ETHICAL TALKS BY CLERGY AND THE LAITY

THE BLESSINGS OF GOOD HUMOR

BY PROFESSOR CAMILLE MELINAUD

WE all know from our own experience what good humor means, and we also know, at least from observation of others, what bad humor is.

Certain mornings we rise, happy, contented with life, confident in ourselves, in the future, with smiling lips and sparkling eyes, full of ideas and energy—that is good humor.

Then, other mornings we wake up from an unpleasant dream, feeling distressed, unsatisfied with everything and everybody, contradictory, misanthropic, egotistic, restless and nervous—that is bad humor.

Both are accidental variations of our character. The character is the river in its usual course, the humor is the little ripples, the rapids, the dark shadows on the sunlit spots which constantly change the appearance of the surface.

It would be hard to exaggerate the importance of good humor; it is one of the greatest blessings of life.

I am not even afraid to say that good humor brings success, happiness and luck.

Have you never perceived that on the days when you happen to be in very good humor all chances seem to be in your favor? On these days you succeed in everything, everything looks smiling, and everybody is pleasant. You have luck in everything, your wishes are fulfilled, and the most complicated affairs run smooth, as if by magic. Every one you meet has only pleasant things to tell you. Letters that you are looking for arrive, containing just what you want.

Another blessing comes from good humor; all sorts of inspirations come to you in that condition; there is no stimulant that is so powerful to clear up the mind and produce new ideas as good humor.

You will certainly also have noticed that when you are in bad humor, or, as we also call it, out of humor, you will blunder and make mistakes in everything you undertake. Your energy and will power is half paralyzed, your mind dull, and you act with less precision, speed and accuracy. Your understanding is slow, you misunderstand people who speak to you, get irritated and lose your temper. If you have to say something yourself you stammer and blunder, you are unable to find the proper words and the proper tone, and if you unfortunately have to make a speech you are sure to make a fool of yourself. This is bad humor, the most unpleasant and unbearable condition of the mind.

Good humor will make you better morally, will make you feel charitable and friendly to everybody, while bad humor will have just the opposite effect. It will make you stubborn and spiteful and make you do things even if you feel that you ought not to do them at all.

Spitefulness is a special form of bad humor that most of us, and certainly all women, know; it is a peculiar desire to say just the opposite of what you mean, do just the opposite of what you really want to do. You wish to turn right, but no—you must necessarily say: "I will turn left." You are dying to take a walk or to be good and tender, but with all your energy you struggle against yourself and your good feelings; you will not give in. Spitefulness is a sickly form of mind; it is bad humor in its most acute and unpleasant form.

When you are in good humor, on the contrary, you will give up all selfish ideas, you will grow better morally, you will be filled with intentions to do good, you will be all love, all charity.

And these are not all the blessings that flow from good humor.

Good humor is very catching, very contagious, you might say, and this, I think, is the greatest of all its blessings.

When we are in good humor we have the power to make everybody else feel lighter and happier.

As a radiator sends out heat, so we send out happiness in all directions, and the good influence is especially felt in our own house, in our own family.

In a family, all faces look sober and melancholy if the father or mother is out of humor, a weight seems to rest on every one's chest, the words are few and only spoken half loud, even the babies are suffering under and feel the cloud on the family happiness. The very air seems heavy and stifling.

And as it is in the family, it is to a smaller extent outside, the effect is the same, even if not so clearly felt.

It is, therefore, our simple duty to ourselves and others always to be in good humor, or at least try to be, and the oftener you try the easier you will find it.

To those who imagine that it is impossible to be in good spirits all the time, I shall give a little advice, a few prescriptions, that may be of some help to them.

The first prescription, which may not be easy to follow under all circumstances, but that is none the less very important, is this: "To be in good humor be in good health."

It is really too bad that this prescription is not always practical, for it is almost absolutely necessary.

