ETHICAL TALKS BY CLERGY AND THE LAITY

THAT WAR MAKES BUSINESS IS A FALLACY

BY PROF. JOHN B. CLARK, LL. D.

I HAVE heard with an amount of pleasure which I very seldom experience a suggestion of Dr. Edward Everett Hale, that we endeavor to enlist in the course of international arbitration the influence of commercial bodies—Boards of Trade, Chambers of Commerce, bankers' associations and the like. It was a worthy suggestion of him, who, in practical ways as well as by idealistic inspiration, has always proved himself the "guide, philosopher and friend" of every friend of peace. We shall find these bodies able to accomplish much in the political as well as the economic world. We shall also find them willing. They are the great powers that are most willing to help in the effort to avert wars.

There is a common impression that war makes business productive and creates profits for many people; and it was a common saying during the Civil War—at least in the North—that we were getting rich on the war. I well remember a crusade which Henry Ward Beecher made at that time, for the accomplishment, indeed, of many things, but incidentally with a view to overthrowing this fallacy. The actual fact was that war was making us poorer. Though a limited number of people were accumulating wealth, this was done at a terrible cost to the country as a whole.

War does three things that make a country look prosperous. It withdraws productive energy from its ordinary channels and makes a scarcity of labor; it taxes the future for an indefinite time, gets the proceeds of the taxation, and spends these at once, in vast lump sums and in a prodigal way. It enables a few classes of capitalists and employers to make a salvage from this profuse expenditure. In these ways war stimulates prosperity, but the only people who get rich out of it are those who pick up the crumbs from a very wasteful table. The country gets poorer with great rapidity.

There are three economic classes that control politics in the United States, as elsewhere. They are the farmers, who represent both labor and capital—but not organized labor and capital; the trade unions, who represent consolidated labor, and the class which represents consolidated capital. All three working together for the same object would overbear every trace of opposition, and two of them working together would probably gain their end. What is available as a political force to be enlisted to the service of peace is one of those classes that we can thoroughly count on, and another that we can count on conditionally.

The farmers we cannot thoroughly depend on; they have diverse views upon this subject. In the main their moral perceptions are good, and the appeal to farmers on the basis of pure morality has a high hope of success. But the farmers are not free from fallacy that war makes profits, and they are affected by the fact that when war calls men from the farm to the field it quickens the demand for the foodstuffs produced by those who are not thus called away. On the basis of purely economic arguments I think in the long run we can count on the farmers; in the short run, I doubt whether we can confidently do it.

The laboring classes have declared themselves over and over again in favor of arbitration. They have done this officially through their organized bodies. Before the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War there was a unanimous demand from the labor unions of France and Germany for a prevention of the war; and before every war that has recently occurred, in which civilized nations have been engaged, something of that kind has taken place. When the Venezuelan trouble threatened to embroil us with England there were protests by the labor unions of the United States, Canada and Great Britain against any course that could precipitate such a conflict.

The reason for this attitude on the part of laborers is exceptional. It is not because they have a markedly clearer insight into the economic effects of war than have other classes. What they are keenly alive to is the fact that the labor movement is international, that it is an all-around movement, embracing many countries. It aims to emancipate the workmen of the world, and the participants do not want to be diverted from that purpose or thwarted by anything that will destroy the solidarity of their force.

At the time when the Venezuela trouble was pending I visited some leaders of labor unions for the express purpose of ascertaining their attitude, and while I never failed to find a distinct protest against war, and to be told that the feeling was universal among the laboring classes, I did not find that the assertion was as hearty and as earnest as I had hoped to find it. This was because, just then, there were some diverting subjects before the minds of the organized workmen of this country. They had one or two things perhaps not more deeply at heart, but more immediately so, than the cause of peace, and they had not much trouble to spare for his more general subject.

