, music, painting and philosophy, are men who knew from sad experience the sharpness of woman's claws: Socrates, Dante, Shakespeare, Rousseau, Milton, Wagner, Paganini and so many more that were I to name them all the world would not be large enough to contain the books in which they are printed. Of course I'll admit that the men who have been flayed by women have usually been greatly helped by women, and this sometimes accounts for the flaying. But the point that I make is that all experience is good—the Law of Compensation never rests and the stagnation of a dead level "happy married life" may not be any more to a strong

man's advantage than a long course of stupid misunderstanding. Milton bewailed the fact that he could get freedom from marital woes on no less ignoble grounds than violating his marriage vows. Milton did not get his freedom. His wife sat on him, silent and insensate, and so did her whole family of seven persons. And his sharp cry made him the butt of jibes & jeers innumerable. Milton was an obscure school-teacher and clerk; but if any of those great men who sought to humiliate and defeat him are nowadays mentioned in history it is only to say "they lived in The Age of Milton." "His life ruined by a woman"—Pish! you flatter her; she has n't the power. And the end of the whole thing, Brother, is, it doesn't much matter what your condition in life is: all things are equalized. When the Prophet said, "God is good and his mercy endureth from everlasting to everlasting," he certainly understood himself.

DEATH AND FRIENDSHIP. The desire for friendship is strong in every human heart. We crave the companionship of those who can understand. The nostalgia of life presses, we sigh for "home," and long for the presence of one who sympathizes with our aspirations, comprehends our hopes and is able to partake of our joys. A thought is not our own until we impart it to another, and the confessional seems a crying need of every human soul. One can bear grief but it takes two to be glad. ¶ We reach the Divine through some one, and by dividing our joy with this one we double it, and come in touch with the Uni-

versal. The sky is never so blue, the birds never sing so blithely, our acquaintances are never so gracious as when we are filled with love for some one. Being in harmony with one we are in harmony with all. The lover idealizes and clothes the beloved with virtues that only exist in his imagination. The beloved is consciously or unconsciously aware of this, and endeavors to fulfill the high ideal; and in the contemplation of the transcendent qualities that his mind has created, the lover is raised to heights otherwise impossible. Should the beloved pass from this earth while such a condition of exaltation exists, the conception is indelibly impressed upon the soul, just as the last earthly view is said to be photographed upon the retina of the dead. The highest earthly relationship is in its very essence fleeting, for men are fallible, and living in a world where the material wants jostle, & time

BEAUTIFUL are the seasons; and glad I am that I have not yet quite lost my love for each. But now they parade past with a curious swiftness! They look at me out of wistful eyes, and sometimes one calls to me as she goes by and asks, "Why have you done so little since I saw you last?" And I can only answer, "I was thinking of you." ¶ I'd rather be the stupidest clod in nature than to possess all knowledge with no one to whom I could communicate it. ¶ The beauty with which love adorns its object becomes at last the possession of the one who loves. ¶ Beauty is an Unseen Reality—an attempt to reveal a spiritual condition.

and change play their ceaseless parts, gradual obliteration comes and disillusion enters. But the memory of a sweet affinity once fully possessed, and snapped by fate at its supremest moment, can never die from out the heart. All other troubles are swallowed up in this, and if the individual is of too stern a fiber to be completely crushed into the dust, time will come bearing healing, and the memory of that once ideal condition will chant in his heart a perpetual eucharist. And I hope the world has passed forever from the nightmare of pity for the dead; they have ceased from their labors and are at rest. ¶ But for the living, when death has

entered and removed the best friend, fate has done her worst; the plummet has sounded the depths of grief, and thereafter nothing can inspire terror. At one fell stroke all petty annoyances and corroding cares are sunk into nothingness. The memory of a great love lives enshrined in undying amber. It affords a ballast 'gainst all the storms that blow, and although it lends an unutterable sadness, it imparts an unspeakable peace. Where there is this haunting memory of a great love lost, there is also forgiveness, charity & a sympathy that makes the man brother to all who suffer and endure. The individual himself is nothing: he has nothing to hope for, nothing to lose, nothing to win, & this constant memory of the high and exalted friendship that was once his is a nourishing source of strength; it constantly purifies the mind and inspires the heart to nobler living and diviner thinking. The man is in communication with Elemental Conditions. ¶ To have known an ideal friendship, and had it fade from your grasp and flee as a shadow before it is touched with the sordid breath of selfishness, or sullied by misunderstanding, is the highest good. And the constant dwelling in sweet, sad recollection on the exalted virtues of the one that has gone tends to crystallize these very virtues in the heart of him who meditates them.

THE PASSING OF BRANN. It's a grave subject: Brann is dead. Brann was a Fool. The Fools were the wisest men at Court; and Shakespeare, who dearly

loved a Fool, placed his wise sayings in the mouths of men who wore the motley. When he adorned a man with cap and bells it was as though he had given bonds for both that man's humanity and intelligence. Neither Shakespeare nor any other writer of books ever dared to depart so violently from truth as to picture a Fool whose heart was filled



FMERSON loved the good more than he abhorred evil. Carlyle abhorred evil more than he loved the good. If you should by chance find anything in this book you do not especially like, it is not at all wise to focus your memory on that, to the exclusion of all else—bless my soul!

¶ The life of every man is a seamless garment—its woof his thoughts, its warp his deeds. When for him the roaring loom of time stops and the thread is broken, foolish people sometimes point to certain spots in the robe and say: "O why did he not leave that out!" not knowing that every action of man is a sequence from off fate's spindle

susceptibilities, generous hearts and intellects keen as a rapier's point. ¶ Brann was a Fool. ¶ Brann shook his cap, flourished his bauble, gave a toss to that fine head, and with tongue in cheek, asked questions and propounded conundrums that stupid Hypocrisy could not answer. So they killed Brann. ¶ Brann was born in obscurity. Very early he was cast upon the rocks and nourished at the she-wolf's teat.

He graduated at the University of Hard Knocks and during his short life took several post graduate courses. He had been wage-earner, printer's devil, printer, pressman, editor. ¶ He knew the world of men: the

with perfidy. ¶ The Fool is not malicious. Stupid people may think he is, because his language is charged with the lightning's flash; but they are the people who do not know the difference between an incubator and an egg plant. ¶ Touchstone, with unflinching loyalty, follows his master with quip & quirk, into exile. When all, even his daughters, had forsaken King Lear, the Fool bares himself to the storm & covers the shivering old man with his own cloak. And so when in our day we meet the avatars of Trinculo, Costard, Jacques and Mercutio, we find they are men of tender



Roycroft Blacksmiths.



Type-Setting

struggling, sorrowing, hoping, laughing, fallible world of men. And to those whom God had tempted beyond what they could bear, his heart went out. He read books with profit, and got great panoramic views out into the world of art and poetry; dreaming dreams and sending his swaying filament of thought out and out, hoping it would somewhere catch and he would be in communication with Another World.

Discreet & cautious little men are generally known by the company they keep. The Fool was not particular about his associates: children, sick people, insane folks, rich or poor—it made no difference to him. He sometimes even sat at meat with publicans and sinners. ¶ He was a Mystic & lived in the ideal. This deeply religious quality in his nature led him into theology, and he became a clergyman—a Baptist clergyman. ¶ No church is large enough to hold such a man as this: the fool quality

in his nature outcrops, and the jingle of bells makes sleep to the Chief Pewholder impossible. ¶ So the Fool had to go.

Then he founded that unique periodical, which in three years attained a circulation of sixty thousand copies. This paper was not used for pantry shelves, lamp lighters, or other base utilitarian purposes. It cost ten times as much as a common newspaper, and the people who bought it read it until it was worn out. All the things in this paper were not truth: mixed up amid a world of wit were often extravagance and much-bad taste. It was only a Fool's newspaper! In this periodical the Fool railed and jeered and stated



LITERATURE should be the product of the ripened mind—the mind that knows the world of men and which has grappled with earth's problems. Letters should not be a profession in itself—to make a business of an art is to degrade it. Literature should be the spontaneous output of the mind that has known and felt. To work the mine of spirit as a business and sift its product for hire, is to overwork the vein and palm off slag for useful metal. ¶ I expect to see the day when the conversational method will be supreme, and teaching will be done practically without books—by object lessons, thinking things out, talking about them and doing things

facts about smirking Complacency, facts so terrible that folks said they were indecent. He flung his jibes at Stupidity and Stupidity sought to answer by assassination.

Texas has a libel law patterned after the libel law of the State of New York. If a man takes from you your good name you can put him behind prison bars and place shutters

over the windows of his place of business. ¶ The people who thought Brann had injured them did not invoke the law. They invoked Judge Lynch.

A mob seized the Fool, and placing a rope about his neck led him naked thro' the October night, out to the Theological Seminary, which they averred he had traduced. ¶ There they smote him with their hands and spat upon him. Their intention was to hang the Fool, but better counsel prevailed, & on signing, *in terrorem*, a document they placed before him, they gave him warning to depart to another state. And on his promising to

do so they let him go. ¶ But the next day he refused to leave; and his flashing wit still filled the air, now embittered, through the outrages visited upon him.

His enemies held prayer meetings, invoking Divine aid for the Fool's conversion—or extinction. One man quoted David's prayer concerning Shimei: "Bring Thou down his hoar head to the grave in blood!" And others still, prayed, "Let his children be fatherless and his wife a widow." ¶ But still the Fool flourished his bauble. ¶ Then they shot him.

¶ That hand which wrote the most Carlylean phrase of any in America is cold and stiff. That teeming brain which held a larger

vocabulary than that of any living man in America is only clay that might stop a hole to keep the wind away. That soul through which surged thoughts too great for speech has gone a-journeying.

Brann is dead. ¶ No more shall we see that lean, clean, homely face with its melancholy smile. No more shall we hear the Fool eloquently, and oh! so foolishly, plead the cause of the weak, the unfortunate, the vicious. ¶ No more shall we behold the tears of pity glisten in those sad eyes as his heart was wrung by the tale of suffering and woe.

His children are fatherless, his wife a widow. ¶ Brann the Fool is dead.

COMPARISON.