Think of days when you have felt young and strong, when every part of your organism worked to perfection, and you will find that on those days you have always been in excellent humor. You may have been sad, or you have had sorrow, but you have never felt bitter.

Think of the effect that a good, hearty meal, eaten with good appetite, has on almost all of us. I am sure that you yourself know people with whom you find it a good plan to do business just after they have enjoyed a good meal, while you will also know others whose humor is a perfect barometer of their digestion or indigestion. Lack of sleep and rest will make us cranky and feel out of humor, because the body and the health crave their dues.

I therefore think that I am justified in saying that the first condition, the very foundation of good humor, is good health, and we owe it to ourselves and our surroundings to do everything to preserve or build up ourselves and take every precaution not to ruin our health.

My second prescription is based on the observation that our good humor depends very much on the sympathy or antipathy that we inspire in our surroundings.

When we live among people whom we know to love and respect us, we feel pleased and good-natured. If any one tells us that we have made a favorable impression on somebody we immediately feel benevolent and well-disposed. On the other side, if we have a quarrel with a friend, it makes us feel nervous and out of humor.

All through our life we hear of sympathies and antipathies that we awaken in others, and our humor is continually influenced by the reports of these feelings, and my advice is therefore this: "Try to be kind, lenient and friendly to every one, and you will find that you will less often yourself be troubled with bad humor."

Another very important factor is order and regularity in our life and our ideas. Order in everything brings good humor; disorder brings dissatisfaction.

I shall take a very simple example. Have you ever noticed that you felt in good humor when you had just put all your books, your bric-a-brac, your furniture in their right places?

On the other side, when you see dust and papers piled up on your desk, when you see one week pass after another while you are unable to put things into shape, have you not felt that this state of affairs was getting more and more unbearable every day?

I am sure we all know these feelings, and my third prescription to you is this: "Keep your things in order, your business in shape; be regular in your habits; do not leave a thing till tomorrow if you may do it today." Tomorrow you may have no chance, and if you find that you have not your good humor will be gone.

My last advice, which I consider the most valuable and almost infallible, is as old as the world itself, but it will never lose its value, and no better will ever be found. It fits all persons, all circumstances, and if you follow it it will lead to the goal. It will give you happiness and good humor, and it sounds thus: "To be in good humor you must do your duty under all circumstances."

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE

BY ELIZABETH CADY STANTON

WHEN man suffers from false legislation, he has the remedy in his own hands, but an humble petition, protest or prayer is all that woman can claim.

The contract of marriage is by no means equal. From Coke down to Kent who can cite one law under the marriage contract where woman has the advantage? The law permits the girl to marry at 12 years of age, while it requires several years more of experience on the part of the boy.

In entering this compact the man gives up nothing that he before possessed; he is a man still, while the legal existence of woman is suspended during marriage, and is known but in and through the husband.

Blackstone says: "The husband and wife are one, and that one is the husband." Kent says: "The legal effects of marriage are generally deducible from the principle of common law, by which the husband and wife are regarded as one person, and her legal existence and authority lost or suspended during the continuance of the matrimonial union."

The wife is regarded by all legal authorities as a "femme covert" placed wholly "sub potestate viri."

Woman, as woman, has nothing to ask of our legislators but the right of suffrage. It is only in marriage that she must demand her rights to person, children, property, wages, life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. All the special statutes of which we complain—all the barbarities of the law—fall on her as wife and mother.

We have not yet outlived the old feudal idea, the right of property in woman. The term marriage expresses the nature of the relation in which man alone is recognized. It comes from the Latin "maris," husband, hence, as you look through the statutes and old common law you find constant mention of "marital rights."

Here and there, through the endless labyrinth of authorities, you will be refreshed with a bit of benevolence for the wife in the form of "protection." You never hear of "uxorial rights," but always of the "widow's dower," the "widow's incumbrance," and the "wife's alimony."

The laws on divorce are quite as unequal as those on marriage; yes, far more so. The advantages seem to be all on one side, the penalties on the other.

