"The Simple Life" By Rev. Charles Wagner

CHAPTER VII.

THE SIMPLE PLEASURE.

Do you find these times amusing? I find them rather more sad, myself. I fear that my impression may be altogether personal. To see my contemporaries live, to hear them talk, I feel myself unhappily confirmed in the sentiment that they do not amuse themselves very much. It is not, however, the fault of not having tried, but it must be admitted that they have had but a mediocre success. Now, how does it happen?

Some accuse politics, or business; others the social questions, or militarism. One has but an embarrassment of choice when one begins to tell the rosary of our great cares. Go then afterward and amuse yourself. There is too much pepper in our soup, for us to eat it with pleasure. We have our arms full of stuff of all sorts, any one of which would suffice to spoil our humor. From morning to night you will meet people in a hurry, worried and preoccupied. These have left all their good blood in the vicious conflicts of a morose political movement. Those men have lost heart from the vile proceedings, the jealousies they have met with in the world of literature and arts. Commercial oppo-life were a theory, if we were here to elaborate the complete system of the universe, it would be absurd to occupy ourselves with duty before having demonstrated liberty, fixing its conditions and limits.

But life is not a theory. On this point of practical morals, as on all others, life has distanced the theory, and there is no reason to believe that it will ever cede it the precedence. This liberty, relative I admit, like all that we know besides, this duty whose existence we question, is not any the less the base of all the judgments we bring on us and our fellow-beings. We treat each other as responsible to a certain degree for our actions and gestures.

The maddest theorist, as soon as he gets outside of his theory, feels no scruples in approving or disapproving the acts of others, to work against his enemies, to appeal to the generosity and the justice of those whom he would dissuade from an unworthy action. They can no more rid themselves of the feeling of moral obligation than that of time and space, and that we must resign ourselves to press onward before we know how to define that space which we cross and the time which measures our movements; we must also submit to the moral obligation before having touched its deep roots. The moral law dominates man whether he respects it or transgresses it. Look at every-day life. Each one is ready to throw the stone at him who does not accomplish a self-evident duty, even if he must allege that he has not yet reached the philosophic certainty. Each one will tell him, and be a thousand times right in telling him: "Sir, one is a man above all things. Pay in your manhood first; then do your duty as citizen, as father, as son, and return to the course of your meditations after."

At the same time let us be understood. We do not wish to hinder any one from his philosophical investigations, of the scrupulous search for the moral foundations. No thought which leads man toward those grave studies can be useless or indifferent. We only defy the thinker to be able to wait until he has found these foundations to do an act of humanity, honesty or dishonesty, courage or cowardice. And, above all, we desire to formulate an answer, good enough to oppose all the malignant persons who have never been philosophers, to offer to ourselves when we wish to invoke our doubtful state of philosophy, to justify our practical failures. By just that is one a man; before all theories, positive or negative, on duty, one has for a firm rule to conduct himself like a man. There is no issue from there.

But they will know the resources of the human heart little if they count on the effect of a similar answer. It may even be without answer, but in spite of that it cannot hinder other questions from arising. The number of our pretexts to lead us from our duty is as great as the sands of the sea, or the stars in heaven.

Therefore we retrench the obscure duty, the difficult duty, and the contradictory duty. Those are surely words which evoke painful souvenirs. To be a dutiful man and doubt his road, to feel along in the dark, to see himself delivered to contrary solicitations of different duties, or again to find himself facing a gigantic duty, a crushing one which surpasses our forces, what is harder? And these things happen. We would not deny nor contest that there is a tragic element in certain events and heartrendings in certain lives. Still, it is rare that duty has to throw light across such a conflict of circumstances. It must spring forth from the mind like the lightning from the clouds. Such formidable shocks are exceptional. So much the better if we bear up well when they do come, but if no one thinks it surprising that the oaks are uprooted by the tempest, or a traveller should stumble in the night on an unknown road, or that a soldier should be conquered when he is taken between two fires, no one should condemn without appeal those who have been beaten in these almost superhuman struggles. To succumb under the number and the obstacles has never been a disgrace.

Therefore I shall offer my arms to those who intrench themselves behind the impregnable rampart of obscure, complex and contradictory duty. For today it is not that which occupies my mind. It is the simple duty, I might almost say the easy duty, that I wish to speak of to them.

We have each year three or four high holidays, and many ordinary days. Like them there are a few very great and very obscure combats to fight. But by the side of this there are the multitude of simple and evident duties. Now, while that in the great encounters our attitude is generally sufficient, it is precisely in the small occasions that we are seen to weaken. Without fearing that I shall be drawn by a paradoxical form from my thought I shall then declare: The essential is to fulfil the simple duty, to consecrate oneself to elementary justice. In general those who lose their souls, lose them not because they fail to do difficult duties and do not accomplish impossibilities, but because they neglect their simple duty.