When Emerson borrowed of Wordsworth that fine expression about plain living & high thinking no one was more astonished than he that Whitman and Thoreau should accept him at his word. He was decidedly curious about their

experiment but kept a safe distance between himself and the shirt-sleeved Walt; and as for Henry Thoreau—bless me! Emerson regarded him only as a fine savage, and told him so. Of course Emerson loved solitude, but it was the solitude of a library or an orchard, & not the solitude of plain or wilderness. Emerson looked upon Beautiful Truth as an honored guest. He adored her, but it was with the adoration of the intellect. He never got her tag in jolly chase of comradery; nor did he converse with her, soft and low, when only the moon peeped out from behind the silvered clouds, and the nightingale listened. He never laid himself open to damages.

And when he threw a bit of a bomb into Harvard Divinity School it was the shrewdest bid for fame that ever preacher made. ¶ I said "shrewd"—that's the word. Emerson had the instincts of Connecticut; that peculiar development of men who have eked out existence on a rocky soil, banking their houses against grim winter or grimmer savage foes.



GREAT men are not so great as we think them, and dull people are not quite so dense as they seem. It is really a question in my mind whether the Great Man ever existed. Seen at an angle across the distance, so the light strikes on a certain facet of his being, we say the man is brilliant. In his own household he is probably considered something else. He is great to us only because we do not know him. He does a few things well, but special talent in any direction is purchased with a price. If you have much skill in certain lines, you are lacking in other directions. Like a chain, a man's real strength is in his weakest part

With this Yankee shrewdness went a subtle and sweeping imagination, and a fine appreciation of the excellent things that men have said and done. But he was never so foolish as to imitate the heroic—he simply admired it from afar. He often advised others to work their poetry up into life, but he did not do it himself. He never cast the bantling on the rocks, nor caused him to be suckled with the she-wolf's teat. ¶ He admired "abolition" from a distance. Whenever he went away from home it was always with a return ticket. He has summed up Friendship in an es-

say as no other man ever has, and yet there was a self-protective aloofness in his friendship that made icicles gather, as George William Curtis has explained.

In no relation of his life was there a complete abandon. His *Essay on Self-Reliance* is beef, iron, and wine, and *Works and Days* is a tonic for tired men; and yet I know that in spite of all his pretty talk about living near to Nature's heart he never ventured into the woods outside of hallooing distance from the house. He could neither ride a horse, nor shoot, nor sail a boat—and being well aware of it, never tried. All of his farming was done by proxy; and when he writes to Car-

lyle late in life, explaining how he is worth forty thousand dollars, well secured by first mortgage, he makes clear one-half of his ambition. And yet, I call him master, and will match my admiration for him 'gainst that of any other, six nights and days together. But I summon him here to contrast his character with that of another — another, who, like himself, was twice married.

¶ In his *Essay on Love* Emerson reveals just an average sophomore insight; and in his work I do not find a mention or a trace of influence exercised by either of the women whom he wedded, nor by any other woman. Shelley was what he was through the influence of the two women he married.

¶ Shelley wrecked the life of one of these women. She found surcease of sorrow in death; and when her body was found in the Serpentine he had a premonition that the hungry waves were waiting for him too. But before her death and through her death she pressed home to him the bitterest sorrow that man ever can know: the combined knowledge that he has mortally injured a human soul and the sense of helplessness to minister to its needs. Harriet Westbrook said to Shelley, "Drink ye all of it." And could he speak now he would say that the bitterness of the potion was a formative influence as potent as that of the gentle ministrations of Mary Wollstonecraft who broke over his head the precious vase of her heart's love and wiped his feet with the hairs of her head.

In the poetic sweetness, gentleness, loveliness, and beauty of their natures Emerson and Shelley were very similar. In a like environment they would have done the same things. A pioneer ancestry with its struggle for material existence would have taught Shelley caution; and a noble patronymic fostered by the state, lax in its discipline, would have made Emerson toss discretion to the winds. ¶ Emerson and Shelley were both apostles of the good, the true and the

beautiful. One rests at Sleepy Hollow, his grave marked by a great rough-hewn boulder, while overhead the winds sigh a requiem through the pines. The ashes of the other lie beneath the moss-grown wall of the Eternal City, and the creeping vines and flowers, as if jealous of the white, carven marble, snuggle close over the spot with their leaves and



YOU better learn to accept all the small misfits and trivial annoyances of life as a matter of course. To allow them to receive attention beyond their deserts is to wear the web of your life to the warp. Be on the lookout for the great joys and never let mosquitoes worry you into a passion

petals. ¶ Both have reached immortality, for their thoughts live in the thoughts of the race again, & their hopes and aspirations mingle and are one with the men and women of earth who think and feel and dream.



NOY IN THE CONFLICT. To rise in the

world, in spite of popular illusions, is by no means an unmixed blessing. The young proletarian, playing happily in his native gutter, scarcely realizes this. So soon as he begins to think at all about himself, his teachers begin the evil lesson of ambition; he lifts his eyes to the distant peaks, and the sun is bright upon them and they seem very fair. The garrulous Smiles comes his way with stories of men who have "got on" — without a word of warning against the sorrows of success. No one warns him of the penalties. Every one speaks of climbing as though it were bliss unspeakable. And so the youngster, finding his limbs are stout and the strength is in him, starts confidently enough, by the way of book or barter, as his tastes incline. Let the epic Smiles tell of the career of those who win. Let no one tell of those who fall, who drop by the way with bodies enfeebled by overstudy, underfed; or who are lost amidst the fogs of commercial immorality. Our concern is with those who win, to whom a day comes when they can see their schoolmates far below them, still paddling happily in the gutter; can look down on venerable heads to which they once looked up, and turning the other way, behold the Promised Land. One might think it would be all exultation, this Nebo incident,

the happiest of all possible positions in the sad life of man. It may be, even, that the man from below tells himself as much. His means for horse exercise came when his nerve for it had gone. The wine of life does not wait. After all, the man he has ousted had drunk the best of the cup; for the conqueror the dregs. That is the disillusionment of the suc-

cessful proletarian. Better a little farm, a life of old fashioned work, love, and a tumult of children, than this Dead Sea fruit of success. It is fun to struggle, but tragedy to win.

“Success is hideous,” says Victor Hugo. ☞ Happy is the poor man who clutches that prize in the grip of death and never has to see it crumble in his hand.



MICHAEL ANGELO was homely in feature, and the aspect of his countenance was mutilated by a crashing blow from a rival student's mallet that flattened his nose to his face. Torregiano lives in history for this act alone; thus proving that there are more ways than one to gain immortality

Leave things to other folks a little if you can; the world will have to git along without you some day, and it might as well git used to it now as any time. Git out o' this barn now—I want to sweep up!”

He grumbles, and still he does the thing and does it thoroughly. I never lie awake nights wondering whether the cows have been watered, or the horses bedded, or in winter whether the barn door is properly fastened so the drifting snow will not make a bank under my best colt. I know positively that all is snug and secure, and covering myself in the warm blankets I fall asleep content & at peace, saying, “Baba's at

ALİ BABA THE SAGE. Hasty people, with slight hold on Fundamental Verities, may assume that because Ali Baba refuses to act without due knowledge, make a leap in the dark, and do things without knowing why, he is not a valuable helper. On the other hand, he is especially valuable on that very account. ☞ As a matter of conscience, when an order is given to Baba, he gently pooh-poohs it, patronizingly indulges it, or boldly shows you where your propositions are puerile and preposterous. All according to whether the time is before or after dinner. After the order is given he goes and does just what he pleases. And be it said to his credit that what he does, usually, is the right thing. ☞ Baba grumbles in order to convince himself and others that he is not under the heel of the tyrant. Once I made him the flat proposition, thus: “Here you, Baba, when I tell you to do things you always kick. Now, if you will cease grumbling when I order things done, I'll give you five dollars extra each month. Is it a bargain?”

The old man picked up a straw, chewed on it meditatively, smiled and replied, “No, I'm gittin' nough wages, I guess. You mean all right, but you give too dam many orders.

the helm.” ☞ And so I wonder after all if we who are clothed in a little brief authority do not give too many orders, and busy ourselves with a pismire activity in watching and pecking and lying in wait to see that some one does not shirk his duty?

Is it not better to pick your man and then rely on him—put faith in him, and show by your manner that you know the thing will be done? I rather think so, for in some way our mental attitude under right conditions infuses a heroic quality into others.

There are a great many men who are eminently capable of doing good work, who never get the opportunity, simply because their employers will not trust them. Suspicion, surveillance and doubt are thrust upon them; when faith, good-cheer and confidence should be given instead. ☞ It was some years ago that Ali Baba gave me the advice about not giving too many orders. I did not exactly relish it at the time, but I am now fully convinced that in that particular utterance my colleague struck twelve. ☞ In the first place Ali Baba attempts no task nor line of work of which he is not absolutely master. In conversation he may roam the Universe and flood the world with theories, but in actual life he knows what he is going to do, and he does it. ☞ And so I have found that Ali renders the

best service to humanity when he is not handicapped with orders and instructions. In a frantic effort trying to remember the instructions, he would in all probability let slip the main issue into the yeasty deep.

THE MAN WITH THE HOE. Probably I know more clearly than Mr. Markham did,

himself, just what he had in view when he wrote *The Man with the Hoe*. ¶ The trouble with the hoe man is too much hoe—it is hoe-congestion. ¶ The hoe is all right and all men should hoe. If all men hoed a little, no man would have to hoe all the time. ¶ To hoe all of the times slants the brow. ¶ And to never hoe tends to hydrocephalus & nervous prostration. Many men never hoe, because they say, "I don't have to." It's a fool's answer.

Then many men are not allowed to hoe—the land is needed for game preserves. And in a country called Italy, where the true type of the hoe-man is found in abundance, there is an army of two hundred and fifty thousand fighting men who have to be fed with the things the hoe-man digs out of the ground.

Wherever there are many soldiers there are also many hoe-men. ¶ Some one must hoe. ¶ All food and all wealth are hoed out of the ground. ¶ If you never hoe and yet eat, you are slanting the forehead of the hoe-man and adding to that stolid look of God-forsaken hopelessness. ¶ He does not look as though

he ever sang at his work. A man who cannot sing at his work or has nothing cheerful to anticipate, is apt to have a slantindicular forehead. ¶ If you help the hoe-man hoe, he will then have time to think, and gradually the shape of his head will change, his eye will brighten, the coarse mouth will become expressive, and at times he will take

his dumb gaze from the earth and look up at the stars. Let us all hoe—a little.