In case of divorce, if the husband be the guilty party, he still retains a greater part of the property.

If the wife be the guilty party, she goes out of the partnership penniless.

In New York and some other states the wife of the guilty husband can now sue for a divorce in her own name, and the costs come out of the husband's estate, but in a majority of the states she is still compelled to sue in the name of another, as she has no means of paying costs, even though she may have brought thousands into the partnership.

The laws are all the opinions of men, and on these are the hundreds of women depending who this hour demand in our courts a release from burdensome contracts.

Are not young women, from our first families, dragged into our public courts—into assemblies of men exclusively? The judges all men, the jurors all men?

No true woman is there to shield them, by her presence, from gross and impertinent questionings, to pity their misfortunes, or to protest against their wrongs. The administration of justice depends far more on the opinions of eminent jurists than on law alone, for law is powerless when at variance with public sentiment.

For years there has been before the Legislatures of the different states a variety of bills asking for divorce in cases of drunkenness, insanity, desertion and cruel and brutal treatment, endangering life.

My attention was called to this question very early in life, by the sufferings of a friend of my girlhood—a victim of one of those unfortunate unions called marriage.

What my great love for that young girl, and my holy intuitions then decided to be right has not been changed by years of experience, observation and reason.

I have pondered well these things in my heart, and ever felt the deepest interest in all that has been written and said on this subject, and the most profound respect for those heroic women, who, in the face of law and public sentiment, have dared to sunder the unholy ties of a joyless, loveless union.

If marriage is a human institution, about which man may legislate, it seems but just that he should treat this branch of his legislation with the same common sense that he applies to all others.

If it is a mere legal contract, then it should be subject to the restraints and privileges of all other contracts.

A contract to be valid in law must be formed between parties of mature age, with an honest intention in said parties to do what they agree. The least concealment, fraud or intention to deceive, if proved, annuls the contract.

A boy cannot contract for an acre of land or a horse until he is 21, but he may contract for a wife at 14.

If a man sell a horse, and the purchaser find in him "great incompatibility of temper"—a disposition to stand still, when the owner is in haste to go—the sale is null and void, the man and his horse part company.

But in marriage, no matter how much fraud and deception are practiced, nor how cruelly one or both parties have been misled; no matter how young or inexperienced or thoughtless the parties; nor how unequal their position in life, the contract cannot be annulled.

Think of a husband telling a young and trusting girl, but one short month his wife, that he married her for her money, that those letters, so precious to her that she had read and re-read and kissed and cherished, were written by another, that their splendid home, of which, on their wedding day, her father gave to him the deed, is already in the hands of creditors, that she must give up the elegance and luxury that now surround her, unless she can draw fresh supplies of money to meet their wants.

When she told the story of her wrongs to me—the abuse to which she was subject, and the dread in which she lived, I impulsively urged her to fly from such a monster and villain, as she would before the hot breath of a ferocious beast of the wilderness, and she did fly, and it was well with her.

Many times since, as I have felt her throbbing heart against my own, she has said: "Oh, but for your love and sympathy, your words of encouragement, I should never have escaped from that bondage; before I could, of myself, have found the courage to break those chains my heart would have broken in the effort."

Years have passed since then, but every one of them has only added to the strength of my conviction, and that my impulsive advice was right, and that I, if asked, should advise any woman in similar circumstances to do the same.

THE CRY OF EQUALITY

BY EMILE OLLIVER, MEMBER OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY

I DO not think that there is a more unjust cry raised in modern society and modern politics than the cry for equality, and I do not think there is a more unreasonable or unjust demand than this.

Continually we hear these empty words repeated by politicians, that all men are created equal, and that no man has a right to any special privilege, while the fact is that you may search all creation, all the infinite universe, and you will not find equality anywhere. In all nature there is no such thing as equality.

Run your eye over the firmament, look at the thousands of suns and stars whose rays reach our poor little planet, and you will not find any two of them exactly alike.