How it is with the commercial classes, upon whom at once the burdens of war precipitate themselves? Except in the case of a favored few, the effects of war show themselves in the shape of shrunken profits or closed avenues for enterprise. The direct costs of the war are so colossal that they cannot for a moment be disregarded, but they are the least of the wastes that war entails. The trouble that war occasions in the commercial world is expressed in the phrase, "The disruption of an economic organism." If I were to go into details of the significance of this phrase, readers would think that the subject is dry enough. Some things, however, are obvious. If two men were living in an isolated way, each producing every commodity that he used, they might declare war on each other without entailing costs, except the direct ones that the fighting would occasion. If, however, the two men constituted a microscopic community, and if they had developed such a division of labor that one produced the food for both, while the other produced the clothing, then a violent feud would mean not only direct costs, but a paralysis of production. If the connection has become still more intimate, so that the men were not only each other's customers, but each other's partners, a break between them would be more disastrous still. A foodproducer who owned capital in the hands of the artisan and an artisan who owned capital in the hands of the foodproducer would require a sore provocation to induce them to fight. This fairly represents something that is taking place in the business world. What is happening all over the world today is the economic annexation of the nations to each other, so that the relations of partnership as well as of interchange are established between them. The formation of this union goes on with great activity. We not only send goods to every country, but we send capital and enterprise. Men go to foreign lands and become employers of capital and labor. This occurs freely between members of the circle of highly civilized countries, but less frequently between the civilized nations and others; and between countries of such unlike degrees of advancement wars are brought on more easily. Within the circle of civilized countries the waste caused by war would be such that few statisticans would be bold enough to express it in figures; and it would come with immediate and crushing force on classes engaged in commerce between the countries affected and those that have made investments across the border. We can appeal to these classes with perfect confidence that in any threatening exigency they will do something positive, and that will usually be enough to preclude the outbreak of war. If the unduly belligerant spirit and feeling of the American people were to assert themselves in some ebullition of wrath which, in so far as the majority of our people were concerned, the economic influences would have difficulty in stemming, the commercial classes could be counted on to use their power in behalf of conciliation and peace.

I want to say just a word about the marked distinction between the relations which highly civilized countries, the great powers of the world, occupy to each other, and the relation which this circle of nations occupies to the inferior and less civilized portion of the world. I am as far as possible from feeling the slightest discouragement—I rather think I feel a sense of strong encouragement, as far as the ultimate success of our movement is concerned—by reason of the fact that a number of minor wars have been going on, and that since the creation of The Hague tribunal the world has not lapsed instantly into a state of peace. These minor wars — what are they? They are the unhappy attendant incidents of the economical annexation of uncivilized portions of the world to the civilized portion; they are causing that great circle of nations within which war is soon to be prevented by economic causes to grow larger and larger. A zone that was outside of the influences of high civilization is included within it; the process involves a war, unfortunately. Do you think that, in the end, it makes for war? On the contrary, it continually extends the area within which forces that we did not originate, but forces that we can gladly and confidently appeal to, are in process of establishing perpetual peace.

I recall well the feeling that we used to have when the phrase that is so attractive—"The Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World"—was used in literature and in conferences for the promotion of arbitration. It has a political sound. We did not quite think of it as representing an "iridescent dream," but there was some iridescence about it, even in our own minds. We thought of it as a thing to be hoped for and prayed for, but not confidently expected. To use the words of one speaker, we thought of those who were working for it as

Rowing hard against the stream.

And we took courage from the fact that in the operation they

Saw distant gates of Eden gleam.

But it is more than the gates of Eden, since it is nothing distant and is not of the nature of a paradise that we can reach only by passing through and beyond the tangible present world. It is as substantial as anything earthly, and is more like the rock of a mountain than like the mist that floats over it. What it is exactly like is rock in the process of making, and well advanced in the process. It is coming into existence through the action of cosmic force. Economic laws are resistlessly working to bring the world into a federation. To us it is even given to do something to make them work more efficiently.

