Von Schiller: His Name and Fame Immortal

ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEATH OF GERMANY'S BEST BELOVED POET

THROUGHOUT the whole of the 9th of May, 1805, the best-loved poet in Germany lay dying in the south-looking bedroom at Weimar. Gentle sleep had followed the delirium of earlier hours, then a brief few moments of waking, in which the last farewells were spoken. Then slumber again, from which the passing genius roused long enough to say: "Many things are growing plain and clear to me." Then sleep once more—and from that there came no waking.

So Johann Christoph Freidrich von Schiller crossed over into the Great Beyond. This poet, whom Carlyle called "The Apostle of the sublime and beautiful"—this good man whom Madame de Stael wrote down as "the best of friends and the best of husbands"—this son of the fatherland who yields place to none of his fellows in the hearts of the German people—died at 46, just when his intellectual powers were at their ripest—died from his own criminal neglect of himself. Much has been written of his excessive drinking, believing as he did that inspiration came to him only when he exceeded; much has been told of the amount of black coffee he would drink in a single evening; but these things were but details in that whole disregard for self—especially for reasonable sleep—which amounted to little less than suicide.

A World to Celebrate.

A century ago Schiller's name was written below those of Goethe and Luther. Today those others are still acknowledged his intellectual superiors, but the German love goes out to none as to "The endeared Schiller." So, now at the centenary of his passing, a world will mark the day in affectionate honor. All Germany celebrates his fame in a score of fitting ways, Wurtemburg, his native state, setting by an entire month for his recalling. In Switzerland and Northern Italy, at Rome and Paris and Madrid and Brussels and London, here in the United States in half the greater cities and in most of its academic centers, from two days to six are to be devoted to such concerts and dramatic representations and parades and addresses as best may commemorate the name of him who departed this life on May 9, 1805. A man in whose honor a world celebrates on the 100th anniversary of his death is not dead.

On November 10, 1859, on the centenary of the poet's birth, though Germany was then still a political nonentity, with union under one flag seeming far indeed in a dim future, the unanimity with which the day was celebrated wherever German speech had reached, irrespective of all political division, was remarkable. The 46 years since then have seen millions more of his works sold than of any other writer of the fatherland. His poems are to be found in nearly every German home, however humble, by Rhine or Hudson, Danube or Mississippi. His dramas are performed on every German-speaking stage, and they always "draw." Quotations from Schiller are more often used and better understood by Germans than are those from Shakespeare in the English-speaking world. The last thing a native German will forget will be the Schiller ballads which he learned when a boy at school. In these lie the truest reward of the man who is recalled today and tomorrow and Tuesday:

Friedrich von Schiller was the man needed by his times. The early years of the 18th century in German literature present to student and reader a wilderness unreclaimed and without a promise for the future; a barren arena in which insipid writers paraded the emptiness of court sermon, sycophantish dedications and dull birthday odes. Then had come Bodmer and Klopstock and Wieland and the brothers Schlegel, revivifying and uplifting, and then that world-wide intellectual awakening which followed close in the bloody train of the French Revolution. To Germany, as to France and England and Italy and Holland, it brought a revolution in thought as well as in political externals, and in the fatherland, Schiller, with the warm-heartedness of his overmastering love of freedom, became its main organ.

As described by those who knew and loved him, he must have looked the part he played. Tall and of a strong, bony build, though never muscular and always too lean, his lofty forehead and aquiline nose bespoke the man's high purpose and mental attainments, while a mouth of pure Grecian beauty told unmistakably of tenderness and consideration. His look of contemplative sensibility was even saddening in its effect upon the observer, but none the less was it pleasing, impressive, unforgetable.

From Peace to Prison.

Schiller's birth (at Marbach, Wurtemburg, November 10, 1759), nearly coincides with that of another poet of the human heart, Robert Burns; it preceded that of Napoleon by about ten years. The boy's father, Caspar, had left the army to become overseer of the great place of Karl Eugen, ruler of the Duchy; the mother was just a good-hearted German housewife, the uneducated daughter of an humble baker. But it was from this mother that Friedrich received those attributes which were to lift him head and shoulders above the vast majority of the men of his day. She dearly loved poetry, and held moral strength above all else, and these things came naturally to the son who was so close to her. As one thinks of Goethe in his innate worship for the beauty of symmetry, so one cannot think of Goethe's intimate, Schiller, without endowing him first of all with his passion for freedom and his respect for womanhood—and these gifts were his because of his mother.