Stoop down and pick up two blades of grass, and you will find they are never alike. Look over all the mountains in the world, and again you will see that it is impossible to find two peaks of the same size and shape; you will find no two rivers, no two plains any more alike than the peaks of the mountains or the blades of grass.

And this ever-changing variety in nature and in our surroundings produces the most beautiful and harmonious effects, while, if we had resemblance and repetition everywhere, the whole world would be a desert of monotony.

Look at the animals. What resemblance is there between the splendid, slender, elegantly formed, spirited horse that wins the "Grand Prix" and the clumsy, patient animal that you see in front of a heavy truck?

Are there any two birds that have the same motion, the same flight? Did you ever find two human beings that were exactly alike in height, weight, face, voice and character?

What resemblance is there, in man himself, between the eye that reaches objects far away from him and the brain that receives and classifies the images thrown on the retina of the eye?

Could you think of comparing the brain that is the seat of our intelligence and feeling with the heavy and clumsy foot that carries the weight of our whole body as an humble slave?

Look at our own human institutions. Do you find equality anywhere? Look at our prisons; do you not think that part of their efficiency rests on the inequalities that they permit? You will, for instance, see two individuals that have been sent to the penitentiary for the same offense—both have committed theft under very similar circumstances, but if they belong to different classes in society do we give them the same punishment? Far from it. For an educated and cultured person whom may be necessity has driven to commit a crime a few months in prison is a much harder punishment than for a rough tramp to spend several years, well fed and well sheltered in the same prison.

For this reason there is a certain elasticity in our penal code; it fixes a maximum and a minimum penalty and allows the intelligence of the Judge to pronounce the sentence within these limits, and to take into consideration all extenuating circumstances that may speak in favor of an accused.

In our own character, national and individual, we do not recognize or strive for equality, and I must smile every time I hear a sentence like this: "The Frenchman does not quite understand what is equally true that we are fanatically struggling for the principle of equality."

It is certainly true that we do not understand what real liberty means, but it is equally true that we are frantically opposed to the principle of equality.

What is our constant thought? Are we not always trying to obtain a privilege, a favor, an opportunity that others do not have? Don't we show this in everything? Are we not always trying to get free passes to theaters, to railroads; are we not always reaching out for a reserved seat; is it not our highest ambition to get a decoration, a title, an office, not so much for the intrinsic value of the thing, as because we want to distinguish ourselves and flatter our vanity? How many tears of joy have not been shed in a family when one of its members has been decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor? Are we not always inventing new medals, new diplomas for one thing or another? Who would not like to see a statue of himself raised in a public square?

How often do we not hear this phrase: "The highest honor attainable, the highest decoration in life, is citizenship in this glorious Republic"?

How empty these words are when we prostrate ourselves at the visit of every foreign potentate, when we travel hundreds of miles and spend thousands of francs to attend a coronation and catch a mere glimpse of royalty that we pretend to ridicule and despise.

There may be people who think that some day we shall have more equality, less difference between rich and poor, but who are the ones who will bring about this equality? Certainly, not the Socialists. Look to the bottom of their programme and you will see that it is not proprietorship they want to abolish; they only want to eliminate the proprietor and take his place.

How well I remember some words that Thiers once said to me:

"Socialism is very easily defined. The Socialists reason in this manner: In 1789 the middle classes took away the property from the nobility, now the time has come for the lower classes to take the property from the bourgeoisie."

"But tell me, now," said Mr. Thiers, "where does the bourgeoisie begin, and where does it end? Is not everybody more or less bourgeois?"

"Mr. Thiers," I replied, "you have written a very fine history of the revolution, but the true history will always be written by those who are able to read and explain the only indisputable documents of history—the laws.

"We have a small law, written by St. Just, that contains more Socialism than all the teachings of Marx and George. It says:

" 'Article 2—A committee for the welfare of the public shall decide who are the aristocrats and who are the patriots.'