BANK accounts, safety, and satisfaction are not the things that stir the emotions and sound the soul-depths. Landseer never knew the blessing of a noble discontent. But he contributed to the quiet joy of a million homes; and it is not for us to say, "It is beautiful, but is it art?" Neither need we ask whether the name of Landseer will endure with those of Raphael and Leonardo. Landseer did a great work, and the world is better for his having lived; for his message was one of gentleness, kindness, and beauty.

¶ I expect to see the day when the honors and compensation of school teaching will command the services of the best and strongest men and women in every community.

¶ I would hold my friend only by the virtue that is in me—by the attraction of the worth that is in my soul.

turbable. The valleys are there, with the rich verdure, where the trout frolic, and the cool springs where the wild game gathers, but what cares the Mountain for you! Ecclesiastes offers no premiums to readers. Shakespeare makes no appeal to club raisers, Emerson puts forth no hot endeavor for a million subscribers: all these can do without you. ¶ Rich lodes run through this Mountain, and

BY RULE OF THREE. The masterpieces of Art are all cloud-capped. Few men indeed ever reach the summit: we watch them as they ascend and we lose them in the mists as they climb: & sometimes they never come back to us. If they do, having been on the Mount of Transfiguration, they are no longer ours. In all great literature there is this large, airy, impersonal independence. ¶ The Mountain does not go to you: you may famish out there on the arid plain and your bones whiten amid the alkali in the glistening sand, but the majestic Mountain looks on imper-

we continually delve and toil for treasures. And in spite of the pain and isolation and the privation that is incident, and the dangerous crevices that lie in wait, we secure a reward for our labor. Still we do not find the fabled "pockets" that we seek—it is always something else. From Columbus searching for a Northwest Passage to the rustic swain who follows with such fidelity the wake of a petticoat, all are the sport of Fate. We achieve, but die in ignorance of the extent to which we have benefited the Race. And like the man who rode the hobby all his life, and whose friends discovered after he was dead that it was a real horse and had carried the man many long miles, so are we carried on steeds that are guided by an Unseen Hand.

¶ All sublime Art is symbolistic. What is the message the great violinist brings you? Ah, you cannot impart it! Each must hear it for himself. The note that is "clear" to all is not great Art. When Charles Lamb pointed to the row of ledgers in the office of the East India Company and said, "These are my works," he was only joking; for he afterward explained that ledgers, indices, catalogs, directories, almanacs, reports and briefs are not literature at all. These things inspire no poems; they give no glow.

¶ The province of Art is not to present a specific message, but to impart a feeling. If we go home from the Lyceum hushed, treading on air, we have heard Oratory, even



THE Church must have the credit for being the mother of modern art. Not only did she furnish the incentive, but she supplied the means. She gave security from the eternal grind of material wants and offered men undying fame as the reward for noble effort.

¶ I expect to see the day when overwrought nerves in teacher or pupil will be unknown, for joy will take the place of anxiety, and all the bugaboo of "exams" will be consigned to limbo. Examination is just what the word signifies—pulling up the plant to get a look at the roots.

¶ As to happiness—is it possible to be wretched at twenty, when one has health, a passion for art, free passes for the Louvre, an eye to see, a heart to feel, and sunshine gratis?

¶ Get a man interested in poetry, art, sociology, and he will talk of these.

though we cannot recall a single sentence; and if we read a poem that brings the unbidden tears and makes the room seem a sacred chancel, we have read Literature. The Master has imparted to our spirits a tithe of his own sublimity of soul.

For the good old ladies who prick the Bible for a message, I have a profound sympathy;

I have a profound sympathy; the Sacred Page fits man's every mood, and this is why it is immortal. For that which is clear is ephemeral. ¶ Symbolism requires interpreters, and lo! colleges spring up with no other intent than to train men to explain a Book: for the Saviours of the world all speak in parables. They see the significance of Things and voice a various language. Interpreters make the symbolist immortal, & the symbolist makes the fame of the interpreters. If Turner had been "clear," Ruskin might still be Assistant Professor. All Holy Writ from Moses to Whitman is mystical. The writer has breathed into its nostrils the breath of life, that impalpable, elusive Something we forever seek & which

forever escapes us. ¶ Of course I would not have a writer endeavor to be mystical—this would be positively base; but I would have each man who feels that he has something to say express himself in his own way, without let, hindrance, or injunction from writers on rhetoric, who having never produced anything to speak of themselves, yet are willing for jingling coin to show others how.

Let the writer have a clear conception and then express it so it is at the moment clear to his Other Self—that Self that looks on over the shoulder of every man, endorsing or censuring his every act and thought and deed. The highest reward of good work consists in the approbation of this Other Self, and in that alone; even though the world flouts it all, you have not failed. ¶ “I know what pleasure is,” said Stevenson, “for I have done good work.”

BENEFIT OF CLERGY. In England and France during the Twelfth Century it was the custom to remit the death punishment upon every criminal who could read. They called it “benefit of the clergy”—*beneficium clericorum aut clericorum*. ¶ When a prisoner demanded this benefit of the clergy the Chaplain would hand the prisoner a book. “Does he read?” demanded the Judge of the Chaplain. “He reads like a clergyman,” was the answer. This to us seems a good reason why the sentence should have been carried out, as clergymen are usually atrocious readers. But the law said differently and the fellow’s neck was saved. Just why favor was thus shown I do not know, but the inference seemed to be that a man who could read was a pretty good fellow and could ill be spared. We, too, place honors at the feet of accomplished people. Men who can write books are great fellows, except in their own homes. And yet I’m sure that the men who write fluently, are often cheap wits. The men who write best do not necessarily think best. I have seen men who could not read, yet who had a good mental grip on many a sublime thought. I’ve known men who could jabber in four languages and yet had no thought to



CHASTITY and temperance are negative virtues and therefore not necessarily virtues at all. Do something—do something worth while; be somebody; and do not imagine that Heaven’s Gate will ever open at your approach if you are merely an “abstainer.” Do not consume your energies resisting temptation—you will go to hell sure. Life, and life abundantly, comes through expression; repression is stagnation—death.

¶ Beware of the Bishop’s Voice—your own is better

express in any. And as for memory it is becoming an extinct faculty, so prone are we to fill our pockets with note books (that we are constantly losing). Whenever a fellow who is clever with the pen fails to pay his debts, or does this, that or the other that a man should not do, there goes up a pretty cry, “Oh, he’s a genius—he’s exempt!”

Bless my soul! let us do away with “benefits of the clergy” and mete out the same rules of justice to all—men and women alike.

GENIUS. Genius is unique. No satisfactory analysis of it has yet been given. We know a few of its indications—that is all. First among these is ability to concentrate. No seed can sow genius; no soil can grow it; its quality is inborn and defies both cultivation and extermination. ¶ To

be surpassed is never pleasant; to feel your inferiority is to feel a pang. Seldom is there a person great enough to find satisfaction in the success of a friend. The pleasure that excellence gives is not tainted by resentment; and so the woman who marries a genius is usually unhappy. ¶ Genius is excess; it is obstructive to little plans; it is difficult to warm yourself at a conflagration; the tempest may blow you away; the sun dazzles; lightning strikes fiercely; the Nile overflows. Genius has its time of straying off into the infinite and then what is the good wife to do for companionship? Does she protest and find fault? It could not be otherwise, for genius is dictatorial without knowing it, obstructive without wishing to be, intolerant unawares and unsocial because it cannot help it. ¶ The wife of a genius sometimes takes his fits of abstraction for stupidity, and having the man’s interests at heart, she endeavors to

arouse him out of his lethargy by chiding him. Occasionally he rouses enough to chide back; and so it has become an axiom that genius is not domestic.

Some one has said that no man can appreciate the beautiful who has not a keen sense of humor. For the beautiful is the harmonious, and the laughable is the absence of fit adjustment.

IN the preface to the *Marble Faun*, Hawthorne admits that his best work was done for one single, particular person.

This person was so very indulgent that he could overlook all small faults and foibles, & so strong that he could go with Hawthorne on his highest Empyrean flights. He comprehended all that was between the lines & sympathized with the author's every aspiration. And yet he was a critic of so high and noble a mind that he demanded the best, and instantly knew when the author groped for his reasons and fumbled for his facts. ¶ Hawthorne avers that every author who writes well writes for some One. The One he idealizes. In the olden time it was the "Gentle Reader" or the "Beloved Reader" or the "Indulgent Reader"; and to this ideal Person Hawthorne always addressed himself, confident of a patient hearing. He says that never in all his life did he meet this Person face to face; he never had a letter from him, nor a visible sign, but still the author winged his scrolls out into the void with full faith that they would reach their rightful destination. ¶ Browning expressed the same idea, only in another way, when he replied to a carping critic, "It is not surprising that you do not understand my lines for I do not write for you."

Hawthorne, I am sure, here voiced a truth



NO greater blessing than the artistic conscience can come to any worker in art, be he sculptor, writer, singer, or painter. Hold fast to it, and it shall be your compass in time when the sun is darkened. To please the public is little, but to satisfy your Other Self, that self that looks over your shoulder and watches your every thought and deed, is much. No artistic success worth having is possible unless you satisfy that Other Self.