HOOLIGANS OF THE ANIMAL WORL

BY REV. THEODORE WOOD

THERE is a common idea to the effect that man enjoys a monopoly of the so-called "human" vices. Nothing, however, could be more untrue. With the solitary exception, perhaps, of gambling, animals practice these vices, delight in them, revel in them, every one. They will bolt great lumps of food till they simply cannot force one additional morsel down their throats. They will drink themselves as drunk as Elah, the son of Baasha, did in Tirzah. They will spend almost the whole of their lives wrapped in what one of the old moralists describes as "sluggy slumber." They just wake up to eat, in fact, and then go to sleep again. And even the modern vice of hooliganism, that by-product of an advanced and congested civilization, is not really modern at all. It is almost as old as the everlasting hills.

In the animal kingdom one law reigns supreme, and that is the law of the strongest. Everything is based upon—

The good old rule, the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.

That, of course, is not hooliganism. But you find, in addition, a strong tendency, in certain animals to worry other animals; to plague, pester and persecute them without any particular reason; and even to band together so that their powers of annoyance may be increased.

This tendency, strange to say, is manifested chiefly among birds. The great tit, for instance, is a terrible bully. His highest delight is to attack other birds, to perch upon their backs, to split open their skulls with his sharp and powerful beak, and then to feast upon their brains. It has been suggested that he does this only when driven by hunger. Nothing of the kind. He does it just because he is stronger than they are, and because he delights in oppressing the weak and unprotected. A great tit was placed one night in a well-filled aviary. He was supplied with food in plenty, but by breakfast time next morning he had slain every one of his fellow captives except a quail.

Of course, like the warriors of certain savage races, the great tit may have a vague idea that by feeding on the brains of his victims he acquires their courage, their energy, and their other virtues generally. But even this excuse cannot be made for the robin, whose temper is of the most overbearing description, while his jealously literally knows no bounds. If a robin takes up his quarters in a greenhouse or a shed he regards the whole of the premises as his own private property, and will attack any feathered intruder, even of his own species, with the utmost ferocity. Four or five years ago a robin hit upon Hereford Cathedral as a suitable dwelling place, and lived therein for many weeks to his own entire satisfaction. But he evidently considered that the Cathedral was not big enough for two, for when another robin one day, greatly daring, ventured to intrude he dashed at it savagely, hunted it about all over the building, and was finally found sitting triumphantly upon his dead body. I know of a case, too, in which a robin, who had annexed a small greenhouse, attacked and killed no less than 19 other robins which at intervals during some three years had dared to invade the sacred precincts. And the robin does not feed upon the brains of his slaughtered victims.

Then there is the nuthatch, who appears to be a hooligan of the most pronounced description. At any rate, sparrows, chaffinchs, robins, and even titmice are utterly afraid of him. If you fasten a lump of fat meat to the branch of a tree in Winter time for the benefit of small birds, and a nuthatch happens to catch sight of it, he does not alight on the branch and hop up to the meat in order to obtain a share. He launches himself at it from some little distance like a missile discharged from a catapult and simply sends the other birds scattering in all directions to watch him respectfully from afar until he has eaten his fill. What mysterious terrors await the bold bird who ventures to challenge his supremacy no man may say, for the gage, apparently, has never been thrown down.

Sometimes one finds combination resorted to by animals for the more successful pursuits of hooligan tactics. In the early Autumn of 1887, for instance, seven herons came sweeping down suddenly out of the blue to attack a couple of swans which were lazily swimming about on the lake in Wimbledon Park. The swans had done absolutely nothing to provoke interference. They were not even feeding on anything which the herons could possibly want for themselves. The band of bullies just came along and went for them on the "'eave-'arf-a-brick-at-'im" principle, driving at them with extended beaks and striking again and again. The swans, however, defended themselves manfully, and even got in a stroke or two now and then on their account, the ultimate result being that the herons had the worst of the battle.

A couple of storks, too, of my own acquaintance, were kept for some little time in a garden and spent most of their time in watching for prowling cats. One of the commonest sights in that garden for the first two or three weeks of their presence was that of a cat tearing along with every hair erect at the rate of about a couple of hundred miles an hour with the storks in full cry behind it. But the news of their doughty doings soon got about, and stray cats became scarcer in the garden than they had been for many a long year past.