"If the Socialists should really succeed in dividing all property equally, how long would this equality last? The very next day the lazy and vicious individuals would sell their birthright for a mess of pottage to the thrifty and energetic."

I therefore come to the conclusion that all institutions that are based on equality are pervert, false and unstable.

But, understand me well, there are two kinds of inequality, that of caste and rank, which we had before the Revolution, and which we must destroy and kill wherever we meet it; and that of ambition and ability, that enables the most humble citizen to reach the top rung of the social ladder, which enables the tanner to become President, the private soldier to become a General, the laborer to become a captain of industry; which gives us all a chance to say with Don Sancho, "Just as God did, I have created much from nothing."

FLOWERS FOR THE SICK

BY AN EXPERIENCED NURSE

NO CUSTOM, thoughtfully carried out, affords greater pleasure than sending flowers to the sick, yet its possibilities are rarely developed. The shopper who hurries into a florist's, tosses out a card and orders a dozen roses or twice as many carnations sent to a sick friend, goes on her way rejoicing in the sense of a duty promptly and well performed. In reality her flowers, like a formal call, will lack personality, bespeak a merely perfunctory courtesy and give the invalid little or no pleasure beyond the thought of having been remembered.

On the other hand, a little attention to the time and the season, or deference to the taste and fancy of the recipient, will double the value of the gift. Particularly during convalescence will properly selected flowers afford much entertainment.

Conventional hothouse flowers, such as American beauties, and huge corsage bouquets of violets, represent only a well-filled purse, and their heavy scent is not always desirable in the sick room. The invalid is heartily tired of indoor life; therefore, select flowers that suggest meadows, cool shadows, woodland dimness and purling streams. Pansies, wet with dew or a simulation thereof from a fine spray; lilies of the valley swathed in their own sheathlike leaves; old-fashioned garden flowers, such as the spicy, single pinks your grandmother raised; wall-flowers and their faint, evanescent perfume; small roses of the various climbing varieties; long sprays of honeysuckle—all these are blossoms to conjure with in a sick room, and, strangely enough, are now to be secured from florists in all large cities.

Invalids with hosts of generous and well-meaning friends have actually been heard to rebel against the daily onslaught of hothouse offerings. The daughter of a millionaire was once roused from thoughts of the aches and pains incident to typhoid fever by a woman who, in her very ignorance of so-called good form, wrought better than she knew. The patient's younger sister entered the room bearing an immense box from a fashionable florist. The invalid glanced languidly at the latest accession and closed her eyes again. She recognized the brand, apparently. Suddenly she was roused by a titter from her sister:

"Well, this does look just like Mrs. Smythe. In her vulgar anxiety to make a big showing she has flowers from every plant that grows!"

The invalid opened her eyes and reached pettishly for the box. At sight of its contents she smiled. Roses of every hue, bright crimson carnations, and yellow tulips, modest marguerites and saucy cosmos and half a dozen varieties of ferns, with a bunch of forget-me-nots snuggling in one corner! These and more!

"I wonder if we have vases enough in the house. The Japanese are the only people who understand the arrangement of flowers. They never mix different kinds. I want the coarse ferns and cosmos in Grandmother Mitchell's old soup tureen. The combination will be so artistic. The high Bohemian vase in the butler's pantry will hold the narcissus. And, Jessie, you know that Tiffany bowl in the library—"

Well, the upshot was that nurse and sister were sent scurrying from room to room for correct receptacles, and the box of flowers condemned by a critical circle of relatives, provided delightful entertainment for the tired invalid.

Better, even, than this, is to lay aside the florist's box and pack the blossoms in a moss or leaf-lined basket. In an historic suburb of Philadelphia lives an old lady whose tiny greenhouse sends almost daily messages of cheer to the sick. She raises single violets, old-fashioned Johnny-Jump-Ups, mignonette, petunias, phlox and their simple floral relatives, whose quaint beauty is enhanced by the manner in which they are sent forth. Sometimes a low, flat tin is filled with moss, into which the flowers are stuck; more often an oddly shaped basket is employed, the dear little gardener being always on the watch for bargains in wicker work. It is her one hobby, and a most unselfish one, too.