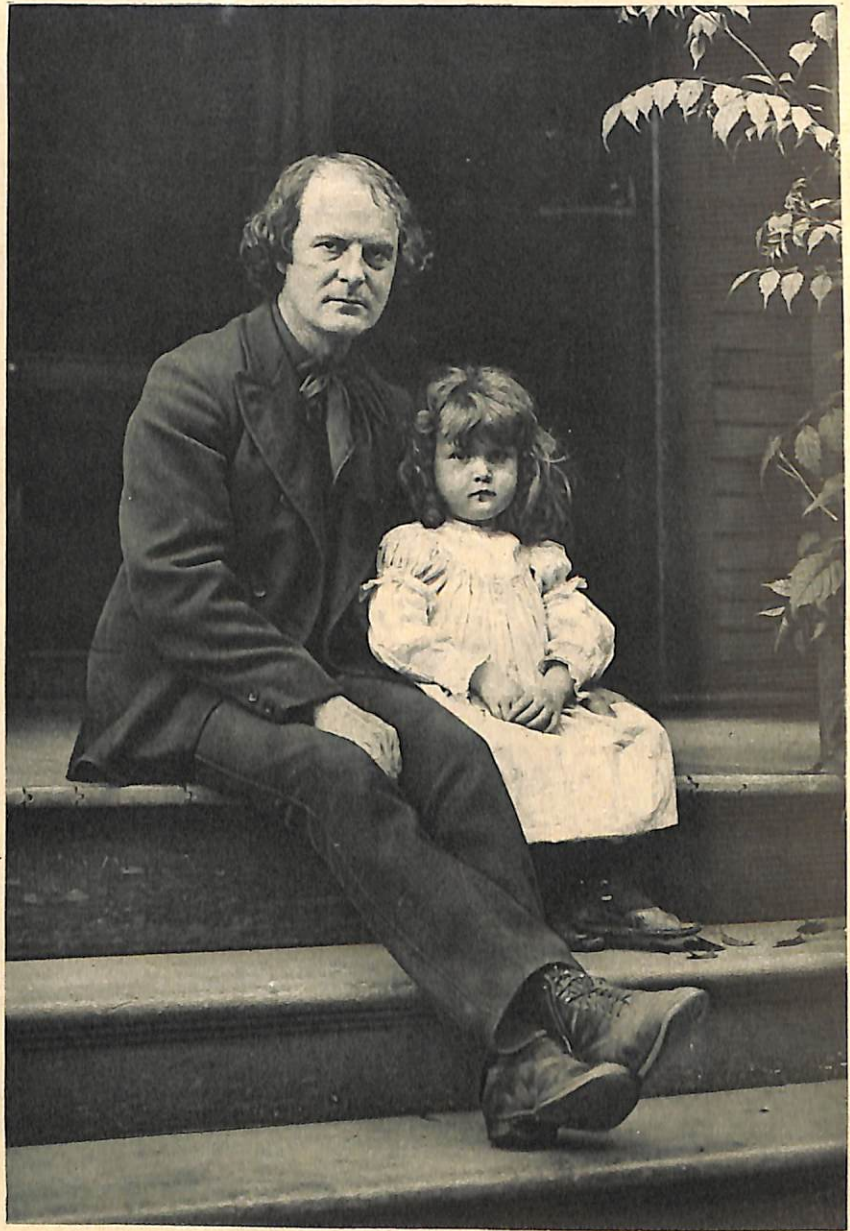
¶ Concealment is friction. A secret gnaws

that is universal to every man who toils and delves in the realm of art. For the simple intent of all art is to communicate your feelings and emotions to another. Art has its rise in the need of human companionship. You feel certain thoughts and strive to express them. You may express by music, by chiseled shapes, by painted canvas or through

written words. But at the last all art is one. As you work, over against you sits another, who says, "Yes, yes, I understand!" ¶ The person I write for is a Woman.

At times she sits and looks at me, leaning forward, resting her chin on her hand. She smiles indulgently, & sometimes a little sadly, as my pen runs on. She knows me so perfectly that she often anticipates what I would say and thus saves me the trouble of writing it. She guesses my every

mood. Certainly she is no silly, young thing with bangs and frizzes, ready to giggle at slight excuse, and filled with virginal prurency. This woman has suffered and known and felt and that is why she understands. Her heart has been purified in the white fires of experience. She knows more than I, for she sees all around me, and my little effort to palm off a white lie, or the smallest attempt at insincerity or affectation only brings a wondering look, that stings me for a week and a day. She is no prude, is this woman who watches me with wistful eyes: I can say anything to her I choose, no topic is forbidden—she only asks that I be honest and frank. I always know when I have pleased her, for then she holds out her arms in a slow, sweeping gesture, but when I step forward all I clasp is empty air. So I know I have never really seen her, nor have I ever received from her a letter. She is the sister



Fra Elbertus
and the little De Luxe.



A Book-binder

of my soul, and for her I write because she understands.

SUCCESS is in the blood. ¶ There are men whom Fate can never keep down—they march jauntily forward, and take by divine right the best of everything that earth affords. But their success is not attained by the Samuel Smiles-Connecticut policy. They do not lie in wait, nor scheme, nor fawn, nor seek to adapt their sails to catch the breeze of popular favor. Still, they are ever alert and alive to any good that may come their way, and when it comes they simply appropriate it, and tarrying not, move steadily on. ¶ Good health! When you go out of doors, draw the chin in, carry the crown of the head high, & fill the lungs to the utmost; greet your friends with a smile, and put soul in every hand clasp. Do not fear being misunderstood; and never waste a minute thinking about

your enemies. Try to fix firmly in your own mind what you would like to do, and then without violence of direction you will move straight to the goal. Fear is the rock on which we split, and hate is the shoal on which many a barque is stranded. When we are fearful, the judgment is as unreliable as the compass of a ship whose hold is full of iron ore; when we hate, we have unshipped the rudder; and if we stop to meditate on what the gossips say, we have allowed a hawser to befoul the screw. ¶ Keep your mind on the great and splendid thing you would like to do; and then, as the days go gliding by, you will find yourself unconsciously seizing upon the

opportunities that are required for the fulfillment of your desire, just as the coral insect takes from the running tide the elements that it needs. Picture in your mind the able, earnest, useful person you desire to be, and the thought you hold is hourly transforming you into that particular individual. Thought is supreme, and to think is often better than

to do. ¶ Preserve a right mental attitude—that of courage, frankness and good cheer. ¶ The only way to get friends is to be one.



HAVE your beautiful things, of course—why not? Encourage the workers in art, and use your money to decorate and beautify, but do not think that these things will benefit you if you join the Social Exodus and make hot haste to put distance between you and those who are less fortunate. Owners of art must build no spite fence!

¶ In Egypt I saw men unearthing stone temples, and no one really knows what god these temples were dedicated to, much less why. The god they sought to serve is as dead as the folks who invented him.

¶ All there is of life is to do our work (which is only play) as well as we can and be kind

HOODLUMISM springs naturally into being, like everything else, when the conditions are ripe. The right conditions are idleness and a lack of incentive toward the higher life. It is said the people talk gossip in the country, but gossip is only the lack of a worthy theme. Having nothing else to talk about, the folks turn & talk of each other; and if they rend characters and rip reputations up the back, it is only

a sign of mental poverty. Get a man interested in poetry, art, sociology, and he talks of these. Set him to work at some useful employment that calls into being his higher faculties—the love of harmony, proportion, color—and his mind will revolve around these things, and of these will he converse. ¶ The cure for hoodlumism is manual training, and an industrial condition that will give the boy or girl work—congenial work—a fair wage, and a share in the honors of making things. Salvation lies in the Proebel methods carried into manhood. You encourage the man in well doing by taking the things he makes, the product of hand and brain,

and pay him for them, supply a practical, worthy ideal and your hoodlum spirit is gone and gone forever. You have awakened the man to a Higher Life—the life of art and usefulness—you have bound him to his race and made him brother to his kind. The world is larger for him—he is doing something—doing something useful: making things that people want. ¶ All

success consists in this: You are doing something for somebody—benefiting humanity; and the feeling of success comes from the consciousness of this. ¶ Interest a person in useful work and you are transforming Chaos into Cosmos. ¶ Blessed is that man who has found his work.

It is a humiliating fact that great men are not capable of transmitting their genius to their sons. ¶ In fact, genius never comes from the father. On the contrary, all the meaner traits of character seem to be supplied to the sons by great men, while the characteristics that have made the father famous are entirely wanting. Truth, honor, courage, are less frequently transmitted from father to son than the baser passions. Physically the same thing is seen. Men of splendid physique, form or stature rarely beget sons of equal perfection. A man will often transmit a disease or a tendency to it, but not a well developed muscular system. Man is a lonely creature. He stands by himself, independent even of the parents who begot him. Even they do not know him. There are recesses in the nature of every person into which no eye ever penetrates. There are traits in his character no glimpse



ALL lovers of books have chums, and the pleasure of reading is to pass this joy along to another. Lovers always read together, and the chief joy of loving a woman is to read to her, or have her read to you. To mix it mentally with a good woman who has phosphorous is paradise enow.

¶ Why should anyone who is free belong? To belong implies that some one has a rope fastened to your foot. And furthermore, I do not want anyone to “belong” to me.

¶ The right conditions for Hoodlumism are idleness and a lack of incentive toward useful effort.

¶ Gossip is only lack of a worthy theme

of which is ever obtained. ¶ Paternity is an insignificant office, after all—really not worth boasting of. ¶ It was a bad blunder of the Ancients to account for genius by saying the man’s father was a god, when the real facts are that the great man is under obligations to his mother for his mental and spiritual heritage. The Roman Catholic has a scientific

basis for what you call “Mariolatry.” Assuming the divinity of the son, it will never do to dispute the divinity of the one who bore him.

SWIMMING uneasily in my Ink Bottle is an Essay on the Benefits & Advantages of Sin. As yet I do not feel competent to fish it out: I am waiting, hoping that some one else will do the task for me. It is a delicate and elusive bit of work, and no matter how well done I know that the man who does it will lay himself open to the frequent charge of being an Advocate of the Devil.

Yet the grim fact remains that sin in very many instances has led the way to Saintship. No woman happily married to the man she loves, ever recognized Divinity Incarnate, breaking over his head the precious ointment of her loyalty and wiping his feet with the hairs of her head. ¶ There is something startling in the truth that the woman who preserves her “virtue” pays a price for the privilege. And where is the preacher who dare face the fact that the “honest” man or woman with fixed income, happily situated, is to a degree insulated from all sympathy and fellowship with the great mass of beings who suffer and endure the slings and arrows of

outrageous fortune. Prosperity is not all prosperity—there is even a penalty in traveling successward, although Samuel Smiles knew it not. Men are only great as they possess sympathy, and that which causes a man to center in himself, taking a satisfaction in the security he has attained for the good things of this world, or another world, is not wholly good.

embracing a world, goes out to and blesses all mankind.