I am not sure this was hooliganism pure and simple on the part of the storks. Possibly it was only the love of sport. It may even have been that they acquired something of the instinct which leads dogs to object strongly to trespassers, real or imaginary. But they were certainly fond of exercising their superior strength at the expense of other creatures, and they understood the art of combining in order to do so to the best advantage, and to the harmless, if necessary, cats they became a veritable terror.

But there can be no doubt at all to the behavior of a swan at Linlithgow, N.B., which finally met with well-merited punishment. In this case a pair of coots had been attempting to build in a bed of rushes and had got as far as laying the foundation of their nest. Next morning, however, the fruits of their toil had disappeared. Again they set to work with precisely the same result. They then moved to a little distance and began a third nest, and once more the edifice vanished like the unsubstantial fabric of a vision. On the fourth morning the mystery was solved, and a swan was seen to swim up to the spot and deliberately trample the rude platform of rush under water. The coots now had evidently reached the limits of their endurance. They dashed at the swan together, and while one attacked it in front charging it valiantly again and again, [illegible] other mounted upon its back and be[illegible]ing the feathers out of his [illegible]. The surrounding reeds prevented th[illegible] from striking with its wings to any effect, and in a few min[illegible] the great hulking bully was in full retreat, leaving quite a small cloud of feathers floating in the air behind it. The nest was not interfered with again.

A SIDELIGHT ON MATRIMONY

BY DORTHY DIX

EVERY now and then one of those amateur individuals whose perpetual mania is giving advice sets up a wail over the decline of matrimony. The latest of these Jeremiahs is President Andrews, who has been counseling the school teachers and Summer students of the University of Chicago to rush into matrimony, and telling them that a man or woman who voluntarily remained single was a moral degenerate.

This advice sounds like that of a doctor who always prescribes port wine and turtle soup for his patients, whether they live in palaces or hovels, but, as a matter of fact, the altar is one of the places in life where extremes meet, and the only two classes that are absolutely free to marry when they please are millionaires and paupers. The rich may because they can afford to pay for their luxuries, and the poor because they are in a position to take risks—they can't be any worse off than they are.

Between these two are the multitude of cultivated and refined people who have to consider ways and means, and with whom it is an open question whether the marriage that will require the crucifixion of their tastes and the daily and hourly sacrifice of their comforts will return sufficient dividends in happiness to make it a paying investment.

There is no greater misfortune than that the world should be banded together to view matrimony altogether and solely from a romantic and sentimental point of view, when it is the one question on which we should bring to bear the most good, hard, common sense. We act precisely as if life ended, as a novel does, at the church door, and as if the happy couple wouldn't be clamoring for beefsteak and onions by the next meal time.

No one would undervalue the beauty and sacredness of love, but it is a cold fact that it is not enough capital on which to get married, and those who start out with no other resources soon find themselves bankrupt in sentiment as well as purse.

No man is in the proper frame of mind to be a lover when he is hungry, and the affection that has to stand the wear and tear of shabby clothes and the harassment of unpaid bills is pretty apt soon to show signs of frazzling out around the edges.

In theory and poetry love is enough. Practically it is very far from being enough. In the first flush of love a man thinks there is nothing he would not be willing to sacrifice for a woman. Sometimes while he is still in that state of mind he marries her, and then he finds that the income that made one person very comfortable can make a family very uncomfortable.

He has the tastes of a gentleman and the habits of good society, and he has been used to his little indulgences. Impecunious matrimony changes all that. With a family to support he must dress cheaply, live in a common little flat where the ugliness of everything is an insult to taste cultivated up to the Turkish rug and blue china ideal. He gets his exercise dodging the bill collector instead of knocking golf balls, and knows the plays he delighted in only through the newspaper review.