A more lasting pleasure is afforded by plants of a size which can be easily moved and cared for by the nurse. Feathery ferns in a dish of simple design are refreshing to fever-tired eyes. Common wood violets bear transplanting to the sick room, and, if well watered, will live and bloom many days. A pot of small English daisies or pansies, with intelligent faces, make cheerful companions for the invalid. A fern dish filled with woodland plants once helped to save a young woman's life. She had fallen into a dangerous condition of melancholia, and woke each morning with a dull, fixed belief that she would not outlive the day. Against this a friend, quite accidentally, but fortuitously, played a mass of growing blood root, hepatica and anemone. Both blood root and anemone blossoms folded their petals at night and woke with the sun. The latter operation seemed particularly to divert the invalid, whose first waking thought was whether the flowers had been the earlier risers. She sternly ordered the nurse that under no circumstances were these to be removed each night with the other flowers. This was the first step in drawing her out of herself.

On the other hand, flowers thoughtlessly selected, sometimes have a most unexpected effect. A young woman who was rallying from a serious operation, and who was in a highly nervous condition, received a box of pure white roses and carnations nestling in maiden-hair ferns. At sight of the well-meant, but ill-advised offering, she became fairly hysterical, and declared that people need not send her funeral flowers until she was at least dead.

And last, but not least, with your flowers send a characteristic note, if it is only scribbled on the back of your card. Invalids prize these messages highly, especially if no visitors are admitted to the room.

THE MIGHTY POWER OF MUSIC

BY RIGHT REV. C. N. MATZ, BISHOP OF DENVER

THERE is nothing given to us to enjoy in this world that is as beautiful as music; it is an echo of Paradise, and if our music is so entrancing, so powerful in its effect on the human mind, what must be the music of heaven?

A legend I have read somewhere will serve to explain this better than any words of mine can do.

It is related in some ancient chronicle that a pious monk after the recitation at the midnight matins remained in the choir absorbed in meditation over these words of the Royal Prophet, which he had just sung: "For a thousand years in Thy sight, O, Lord! are as yesterday which is past."

The legend goes on to say that he prayed to God to give him to understand how it was possible for one day on earth to be compared to a thousand years in heaven.

Presently, as he was absorbed in his thought, he saw a little bird in the choir on golden wings beckoning him to come out into the woods. Instinctively he followed it a short distance from the monastery. There it perched upon the branch of a tree and began to warble sweetly for a short space of time, as he thought, and disappeared.

The good monk, recovered from his ecstasy and went back to the monastery, intending to retire for the balance of the night. But, lo! everything about the place had undergone a magic change. New roads and avenues had been opened in the woods where he used to take his meditative walks; he saw buildings, which he had never seen before, even the trees under whose shadows he had spent so many pleasant hours contemplating the beauties of nature were no longer the same. He could not believe his own eyes. Was he dreaming, was he in fairyland?

Yet, there stood the old monastery with its massive walls just as he left it but an hour or so ago. There was the old convent church wherein he was wont to sing the praises of God. It's gothic tower and gray gables covered with the moss of ages were still as he left them that very night. But when he reached the monastery gate he found it walled up and another gate opening into the enclosure from the opposite side. He tried the door, it would not open and a pull at the bell brought the porter to the gate. He did not know the man, although he had spent a generation within these walls and felt confident he knew every man in the house.

He told his name, and while from the habit he wore it was evident that he belonged to the order and might have been an inmate of this House, no one knew him nor had anyone ever seen or heard of him within these precincts. The abbot was summoned, but he also was a stranger, unknown to him as all the rest.

He was led into the community room and asked to give an account of his life. He related then to the assembled community how, in answer to his prayer the previous night, after the midnight matins, the little bird had beckoned him into the woods, where for a short quarter of an hour he listened to its rapturous song. He gave the name of the abbot and the monks with whom he had lived.