THEY say that love is blind: love perhaps is short sighted, or inclined to strabismus, or sees things all out of their true proportion, magnifying pleasant little ways into seraphic virtues, but love is not really blind—the bandage is never so tight but that it can peep. The only kind of love that is really blind and deaf is Platonic love. Platonic love has n't the slightest idea where it is going, and so there are surprises and shocks in store for it. The other kind, with eyes wide open, is better. I know a man who has tried both. Love is progressive. All things that live should progress. To stand still is to retreat, and to retreat is death. Love dies, of course. All things die, or become something else. And often they become something else by dying. Behold the eternal Paradox! The love that evolves into a higher form is the better kind. Nature is intent on evolution, yet of the myriad of spores that cover earth, most of them are doomed to death; and of the countless rays sent out by the sun, the number that fall athwart this planet are infinitesimal. Edward Carpenter calls attention to the fact that disappointed love, love that is "lost," often affects the individual for the highest good. If it had been attained, imperfections would have been found in it. But now it is in the realm of dreams, forever beyond disappointing. Only dreams are unchanging. Love in its essence is a spiritual emotion, and its office seems to be an interchange of thought and feeling; but often thwarted in its object it becomes general, transforms itself into sympathy, and



THE average man is a victim of Arrested Development—the passing years bring an increase of knowledge only in very exceptional cases. Health and prosperity are not pure blessings—a certain element of discontent usually seems necessary to spur men on to a higher life

THERE seems ever to have been a tendency on the part of small philosophers to divide humanity up into classes. We are set down as good or bad, great or ordinary, bond or free, learned or illiterate, aristocrat or plebeian, homely or handsome, saved or damned. In addition to these classes we have the masses. The masses are the great undissolved residuum—the people who go about their business and neither pray on the street corners nor preach from rooftops. To them babes are born and the wires flash no news; they visit, but the society columns are not burdened with names of their friends; they die and bulletins give no sign. Yet it might be difficult to find a man who at the tribunal of his own heart would confess that he belonged to the masses. We talk glibly about giving a helping hand to the masses, elevating the masses, never once admitting that we, like all others, are but a molecule in God's masses. And a peculiar thing about this is that the men who talk most about "elevating the masses" are often puny little fellows who themselves are merely pensioners on a patient world. If there is any better way to help the masses than by going quietly about your work and setting us a good example, I have not yet seen it. Each man thinks his own experience unique, peculiar, distinctive: he belongs to a class, of course, but a very small and select class; just as all lovers are sure that such love as theirs never before existed, except mayhap on the stage or in a book. And thus adown the centuries from the days of Solomon and his Shulamite shepherdess, lovers have strolled hand in hand, chanting the lovers' lityny, "love like ours can never die." And so we are all labeled and pigeonholed, done up into bundles, and those that cannot

be disposed of handily are dumped into the masses. But if we snatch from Kronos a little leisure and think it over, we will find that all things are comparative: there is no standard of goodness, nor of greatness, nor of freedom, nor of beauty, nor of aristocracy, and the man we think is saved is only partially saved, and the person whom we chalk-mark "damned," may welcome us in Heaven, if by chance we should ever get there.

All conditions are transient; life is in a state of flux; classes are to a large extent a matter of clothes; and caste is an idea founded on a false hypothesis & in the world's march is often toppled by a mob between cockcrow and sun-up. The gradations we seem to see are more apparent than real. On close inspection we find the great man is not so great as we thought, and the stupid man not quite so dull as he appeared.

AS the Cross for eighteen hundred years has been a sacred emblem, and the gallows since John Brown, glorious; and as the word Quaker, flung in impotent and impudent wrath, now stands for gentleness, peace and truth, so has the word Philistine become a synonym for manly intelligence. ¶ In Literature, he is a Philistine who seeks to express his personality in his own way. A true Philistine is one who brooks no let nor hindrance from the tip-staffs of letters, who creating nothing themselves, yet are willing for a consideration to show others how. These men strive hard to reduce all life to a geometrical theorem and its manifestations to an algebraic formula. But life is greater than a college professor, and so far its mysteries, having given the slip to all the creeds, are still at large. My individual hazard at truth is as legitimate as yours. The self-appointed beadles of letters demand that we shall neither smile nor sleep while their Presiding Elders drone, but we plead in the World's Assize for the privilege

of doing both. ¶ In Art we ask for the widest, freest and fullest liberty for Individuality—that's all!



THE spirit grows through exercise of its faculties, just as a muscle grows strong through use. Expression is necessary to life. Life is expression, and repression is stagnation—

death. ¶ Yet there is right expression and wrong expression. If a man permits his life to run riot, and only the animal side of his nature is allowed to express itself, he is repressing his highest and best, and therefore the qualities not used atrophy and die. ¶ Men

THAT man only is great who utilizes the blessings that God provides; and of these blessings no gift equals the gentle, trusting companionship of a good woman.

¶ I expect to see the day when school-teachers will not be supplied with a beautiful scarcity of everything but hard work

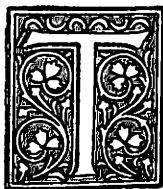
are punished by their sins, not for them. Sensuality, gluttony and the life of license repress the life of the spirit, and the soul never blossoms; and this is what it is to lose one's soul. ¶ Every religion is made up of two elements that never mix any more than oil and water mix. A religion is a mechanical mixture, not a chemical combination, of morality and dogma. Dogma is the science of the unseen: the doctrine of the unknown and the unknowable.

The question is as live to-day as it was two thousand years ago—what expression is best? This is, what shall we do to be saved? and concrete absurdity consists in saying we must all do the same thing. Whether the race will ever grow to a point where men will be willing to leave the matter of Life-Expression to the individual, is a question; but the Millennium will never arrive until men cease trying to compel all other men to think and live after one pattern. ¶ Most people are anxious to do what is best for themselves and least harmful for others. The average man now has intelligence enough: Utopia is not far off, if the self-appointed folk who govern us, and teach us for a consideration, would only be willing to do unto others as they would be done by, that is to say, mind their own business, and cease coveting things

that belong to other people. War among the nations and strife among individuals is a result of the covetous spirit to possess either power or things, or both. A little more patience, and little more charity for all, a little more devotion, a little more love; with less bowing down to the past, and a silent ignoring of pretended authority; a brave looking forward to the future, with more confidence in ourselves and more faith in our fellows, and the race will be ripe for a great burst of light and life.

In philosophy there is an apostolic succession. We build on the past, and all the centuries of turmoil & travail which have gone on before have made this moment possible. Never has there been any such thing as "the fall of man"; for the march of the race has been one continual climb—a movement onward and upward. ¶ The man who has dared to think for himself and voiced his thought—the emancipated man—has been as one in a million. But now he is everywhere. Liberty is contagious, and so is good health. ¶ We live in wondrous times—evolution is everywhere at work, and at work for better things.

¶ NO longer need it be concealed that in Switzerland you can purchase copies and models of Thorwaldsen's "Lion of Lucerne." Some are in marble, some in granite, some in bronze, and at my hotel in Lucerne we used to have the noble beast on the table every day at breakfast done in butter. But most of the reproductions are in wood—all sizes, from heroic mold to watch charms and bangles. Sculptors have carved this lion, painters have painted it, artists have sketched it, but did you ever see a reproduction of "The Lion of Lucerne?"



HAT the men and women of wealth and culture who are deliberately making their homes among the poor are as one to ten thousand, compared with the "sudden rich" who are making frantic efforts to get away from all smirching contact with plain people, there is no doubt: but the claim that money gives us the right to monopolize the beautiful things of earth, and the gentle qualities of heart, no longer goes unchallenged. The culture that is kept close smells to high heaven: only running water is pure

No, Dearie, you never did. No model has a trace of that indefinable look of pain, that soulful, human quality which the original has. No, not one—all are caricatures.

An intelligent young woman called my attention to the fact that the psychological conditions under which we view "The Lion" are the most subtle and complete that man can

devise; & these are the things that add the last touch to art & cause us to stand speechless, & which make the unbidden tears start. The little lake at the foot of the cliff prevents a too near approach; the overhanging vines and "melancholy boughs" form a dim shade; the falling water seems like the playing of an organ in a vast cathedral, and last, the position of the lion itself, against the solid cliff, partakes of the miraculous. It is not set up there for people

to look at; it is a part of the mountain and the great seams of the strata running through the figure lend the spirit of miracle to it all. It seems as though God, Himself, had done the work and the surprise and joy of discovery are ours, as we stand before it, uncovered. ¶ One must concede the masterly framing and hanging of the picture, but beyond this is the technical skill giving the look of woe that does not tell of weakness, as woe usually does, but strength and loyalty and death without flinching in a righteous cause—symbolic of the Swiss Guard that died at their posts, not one of the three hundred wavering, there at the King's Palace at Versailles—all dead and turned to dust a century past, and this dead lion mutely pleading for our tears! ¶ We pay the tribute.

And the reason we are moved is because we partake of the emotions of the artist when he did the work; and the reason we are not

moved by any model or imitation is because there is no feeling in the heart of the imitator. Great art is born of feeling—high, intense and holy feeling. In order to do, you must feel.

KNOW a man who studies Matthew Henry's Commentary three hours every day and can show you the error

of your way in five languages. During the past year he has read one hundred and sixteen books. In his library there are three thousand volumes & he knows them all. This man declares that Emerson's influence on the world has been for evil; that Darwin was an infidel, & that Froebel, who taught of the divinity of all children, was a lunatic. And be it known this man has read Emerson, Darwin & Froebel, too, so his opinions cannot be accounted for on the ground

of illiteracy. This gentleman claims that a person who cannot read Hebrew is in no position to judge whether the story of Jonah and the Whale is literally true or not. When he explains (and this gentleman explains a great deal) he clouds intelligibility in pompous, portentous, polysyllabic garrulity. He receives a salary of nine hundred dollars per year—just the amount the New York Central pays its locomotive firemen—and will never be able to earn more; he is cold, unsympathetic, harsh and unfeeling, and therefore unprogressive. His intellect is proof against a new idea and his soul calloused 'gainst all sublime emotion. He calls hell God's justice and peoples Tophet with the folks he does n't like. As a teacher he has no magnetism; he is not an orator; and as a writer he possesses no style. His pen has never brought him a dollar and never can, for in literature there is no market for the

dead and rotten. He badgers boys, quarrels with girls, quibbles with women, holds long arguments with busy men, stopping them on street corners, and offends innocent elderly persons by inquiring as to their fitness for death. ¶ Now the question is, what avails our boasted educational system that can turn out such a product as this?—a man who can

speak Greek, Latin, Hebrew, German & English; who holds degrees from three colleges, and yet at the last is only a dam fool!