Let us illustrate this truth by example. He who tries to enter among the lower and humble ones of society will not be long in discovering great physical and moral miseries. The nearer he reaches that life the more wounds he discovers, and at last the world of miserable ones seems to him like a vast, black creation before which the individual with his poor means of solace appears reduced to impotence. It is true that he feels anxious to hasten, but at the same time he thinks "What is the use?" Evidently the case is most agonizing. Some decide the question by doing nothing from despair. They remain therefore sterile, yet not from the lack of pity nor of good intentions. They are wrong. Often a man has not the means to do good by wholesale, but that is no reason why he should not at retail. So many people fail to do anything because, according to them, there is too much to do. They need to be recalled to the simple duty. This duty is this, in the case now occupying our attention: That every one, according to his resources, his leisure and his capacities, should form friendships among these disinherited ones. There are people who by the exercise of a little willpower manage to introduce themselves into the circles of the ministers, or to wriggle into the society of the chiefs of state. Why, then, could not all form acquaintance with the poor people and become friendly with those toilers who are in need of necessaries? Once know a few families, with their histories, their antecedents and their difficulties, you could be of great utility in doing simply what you could, and in practicing fraternity under the form of moral and material assistance. You would have, it is true, attacked but one little corner, but you would have done your best and perhaps drawn some one other to do his best also. In acting this way, instead of only stating that there exists much misery in the world, sullen hatred, disunion, vice you would have introduced a little good into it. And however small the number of good wills like yours becomes, the good will grow and evil will diminish. But, even if you are left alone to do what you have done, you have witness that you have done the only reasonable thing, the simple and childlike duty which was given you. Now, in doing that you have discovered one of the secrets of right living.

Human ambition dreams of vast projects, but it is rarely given us to do great things, and even the most rapid and certain successes are always the outcome of patient preparation. Faithfulness in small things is the base of everything grand that is accomplished. We forget that too often. Still, if there is a truth necessary to know, it is that, above all in the dangerous and painful moments of existence. One can save himself in case of shipwreck on a broken beam, an oar, or a piece of plank. On the tumultuous ocean of life, when everything seems to be broken to atoms, remember that one only of those poor atoms may become our plank of safety. The demoralization consists in despising these pieces.

You have been ruined, or have a great grief, or perhaps you have just seen destroyed before your eyes the fruit of long labor. It is impossible to reconstruct your fortune, to resuscitate your dead, or save your lost labor. And before the irreparable your arms fall. Then you neglect to care for your person, to keep your house, or to watch over your children. That is pardonable, and how well we understand it! But that is very dangerous! To let yourself go transforms the evil into a worse one. You who believe that you have nothing more to lose, you will for that lose that which yet remains to you. Gather the fragments of your goods; have for what remains a scrupulous care. And soon that little will console you. Accomplished effort comes to our aid, as neglected effort turns against us. If there remains but one branch to which you can cling, cling to that branch, and if you are left alone to defend a cause which seems lost do not throw down your arms to join the fugitives. On the morrow after the deluge a few isolated persons repeople the earth. The future sometimes seems to rest on one head alone, as it happens that a life hangs but on a thread. Inspire yourself with history and nature; each will teach you in their laborious evolutions that calamities, like prosperity, can come from the least causes, that it is not wise to neglect details, and above all one must know how to wait and to recommence.

In speaking of the simple duty I cannot refrain from thinking of military life, and of the examples that it offers to the combatants of that great struggle which is life. He who, once his army is beaten, abstains from brushing his garments, polishing his gun, and observing his discipline understands but imperfectly his duty as a soldier.

"To what use?" you may say. To what use? Are there not many ways of being beaten? Would it be a matter of indifference to add discouragement, disorder, a general breaking up to the misery of defeat? No. We must never forget that the least act of energy in these terrible moments is like a light in the darkness. It is a sign of life and hope. Each one understands at once that all is not lost.

During the disastrous retreat of 1813-1814, in the middle of Winter, while it must have been almost impossible to maintain any sort of appearance, I do not know what general it was presented himself one morning to Napoleon I., in fine condition and freshly shaved. Seeing him thus, in the midst of the general breaking up, as carefully dressed as if on review, the Emperor said:

"General, you are a brave man!"

The simple duty is the nearest one. A very common weakness hinders many people from finding that which is nearest to them interesting. They see but by their meanest side. The distant, on the contrary, attracts and enchants them. Thus is uselessly spent a fabulous sum of good will. They are impassioned for humanity, for the public good, for distant miseries, walking across life with eyes fixed on the marvelous objects which captivate us far below at the confines of the horizon, while they walk on the passers' feet or elbow them without noticing them.

