ETHICAL TALKS BY CLERGY AND THE LAITY

TRUE CONCEPTION OF SOCIAL PROGRESS

BY REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY

HERBERT SPENCER, in his latest book, "Facts and Comments," summing up the principles he has been seeking for over half a century, says:

"I detest that conception of social progress which presents as its aim increase of population, growth of wealth and spread of commerce. In the politico-economic ideal of human existence there is contemplated quantity only, and not quality.

James Martineau, the greatest theologian that the world has produced in a thousand years, said 55 years ago:

"Aptitude for business is not power of reason; and the grandee on the exchange may be a pauper in God's universe."

To those of us who are to any extent enamored of the ideal there is great cause for rejoicing in the unanimity with which the foremost scientist and the leading divine of the 19th century looks upon the all-important question of the significance of our human life.

Spencer says, as the result of long study and research, that life is qualitative, not quantitative, and Martineau declares that the man who has the most may be the poorest. Spencer reached his conclusion after 55 or 60 years of inductive reasoning; Martineau's conclusion was a priori an intuition pure and simple, a great inspiration from he knew not where; and the two conclusions are the same.

When Herbert Spencer says that life at bottom is not quantitative but qualitative, he simply means that it is spiritual and not material, moral and not mercenary—a matter not of population, but of principle, not of wealth, but of wisdom, not of commerce, but of conscience.

And when Martineau says that the grandee on the exchange may be a pauper in God's universe, he simply means to say that a man may have unbounded wealth and all that goes along with it and still be destitute of character, of love, of the larger hope and of the living soul which enables one to enjoy the beauty of nature and the humanities of his fellow-men.

Both of these great men—the leading scientist and the leading theologian—agree in holding that, in the last analysis, life is subjective and not objective, an affair not of fine buildings and grand material fortunes, but of fine spiritual ideals realized, of noble principles reduced to action, of the poetry and music and beauty and joy of the soul experienced in the daily common life.

Take Chicago—the miracle of history, yesterday a wild, wind-swept prairie, where the otter and the muskrat reigned—today a city of 2,000,000 of people, with industries that reach out to the ends of the earth, with a commerce that flecks every ocean with its sails and shakes every continent with its rumbling trains; its sky-scrapers laughing old Babel's tower to scorn; its wealth making the piled-up coffers of ancient Tyre, Rome, Venice look like trivial nothings—and what does it amount to?

All depends upon the question: How many clean, happy homes are there in it; how many manly men and womanly women; how many men and women who would scorn to debase their manhood, their womanhood; how much devotion to duty, for duty's sake alone; how much personal and civic righteousness, which cannot be bought with gold, or by any sort of threat intimidated into doing that which is contrary to right and justice?

Bulk, quantity, volume, whether of wealth or piled up masonry, or population, amount to nothing. It is quality that tells—the character that there is in the inhabitants, the moral worth that is represented in them, the good that they are doing, not to advance their own little petty, passing interest, but to build up the commonweal for a thousand years to come.

After Rome had beaten King Pyrrhus and so vaulted to the hegemony of the Italian peninsula some of the more ambitious of her citizens thought it would be well if the Eternal City had larger and finer houses, streets and monuments, and accordingly it was proposed that steps be taken to make the aspect of the city more in keeping with its imperial fortunes.

Then it was that one of the wisest speeches of all history was made by a plain and unpretentious old man. "Fellow citizens," said the old man, "I am not opposed to spacious houses, wide streets and glorious public structures, but before we go further with this let us make our citizenship great. Better it is to have great souls in small houses than it would be to have great houses and small souls."