LT requires two to make a home. The first home was made when a woman, cradling in her loving arms a baby, crooned a lullaby.

All the tender sentimentality we throw around a place is the result of the sacred thought that we live there with some one else. It is our home. The home is a tryst—the place where we retire and shut the world out. Lovers make a home just as birds make a nest, & unless a man knows the spell of the divine passion I hardly see how he can have a home at all. He only rents a room

ancient as Aristophanes and recent as Mr. Hamlin Garland. Armistices are sometimes agreed upon, but the battle again rages sooner or later. ¶ The difference between Realism and Impressionism is that one describes the thing, while the other only suggests it. Impressionism makes you think; Realism does the thinking for you.

Not long ago I saw a picture which seemed to me to be Impressionism of the pure type. It was a canvas thirty-six by fifty inches, entitled, "Waiting." It showed a woman seated on the sands of the sea. The woman's back is towards us and over her head is held tightly a tattered shawl. A bulge to the right of the shawl tells that within her arms the woman holds a child. You do not see the child, yet you know 't is there—hugged closely to the mother's heart. You do not see the woman's face, but you know that she is looking out upon the restless, tossing tide;

IN literature, as in all art, there are two separate & distinct schools. Just now one school is called Realism and the other Impressionism. These schools have been known by several names, but the thing itself is ever the same: and between these schools there is an endless war. The fight is as

and you know that she is waiting for a ship that will never return. ¶ However, if you have never waited for a footstep that shall never come, and listened long for a voice that shall never more be heard, the picture will mean little to you. But if you have lived and suffered and known and felt, you will see despair written large across the dull, threatening grey of that sky; and wrecked hopes in every curve and line of the angry waves; & the long monotonous stretch of yellow sands will speak to you of a hope that never dies, and the bulge in the shawl will tell of a love that is stronger than death.

AND so Bacchante has danced away into history and left Boston to her beans and books. Beautiful bronze representing some of the most delicate lines of harmony & graceful motion caused "wicked thoughts," says Mr. Lucy Stone Blackwell in the *Herald*. This being true, of course Bacchante had to dance onward or wear a teagown. Mr. Blackwell points to the Shaw Memorial and says there's art and virtue, too. Yes, armed men marching southward with swords drawn and bayonets in place may represent virtue—the Czar's idea of virtue. I also understand that General Weyler prefers the Shaw Memorial to Bacchante. But why could n't Boston have both? Well, I'll tell you why: War is a thing—a grim, wild, savage thing. War means to march and shoot and stab and

strike, and these are actions all can comprehend; but Bacchante is an idea, a thought, a phantasy, a chord of music half forgotten—a dream. Boston cannot dream, therefore Bacchante was not for Boston. And bear in mind the subject under discussion is Art not Shaw—for Shaw, the man, all honor; but the Shaw Memorial represents the rudimentary barbarism that lingers in the lap of Boston. What's that—"And so does Bacchante?" God bless my soul! perhaps she does—how serious we are getting!

BEINGS hopelessly separated from us are not ours: a god we cannot love, a man we may. Love implies a certain equality; it also implies an insufficiency, a desire unsatisfied, a wish not gratified, a hope unfulfilled, a prayer unanswered. Love asks the help of another, it demands the sympathy of one with whom we may walk hand in hand; it means frailty, and paradoxically, it means strength, for only as we admit our insufficiency can we gain power. We win by abandonment. Alone a man is only a leaf in the storm, but to love and be loved is to ally ourselves with the powers of Nature: to be grappled to our kind, and through them to the Universe, with hoops of steel. Thus is weakness allied with strength.

¶ The voice should be the sounding-board of the soul

from the times when self-preservation made clanship a necessity. The strife of existence set every man's hand against every other and to stand against a greater foe clanship came in, and certain men swore to other men fealty and fidelity. The line of cleavage is purely social affinity, but men say it is because one believes in baptism by immersion and the other by a touch of the forefinger.

ary barbarism that lingers in the lap of Boston. What's that—"And so does Bacchante?" God bless my soul! perhaps she does—how serious we are getting!

MAN'S actions may be right but his reasons for these actions, never. ¶ We band ourselves with our kind in a social way because it is the law of our nature, & then we conceal ourselves from ourselves by giving a reason. A religious denomination is an excuse for certain people forming a little social community. I have no fault to find with the action: I only point out the phenomenon. It is an instinct implanted deep in the heart of humanity, and has come to us adown the ages

The excuse is accepted seriously by both parties and henceforth you have two institutions instead of one. And the only thing that will ever remove that artificial idea that one kind of baptism is right and another wrong is social affinity. Women's Clubs are everywhere breaking down sectarian lines and lessening faith in "justification" and "original sin," simply because Presby-

terian women find that Unitarian women are companionable. And we have always known that whenever a stalwart young Baptist falls in love with a charming young Methodist, either one or the other will soon shed all conscientious denominational scruples concerning tweedledee and tweedledum. If men will ever grow great enough so that they no longer fear other men, & feel at home with all their kind, instead of merely with a few, then will sect disappear, for sectarianism is only a masked religious vendetta. The vendetta never had a sufficient excuse, although, of course, it ever thinks it has; and anything in this day that separates man from man is

not just right. ¶ Many of the items of beliefs that have kept men apart are now considered unknowable or merely fancies. Since the scientific method has displaced the theological, it is found that there are certain laws for men's welfare and growth that may be disclosed by observation and investigation more than by "inspiration." Man will always be separated from man until their interests are identical.

ALL down the ages society has made the mistake of crucifying its Saviors between thieves. That is to say, society has recognized in the Savior a dangerous quality—something about him akin to a thief, and his career has been cut short. ¶ We have telephones and trolley cars, yet we have not traveled far into the realm of

spirit, and our X-ray has given us no insight into the heart of things. ¶ Should the Savior come today and preach the same gospel that He taught before, society would see that His experience was repeated.

Society is so dull and dense, so lacking in spiritual vision, so dumb and so beast-like that it does not know the difference between a thief and the only begotten Son. ¶ In a frantic effort to forget its hollowness it takes to ping-pong, parchesi and progressive euchre, & seeks to lose itself and find a solace in tiddleywinks. Now and then it blinks stupidly and cries, "Away with Him!" or it stops its game long enough to pass gall and vinegar on a spear to One it has thrust beyond the

IHAVE noticed that in households where a strap hangs behind the kitchen door, ready for use, it is not utilized so much for pure discipline as to ease the feelings of the parent. They say that expression is a need of the human heart; and I am also convinced that in many hearts there is a very strong desire at times to "thrash" some one. Who it is makes little difference, but children being helpless and the law giving us the right, we find gratification by falling upon them with straps, birch rods, slippers, ferrules, hair brushes or apple-tree sprouts. ¶ No student of pedagogics now believes that the free use of the rod ever made a child "good," but all agree that it has often served as a safety valve for pent up emotion in parent & teacher. ¶ Salvation lies in carrying the Froebel methods into manhood

pale. For the woman who has loved much, society has but one verdict: Crucify her! The best and the worst are hanged on one tree. In the abandon of a great love there is a God-like quality which places a woman very close to the holy of holies, and yet such a one, not having complied with society's edicts, is thrust out, and society, Pilate-like, washes its hands in innocence.

WHAT IS TRUTH? Man seeks happiness: all men seek happiness. There is no other goal or intent in life; and whether men seek it through license or asceticism, through selfishness or sacrifice, it is the one eternal quest. ¶ There is no other aim in life for any man or any woman than this — happiness. Even the suicide seeks happiness, his act that slips the cable of existence, being always an attempt to flee from misery — which is the opposite pole from that of happiness.

In man's search for happiness his perceptions pass thro' three separate distinct forms of reason. The first and lowest form is rather

a condition of un-reason than reason. The man does not yet comprehend that life is a sequence, that this happens to-day because that happened yesterday — that effect follows cause. He seeks happiness, and he wants it now. He knows nothing of the pleasures of anticipation, the beauty of patience, the splendid reward for self-control.

The lowest type in this stage is represented by the savage. Mrs. General Custer tells of a certain band of Sioux Indians that were being conducted to a reservation by a regiment of soldiers. A hard march was ahead, and this was fully explained to all. Two days' rations were dealt out to soldiers and captives alike. Immediately on receiving their rations, the Indians squatted on the ground and ate the two days' rations at a sitting. Some were unable to move; others were sick, and the march was delayed until these found relief. The soldiers, of course, stowed the eatables in their haversacks, and pieced them out so as to last. ¶ The Indian knows no such thing as restraint — if he gets hold of whiskey he drinks until he falls down stupefied: hence the laws against selling strong drink to Red Men. The Indian banks no fuel against the winter — in fact, he is surprised that winter should ever come again. He prays the Great Spirit to prolong the Indian Sum-

mer indefinitely, and expects his prayer to be answered. ¶ The difference between a great many white men and the Indian, in this matter of reckoning consequences, is slight. Men give notes, hoping and half expecting they will never come due. They draw health drafts upon futurity and hope to evade payment. The sight is common of men in full

dress, wearing diamonds in their shirt bosoms, carrying two watches where one would answer the purpose, drinking champagne like water and wooing the means of debility & disease, forgetful of the morrow.

¶ Still other men, a little higher up the scale, but still in this First Stage of Rea-

NO literature that is not filled with this subtle suggestiveness, flavored as it were with unuttered feeling, can live. Great literature ever casts a mysterious purple shadow.

¶ The Millennium will never come until governments cease from governing, and the meddler is at rest.

son (or un-reason) will care for their physical health, collect fuel against the coming winter, materially provide for the rainy day, but will leave their whole spiritual acreage a tangle of briars and brambles. They will study statute law so as to keep on the right side of the sheriff, and yet deal in subterfuge, trickery, untruth, and play hide-and-seek with the decalog, expecting to go unpunished.

¶ They do not know that to enslave another is to have one end of the chain riveted to your own wrist. They do not know that to cheat another is to cheat yourself. They do not know that nothing can be concealed or hidden, and that everything, good or bad, reacts on the doer, and that men are punished by their sins, not for them.

They are a little higher in intelligence than the savage, but still in the First Stage — they seek happiness by appropriation. They plot, plan, connive, scheme, and hold back a part of the price, with intent of, and in the hope of securing a personal and exclusive good — that is to say, happiness.