Is it any wonder, facing these conditions, that the moderately well-to-do bachelor pauses on the safe side of matrimony and asks himself if love is going to make up to him for the sacrifices of the tastes and habits of a lifetime? Indeed, he may well go farther and ask himself if he will even love the woman, now so dainty and beautiful, when he has dragged her down to poverty with him, and she wears made-over clothes, and does her own cooking. We all have seen men who turned from the hard-worked drudge on their hearthstone to some beautiful woman, in shimmering silks and laces, who represented man's ideal of the eternally feminine.

But, say these advocates of indiscriminate matrimony, these young people would be able to marry if they would begin life where their parents did. It is a nonsensical argument. Nobody can go backward. Nobody can use tallow dips, and be satisfied, after they are used to electric lights, or travel by stagecoach when they are accustomed to the automobile. It is true that we demand more luxuries than our parents had, but we are used to more. Rightly or wrongly, there is the educated and refined taste to be dealt with, and so we are left with a condition that the theory does not fit.

This is not arguing that only the rich should marry. Far from it. The happiest and most congenial marriages are those in which young people of moderate means have pooled their capital of brains and energy and worked their way up together.

But unless between them a man and woman have enough income to support them in the way of life in which they have been accustomed to live, matrimony is a hazardous experiment to try, and anybody who would recommend a young couple to get married without a definite way of making a good living, on the theory that they would get along somehow or other, would recommend a man who couldn't swim to jump overboard at sea, because there have been people who didn't get drowned.

There are exceptions to all rules, of course. There have been men who could live on bread and cheese and kisses and be happy. But, as a general thing, it is better to have loved and lost than to have gotten married on a beer income when you have champagne tastes.

WONDERS OF HUMAN ENDURANCE

BY ROBERT LLOYD

ON March 24 last M. Garnier began his attempt to beat the piano-playing record at the Cafe Martino, in Paris. He undertook to play the piano continuously for 27 hours, except for brief intervals, amounting in all to 90 minutes.

He began at 9 o'clock in the evening and played without rest till 2 o'clock in the morning. He took brief intervals for food about every four hours after that, but about 5 the next evening cramp seized his fingers. However, massage relieved him, and he kept on. His hands swelled dreadfully, and his face became congested. His arms had to be propped with cushions. However, he stuck to it till midnight, winning his wager of £40, with 14 minutes in hand. Then he collapsed, prostrated, with a severe nervous attack.

Even more startling was the feat of Bancia, who, at Venice, succeeded in playing for 50 hours on end, with only three brief rests. He, however, played slow and easy music compared with the pieces performed by the plucky Frenchman.

No other creature on earth can undergo such tremendous fatigue over long periods of time as can man. In speed over short distances there are, of course, dozens of animals—such as the horse, dog, and hare—with which man cannot compete. But in long-distance races man well-trained can wear down the best of them.

A really amazing pedestrian feat was accomplished by that famous walker, J. Hibberd, of London. In 1899 he walked from Shoreditch Church to Yarmouth—a distance of 124½ miles—in 27 hours 46 minutes. He was 50 years old at the time, but would without doubt have done the distance in an hour less if he had not missed his way, and covered several unnecessary miles.

Every day the average man generates a force of 3400 foot-tons—enough, that is, to raise 3400 tons a height of one foot. Only 10 per cent of this force is available for other work than that of keeping the body warm. But how much the residue may be exceeded by a strong man in good training is proved by the fact that McKenzie, winner of the race last year to the top of Ben Nevis, was working at the rate of 11,000 foot-pounds per minute during the 68 minutes that the race lasted.

Speaking of mountain-climbing, Sir Martin Conway's Alpine record of the year 1894 is another startling proof of what man is physically capable of doing and enduring. Sir Martin's tour lasted 86 days. During that time he covered 1000 miles on foot, ascended 21 peaks of an average height of 11,500 feet, and crossed 39 lofty passes. It has been calculated that a man who climbs a 7000-foot peak in five hours exerts enough energy to raise five fully-loaded locomotive engines one foot from the ground.

Long-distance cycling gives a further proof of the enormous endurance of man. In the six days' international cycle race of 1899, the winners—Miller and Waller—covered 2733 miles between the Monday morning and Saturday night. Brown, the vegetarian cyclist, recently rode on open roads, often in great heat, and again under pouring rain, 1800 miles in 199 hours.