It is a singular infirmity which hinders you from seeing those who are there beside you. Many have read much, made long voyages, but they do not know their co-citizens, great or small. They live, thanks to the competition of a quantity of beings whose destiny is indifferent to them. Neither those who teach them, instruct them, govern them, nor those who serve them, furnish them, feed them, have ever won their attention. That there is any ingratitude or improvidence in not knowing one's work people, one's domestics, the few beings in fact who have indispensable social relations with us, never enters their minds. Others go still farther. For some women their husbands are unknown, andthis is reciprocal. There are parents who do not know their own children. Their development, their thoughts, the dangers they may run, the hopes they may nourish are for them a closed book. Many children do not know their parents and have never suspected their pains, their struggles, nor penetrated their intentions. And, I do not speak of the disunited families, those sad homes where all relations are falsified, but of honest families composed of good people. These persons only are greatly absorbed. Each one has his interest elsewhere which takes all his time. The distant duty, strongly attractive, I do not deny, claims them entirely and they are unconscious of the nearer duty. I fear that they lose their pains. The base of operation of each is the field of his immediate duty. Neglect that base and all the distant things you undertake will be jeopardized. Belong, therefore, first to your own country, your own city, your own house, your church, your workshop, and if it can be, leave there to go elsewhere. That is the simple and natural step to take. A man must furnish himself at great cost with very bad reasons to have come to follow the inverse walk. In any case, the result of so strange a confusion of duties is that many are mingled with a quantity of things save those that one has the right to expect of them. Each occupies himself with other things than those which belong to him, and, absent from his post, he does not know his trade. It would be, though, so very simple if every one attended to his own business only.

Another form of simple duty. When an injury has been caused who should repair it? The one who caused it. That is just, but it is only a theory. And the consequence of that theory would be that we must allow the evil to exist until the malefactors have been found and made to repair the injury. But if we do not find them? Or, if they cannot or will not repair the injury?

It rains on your head through a broken tile, or the wind penetrates your dwelling through a broken pane. Will you wait to seek the roofer and the glazier until you have had the breaker of the tile or window arrested? You would find that absurd, would you not? It is, however, a very ordinary practice. Children indignantly cry, "I did not throw that object down, and I shall not pick it up." And the greater part of men reason the same way. That is logical. But that is not the sort of logic that turns the world.

That which we should know, to the contrary, and which life repeats daily, is that the damage caused by some is repaired by others. Some destroy, others build; some soil, others clean; some stir up strife, others appease it; so some cause tears to flow and others console; some live in iniquity, while others die for justice. And it is in the accomplishment of this dolorous law that safety lies. It is logic also, but of that logic of fact which causes that of theories to grow pale. The conclusion is not a doubtful one. A man of simple heart draws his conclusions thus: Given the evil, the great thing is to repair it and to begin at once. So much the better if the malefactors will contribute to this reparation, but experience counsels us not to count too much upon their co-operation.

But however simple duty is, one must still have the strength to accomplish it. This strength, in what does it consist, and where is it to be found? One could never wear of talking about it. Duty for a man is an enemy and an importunate one so long as it appears only as an outward solicitation. When it enters the door man flies out the window, and when it closes the windows man will escape by the roof. The better it is seen coming the easier it is to avoid it. It is like the gendarme, who represents public force and official justice, which an adroit scamp always manages to avoid. Alas! if the gendarme does seize the fugitive, all he can do is to take him to the station and not always by the easiest road. That a man may accomplish his duty he must fall into the hands of another force than the one which says: "Do this, do that; avoid this, avoid that; otherwise look out for yourself."

This interior force is love. When a man hates his trade or occupation, or does it carelessly, all the powers of earth are unable to make him work with good will. But he who loves his business goes right on alone. Not only is it impossible to restrain him, but it would be impossible to turn him from it. It is that way with all. The great thing is to have felt that which is the holiest and most immortally beautiful in our obscure destiny; it is to have learned by a series of experiences to love this life for its pains and its hope, to love mankind for their miseries and their nobility, and to belong to humanity by heart, intelligence and compassion. Then an unknown force takes possession of us, as the wind takes possession of the sails of a ship, and wafts us toward pity and justice. And, ceding to the irresistible force of the breeze, we say: "I can do no differently, it is stronger than I."