MYSTERY OF FATE AND FORTUNE

BY SUSAN, COUNTESS OF MALMESBURY

THERE is no stranger sensation than that experienced even by the thoughtless when they arrive at some break or check in the hilly road of life where they are obliged to pause for a moment and view, spread out before them, the landscape of their past life, its possibilities and its actual performance. These careless beings may suddenly come to see the real drift of the line they have unconsciously taken, and also how far their schoolfellows and contemporaries have forged ahead, while they have loitered to pick flowers by the way, only, perhaps, to throw them down to perish in the dust. Some who started with every disadvantage, physical and financial, have yet outstripped all competitors, reached, and perhaps passed, the goal they once set before their eyes as the highest possible earthly bliss or prize; but the taste of it in the mouth is far removed from what they hoped or thought. They may be forgiven if they look at the jovial, happy-go-lucky faces of former companions, shining with health if not with wealth, devoid alike of ambition or envy, and leisurely sauntering where we have toiled and strained. Or fate may have landed others in quite as desirable coigns of vantage as those to which we have climbed, and, perhaps, from no quality inherent in them, but, as it would seem, out of sheer favoritism, while to us her averted face and grudging gifts, extorted by constant toil, have clearly shown that, in her eyes, we occupy the unenviable place of Dr. Eeli. Fortune is capricious, not only to such as serve her humbly but to those who flaunt their independence in her face and flout her most precious gifts. How many men and women have started as her darlings, with beauty, wealth, talent, and, above all, that greatest gift of all — the power of attracting love, which we call fascination. This love is not at all the same thing as confidence, for here we are willing to give ourselves and all we have as we follow the star of our fate where it leads, even into a swamp.

The strange hereditary tendencies which crop up after generations in the young scions of a race, if strong enough to survive a course of steady, hard work in the shape of serious preparation for a special career, however unwelcome to the family that career may be, must perforce be indulged; for it is as useless for age to argue with youth as it is for youth to try to convince age. But age must always remember the time of its own illusions—the shimmering mist which then blinded its eyes—and remain ready to extend a saving hand when a fall threatens to ruin a young and tender, if headstrong and obstinate, life. It has happened to most of us that fortune, in the shape of some kind friend, has tried to help us out of a grave difficulty, while fate, in the form of our own blind stupidity, has forbidden us to take advantage of this counsel or assistance. The most valuable quality which can be bestowed upon a man at his birth is a spirit of teachableness, the rarest gift, in my experience, that is found, and most intimately associated with genius and all success in life.

We may be tempted to say, with Mr. William Watson:

> One boon of fortune I implore,
> With one petition kneel;
> At least caress me not, before
> Thou break me on thy wheel.

For, just as in climate it is the sudden changes that kill, so with our lives; it is the "bolt from the blue" which finds us most open to a wound. But neither fate nor fortune has sovereign authority over us; they cannot bring us complete misery nor happiness. Of the two, it lies more in our power to defend ourselves from the blows of fate than from the softer hand of fortune, which, like the unkindness of one we love, first bares a vital spot, and then plunges in the dagger to its hilt. It rests with us to meet with equal mind both Southern breeze and Northern blast, and here it is that character, another heavenly gift, must help us up the hill. Nearly every trouble in life takes its real sting from the view we happen to take of it, and fortune sometimes sends a blessing in disguise. We turn away and try to escape our sentence, but, finally decide to make the best of what we think a cruel blow. It is not until long after that we reverently kiss the rod which smote us and remember with gratitude the bitter draft we were forced to drink. Had it not been for such and such a lash from the whip of fate, which left us breathless, bleeding, and exhausted at the time, we might never have seen the real and lovely face of truth. We might never have felt the sympathy with which we now yearn over others' grief, nor have been able to help them in their distress with a word of encouragement and love, spoken from knowledge and experience of pain.

Fate is a gardener who prunes our useless twigs and lays rich soil about our roots; he will cause our hearts and minds to bring forth flowers and fruit each in its season; flowers, the promise and preparation for better things; and fruit to quench the thirst or moisten the lips of those who falter with fatigue. And one gift let us receive on bended knee—that of understanding; though it may come too late to help ourselves, we may use it for others, but must bear, like other crosses, the disappointment of seeing our hard won knowledge cast aside by youth in its fever and hurry to reach a goal of which it can know nothing—scarcely even this, that it is veiled from view by the golden haze of the sunrise of life.

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE—IV

BY ELIZABETH CADY STANTON

WE hear from all sides that the indissolubility of marriage is absolutely necessary to the happiness of the family, the purity of society and the good of the state. But to my mind, so important is unity in marriage, so dependent upon this the usefulness of the home, the good of society, the solidarity of the state; so lamentable the consequences invariably resulting from disunity in marriage, that every encouragement to divorce ought to be given.

Transient lapses from some of the cardinal virtues might not be as disastrous to the peace and home life as a perpetual domestic warfare, with no truce ever granted and no quarter given.

The true standpoint from which to view this question is individual sovereignty, individual happiness. It is often said that the interests of society are paramount and first to be considered. This was the old Roman idea, the pagan idea, that the individual was made for the state.