Reference to the chronicles of the monastery under the abbot named revealed the fact that 200 years before a mon answering the name and description he bore has disappeared after the chanting of the office, and had never been heard from.

I have given the legend as near as I recall it to mind. For aught we know, resting upon the words of the Royal Prophet, it might have been a fact. As it is, it furnishes us a most beautiful illustration of music's entrancing power. We all know by personal experience how time does speed imperceptibly by us during the fleeting hours of pleasure.

If the music of earth in this land of exile where, like the Children of Israel sitting by the rivers of Babylon, our harps are mute with sorrow, and the accents of joy are but too often drowned in the flood of despair; if even here in this valley of tears the music of our exile can conjure our tears and cast us into ecstasies of delight, what must the music of heaven be!

COURTESY THE FLOWER OF CIVILIZATION

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

THE man who, after a rude remark to a lady, begged her pardon, saying he had thought it was his wife, was of the kind very apt to be agreeable when outdoors and disagreeable when at home, the man who not only has never profited by the old fable of the sun and the north wind, who has failed to perceive that courtesy is the flower of civilization and the essence of Christianity, but who has never learned that in the long run it is a good paying investment. No man can hope to retain his wife's affection, if she is much of a woman, who constantly offends her sense of propriety and outrages her feelings by his rudeness. She looks with envy at the woman whose husband listens with the appearance of pleasant interest when she speaks, sees always that she is well served, taps on her bedroom door before he enters, by his own deference obliges that of others; and in the absence of courtesy, and its visible evidence of appreciation, she ends by dethroning the demigod that every woman's husband is to her in the beginning, holding in his place an ideal with small resemblance to himself as the thing she would have liked for the guardian of her home, always a little saddened by realization of the impossibility of its actual existence, and inevitably regarding her husband from a plane of personal superiority.

A corresponding disregard for her best happiness is shown by the woman who allows herself to treat her husband with disrespect, who breaks in upon his remarks, directs upon him her ridicule, points out his deficiencies, and complains of him to others. That woman's husband, after a while, must feel a deadening of sensibility so far as she is concerned; she may have a partner, she no longer has a lover. And, meanwhile, she has lowered her own standard; for, after all, it is her husband; and if it is not true that as the husband is the wife is, nevertheless the wife takes her rank from and through him; and if he is so poor a thing, moreover, it is supposedly the most in the way of husbands that she could attain.

Manners, said Aristotle, are the lesser morals, and to one who searches there is a moral and a reason behind every principle of their code. The offender against their code is considered a boor because he breaks down that which refines and sweetens life, and nowhere is this code so vital as in the intimate relations of the married, where it stands forever in the way of that rough familiarity which breeds contempt.

There are individuals who have the singular notion that attention to the minute matters of politeness in general is a confession of inferiority, and that, as between husband and wife, it is a silly superfluity. A man is afraid of being thought uxorious; a wife is afraid of seeming afraid; each thinks a certain carelessness, a certain roughness and brusqueness, the desirable method in public, leaving one to infer how much worse the want of courtesy may be in private.

Why it should discredit a man to show, so far as a sufficiently gentle and deferential manner does it, that his wife is of more importance to him than all the rest of the world is, or why a woman should think her acquaintances would esteem her less on seeing that she looks up to her husband, regards him as the last and greatest work of creation should be regarded—as they, every one of them, either regard their own, or wish they did—will always be a mystery. For, in point of fact, the more either asserts the other's dignity, gracefully and naturally and as without effort, the greater proportions that dignity assumes, while really each is honored in honoring the other, and each is happier.