In explaining himself thus man of all ages and of all centers designates a power that is higher than man, but which can live in the hearts of men. And all that is really noble and uplifted appears like a manifestation of this mystery which is beyond our power to understand. Great sentiments, like great thoughts, like great acts, are things of inspiration. When the tree grows green and gives its fruit it is because it draws from the soil its vital forces and receives from the sun its light and warmth. If a man, in his humble sphere, amid inevitable faults and ignorance, consecrates himself sincerely to his task, it is that he is in contact with the eternal source of kindness. This central force manifests itself under a thousand diverse forms. Sometimes it is untamable energy, sometimes caressing tenderness, sometimes the spirit militant which attacks and destroys evil, sometimes maternal solicitude which gathers by the side of a road where is often lost some life crushed and forgotten, sometimes the humble patience of long searches. But all that it touches bears its signature, and the men who are animated by it feel that it is by it that we are and that we live. To serve it is their happiness and their recompense. It suffices them to be his instruments and they care nothing more for the dazzling exterior of their function in life, knowing well that nothing is great, nothing is small, but that our actions and our life are worth nothing only for the spirit that penetrates them.

CHAPTER VI.—THE SIMPLE NEEDS.

When one buys a bird of the birdseller the good man tells us briefly what we must do for our new pensioner, and all that, hygiene, food and the rest, is contained in a few words. To sum up in the same way the essential needs of the greater part of beings a few summary indications will suffice. Their rule is in general of an extreme simplicity, and so long as they follow it they keep in good health, like children who obey Mother Nature. Let them step aside and complications arrive, the health suffers, gayety disappears. Simple and natural life alone can maintain an organism in its fullest vigor. By failing to remember this elementary principle we fall into strange aberrations.

What does a man need for his material life in the best possible conditions? A healthy diet, simple garments, a salubrious dwelling and air and movement. I shall not enter into the details of hygiene, nor compose menus, nor indicate what kind of a house he should occupy nor the cut of his clothes. My aim is to mark a direction and to say what advantage there is for each one to order his life in a spirit of simplicity. To assure ourselves that this spirit does not reign enough in our social life, it suffices to see how men of all classes live. Ask different individuals from distinct classes of life this question: "What do you need to live?" You will hear what they answer. There is nothing more instructive than that.

For some autochtones of Parisian asphalt, there is no life possible outside a certain region circumscribed by a few boulevards. There the air is breathable, the light bright, the temperature normal, the classic kitchen and all one desires of so many other things without which it would be scarcely worth while to promenade on this round machine of ours—the world.

To the different rungs on the ladder of bourgeois life, they answer to the question of what they need to live, by a cipher, varying according to the degree of ambition or education, and by education one understands most often the external habits of life, the way they are lodged, fed and clothed—an education all on the surface. Understood a certain income, of profit or salary, life becomes possible. Below that it is impossible. We have seen people commit suicide because their means have fallen below a certain minimum. They preferred to disappear rather than to restrain themselves. Note that this minimum, the cause of their despair, would have been very acceptable to others of less exacting needs, and enviable for people of modest tastes.

In the mountains the flora change according to the altitude. There is the region of ordinary cultivation, that of forests, that of pasturages and that of bare rocks and glaciers. After leaving a certain zone, we find no more wheat, while the vine prospers. The oak ceases to grow in a comparatively low plane, and the pine is pleased with considerable altitudes. Human life with its needs recalls those phenomena of vegetation.

At a certain altitude of fortune we see the financier succeed, the club man, the worldlings, and in short all those for whom strict necessity understands a certain number of servants, and equipages, as well as several domiciles in and out of the city. Next we find the burgesses, good citizens with their clean manners and habits. We see, flourishing in other regions, comfortable ease, middling or modest and of categories of exactions very unequal. Then come the small people, the artisans, the laborers, the peasants, the mass in fact who live hard, and scantily like the fine grass on the summits of the mountains, there where the larger specimens of the vegetable kingdom do not find nourishment. In all the different provinces of society they live. And those who grow there are men as are the rest. It seems strange that among fellow-men such prodigious differences in needs could be. And here the analogy of our comparison abandons us. Plants and animals of the same family have identical needs. Human life brings us to other observations quite contrary. What conclusion shall we draw if it is not that there is a considerable elasticity in the nature and number of our needs?

Is it useful, is it favorable to the development and happiness of the individual, to the developments and happiness of society, that man should have a multitude of needs and apply himself to satisfy them? But first, we will take up again our comparison with the inferior beings. Once their essential needs are satisfied they live contented. Is it so with human society? No. In all the degrees we encounter discontent. I except completely here those who lack the necessaries. One could not without injustice assimilate with the discontented ones those from whom the cold, hunger and misery force moans. I wish to speak only of that multitude of people who live in condition after all supportable. From whence comes their discontent? Why is it met with not only among those whose condition, though modest, is sufficient, but again under shades of difference always more refined, up to opulence and to the summit of social conditions?