The central idea of barberism has ever been the family, the tribe, the nation, never the individual. But the great doctrine of Christianity is the right of individual conscience and judgment. The reason it took such a hold on the hearts of the people was because it taught that the individual was primary, the state, the church, society, the family secondary. However, a comprehensive view of any question of human interest shows that the highest good and happiness of the individual and society lie in the same direction.

The question of divorce, like marriage, should be settled as to its most sacred relations by the parties themselves; neither the state nor the church have any right to intermeddle therein. As to the property and children, they must be viewed and regulated as a civil contract. Then the union should be dissolved with at least as much deliberation and publicity as it was formed.

There might be some ceremony and witnesses to add to the dignity and solemnity of the occasion. Like the Quaker marriage, which the parties conduct themselves, so in this case, without any statement of their disagreements, the parties might simply declare that after living together for several years they found themselves still unsuited to each other and incapable of making a happy home.

If divorce were made respectable and recognized by society as a duty as well as a right, reasonable men could arrange all of the preliminaries, often the division of property and guardianship of children, quite as satisfactorily as it can be done in the courts. Where the mother is capable of training the children, a sensible father would leave them to her care, rather than place them in the hands of a stranger.

But where divorce is not respectable, men who have no paternal feeling will often hold the child, not so much for its own good, as to punish the wife for disgracing him.

The love of children is not strong in most men, and they feel but little responsibility in regard to them. See how readily they turn off young sons to shift for themselves, and unless the law compelled them to support their illegitimate children they would never give them a second's thought.

On the mother soul rests forever the care and responsibility of human life. Her love for the child born out of wedlock is often intensified by the infinite pity she feels for its disgrace. Even among the lower animals we find the females ever brooding over the young and helpless.

Limiting the causes of divorce to physical defects or delinquencies, making the proceedings public, prying into all the intimate personal affairs of unhappy men and women, regarding the step as quasi criminal, punishing the guilty party in the suit—all this will not strengthen frail human nature, will not insure happy homes nor banish scandal.

No, the enemy of marriage, of the state, of society, is not liberal divorce laws, but the unhealthy atmosphere that exists in the home itself. A legislative act cannot make a unit of a divided family.

Many writers on divorce seem to fear that liberal divorce laws would destroy the very foundation of our social life. Seeing how difficult a matter it is to trace all the pitfalls in society to their true causes, it is an unwarrantable and wholesale assumption to attribute all our social upheavals to the liberal divorce laws that have been passed within the last 50 years.

Whence came all the adverse winds that produced the terrible corruptions and endless changes in the marriage relations through polyandry, polygamy, the mutterrecht, concubinage and the morganatic relations so frequent in the royal families of the Old Word?

Marriage has been a bone of contention in church and state for centuries, that made the canon and civil law a kind of football for popes and Kings, ecclesiastics and statesmen, and now, because under free republican institutions a new type of womanhood has been developed, demanding larger freedom in the marriage relation, justice, liberty and equality under the law, our conservatives think the whole institution is about to topple on their heads.

I would recommend every rational man and woman thinking and writing on this subject to run through their life experience, summon up all the divorced people they know, gauge their moral status, and if possible the influence of their lives as writers, speakers, artists and philanthropists, and see if they do not compare favorably with the best men and women of their acquaintance.

In my own circle of friends I can recall at most two dozen—all as gifted, moral and refined men and women as I ever knew. But few of the women married again, and those who did have been exceptionally happy in their new relations.

The rapidly increasing number of divorces, so far from showing a lower state of morals, proves exactly the reverse.

Woman is in a transition period from slavery to freedom, and she will not accept the conditions in married life that she has heretofore meekly endured.

When the mother with her steadfast love of home and children demands release, we may rest assured her reasons for sudering the tie are all sufficient to herself and should be to society at large.

The frequent demands for divorce simply mean that we have not yet reached the ideal marriage state. Divorce is a challenge to our present system. Evolution has been the law of life. The relation of the sexes has passed through many phases, and is likely to pass through many more.

THE SLOVENLY WOMEN

BY ONE WHO IS NOT THAT SORT

EVERY man when he marries, be he ever so hard-headed, indulges himself in some sort of dream regarding the home that is to be his, with something in his dream of an ideal sort, if he allows the word ideal. He is out and about in a stormy world of effort, of strife, of attainment; he is breathless from the struggle, so to say, and tired of the turmoil, and when he opens his door, in his fancy, it is to go into the chamber called Peace.