Although man is not well-fitted by nature to be a swimmer, and is one of the few land cratures who cannot swim without being taught, yet in long-distance swimming he can give points to any other land animal. Montague Holbein, in September, 1899, swam 46 miles in 12 hours.

Even in the matter of fasting there are few warm-blooded creatures who can emulate such a performance as the 40 days' fast of Tanner.

Man's memory is one of his most wonderful attributes. What is possible in this direction was proved a year or two ago at Naples, when a professor of rhetoric—Arlini by name—repeated from memory 15,250 lines of Dante. He began to recite at 8 o'clock in the evening, and went on till 2:15 the next afternoon. He was thus at work for 1095 minutes, his rate being 830 lines an hour. He only stopped for a minute or two at long intervals to sip a little brandy and water. Almost equally startling was the speech made by Count Lechter in the Austrian Parliament two years ago. Beginning at 9 o'clock in the evening, he spoke until 9 the next morning. During these 12 hours he never sat down, never repeated himself, and never failed to hold the attention of his audience.

Amazing exhibitions of long-sustained brain-power have been given by chess-players. Pillsbury recently played 16 games of chess simultaneously, without seeing the boards of any of his opponents, and at the same time played a game of whist and chatted to his friends. What is more, he won all these games but one.

Man can eat more, lift more, carry more, and bear more pain than almost any other crature. Leysseus, the Belgian glutton, who died last year, once ate 6[illegible] hard-boiled eggs at a meal. A man named Nightingale recently carried a sack of sand, weighing one hundredweight, four miles—from Ilford to Bow—in 59 minutes. [illegible] night-watchman over 60 was recently run over by an engine at Queen's road, Battersea. He had 12 ribs broken, and his right foot crushed, but he walked some distance along the line, descended 16 steps of a ladder, and walked another 25 yards to his hut. He was still alive when found four hours later.

THE HOUSEHOLD COMMISSARIAT

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

AMONG the many qualities necessary to the happiness of married people is a certain peculiar faithfulness in the matter of the household purchases. It is one whose cultivation is sometimes neglected; yet it is of the utmost importance, not only as an affair of stewardship, but as the tender care for the health of the family is involved in it, and it is one requiring not a little devotion, as it means, with all the rest, daily oversight of the household stores and attention to their purchase from the proper dealers—that is, not from the cheapest, but from the most upright. Certainly there is constant danger of injury from the use of provisions and medicines bought from irresponsible dealers, who, in order to furnish wares at a low price, and thus secure custom, do not trouble themselves to make sure of their quality.

It is a shame that the cup of tea or coffee on which one in some innocent measure depends, and which with the poor is not only a necessity, but sometimes a sole luxury, should be the means of robbing what health and strength one has. But while there are unscrupulous persons to coat the tea leaves and coffee berries with arsenic and sulphate of copper, the fatal touch may be felt by all those who cannot afford the high-priced article, or who are too careless to attend to it and buy of the conscientious dealer; and the responsibility rests with the wife who has the buying in charge.

And this perhaps trifling matter of the tea and coffe is not all. For, look at the canners of fruits; there are those among them who, wishing an easy way to preserve their product from fermentation, use one of the most powerful and dangerous of drugs, salicylic acid, whose action ought to be well known, and which the physician himself gives only with the greatest caution. And the family at the table consume the dainty with satisfaction, ignorant that they are eating their way to destruction—those who have unsuspected affections to sudden heart failure, and others to no less serious if more prolonged trouble. And since there are righteous canners, it is wisdom for the house mother to ascertain that her purchases are made of firms who do not allow the use of the salicylates, and to make sure, moreover, that her milkman is one who would scorn to take advantage of the antiseptic property of the drug, even if he knew of it, as much as he would scorn to rob her of any portion of her nourishment by watering it. Poison is bad enough in the workman's beer, but in the children's milk it is unforgivable. Investigations that have been made into the habits of various of the dealers in the great staples of food make it possible to discover where safety lies.