They speak of the portly bourgeois. Who speaks of them? Those who, judging from the outside, think that, given the time during which they have devoted themselves to moneymaking, they really ought to consider it enough. But do they themselves think so? Not the least in the world. If there are rich and contented people, be sure that they are not contented because they are rich, but because they have learned to be contented. An animal is satisfied because it has eaten. It lies down and sleeps. A man also may lie down and sleep for a certain length of time; but that does not last long: he accustoms himself to his well-being, wearies of it and demands a greater. The appetite is not appeased in a man by his food. It comes as he eats. That may appear absurd, but it is the absolute truth.

And the fact that those who complain the most are almost always the ones who would have the most reasons to declare themselves satisfied, proves clearly that happiness is not attached to the number of our needs and the haste which we employ to cultivate them. Every one is interested in penetrating this truth for himself. If he does not do it, if by an act of energy he does not manage to limit his exactions, he risks finding himself insensibly sliding down the incline of desire.

The man who lives to eat, to drink, to sleep, to dress, to travel, to give himself in fact all that he can give himself, whether he is the parasite lying in the sun, the drunken toiler, the bourgeois, servant of his stomach, the woman absorbed in her toilette, the jovial fellow of low class, or the jolly fellow of mark, or that he be simply the vulgar epicurean, though good fellow, too docile as to material needs; that man, we say, is started on the incline of desire, and that incline is fatal. Those who go down obey the same laws as the body rolling down an inclined plane. A prey to an illusion ceaselessly being renewed, they say to themselves: "Just a few steps more, the last toward that object below which attracts our covetousness, then we will stop." But the added velocity draws them onward. The farther they go the less they can resist.

That is the secret of the agitation, of the madness of many of our contemporaries. Having condemned their wills to the slavery of their appetites, they receive the chastisement of their works. They are delivered to savage and implacable desires, which eat their flesh, crush their bones, drink their blood and are never satisfied. I am not preaching here a transcendant moral; I listen to the speech of life, noting in the transit a few of the truths which are echoed from all the crossroads.

Has drunkenness, so inventive of new beverages, found a means of quenching thirst? No, they might sooner call it the art to preserve thirst and render it inextinguishable. Does shamelessness dull the spur of our senses? No, it exasperates it and converts the natural desire into a morbid obsession, a fixed idea. Let your needs reign and entertain them; you will see them multiply like insects in the sun. The more you have given them the more they will ask. He is insensate who seeks happiness in only well-being. It would be as easy to undertake to fill the tank of Danaides. To those who have millions lack other millions; to those who have thousands, they lack thousands. Others lack pieces of 20 francs, or 100 sous. When they have chicken in the pot they want goose; when they have the goose they would have a turkey, and so on. They will never learn how terrible that tendency is. There are too many small ones who would imitate the great, too many toilers who ape the bourgeois, too many of the daughters of the people who try to appear young ladies, too many small employes who pretend to be clubmen and sportsmen, and in the class of comfortable ease, and among the rich too many persons forget that what they possess could be better employed than in giving themselves all sorts of pleasures, only to find after all that they never have enough of them. Our needs, from being servants as they should be, have become a crowd, turbulent and undisciplined, a legion of tyrants on tip-toe. One cannot better compare the man who is slave to his needs than with a bear which has a ring through his nose, and which they make dance at will. The comparison is not flattering, but admit that it is true. It is by their needs that they are drawn, so many men, to struggle, shout and talk of liberty, of progress, and I know not what else. They do not know how to take one step in life without asking if that will not annoy their masters. How many men and women have gone nearer and nearer even to dishonestw, for the sole reason that they had too many needs and could not resign themselves to live simply. There are many pensioners in the prison cells at Mazas who could tell us many things on the danger of too exacting needs.

Let me tell you the story of a good man I knew. He loved his wife and children tenderly, and lived in France from the results of his labor, in a comfortable ease, but which was far from sufficing for the luxurious needs of his wife. Always short of money, whereas he could have lived comfortably with a little simplicity, he ended by exiling himself to a distant colony where he earns much money, leaving his family in the mother country. I do not know what that unfortunate man must think there, so far away, but his family has a finer apartment, handsome clothes and a sort of an equipage. For the moment their contentment is extreme. But they will be soon accustomed to this luxury, which is after all rudimentary. In a short time madame will find her furniture mean, and her carriage poor. If that man loves his wife, as we cannot doubt he does, he will emigrate to the moon to earn a larger salary. Elsewhere the roles are reversed, and it is the woman and children who are sacrificed to the voracious needs of the head of the family whose irregular life, gaming and many other costly follies cause him to forget his duties. Between his appetites and his paternal position he has decided for the first and slowly he drifts toward the vilest egotism.