The Second Stage is the Period of Virtue. The man has caught glimpses into the Law of Consequences. He knows that headache follows debauch, that satiety follows license, that notes come due, and that there is a palpable difference between right and wrong.

That is, in fact, his distinguishing feature—he knows right from wrong. He thinks much on this subject, he talks about it, writes about it, preaches about it—right and wrong. He separates this from that, eschews evil and cleaves to that which is good: his life is given up to separating good from bad, and all that which he thinks is good he desires to appropriate, and what he thinks is bad he discards. ¶ If he has the power he passes laws forbidding under severe penalties this, that & the other. He sees that certain things are “sins” & so he would stamp them out. He knows what is best (or he thinks he does), and for the good of men he would restrain

them, and compel them to follow in the straight and narrow path. Such were the Puritans, the Huguenots, the early Methodists and all that excellent class that exists now and has always existed, known as Primitive Christians. You may know the people of the Second Stage by the propensity to separate the good from the bad. They divide the days into secular and sacred; they have buildings that are “sacred”; and rites, ceremonies and functions that are “holy.” They even have Holy Men who are supposed to be close to the Throne of God, and these men “intercede” in behalf of others who have very small influence, if any, with Deity.

¶ Men in this Second Stage believe that God loves some men more than others, that he hates certain people, and that some souls will be “saved” and others “lost.” They are always separating good from bad, right from wrong, sheep from goats, angels from devils, virtue from vice, learned from ignorant, sinful from righteous, truth from error.

Lincoln once arose (and he used to arise a joint at a time) to reply to the learned counsel on the other side. He began by telling of a steamboat that used to run on the Sangamon. The boiler of this boat was so small and its whistle so big, that when it whistled it could n't run, and when it was running it

could n't whistle. “So it is with my learned friend,” said Lincoln. “When he thinks, he cannot talk, and when he begins to talk, he leaves off thinking.” ¶ This story applies to many good people in Stage Two that we are now considering. They cannot love virtue without hating vice, and finally they find so much to avoid that most of their time is spent



HERE is no perfect expression for thought, only an attempt at expression. This is done by means of symbols appealing to the senses. He who conveys highest emotions by the fewest symbols is the greater artist.

¶ All men are my brothers, not just those who belong

indignation”; so in spite of their undoubted honesty and deep sincerity, they are dangerous if given unlimited power. They hate the wrong more than they love the right, so in many instances there is more hate than love in their characters: the entire fabric of their lives is stained with hate.

Happily this class has many lines of cleavage, and so separates into denominations, sects and clans that hold each other in check.

¶ Carlyle tells of a certain village in the dominion of Peter the Great where a few Catholic families dwelt. The “best citizens” felt that these Catholics were a menace to the well-being of the place, as “they were worshipers of images and hopelessly given over to popery.” So, for the good of the place, and the Glory of God, the first citizens sent a commission to the King asking permission to kill the Catholics.

The King heard their prayer and agreed to give them the desired permission, provided they would agree to his giving other Catholics permission to kill them.

“Oh, but your Majesty,” replied the Commissioners, “there is a difference—you seem to forget that we are in possession of the True Faith!” ¶ Men in this Second Stage live a life of struggle—they wrestle with the spirit for a blessing, they struggle with the

in shunning things. It is as if Lincoln's Sangamon steamboat had spent most of its time blowing its whistle, in which case it would have made no progress. ¶ These men cannot love virtue without hating vice—their detestation of wrong evolves in them a mood which they call “righteous

world of wrong; and they tussle with the demon within. They believe that their own natures are rooted in evil, and to eradicate this devil within is the chief thought of their lives. Their energies are given over, in great degree, to "resisting temptation." They are abstainers, and to abstain from certain things they think constitutes "virtue." Their lives are largely negative, not positive; and to suppress & repress they believe is the duty of every one. In fact, the idea of "duty" is strong upon them: Duty is the thing you desire to do, but you pretend you don't, because you want a special reward for doing it.

The First Stage does not distinguish between right & wrong.

¶ The distinguishing feature of the Second Stage is, it separates right from wrong.

The Third Stage resembles the First to the uninitiated, for it does not seek to separate right from wrong. It recognizes that at the base of evil lies good; and that right and wrong are relative terms & easily shift places. It believes more in the goodness of bad people than the bad-

ness of good people. It sees that sin is mis-directed energy, and also that often through sin do men reach the light, and it recognizes that that which teaches cannot be wholly bad.

¶ Of course, these Three Stages, that I have outlined, are to a degree arbitrary classifications, for they all overlap more or less, and a man may be in one stage one day and in another the next. Yet true types of Stages

Number One and Number Two exist on every hand, and can easily be recalled by all observing men. Stage Number Three is not so sharply defined; men in this class are often unknown to those nearest them, and to the uninitiated they are sometimes pigeon-holed with Class One—they are branded "infidels." But you need not be disturbed

by this, for if you have read history you know that the "infidel" has often been a person with faith plus. ¶ He is ahead of his fellows, when they are quite sure he is behind. ¶ The true type of man in Stage Three believes in all religions and in all gods. He sympathizes with every sect, but belongs to none. He recognizes that every religion is a prayer for Light and a reaching out for help. He recognizes that there is good in all, and that a man's "god" is the highest concept of what he would like to be—his god is himself at his best, and his devil is himself at his worst. ¶ Yet the wise man does not cavil at this multiplicity of beliefs and strife of sects. For himself he would much prefer a reli-



N If you start and move in a direct line, and keep moving, you will go around the world—eventually coming back to the place of beginning. Life is a spiral and all things move in circles; and yet if you ask the man he will tell you he is moving straight ahead, for his senses (very fallacious things) tell him so. Drunkards make good temperance cranks; temperance cranks drunkards. Ascetics turn libertine in an hour; and libertines, who have exhausted their capacity to sin, make zealous ascetics. Thus we see that the opposite of things are alike and the things that are different are, in fact, often the same.

¶ God only calculates on each man being himself, and the presumption originally was that he would be honest. The Universe is not planned for duplicity

gion that would unite men, not divide them. ¶ Yet he perceives that denominations represent stages of development in the onward and upward spiral of existence. There is much clay in their formation, and all are in a seething state of unrest; but each is doing its work in ministering to a certain type of mind. Birds moult their feathers because they are growing better feathers; and so in

time will these same "orthodox" believers gladly moult the opinions for which they once stood ready to fight.

The wise man not only believes in all religions, but in all men—good, bad, ignorant, the weak, the strong. He recognizes that night is as necessary as day; that all seasons are good; and that all weather is beautiful. The fierce blowing wind purifies the air, just as the running water purifies itself.

Each & everything is a part of the great Whole. We are brother to the bird, the animal, the tree and the flower. Life is everywhere—even in the rocks—"a square foot of sod contains at least two hundred separate forms of existence," said Grant Allen. Life is everywhere, and it is all one Life, and we are particles of it. ¶ Of all human reason none is more valuable than that higher understanding which always comprehends that in nature mistakes are not made; and that all seeming errors of men—the so-called "sins" are stepping stones that can be used to reach a higher good. ¶ And this Life is good. ¶ Every truth

is a paradox, and every strong man supplies the argument for his own undoing; each truth is only a half truth—and the statement of truth always involves a contradiction. Wise men realize these things, and so they cease to quibble. They know you can explain nothing to any one—if the man does not already know it, your anxious efforts to make him see will all be vain and futile.

Every man does what he does because he, at the moment, thinks it is the best thing for him to do. He believes he makes a choice, but the truth is, his nature succumbs to the strongest attraction; and he is as much under the dominion of natural laws as if he were pure oxygen or nitrogen. Schopenhauer once said that if you saw a stone rolling down hill

and you should stop it and ask it why it rolled down hill, if it had conscious life, it would undoubtedly answer, "I roll down hill because I choose to." ¶ Any man of certain temperament, who has had certain experiences, & is possessed of certain qualities, will always do a certain thing under certain conditions. And if you can find another like him, he will also do exactly the same thing as the first under like conditions. ¶ Knowing all these things, the man of wisdom does not blame anybody for anything. ¶ He may pity, but he does not attempt to punish, for he knows that the Law of Consequences sees that exact justice is done to every one, and he never makes the mistake of supposing that he is divine-



WE reap as we sow. We hear that quite often, don't we? But it is only a half-truth, for not only do we reap as we sow but we reap as other men have sown. We are heirs to the past—its good and ill, and all the millions of men who have gone before us have for us prepared the way. Not only do we reap the ripe grain that others have planted, but our bare and bleeding feet tread the thistles sown by those long dead. I have n't much power, but I have power enough, if I choose, to make several hundred people think this earth is hell. I can make them reap the nettles that I sow.

¶ There is no such thing as a new truth. Truth is as old as fate. There is no plural Truth—there is only the one Truth, and this is very old and very simple. All wise men have known it

ly appointed to act the part of a Section of the Day of Judgment. He will influence if he can—he will reform, educate and lead out, but he will not try to repress or chastise. ¶ His life will be one long pardon; one inexhaustible pity; one infinite love, and therefore, one infinite strength.

Anchorage is what most people pray for, when what we really need is God's great

open sea. The command, "Sail on, and on, and on, and on!" comes only to those who are in Stage Three, or the Stage of Enlightenment. ¶ It is almost too much to expect that the period of insight and perfect poise should be more than transient. Yet it does exist, and there is no reason why it should not in time become a habit of life. Most Free

Souls who have reached this state of "Cosmic Consciousness," will testify that insight came first as a thrill, and the periods then gradually extended as mastery became complete. It was a matter of growth—an evolution. ¶ Yet growth never proceeds at an even, steady pace, either in the realm of spirit or matter. There are bursts and bounds, throes and throbs, and then times of apparent inaction. But this inaction is only a gathering together of forces for the coming leap—the fallow years are just as natural, just as necessary as the years of plenty. ¶ "Who shall relieve me of the body of this death?" cried the Prophet. He had in mind the ancient custom of punishing the murderer by chaining to him the dead body of his victim. Wherever the man went he had to drag the putrefying corpse—he could not disentangle himself from the result of his evil act. No more horrible punishment could possibly be devised; but Nature has a plan of retribution that is very much akin to it. What more terrible than this: The evil thing you do shall at once become an integral part of what you are. ¶ You cannot escape it—no concealment is possible, you are what you are on account of what you have done.