For 14 years life ran smoothly at Marbach. If that nation be happiest which has no history, and if this be as true of the individual, then Schiller's boyhood, of which so little is known, must have been happy indeed. He studied with Moser, the parish priest; he went to the Latin school in neighboring Ludwigsburg—and the world must guess the rest. But with 1772 came a change. In that year the boy was solemnly entered at Duke Karl's pet Academy of Instruction at Stuttgart. Those youthful dreams of studying for the ministry, with a pastoral office which might also bring harmony and quiet literary pursuits, were not to be. Instead was forced upon the young man—yet scarcely that—the monotonous routine of a formal military discipline, padded out with long hours of uncongenial labors in the study of the law. This last was eventually changed for medicine, but that was but scant gain; repression of thought and action ruled in the silly little court of a petty tyrant—petty in all he did and said as in the land he misgoverned. It was but a question of time till the great mind should break from beneath such bondage.

Schiller had already been driven into himself in search of ideals which might more nearly correspond with his dreams and imaginings than the mercenary, servile life about him. He had made two essays in dramatic form—"The Student of Nassau" and "Cosimo de Medici"—both of which he had burned at their completion, but in 1778 this poet of 19 voiced the reaction from oppression in "The Robbers." "To escape from the formalities of a discipline which was odious to my heart," he wrote, "I sought a retreat in the world of ideas and shadowy possibilities, while as yet I knew nothing at all of the human world from which I was harshly secluded by iron bars."

The volcanic play which is now considered his first, with its unsuccessful imitation of Shakespeare, was published in 1780, and all the youth of the land hastened to hail it with an applause almost as tempestuous as the theme and treatment of the work itself. The Duke of Wurtemburg was alarmed. Here was something audacious, self-willed, revolutionary, within his very household. His Serene Highness summoned the author before him, reprimanded him severely, bade him write nothing more that did not bear upon his medical studies, and in a score of lesser ways made more irksome than ever the dreary-cabined life that has just tasted of free expression.

In 1782 "The Robbins" was acted at Mannheim and the author was in the audience, triumphantly happy—but this second breach of the narrow etiquette of the Ducal court led to imprisonment. Then came the opportune call of a neighboring Princeling—and in the excitement and confusion the prisoner escaped—and so began 33 years of an unfettered, glorious career.

First Plays and a First Love.

He lived for a time at Meiningen, masquerading under the incognito of "Bauerbach," and there completed his "Fiesco" and "Intrigue and Love." Each was preposterous, overstrained and weak. Then it was Mannheim again, with an interlude brought by a transient love affair with Laura Dalberg, daughter of that friendly theater director who had brought out "The Robbers." It was, however, merely the passing infatuation of a youth of 24, and soon he was back again in the harness of dramatic idealism with "Don Carlos" under hand. That was the turning point. It was forceful, but its power was under due restraint, while it first brought into Schiller's work a subtlety definitely marking the death of that extravagance which had marred all that had been done earlier.

Leipsic, Dresden and Jena followed, and then, at last, Weimar, the "German Florence." These years (1785-1790) saw the "Ghost-Seer" and the "History of the Thirty Years' War," the last in connection with his work as professor of civil history at Jena's University, but they also saw the formation of that habit of night work—all night work for weeks on end—which materially shortened the candle of genius.

Last Acts of the Drama.

The tragic dignity of "Wallenstein" (1799) which De Quincey has not hesitated to call immortal, ranking it "beyond all competition, the nearest in point of excellence to the dramas of Shakespeare," followed, then "Marie Stuart," (1800), "The Maid of Orleans," and, last of all, "Wilhelm Tell," (1804). Here the prophet of national unity sounded his truest and highest appeal. It is eloquent in every line of the man's quenchless enthusiasms, of his love of liberty, of that sympathetic emphasis which he ever placed upon human worth, of his hatred of caste and cant. It speaks to the soul rather than to the understanding. The critics are right. It is Schiller's best.

The last 15 years of the poet's life were his happiest in spite of the clouds of growing weakness and wreck which hung lower and lower over him. He had married Charlotte von Langfelde in 1790, he had been made a citizen of the newborn French Republic, he sat with the Privy Council of Weimar Province, he had been raised to the rank of "Gentleman" and might write the "von" before his name, and finances were easy. His close friendships with the great Herder and the greater Goethe were inspiring him to work as he had never worked before—and then came 1805 and the 9th of May, and the reaping which could only follow the prodigal sowing of earlier years.

This is Schiller, in whose features
With their passive, calm regard,
We behold the true ideal
Of the high heroic bard.
Whom the inward world of feeling,
And the outward world of sense
To the endless labor summon—
And the endless recompense!