This forgetfulness of all dignity, this progressive paralysis of noble sentiments is not found among the gamesters of the wealthy class alone. The man of the people is also attacked by it. I know many little families where happiness might reign, but where you will see a poor mother of a family who has but grief and sorrow day and night, children without shoes, and often great anxiety for the daily bread. Why? Because the father must have too much money. Not to speak of the expense in alcohol, every one knows the proportions it has reached in the last 20 years. The sums swallowed in this mighty gulf are fabulous, double the ransom of the war of 1870. How many legitimate needs could be satisfied with what is thrown away in pasturage to fictitious needs! The reign of needs is not that of joint good, quite the contrary. The more things a man must have for himself, the less will he do for his neighbor, even for those who are attached to him by ties of blood.

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Diminution of happiness, independence, moral delicacy, even the sentiments of solidarity, such is the result of the reign of needs. One could add a multitude of other evils, of which the least is not the shaking of the public fortune and health. The societies which have the greatest needs absorb themselves in the present, and sacrifice to it the conquests of the past and the immortal future. After us the deluge! To raze the forests to have the money for them, eat one's wheat in the tender blade, destroy in one day the fruit of a long labor, burn the furniture to warm themselves, load the future with debts to make the present moment agreeable, to live by expedients, to sow difficulties for the morrow, sickness, ruin, envy, hatreds—we should never finish if we would enumerate all the misdeeds of this dreadful reign.

On the contrary, if we hold to simple needs, we avoid all these discomforts and we replace them by a multitude of advantages. It is an old story that sobriety and temperance are the best guardians of health. To him who observes them they spare him many of those miseries which sadden existence; they assure him health, love of action and intellectual equilibrium. Whether it relates to his food, his clothing, his habitation, simplicity of taste is, besides, a source of independence and security. The more simply you live, the more you safeguard your future. You are less at the mercy of surprises, or contrary chances. An illness or a respite from labor will not suffice to throw you on the pavement. A change of situation, even a notable one, will not unseat you. Having simple tastes, it is less painful to accommodate yourself to the chances of fortune. You will remain a man while losing your position or your revenue, because the foundation on which your life rests is not your table, your cellar, your stable, your furniture, nor your money. You will not act in adversity like a nursling, from whom they take his bottle or his rattle. Stronger, better armed for battle, offering, like those whose heads are shaven, less hold for the adversary's hands, you will be, besides, more useful to your neighbor. You will not excite his jealousy, nor his lower appetites, nor reprobation on account of your luxury, by the iniquity of your expenses, by the spectacle of a parasitic existence, and less exacting for your own well-being you will keep the means of working for that of others.—(Copyright, 1904, by the J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company, and printed by arrangement with them.)

In Foreign America.

Four Track News.

Those of our fellow-citizens who imagine that the only way to go abroad is via a trans-Atlantic liner, need to get acquainted with certain spots in Southeastern Pennsylvania. There is no better starting point and time for this voyage after novel sights and interesting experiences than the City of Lancaster, the seat of the richest county in the state, on any local market day. . . . Most of these people are representatives of one of the most curious survivals in all America, the Amish Mennonites, a schism of the Mennonite Society which seceded from the main body about the year 1693.

So far as language, manners, dress and traditions are concerned, the Amish, as they are locally known, are foreigners in America. Their tongue is almost the same as that of their ancestors from the far-off Rhine two centuries ago; the dress of the women suggests Holland or Brittany of today; their religion, with its austerities and its curious practices and observances, smacks of the days of the Reformation.

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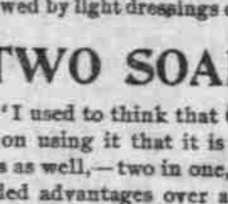
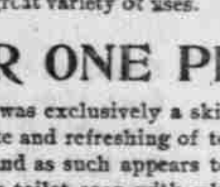
Sleep for skin-tortured babies and rest for tired mothers, in warm baths with Cuticura Soap and gentle anointings with Cuticura Ointment, purest of emollient skin cures.

FOR SHAMPOOING



Nothing like Cuticura Soap to clear the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, to prevent itching and irritation, and promote hair growth. To be followed by light dressings of Cuticura.

FOR WOMAN'S EYE



The emollient, sanative, antiseptic, cleansing, purifying, and beautifying properties of Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment, render them of priceless value to women. Special directions for a great variety of uses.