¶ The man who imagined that scene of the "final judgment" where the righteous file into paradise and the wicked are tumbled into perdition, had a certain conception of

life. And this conception was that separation of good people from bad—with an impassable gulf between, was a good thing. Yet the man to whom is attributed this parable did not believe in extrication, for his life was a living protest against it. He deliberately associated with so-called bad people, and surely had more love for the sinner than he had for

the righteous. ¶ The Law of Consequences works in both ways: by association with the sinner and recognizing the good in him, you unconsciously recognize the good in yourself. The love you give away is the love you keep—by benefiting another you benefit yourself. ¶ The thought of getting safely out of the world has no part in life of the Enlightened Man—to live fully while here is his problem—one world at a time is enough for him. ¶ He believes



H E chief offense of some philosophers is, that the world as it is does not please them. They are like a guest who yawns and scowls and sneers: he is quite determined he will not have a good time, and what is more, he will not allow others to.

All lawyers are officers of the Court—servants of the Goddess, who being blind, never sees anything of their little lapses.

¶ Kindness is something we receive and have to pass along in order to keep it

that that which is good here is good in every star, and the Power that is caring for him Now will not forsake him Then.

W HEN I tell my little girl about the First Man and the First Woman who lived in a Beautiful Garden and were perfectly happy until they disobeyed God, she says, "Oh, why did n't they mind what He said?" And then she throws her arms about my neck and assures me that she will always do just what I wish her to. So she confuses me with Deity, and gives us the first hint of ancestor worship, for I am the biggest and strongest and best man she knows. ¶ Every one obeys me, goodness, they have to—well, I guess so! ¶ And as the years go by and count themselves with the eternity that lies behind, I shall not be here; and she will do as I have done and as you have done—stand by an open grave and ask in anguish, "If a

man die shall he live again?" And the falling clods will give no sign and the winds that sigh and sob through the trees will make no reply; but hope and love will answer, yes.

and seers of earth. They are in the camp of her whom the church has so long feared and fought—science.

IT is the Scientist who now takes off his shoes, knowing that the place whereon he stands is holy ground. Science is reverent, & speaks with lowered voice, for she has caught glimpses of mysteries undefinable and thoughts have come to her that are beyond speech. Science cultivates the receptive heart and the hospitable mind, and her prayer is for more light, and to this prayer the answer is even now arriving.

Of course I know that there has ever been a tendency in the church to persecute the man who believed too much and to cry anathema upon the one who had faith plus. The men and women of transcendent soul and luminous spirit have ever had to make their way, not only against the public, but against the majority in the church; and usually the church has been their bitterest enemy and most clamorous detractor. In the church there has ever been a struggle between the cold clammy spirit of materialism and the saints, poets, prophets and mystics. But the materialists have now ousted the saints as the cuckoo does the thrush. Materialism has won and the day has come when the church must be awarded the palm; for the proud triumph is hers of holding a monopoly on disbelief, doubt and denial. ¶ And when Dr. Edward Everett Hale, at the grave of Oliver Wendell Holmes, called attention to the fact that the five great poets of America were all outside the pale of the orthodox church, he could truthfully have added, and so are all poets, prophets, saints



HAT was a fool wish of Bobby Burns—quite in keeping with his going up to Edinburgh and having his heart broken by vain striving after things for which he had no use. ¶ Let a man once see himself as others see him and all enthusiasm vanishes from his heart; and when that is gone he might as well die at once, for enthusiasm is the one necessary ingredient in the recipe for doing good work.

¶ I expect to see the day when no school-teacher will have more than

YES, yes, I am a Zionist. I long to be a citizen of the Eternal City of fine minds. I would belong to that brotherhood that cultivates the receptive heart and the generous mind.

My neighbors are often hundreds of miles apart. ¶ They are the men & women of earth who think and feel and dream, & ask themselves each morning, What is Truth? We think better of Pilate for his question. To meet a god face to face and not ask would have betokened complete imbecility. But Jesus did not answer,—He could n't. All truth is relative, and that message which comes out of the great Silence to you can only be interpreted to another who, too, has listened and heard. Yes, let us all be Zionists and dwell in the New Jerusalem of Celestial Truth.

¶

IT often happens that the man we call "infidel" is one with faith plus. Persecutor and martyr are cut off of one piece, and shift places very easily—it's all a question of transient power.

And so, viewing the question on all sides, it seems to me that Ali Baba, the alleged Corner Grocery Infidel, is at the last, a man of deep religious conviction, although he himself is not in the least aware of it. Surely the Kingdom of God does not consist in the rigid observance of any set of petty forms—it is a condition of the spirit. In actual life my friend practices every Christian duty. He cheerfully does every duty that lies nearest him. He is kind, generous, industrious, tireless in well-doing, honest. His life is one of

absolute simplicity. He is the friend of children, a lover of animals, and ever you will find him on the side of the weak, the defenseless and the oppressed. He enters heartily into life, partakes moderately of all good things, and his heart-attitude is one of gratitude, generosity and shining truth.

To do good is his religion. And if it should ever happen that you fell among robbers & were beaten sore & left for dead, and Ali Baba passed that way, he would not only bind up your wounds and take you to a place of safety, but would see the Good Samaritan and go him one better by organizing a posse of farmers and going in hot pursuit of the thieves. ¶ Ali Baba has been my faithful helper for near a score of years. His fidelity has given me days of rest that otherwise would have been impossible; he has added to my material gains; and his cheerful example of doing the thing that ought to be done, without thought of

reward or special favor, has been to me a continual inspiration. ¶ At times when those I thought were friends proved cold and calloused, and the way was dark with uncertainty, and all my plans seemed vanishing in mist, I have taken fresh courage when I thought of one who lives content with small means, talks gently, acts frankly, bears all cheerfully and does all bravely—for such is Ali Baba of East Aurora, Erie Co., N. Y.

ONCE there was a man who lived in France. And the man was n't very rich or very poor—but just comfortable. He lived in a snug house of five rooms.

And one day there came word that the Emperor would journey that way and the man's wife thought it would be a fine thing to entertain the Emperor, for it would give the family Distinction. And so the man and the wife took all their earnings and hired masons and carpenters and made four of the rooms into a *Salon*. They also put in a marble staircase and big mirrors

& bought much fine Furniture. And all the time they and their children huddled in one room. So they waited for the Emperor. They waited a month—two—three—six.

¶ But the Emperor did not come, and in fact he never came, but a revolution did, for this occurred in France, and a mob cut off the Emperor's head. ¶ Moral: Don't starve your soul and body lying in wait for Social Honors—they may never come—and if they should, are not comparable in value to peace of mind.



A RAZOR with which you cannot shave may have better metal in it than one with a perfect edge. One has been sharpened and the other not. I am very sure that the men who write best do not necessarily know the most; fate has put an edge on them—that's all. A good kick may start a stone rolling, when otherwise it rests on the mountain side for a generation.

¶ Hate hurts worse the man who nurses it; all selfishness robs the mind of its divine insight and cheats the soul that would know.

¶ So long as governments set the example of killing their enemies, private individuals will occasionally kill theirs

I THINK I'll start a crusade for the re-

formation of reformers. I am fully persuaded that our besetting sin, as a people, is neither intemperance nor unchastity, but plain pretense. We are not frank and honest with ourselves nor with each other. The disposition to cheapen and adulterate and get the start of our fellows is the universal habit of commerce and society. We are copper cents trying to pass for half dollars. My suggestion is that for a whole year we let the heathen rest, resign all public work in the Personal Purity League, and declare a vacation in the W. C. T. U. Then each man and woman set a guard over his own spirit and try to be greater than he who taketh a city. In other

words, practice the old, plain, simple virtues of gentleness, charity and honesty, doing unto others as we would they would do unto us. By this method we would not have to talk so much and do so much, and so could think and rest. I'm sure it would be better for our nerves—and possibly just as well for the heathen and drunkard. Stop this violent running to and fro, and be simple & honest—only for a year! And then possibly at the end of that time we could sit in the presence of each other and besilent without being uncomfortable.

AND I wish to say right here that the individual that does a great and magnificent work is on close and friendly terms with God. He is the son of God, and it is necessary that he should feel this kinship in order to do his work. From Moses, the called of God, on up to Socrates, who listened to the Demon, to George Fox, who heeded the Voice,

to the Prophets of our own time, all lie low in the Lord's hand and listen closely ere they act. A man is strong only when he feels that he is backed by a Power, not his own, that makes for Righteousness.

When I think of these brave souls, the Saviours of the World, who have sought to lead men out of the captivity of evil,—feeling and knowing that they were the sons of God—I stand uncovered. But a mass of people—a crowd, a mob,—that claims to be a "Chosen People," is a sight to make angels weep. "You cannot indict a class," said Macaulay; corporations have no souls, and a horde that claims to be inspired is only a howling cow-

ardly Thing. Great men are ever lonely and live apart, but birds of a feather flock together because they fear to flock alone. They want warmth and protection—they are afraid.



OUT in the great world women occasionally walk off the dock in the darkness, and then struggle for life in the deep waters. Society jigs & ambles by, with a coil of rope, but before throwing it, demands of the drowning one a certificate of character from her Pastor, or a letter of recommendation from her Sunday School Superintendent, or a testimonial from a School Principal.



IAM fully convinced that the world is growing better; but I am also fully convinced that the progress has not been made that many think. Any man who believes that God is everywhere, that a certain Divinity is in all men, and that Deity manifests Himself to-day as much as ever He did, is still hailed by many as infidel. Too much faith receives the same punishment at the hands of the mob as none at all.

☞ All your possessions are just to keep you out of mischief, until Death, the good old nurse, comes and rocks you to sleep.

☞ To be stupid when inclined and dull when you wish is a boon that only goes with high friendship

tion, gets the work done and tends to sleep o' nights. And I say to you, that if you have never known the love, loyalty and integrity of a proscribed person, you have never known what love, loyalty and integrity are. ☞ I do not believe in governing by force, or threat, or any other form of coercion. I would not condemn any one. I would not arouse in the heart of any of God's creatures a thought of fear, or discord, or hate, or revenge. I will influence men, if I can, but it shall be only by aiding them to think for themselves; and so, mayhap, they, of their own accord will choose the better part—the ways that lead to Life and Light.

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