WARWICK JAMES PRICE.

What Great Men Say of a Great Brother

"Schiller. Bard tremendous in sublimity."—Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

"Schiller inspires us to noble action and to sacrifice."—Guiseppe Mazzini.

"Schiller is the representation of the German intellect in its highest form."—Thomas De Quincey.

"He was a purifier; and it was by his work of purification that his influence became most permanent."—H. W. Nevinson.

"No author ever had more earnestness than Schiller; his earnestness was the real secret of his greatness."—Lord Lytton.

"It is from real present life that he has borrowed that terrible spell of passion by which he shakes so inwardly the very seat of thought and feeling."—John Wilson.

"In another age, this Schiller will stand forth in the foremost rank among the master-spirits of his century, and be admitted to a place among the chosen of all centuries."—Thomas Carlyle.

"Somewhat resided in this man which begot an expectation that outran all his performance. The largest part of his power was latent. This is that which we call character, acting without means." R. W. Emerson.

"Sublime and silent,
From whose living lips have rung
Words to be remembered ever."—W. Allen Butler.

Poems and Ballads by Schiller

Translated By Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart.

THE SEXES.

See in the babe two loveliest flowers, united
—for, in truth,
While in the bud they seem the same—the virgin and the youth.
But gently loosened is the bond, no longer side by side—
From modest Shame the fiery Strength will soon itself divide.
Permit the youth to sport, and still the wild desire to chase,
For, but when sated, weary Strength returns to seek the Grace.
Out from the bud, the double flowers the future strife begin,
How precious each—yet neither stills the longing heart within.
In ripening charms the virgin bloom to woman shape hath grown,
But pride doth watch the ripening charms, and guard them like a zone;
Shy, as before the hunter's horn the doe all trembling moves,
She flies from man as from a foe, and hates ere yet she loves!

From lowering brows this struggling world the fearless youth observes,
And, harden'd for the strife betimes, he strains the willing nerves;
Far to the throng of spears and to the race prepared to start,
Urged by alluring glory on, and his own stormy heart:—
Protect thy work, O Nature, now! one from the other flies,
Till thou unitest each at last that for the other sighs.
There art thou, Mighty One! where'er the discord darkest frown,
Thou callest peaceful Harmony, the godlike scother, down.
The noisy chase is lulled asleep, day's clamor dies afar,
And gently into nightly rest sinks each returning star.
Soft sigh the reeds, and, murmuring soft, the brooklet glides along,
And all the wood the nightingale melodious fills with song
O virgin! now what instinct heaves thy bosom with the sigh?
Oh youth! and wherefore steals the tear into thy dreaming eye?
She seeks in vain the something now round which to gently twine
With its own weight the ripening fruit doth down to earth incline,
And restless strives the youth against his own consuming fire;
Ah, where the gentle breath to cool the flame of young desire!
And now they meet—together Love has brought and joined the two,
And fast as flies the winged god, doth victory still pursue.
O heavenly Love!—'tis thy sweet task the human flowers to bind,
Divided ever—yet by thee forever intertwined!

DITHYRAMB.

Never, believe me,
Appear the Divinities,
Never alone.
Scarcely comes Bacchus, the joyous, unto me;
Than Cupid, the laughing child, hastens to woo me.
And Phoebus his poet to own!

They come near and nearer,
Their numbers are swelling—
See! all the Celestials
Are filling my dwelling.

O guests!—heavenly chorus!
Say how can the earthborn
Regale ye as due?—
Accord me, Immortals, the life that ye live!
To the Gods nothing worthy a mortal can give
Take me up to Olympus with you.

The pleasures dwell only
In Jupiter's palace—
Oh, pour out the nectar,
Oh, reach me the chalice!

"Reach him the chalice.
Fill full to the Poet!
Oh, Hebe, brim high!
Steep his eyes in the dews of celestial delight,
And let Styx the abhorrent be shut from his sight;
Let him feel as a son of the sky.

It murmurs, it sparkles,
The Fount of Delight;
From the heart falls the burden,
The scale from the sight.

THE INVINCIBLE ARMADA.

She comes, she comes—the Burden of the Deeps!
Beneath her walls the Universal Sea!
With clanking chains and a new God, she sweeps.
And with a thousand thunders, unto thee!
The ocean-castles and the floating hosts—
Ne'er on their like, looked the wild waters!—Well
May man the monster name "Invincible."
O'er shuddering waves she gathers to thy coasts!
The horror that she spreads can claim
Just title to her haughty name.
The trembling Neptune quails
Under the silent and majestic forms;
The Doom of Worlds in those dark sails:—
Near and more near she sweeps! And slumber all the Storms!