Not a care is to flutter its dark wings there; all is to be sanity and sweetness and gentle grace and gayety. His wife, in that dream, always wears a calm and trustful smile; she always wears pretty clothes, too; he does not know what, but of pleasing effect; she is always as she should be, spotless and soignee. There is no disorder anywhere in her region, no loud or sharp tone marks the silver of her voice; all the wheels of her housekeeping move noiselessly and smoothly; all her ways are pleasantness and all her paths are peace. When he wishes to go out with her, she is ready on the moment; when he wishes to stay at home he sees her in the low chair opposite with the pretty work basket, or she goes to the piano for the new song, never having suffered herself to fall out of practice in her music. She never grows old; she never grows unlovely, in his thought; sorrows may come, and trouble, and years will pass, but she is to be always the beautifully developing flower of the girl he loves.

What would he say to himself, then, if he could look into futurity with any prescience and see her at the breakfast table, in her slatternly morning gown and with her hair twisted up carelessly, while she could write her autograph in the dust on every plane surface in the house, and two of them on the piano, which she has long since ceased to open? What, when he sees the breakfast table itself with soiled cloth awry, dishes cracked and nicked, napkins forgotten to be changed, salt cellars just as they were last dipped into, silver dull, knives stained, the coffee thick, the bread heavy, the steak burned and nothing hot or inviting?

It may be his own fault, to some extent, that the piano is unopened; but it is not his fault that her hair is undressed, for in sheer self-respect she should have found the instant to arrange a neat toilette, and to snatch some dainty neckwear from that upper drawer of hers, which is usually in no more confusion than her mind; and it is not his fault that the food he has provided is made unfit to eat and the house unfit to eat in.

Is there not a kind of dishonesty in such stewardship of the goods entrusted to her? Is there not a trait of dishonor in the appearance of this untidy and unlovely creature in the place of the charmer who once charmed him so wisely?

There are countries inhabited by barbarians, and by the semi-civilized, where such conduct as that of this indolent woman would give her husband the right to put her away forever. Here it acts in a precisely opposite way, as it has the power to send him away to scenes that are more to his mind. And the woman who then finds herself in a neglected home has no one to thank for it but herself. There is an old Scotch song that portrays the joy a wife feels in the return of her husband from a long illness:

> "O, hand me down my biggonet,
> My bishop's satin gown,"

she cries; and also that the whole house shall be festal,

> "Gie little Kate her cotton gown,
> And Jock his Sunday shoon,"

and the poor fish wife of the blithe song knew more of the effect of what the boys call "glad rags" than the slovenly wife ever thinks best to put in practice; for as nothing but death excuses one from a dinner engagement, nothing but sickness unto death excuses a woman from breaking her engagement to make herself and her house pleasant and attractive to her husband.

EVILS OF RECKLESS MARRIAGES

BY BISHOP J. L. SPALDING

WE HOLD, at least in theory, however we may fall in practice, that mankind are a family, that both the church and the state are a home, where all should be cherished; that the greater the weakness and misfortune the greater should be the care. We have abolished legalized slavery, and the better among us are urged as by a divine voice to think no sacrifice too great whereby the condition of multitudes of toilers may be made more tolerable, more hopeful. We recognise that the rights of man are the rights of women also, and slowly we are gaining insight into the truth that whatever is wrong for her is wrong for him.

As it is our daily duty to protect children because they are weak and helpless, it is our duty to protect all who are weak and helpless. The young are by nature incapable of caring for themselves, and therefore the home, the church and the state accept the responsibility of providing them with nourishment and nurture.

The adult man and woman should not be weak or ignorant or vicious, and we feel that it is not their own fault chiefly, but the fault of the home, the state and the church if they are so. We should therefore make helplessness, ignorance and vice impossible.

Religion inspires love, confidence and courage, and science lights the way of life with the torch of knowledge. As disease is largely preventable, we believe that vice, pauperism and crime are also preventable.

The law of causation is universal, and, the cause being known, the finding of a remedy ought to lie within the reach of intelligence and love.

Our progress consists largely in the discovery of remedies for ignorance and impotence.

Quinine, drainage and sanitation have made vast regions habitable where hitherto healthful life had been impossible. The discovery of the causes of many of the worst diseases has shown us how they may readily be cured or prevented.

The knowledge of the causes of evil, whether physical or moral, necessarily leads to the inquiry how they may be suppressed or controlled.