It may not be a vital matter to her when the provider finds candy adulterated by terra-alba, since one is hardly more deleterious than the other, as a frequent article of diet. But it is much more serious when she finds the arrow root—which, when it is wanted, is wanted in its utmost purity—mingled with flour or with bone dust; arrow root that is fed to babies on the edge of their little graves, and which, if it is of an impure sort, can only precipitate them into that darkness.

The good wife will find other things, those with which flour is mingled, if she stays to discover, and where, when exposed to the air, or left in damp or closed receptacles, the flour breeds a microscopic fungus which produces complaints that, if not fatal, are productive of discomfort and disease. She will find, however, no adulteration more wicked than that sometimes practiced with cream of tartar, by means of powdered gypsum or alum or other substances; since cream of tartar, besides its use in food, is administered in critical instances of illness, in order to make one organ do the work of another organ, giving the latter time to rest and recuperate and go along again for a period; but when thus adulterated the drug is deprived of its power and is even sometimes made to bring about an exactly contrary result.

Although the use of these foreign elements is as bad as the weakening of laudanum or of quinine, for which some druggists, so offending, have been righteously condemned and punished, yet our good wife will hear little about them, and should instruct herself as to the necessary tests for them. None of the so-called poisons is the druggist allowed to sell without a prescription and a warning on the bottle, yet these other equally potent poisons the dealer possessed by detestable greed uses with impunity, and only inspecting care on the part of the purchaser can evade them.

As the household commissariat, she will find that she cannot exercise too much supervision of the selection of articles, the names and brands of manufacturers, and the responsibility of dealers, unless she wants to hear ringing in her mind's ear the ancient cry, "There is death in the pot!"

IF I WERE ONLY FIFTY

BY OPIE READ

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IN the grass the cricket was hurrying his song toward its end, and in the first suggestion of a chill that had fallen upon Summer the bird turned his melancholy eye toward the south. With the scent of hay newly cut the air was sweet, and in the orchard the yellow apple glowed in the softening sun. Beneath a tree near the roadside sat a man. Beside him lay his hat, and bowed was his head, for in the sudden changes of season there was thought, and he was musing.

"Seventy years old with the coming of cool weather," he said, his head bowed over. "And what have I accomplished?"

"Nothing!" conscience so promptly replied that he was startled. "Nothing," conscience repeated, and shaking his head, he acknowledged: "Nothing. Year after year I have wasted my time, arising strong in resolve and lying down weak with the consciousness of failure. I have marked the strongest passages in great books, detemined to live up to them, but growing weary have forgotten them, again to fall back in vain and thoughtless ways."

"You have gambled," said conscience.

"Yes, believing that in the years to come I would reform, but the years have slipped by, and now I am 70, almost vicious in habits and still uncultivated in mind. I used to muse that if again I were only 30, 40—and now I would that I were only 50—that I might mend my ways."

"Then you do not think that at 50 you would be a fool."

"No, not with the knowledge I now possess—of my experience of the world."

"After all," said conscience, "knowledge is what one knows not so much of the world as of himself. History is valuable in that it makes you acquainted with the past, and the past is useful only to the degree that upon the future it throws a guiding searchlight. And how much better off the world would be if a man at his death could leave to his son his mental training, his experience, rather than his money. By the way, having reached 50, didn't you know that soon you would be 70?"

"Yes, but foolishly I supposed that it would be as long between 50 and 70 as it was between 30 and 50."

"What would you do if again you were 50?"

"I should realize that at 50 a man's mind is at its best. The money which I have thrown away in speculations I would invest in books, and by making myself acquainted with the world's greatest minds, reap substantial enjoyment. I have observed that the truly learned man is never a bore, that he does not talk about himself, the great evil into which ignorant age invariably falls, and that youth, even in the pursuit of folly, halts to pay his respect."

"Would you rather be a wise than a rich old man?"