TWO SOAPS FOR ONE PRICE

"I used to think that CUTICURA SOAP was exclusively a skin soap, but I find on using it that it is the most delicate and refreshing of toilet and bath soaps as well,—two in one, so to speak,—and as such appears to me to have decided advantages over any skin soap or toilet soap with which I am acquainted. I feel that many ladies who are as yet unacquainted with these facts will thank me for making this public statement."

MAUD FRANCES KYLES, 635 Prospect Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

☞ Send for "All About the Skin, Scalp, and Hair." Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Boston.

SUNBRIGHT'S CALIFORNIA BABY FOOD

DELICIOUS CORRECTIVE NUTRITIOUS ECONOMICAL

SAVES THE LIVES OF INFANTS AND INVALIDS

50¢, 75¢, $1.25, $3.00 Sizes

AT DRUGGISTS.

BLOOD POISON

FOR NINETEEN YEARS

we have made the cure of blood poison a specialty

Primary, Secondary or Tertiary Blood Poison Permanently Cured. You can be treated at home under same guaranty. Capital $500,000. We solicit the most obstinate cases. We have cured the worst cases in 15 to 35 days. If you have taken mercury, iodide potash and still have aches and pains, Mucus Patches in Mouth, Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper-Colored Spots, Ulcers on any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, write for proofs of cures. 100-page Book Free.

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1539 MASONIC TEMPLE, Chicago, Ill.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

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Regulator Line Steamers

DAILY (EXCEPT SUNDAY) 7 A. M.

Direct line for Moffett's, St. Martin's and Collins' Hot Springs. Connecting at Lyle, Wash., with Columbia River & Northern Ry. Co., for Goldendale and Klickitat Valley points. Landing foot of Alder street. Phone Main 914. S. M'DONALD, Agent.

For South-Eastern Alaska

LEAVES SEATTLE 9 A. M., TACOMA 6 P. M., day previous, steamships COTTAGE CITY (Dec. 5, 31, SKAGWAY DIRECT; Dec. 17, via Killisnoo and Sitka); RAMONA (Dec. 12, via Killisnoo and Sitka; Dec. 28, Skagway direct); both vessels making regular S. E. Alaska ports of call; Cottage City calls at Vancouver; Ramona CALLS AT VICTORIA.

FOR VANCOUVER.

CITY OF SEATTLE leaves Seattle Tuesdays, Thursdays, Sundays, 10 P. M.; call at Everett and Bellingham.

Steamers connect at San Francisco with company's steamers for ports in California, Mexico and Humboldt Bay. For further information obtain folder. Right is reserved to change steamers or sailing date.

TICKET OFFICES.

Portland..................249 Washington st.
Seattle..............113 James st. and Dock
San Francisco................10 Market st.

C. D. DUNANN, Gen. Pass. Agt. 10 Market st., San Francisco.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

O.R.&N.

OREGON SHORT LINE AND UNION PACIFIC

3 TRAINS TO THE EAST DAILY

Through Pullman standard and tourist sleeping-cars daily to Omaha, Chicago, Spokane; tourist sleeping-car daily to Kansas City; through Pullman tourist sleeping-car (personally conducted) weekly to Chicago. Reclining chair-cars (seats free) to the East daily.

UNION DEPOT.	Leaves.	Arrives.
CHICAGO-PORTLAND SPECIAL for the East via Huntington.	9:15 A. M. Daily.	5:25 P. M. Daily.
SPOKANE FLYER, for Eastern Washington, Walla Walla, Lewiston, Coeur d'Alene and Great Northern points.	6:15 P. M. Daily.	8:00 A. M. Daily.
ATLANTIC EXPRESS, for the East via Huntington.	8:15 P. M. Daily.	7:15 A. M. Daily.

RIVER SCHEDULE.

FOR ASTORIA and way points, connecting with steamer for Ilwaco and North Beach steamer Hassalo, Ash-street dock (water per.)	8:00 P. M. Daily, except Sunday. Saturday, 10:00 P. M.	5:00 P. M. Daily, except Sunday.
FOR DAYTON, Oregon City and Yamhill River points steamers Modoc and Ruth, Ash-street dock (water per.)	7:00 A. M. Daily, except Sunday.	4:30 P. M. Daily, except Sunday.
FOR LEWISTON, Idaho, and way points from Riparia, Wash., steamers Spokane and Lewiston.	5:40 A. M. Daily, except Saturday.	About 5:00 P. M. except Friday.

TICKET OFFICE, Third and Washington. Telephone Main 712.

SAN FRANCISCO & PORTLAND S. S. CO.

For San Francisco, every five days from Ainsworth dock—S. S. Geo. W. Elder, Dec. 2, 12; S. S. Columbia, Dec. 7, 17. Sailings from Ainsworth dock, 8 P. M.