The cosmical and geographical conditions which interfere with the normal development of human endowments we can hardly hope greatly to modify. In the tropics the race is and probably will always be indolent, ignorant, weak and sensual.

Heredity, too, plays a great part in the destiny of each one. We are in mind as in body, largely what we have assimilated or what heredity, which is the outcome of endless assimilations, makes us.

They who are born with a taint in the blood, with perverted instincts and enfeebled wills, not only fall into vice more easily than others, but they are also more difficult to reclaim.

If man shall ever learn to do for his own kind what breeding and training enable him to do for various strains of domestic animals, he will have discovered an effective means for preventing crime and misery. But what he calls his rights, which often are but his prejudices and passions, will probably continue to keep him from treating his own species with the wisdom with which he manages inferior creatures.

Reckless and senseless marriages are an inexhaustible source of evil. Many of our people enter into wedlock as thoughtlessly as they take a stroll or fall asleep, and the result is quarrels, contentions, divorces and children reared in an atmosphere which blights their tender lives.

Hence crime among the young is increasing far more rapidly than the population grows. So long as this poison fountain remains open, so long will vice and pauperism continue to breed degradation and wretchedness.

Homes which are hells thwart the wisest efforts to reform abuses. They hinder the school, weaken the church and undermine the social fabric. Our chaotic and lax marriage laws encourage and facilitate imprudent marriages, but the origin of the evil lies deeper.

Institutions, it has been said, are in the control of men, public opinion in that of women.

Women decide how we shall build and furnish our homes, what we shall eat and wear, what we shall find beautiful and entertaining, where we shall live, what we shall read, whom we shall consider friend or foe, and what beliefs or prejudices we shall hold and what religion we shall have. From them we learn our mother tongue, from them our notions of right and wrong, of propriety and justice.

If they were more large-minded, more intelligent, more unselfish, more serious, more loving, three-fourths of the depravity and sin which make life a curse would disappear.

The fountain head of social good or evil, of vice and crime or of honor and virtue is in the home, and the wife and the mother make or unmake the home.

Whatever view we may take as to whether man or woman was the most guilty primal offender, woman bears the greater responsibility for the wrongs and miseries which afflict and oppress the modern world, since the force of public opinion, which is in her keeping, is mightier than riches and armies and laws.

More than any age since the beginning of time we have given opportunity to woman, have placed her in the seat of influence and power, and shall she prove false or frail or ungrateful, traitorous to the vast confidence which all that is noblest and most chivalrous in man has led him to repose in her?

SALARIES IN AMERICAN DIPLOMATIC SERVICE

BY MRS. JOHN A. LOGAN

IT IS difficult to explain why the diplomatic and Consular service should always be under the ban of Congressional prejudice. Members of our National Congress are prone to boast on all occasions of the pride of American citizens in the generosity of their Government. As a rule this boast is well founded, but in the provision for the services mentioned there is always manifested by Congress the most niggardly parsimony, making invariably unequal divisions of the appropriations for the maintenance of our representatives abroad.

It has been carried to such an extent toward our most important embassies and legations that none but wealthy men can afford to accept these positions, notwithstanding poorer men may be eminently qualified to discharge the duties with much credit to themselves and their country, and are entitled to consideration on account of their services to their party and country at home.

We have in mind an illustration of the humiliation of one of the ablest diplomats the United States has ever had, on an occasion of importance, to one of the richest courts, and one, too, that has ever been most friendly to the United States.

Our Ambassador, a man of distinguished ability and attainments, with very conservative views, was so much embarrassed by financial considerations that it was impossible for him to accept or extend hospitalities that seemed obligatory properly to sustain the dignity and importance of his country, with her boundless wealth and plethoric treasury.

We hear constantly outcries against the extravagant appropriations to sustain our embassies at Great Britain, Germany, France and Mexico, and yet the $17,000 per annum received as salaries by our Ambassadors is a mere bagatelle in the expenses they should make to keep the United States in her proper place in the respect of other great nations. Wealthy citizens of our country go to these important countries and entertain more lavishly than but few of our representatives can. There is not a single embassy, legation or Consulship abroad that receives what it should.

Albeit in proportion to the importance and requirements, some of the South American legations are larger than those of other European countries, yet they do not receive one cent more. The appropriations for the more important should be greatly increased.