Before thee, the array,
Blest island, Empress of the Sea!
The sea-born squadrons threaten thee
And thy great heart, Britannia!
Woe to thy people, of their freedom proud—
She rests, a thunder heavy in its cloud!
Who, to thy hand, the orb and sceptre gave,
Thou that should'st be the sovereign of the nations?
To tyrant kings thou wert thyself the slave,
Till Freedom dug from Law its deep foundations;
The mighty Chart thy citizens made kings,
And kings to citizens sublimely bowed!
And thou thyself, upon thy realm of water,
Hast thou not rendered millions up to slaughter,
When thy ships brought upon their sailing wings
The scepter—and the shroud?
What should'st thou thank?—Blush, Earth, to hear and feel;
What should'st thou thank?—thy genius and thy steel!
Behold the hidden and the giant fires!
Behold thy glory trembling to its fall!
Thy coming down the round earth shall appall,
And all the hearts of freemen beat for thee,
And all free souls their fate in thine foresee—
Theirs is thy glory's fall!

One look below the Almighty gave,
Where streamed the lion-flags of thy proud foe;
And near and wider yawned the horrid grave,
"And who," saith He, "shall lay mine England low—
The stem that blooms with hero deeds—
The rock when man from wrong a refuge needs—
The stronghold where the tyrant comes in vain?
Who shall bid England vanish from the main?
Ne'er be this only Eden Freedom knew,
Man's stout defense from Power, to Fate consigned."

God the Almighty blew,
And the Armada went to every wind!

THE LONGING.

Heavy vapors coldly hover,
Round the vale I cannot flee;
Outlet could I but discover,
Blessed were escape to me!
Ever green in fair dominion,
Yonder hill-top I survey;
Thither, could I find the pinion,
Thither would I wing my way!

Hark! I hear the music ringing—
Harmonies of heavenly calm,
And the gentle winds are bringing,
Breathing,—bringing down the balm.
Yonder, fruits are golden-glowing,
Beckoning from the leafy shade,
And the blooms that there are blowing
Never doth the winter fade.

Beautiful must life be yonder,
Suns eternal there to see,
Alas that on the mountain wander,
Oh, how healing must they be!
Yet before me rolls a river—
Roaringly its waters roll;
And its waves, that swell forever,
Send a horror to my soul.

On the surge a boat is tossing:
But, alas! the pilot faile!—
Enter—enter, dare the crossing—
Breath spiritual fills the sails!
Guarantees no gods concede thee;
Safety in believing dwells;
Only miracle can lead thee
To the land of Miracles!

THE CHILD IN THE CRADLE.

Blest babe! a boundless world this bed, so narrow, seems to thee,
Grow man, and narrower than this bed the boundless world shall be!

THE NADOWESSIAN DEATH-DIRGE.

The idea of this poem is taken from Carver's Travels Through North America. Goethe reckoned it amongst Schiller's best poems of the kind, and wished he had made a dozen such. But, precisely because Goethe admired it for its objectivity, William Von Humboldt found it wanting in ideality.

See there he sits, upon his mat.
There still he sits upright;
The same as when he living sat,
And looked upon the light.
But where the right hand's strength? and where
The breath that once did breathe,
To the Great Spirit aloft in air,
The pipe's pale vapor-wreath?
And where the eyes so falcon clear,
On waves of grass to view
The faintest track that wandering deer
Had left on blade or dew?
Are these the feet that could not flag,
But bounded through the snow,
As when, full-antlered, flies the stag,
Or the light mountain roe?
Are these the arms that proudly bore,
And stoutly bent, the bow?
See, limp and loose—their life is o'er—
See, helpless hang they now!
Yet weal to him—o'er fields he strays,
Where snows no more can fall;
Gone hence—to meads that shrine with maize
Which springs, self-sown, for all.
Where birds abound on every brake—
Where forests teem with deer—
Where swarm the fish through every lake—
One chase from year to year!
There, Spirits now he feasts amid—
And leaves us here bereft,
That we may praise the deeds he did,
And—bury what is left.
Here bring the last gifts!—and with these
The last lament be said;
Let all that pleased, and yet may please,
Be buried with the Dead.
Beneath his head the hatchet bide
That he so stoutly swung—
And place the bear's fat haunch beside,
The journey hence is long!
And let the knife new-sharpened be,
That, on the battle-day,
Shore with quick strokes—he took but three—
The foeman's scalp away!
The paints that warriors love to use
Place here within his hand;
That he may shine with ruddy hues
Amidst the Spirit-land.