PORTLAND & ASIATIC S. S. COMPANY.

For Yokohama and Hong Kong, calling at Kobe, Nagasaki and Shanghai, taking freight via connecting steamers for Manila, Port Arthur and Vladivostok; S. S. Numantia, Dec. 8; S. S. Arabia, Dec. 31. For freight and further particulars apply to

JAMES H. DEWSON, Agent. Telephone Main 268. Upper Alaska Dock.

EAST via SOUTH

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY — SUNSET OGDEN & SHASTA ROUTES

Leaves.	UNION DEPOT.	Arrives.
*8:30 P. M.	OVERLAND EXPRESS TRAINS for Salem, Roseburg, Ashland, Sacramento, Ogden, San Francisco, Mojave, Los Angeles, El Paso, New Orleans and the East.	*7:25 A. M.
*8:30 A. M.	Morning train connects at Woodburn (daily except Sunday) with train for Mount Angel, Silverton, Brownsville, Springfield, Wendling and Natron.	*7:10 P. M.
*4:00 P. M.	Albany passenger connects at Woodburn with Mt. Angel and Silverton local.	*10:10 A. M.
*7:30 A. M. ‖4:50 P. M.	Corvallis passenger. Sheridan passenger.	*5:50 P. M. ‖8:25 A. M.

*Daily. ‖ Daily, except Sunday.

PORTLAND-OSWEGO SUBURBAN SERVICE AND YAMHILL DIVISION.

Leave Portland daily for Oswego at 7:30 A. M., 12:50, 2:05, 3:25, 5:20, 6:25, 7:45, 10:10 P. M. Daily, except Sunday, 5:30, 6:30, 8:35, 10:25 A. M., 4:00, 11:30 P. M. Sunday, only, 9 A. M.

Returning from Oswego arrive Portland daily 8:30 A. M., 1:55, 3:05, 4:35, 6:15, 7:35, 9:55, 11:10 P. M. Daily except Sunday, 6:25, 7:25, 9:30, 10:20, 11:45 A. M. Except Monday, 12:25 A. M. Sunday only, 10:00 A. M.

Leave from same depot for Dallas and intermediate points daily except Sunday, 4 P. M. Arrive Portland, 10:20 A. M.

The Independence-Monmouth motor line operates daily to Monmouth and Airlie, connecting with S. P. Co. trains at Dallas and Independence.

First-class fare from Portland to Sacramento and San Francisco, $20; berth, $5. Second-class fare, $15; second-class berth, $2.50.

Tickets to Eastern points and Europe. Also Japan, China, Honolulu and Australia.

CITY TICKET OFFICE, corner Third and Washington streets. Phone Main 712.

TIME CARD OF TRAINS

NORTHERN PACIFIC

PORTLAND

	Depart.	Arrive.
Puget Sound Limited for Tacoma, Seattle, Olympia, South Bend and Gray's Harbor points	8:30 am	5:30 pm
North Coast Limited for Tacoma, Seattle, Spokane, Butte, St. Paul, New York, Boston and all points East and Southeast	3:00 pm	7:00 am
Twin City Express for Tacoma, Seattle, Spokane, Helena, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Chicago, New York, Boston and all points East and Southeast	11:45 pm	7:00 pm
Puget Sound-Kansas City-St. Louis Special, for Tacoma, Seattle, Spokane, Butte, Billings, Denver, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis and all points East and Southeast	8:30 am	7:00 am

All trains daily, except on South Bend branch.

A. D. CHARLTON, Assistant General Passenger Agent, 255 Morrison st., corner Third, Portland, Or.

Astoria & Columbia River Railroad Co.

Leaves.	UNION DEPOT.	Arrives.
Daily.		Daily.
8:00 A. M.	For Maygers, Rainier, Clatskanie, Westport, Clifton, Astoria, Warrenton, Flavel, Hammond, Fort Stevens, Gearhart Park, Seaside, Astoria and Seashore. Express Daily.	11:10 A. M.
7:00 P. M.	Astoria Express. Daily.	9:40 P. M.

C. A. STEWART, Comm'l Agt., 248 Alder st. J. C. MAYO, G. F. & P. A. Phone Main 906.

THE GREAT NORTHERN

City Ticket Office, 122 3d st. Phone 680.

2 OVERLAND TRAINS DAILY 2

The Flyer and the Fast Mail.

SPLENDID SERVICE—UP-TO-DATE EQUIPMENT—COURTEOUS EMPLOYES—

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JAPAN-AMERICAN LINE

S. S. IYO MARU

For Japan, China and all Asiatic Ports, will Leave Seattle about Dec. 13th.