Contrast, for instance, the provisions made for the American Embassy in London with that made by Great Britain for their embassy in Washington. Forty-five thousand dollars is vastly more than $17,000. France is much more generous in support of her embassy to America than America is in the support of her embassy to France. These comparisons might be made down the whole diplomatic list, and yet American representatives abroad entertain much more lavishly than foreign representatives do in Washington.

The Diplomatic Corps are much more inclined to entertain each other than they are to extend hospitality to Americans, unless, forsooth, it be the official list, whom courtesy requires them to consider; which includes the committees on foreign relations of the House and Senate.

The secretaries of foreign embassies receive much larger salaries than those of American embassies and legations, making it impossible for gentlemen without private means to accept these positions, their salaries ranging from $1200 to $3625, being no more than is paid to clerks in the departments at Washington, who find it hard to live on this pay at home, and certainly it would not enable them to live respectably abroad if they had not private means to supply the deficiency between what they receive and what is expected of them.

Our military and naval attaches receive only their regular pay and allowances as Army and Navy officers, and more than one specially capable officer has been obliged to ask to be recalled because they could not afford to stay at their posts, few of them having any other income. There are but few of our Consulships that pay more than a beggarly salary, and yet the Consuls of no country have more actual labor to perform than ours.

Consular positions are responsible ones and require more than ordinary ability to fill. We have always made a point when traveling abroad to call upon the representatives of the United States, no matter how small the positions they filled, and have been deeply pained to see how meanly some of them lived, because they could not afford anything better. Many of them have in the past had to send home to friends for money with which to pay their passage home.

The much-bruited cheap living abroad proving false, they have often found it almost impossible to live at all on their salaries and fees attached to the consulates at many important commercial points, the question of hospitality never occurring to our Consuls, who realize it is not to be thought of with their meager resources. If we are to maintain the prestige we have gained with the nations of the earth we must be more liberal with those who are to sustain our dignity abroad.

DANGERS OF THE SUMMER MAN

BY DOROTHY DIX

THIS is the time of year when the average young man, with a two weeks' vacation to his credit, blithely takes his single blessedness in his hands and tackles the Adamless Summer resort. It is a feat of heroic daring that meets with its own reward, for, while it lasts, he has the center of the stage and all the limelight. He is the little tin god of the shop, and breathes in the incense of feminine adulation and flattery, that is the most intoxicating thing on earth.

He is King, with nobody to dispute his kingdom with him. He may bask not only in the smile of one woman, but a hundred. He finds that Amaryllis, who was an iceberg in December, is in a melting mood in August; that Gwendolin the proud has become Gwendolin the humble, and that the man a woman wouldn't look at in the Winter she will pay out money to behold in the dog days. Probably no other human being ever so completely has the world in a sling as the solitary representative of his sex at a Summer resort; but, alas, every pleasure has a string to it, every rose a thorn, and the situation is as full of danger as it is of delight.

There is, of course, the awful chances that a young man will be danced into nervous prostration, or golfed into a home for incurable cripples, but the chief peril is not to wind and limb, but to his heart. Many men go annually to Summer resorts. Few return unengaged. Still fewer know how it happened. Sentiment was in the air, and they caught it. This would be an ideal state of affairs if every man was prepared to marry. Unfortunately this is not true, and, while the Summer engagement is as brittle as the proverbial pie crust, it is still much easier to get into an engagement than it is to get out of one.

Nor is the Summer engagement to be attributed to the fault of man. It is entirely the girl's for being so charming that nobody can resist her. With the man it is a case of Scylla and Charybdis. He dodged one fascination merely to fall into the wiles of another, for the Summer produces its own peculiar type of girl, and many a man escapes matrimony in the Winter merely to embrace it in the Summer.

Advice is, of course, generally wasted, especially on men. Still, one cannot behold the unprotected Summer man going out to meet his fate without desiring to call his attention to some of the perils he will encounter and warning him of his danger.

First, he will meet the picnic girl, who knows just how to fix up a lunch and hang a bottle in the water so that it will cool. She's very dangerous. A man will get to thinking what a dear little housekeeper she would make before he knows it. Beware of her. Like as not her mother made the sandwiches and the cook concocted the cake.

Then there's the rowing girl, who will take you out in a boat and let you lie on your back and stare up at the sky while she pulls the oars. Watch out for her. You think she would make a good wife who would always look out for your comfort, and the idea is enticing. But the chances are that she would expect you to do all the hustling after you were married. Besides, the woman who pulls the stroke oar in a family always does the bossing.