"Yes, decidedly. A rich old man is more often an object of pity than of admiration. Age is naturally covetous and secretive. Youth may be generous, without a thought of a return, but age demands interest on its money, and is only charitable at the brink of the grave."

"But haven't you noted many exceptions?"

"Only a few. Sophocles said, 'None cleave to life so fondly as the old,' and the succeeding ages have echoed his wisdom. The average rich man, as he grows old, is constantly beset with the fear that he may starve. He looks at a dollar, and says, 'This would for a whole day keep me out of the poorhouse.'

"You must be a fool, indeed, for you are 70 years old and have neither wisdom nor money. Can you think of a condition more deplorable?"

"I don't dare to think."

"But you have a good constitution and may live to be 80. What are you going to do in the meantime?"

"Well, my memory is now so much at fault that it is too late to think of acquiring knowledge. And I should be almost useless at any sort of employment."

"Don't you say this to excuse a further waste of time?"

"No, but mention the fact to show that it is now useless to attempt anything. But if I were only 50 again I would make a man of myself. I wouldn't gamble, but, avoiding evil places, would settle down to a life of common sense and stability. After the age of 50 men have accomplished great things, but after 70 there is nothing but the enforced philosophy of the grave."

"What was the greatest error of your life?" conscience inquired.

"A disregard for the economy of time. How often have I said, 'Well, it helps to pass away the time.' Why should we wish to pass away the time except that we may be nearer eternity? A day wholly lost, spent in a manner to whirl us lightly through the precious hours, is much worse than the loss of money, for that may be regained. Ah, if I were only 50!"

From the tree an apple fell. The dreamer started and awoke, and the first thought that entered his mind was, "Thank heaven I am only 50."

Swiftly down the road came a man in a buggy. Pulling up his team, he called out:

"Helloa, Colonel, get in and go with me to the races."

"Got anything good?"

"A sure thing."

"All right, I'm with you," and, getting into the buggy, the man of 50 was rapidly driven toward 70.

Some of the newest and daintiest sherbet glasses or cups are of decorated china with silver mounts or rests.

SOME FOOLISH CUSTOMS IN NAMES

BY ELIZABETH CADY STANTON

MY first criticism is on the American custom of using initials for names. Notice the letters of most of your correspondents, and you will find their names abbreviated with some letters of the alphabet.

Now A, B and C do very well for kegs of fish, barrels of flour and spools of thread, but not for immortal men and women.

Some people named after distinguished men and women, who ought to be proud of their names, do the same thing.

I know a man named Wendell Phillips ———, who signs himself W. P. Dodd. Now Wendell Phillips would dignify Dodd, but W. P. only adds to its insignificance.

A worse blunder of the American people, however, is the handing down of such names as Bull, Hoar, Catt, Cram, Fish, Crabb, Hitchcock, Cruikshanks, etc.

A man should be ashamed of himself to give a family of innocent sons and daughters any of those names, when by a simple act of the Legislature they can be so easily changed.

Imagine two beautiful girls, in white muslin and blue sashes, announced in an English drawing-room by a loud-mouthed usher as "The Missus Bull," while we have such dignified family names as Douglas, Hamilton, Livingston and Montgomery.

Think of the audacity of Obediah Hitchcock asking the queenly Margaret Livingston to change her name for his rusty cognomen.

When women are more cultivated and independent, as they should be, they will inaugurate a complete change in this direction.

Men have already shown their incompetency regarding this matter.

In the first place, as women grow more self-respecting they will insist on retaining their life-long names even after marriage.

When they are no longer ciphers in the state, the church or the home, but full-fledged American citizens, they will not consent to be known by such ignominous names as Mrs. Hiram Hogg, thus burying the woman whose own name has been distinguished both by her father and herself.

A man should have some pride in giving a euphonious name to his wife and family. If an old grandfather saw fit to dub himself Bull or Catt, that is no reason why his descendants should perpetuate it to the end of time.

Here is a department of social ethics to which woman must now give her supervision.

Man, by long experience, has proved himself incompetent for this work.