For the rest, the home where delicate manners between the husband and wife are neglected is almost always a scene of strife and vulgar bickering with partisan feeling. This child resents the careless or flippant indifference on one side; that child resents the bullying on the other; and union and harmony become unknown quantities. But the home where a fine courtesy prevails, where the husband treats the wife as he would the first lady in the land, and compasses her with sweet observances and sympathetic care, where the wife never fails with the gentle word, the answering smile, the foreseeing thoughtfulness, the compelling respect, is a home where, if love did not exist beforehand, he would come and make his nest and abide continually.

Life's Mirror.

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
There are souls that are pure and true;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

Give love, and love to your life will flow,
A strength in your uttermost need;
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed.

Give truth, and your gift will be paid in kind,
And honor will honor meet;
And a smile that is sweet will surely find
A smile that is just as sweet.

For life is the mirror of king and slave;
'Tis just what we are and do;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

—Madeline S. Bridges.

ENVIABLE POSITION OF THE UNITED STATES

BY MRS. JOHN A. LOGAN

NO COUNTRY on the globe has achieved so much in a little more than a century as has the United States. Discouragement, debt and the covetousness of all other nations characterized the conditions under which the founders of this Republic started out to establish a free government by the people and for the people.

Prognostications of failure and the fate that had attended other attempts at the establishment of republics were rife all over the world. In fact, there were forebodings among our own people until after the close of our great Civil War, lest the question of self-government was destined to be a failure wherever undertaken. The issues of that war and the eradication of the one dangerous element of half slave and half free that had for half of the existence of the Union threatened dissolution, demonstrates the indissolubility of the Union of the States, and the principle underlying its free government was a sure guarantee of its perpetuity.

From the adoption of the Constitution to the establishment of the Southern Confederacy there were, from time to time, attempts from without and within to destroy the Republic. In all cases the wisdom of our statesmen and the patriotism of a majority of our citizens succeeded in defending and preserving our unity and National integrity. The progress of our people on all lines of civilization and Christianity has astonished the world, and as if in fulfilment of the belief of many that we are the chosen people of the Most High, discoveries have been made that prove that on the surface and in the depths of the earth of this continent are resources far surpassing in richness those of any other territory on the globe.

Every enterprise for the development of these resources has prospered beyond all expectations.

Before the Civil War the gold and silver mines of the West had became a guarantee for the expenditure of the millions necessary to put down rebellion. Before the Spanish-American War, that necessitated not only the expenditure of millions to aid a struggling people in throwing off the yoke of oppression, additional discoveries added to our wealth and resources, enabling us not only to bear the burdens of war, but at the same time to furnish a destitute people of the far-away islands of the sea with the necessities and many of the luxuries of life, and to transport not only those required for our Army, but abundance for the population inhabiting them.

No such record for humanitarianism has ever been made by any nation, and, though we paid dearly by the sacrifice of our bravest and best, in our interference in China to settle the imbroglio in which many other nations were involved—powerful Russia among the number—we have the proud satisfaction of knowing that we rescued our own imperiled representatives and brought about a peaceful solution for the present, at least, of the imminent questions that threatened a bloody carnage unparalleled in history, and won for ourselves a wholesome respect that will make us potent in the future in preventing any avaricious nation from inflicting injustice and robbery upon another—a position that could only have been won by superior skill, intelligence and diplomacy, backed by the highest principles of right and justice.

We have evidence continually of jealousy of great powers for our favor, and a complete reversal of the financial independence of nations, the United States being second to none in the quotations.

We have established the best standard of magnanimity and humanity of all nations, all others following the precedents we inaugurated in the Rebellion of 1861 in dealing with their vanquished foe or rebellious subjects. To maintain this exalted place should be the ambition of every American citizen, and the constant care of all in authority? A slight mistake in the wisdom of our legislators, executive and diplomatic representatives, might dislodge us from the position of arbitrator in national and international affairs or force us to engage in a fearful war to sustain our supremacy. Will we be as wise in retaining as in achieving this enviable position?

Berlin's watchful health authorities have issued a warning against iced drinks in Summer weather as being injurious to health. People are warned not to drink beverages that are colder than 50 degrees Fahrenheit.