The bathing girl is a tantalizing and delightful little thing. She lets you float her, and you get bewitched and say silly things about mermaids. Go slow, brother. Life is spent on dry land. You want somebody who will be a duck on earth as well as in the water.

The girl who gathers wild flowers is a sweet, sentimental little thing, but before you invite a vine to wreathe around you consider if your salary justifies the ornament.

Give a wide path, unless you mean business, to the girl who delights in fishing. Fishing is a waiting game. It requires tact, patience, nice skill, but the girl who can land a trout never fails to hook the man she is after. You may nibble at the bait, and play with the hook, but sooner or later you will go under.

The girl with a book is only dangerous to certain types of men. Fools will pass her by, but to the intelligent man of sympathetic tastes she is so much of a menace she ought to be required to wear a red lantern around her neck. The man who reads sentimental poetry, or warm romances aloud to a woman under a green tree, or by the still waters, does so at his peril.

Widows have all times and seasons for their own. They are probably no more dangerous in the Summer than at any other time of year, but when a man acquires the habit of taking nice long strolls in the twilight with one, or gets to confiding his secret sorrows and aspirations to her as the waves beat upon the beach, his guardian angel shuts up the shop and goes out of business.

The athletic girl is a nice, chummy sort of a girl, little given to sentiment, and she is the season's preferred risk. Still, bear in mind that Cupid is often a caddy for the golf game, and the long hours on the links make a kind of comradeship that it is easy to mistake for love.

Beware of the hammock girl on moonlight nights. The homeliest girl on earth looks like an angel on a moonlit night on a vine-shaded veranda. Any man, young or old, married or single, will make love to a woman in a hammock, and the only safe course under the circumstances is to go and sit in the hotel office in the full glare of the deadly, prosaic electric light.

Also fight shy of the Summer widow. She generally has a large, robust husband, who doesn't understand platonic affection, and it is always so unpleasant to argue questions with that sort of person.

ANTI-ANARCHIST CRUSADE

BY GENERAL THOMAS M. ANDERSON

TEN years ago, at a congress of the Sons of the American Revolution held in Chicago, a proposition was made to undertake a patriotic propaganda among such elements of our population as seemed ignorant of American principles and hostile to our institutions. The project was not favorably considered at that time. The objection was made that it might be deemed political. But a number of things have happened since then. An anarchist element has developed in our midst which evidently holds that our Government is a despotism which should be tempered with assassination. Naturally there has been quite a change, even among conservative people, as to how our army of discontent should be treated. When President McKinley was murdered there was a demand for repressive measures. After the heat of public indignation had cooled, the sober second thought suggested that we should try educational methods as well as retributive justice. This found expression in the last congress of the S. A. R. in the following resolutions:

Whereas, One of the principal objects of this society is to inculcate the spirit of American patriotism among the people; and

Whereas, Many thousands of foreigners, aliens in language and purpose, come to our land every year, whose education in the spirit of American institutions is of the highest importance; and

Whereas, Work of this nature is in full accord with the purposes of this organization; therefore

Resolved, That a committee of five be appointed by the President-General at his early convenience to consider some practical means by which foreign and other elements in our country, particularly those who have formed associations which seem to be inimical to our institutions, may be informed concerning distinctively American principles, in order that they may become patriotic citizens of the country.

Carefully as the above resolution was drawn, it seems to be somewhat misleading. Quite a number of our correspondents have assumed that our purpose is to ferret out professional anarchists. It is, of course, needless to appeal to a criminal class. As I understand it, the object of our society is to prevent people from drifting into crime. With this object in view, a committee was appointed to devise some method by which a discontented and ignorantly antagonistic element in our population can be taught distinctively American principles. Our plan of action has not yet been formulated, but there was in our congress an expression of opinion that we should publish pamphlets in various languages, explaining in the simplest way the application of undisputed American principles to present conditions, with explanations of how every one can secure justice in this country without resorting to violence.

Every good man and woman in this country can help in this good work. If there are any that have no influence for good, like the barren fig tree, they should not cumber the ground. We should no longer be satisfied to belong to gilt-edged mutual admiration societies. The time is past for ancestor worship and post-prandial patriotism. There is a disease spreading in the body politic which must be eradicated. Rottenness is not confined to ancient Denmark. The cancer of anarchy and the dry rot of indifference are even now sapping the life of the state. It is for these reasons that the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution has sounded this note of warning.