THE SHARING OF THE EARTH.

"Here, take the world!" cried Jove from out his heaven
To mortals—"Be you of this earth the heirs;
Free to your use the heritage is given;
Brother-like choose the shares."

Then every hand stretch'd eager in its greed.
And busy was the work with young and old;
The Tiller settled upon glebe and mead,
The Hunter, wood and wold.

The Merchant grip'd the store and lock'd the ware—
The Abbot chose the gardens of vine—
The King barr'd up the bridge and thoroughfare.
And cried, "The tolls are mine!"

And when the earth was thus divided, came
Too late the Poet from afar, to see
That all had profter'd and had seiz'd their claim—
"And is there naught for me?

"Shall I, thy truest son, be yet of all
Thy human children portionless alone?"
Thus went his cry, and Jove beheld him fall
Before the heavenly throne.

"If in the land of dreams thou wert abiding,"
Answered the God, "why murmurest thou at Me?
Say, where wert thou when earth they were dividing?"
The poet said, "By Thee!

"Upon thy glorious aspect dwelt my sight—
The music of thy heaven enthrall'd my ear;
Pardon the soul, if, drunken with thy light,
It lost its portion here!"

"Yet," answered Jove, "the world no more is mine—
Field, chase, and mart are given;—no place for thee!
But come at will, since earth thou must resign,
To Heaven,—and live with me."

The Lightship.

William Hervey Woods in Century.

She lies far out along the bar,
A ghost by day, by night a star
That sways and swings and dips;
Though chained, she knows no anchored ease—
Though tides are full and fresh the breeze,
She rides, but may not sail the seas,
This sentinel of ships:
Here but to watch by ruin's lair,
And lift her warning light in air.

Her sides are oak of triple strength,
Her mast a pine-tree's sturdy length,
Unhelped of boom or spar
The lantern bears, her only sail;
Yet naked thus she dares the gale,
With plunging prow and buried rail,
Or breasts the breakers' war—
An amazon of courage high
Who may not fight and will not fly.

Her sister ships their wings have spread,
Perhaps by dark Magellan's head
Or on Ionian seas;
Dim Greenland's isles of ice they knew,
They sailed Hawaii's waters blue,
And Aden's shadows loitered through,
Along the dying breeze;
And she, in calms when cables slack,
May drift five fathoms out—and back.

Not hers in glassy bays to seem
A dream-bark mirrored in a dream,
Nor hers the joy to feel
Her black hull on and onward whirled,
The rush of winds, the waves upcurled
High o'er her bows, as round the world
She sweeps on bounding keel,
While ocean 'neath her laughs and swings,
And ropes are songs and sails are wings.

And yet no bulk of senseless stone
Is she, on some stern cliff alone—
A ship's heart in her beats;
She thrills to every tide that turns,
Her naked mast for canvas yearns,
And each proud timber in her spurns
The chain that still defeats.
Her forward plunge, and holds her slave
Whose will is tameless as the wave.

She will not always fettered ride—
Some night at turning of the tide,
When God's great winds are out,
A lightning bolt her bonds will rive,
And she, unchained, alert, alive,
Will on her one mad voyage drive,
And, 'mid the mighty rout,
While heaven and earth commingled roar,
Pass—to be seen of men no more.

At Table-Setting.

Evangeline Metheny, in Atlantic.

For the table-setting
Fewer are the places,
Fewer round the table
Grow the children's faces.

Changes, changes, changes
Life and Death are bringing;
Sore my soul misgives me,
Fears my heart are wringing.

Otherwise I fancied
As I hushed their weeping;
Otherwise I fancied
As I watched them sleeping.

Small, we kept them near us,
Thou and I together;
Hard the task without thee,
Lonely the endeavor.

Round the board so crowded
Wider grow the spaces,
For the table-setting
Fewer are the places.

Miraculous Cures Effected by a Yakima Indian

HE HAS DRIVEN EVIL SPIRITS FROM THE BODIES OF MANY UMATILLA BRETHREN

—Photo by Courtesy of Major Lee Moorhouse.

WEINITO, INDIAN HEALER, WHO HAS PERFORMED MIRACULOUS CURES.

PENDLETON, Or., May 4.—(Special correspondence of The Sunday Oregonian.)—At last it seems as if the "red man" was to be reclaimed from the whisky habit, in spite of a recent Supreme Court decision that allottees can have free access to intoxicating drinks. This reformation among the inhabitants of the Umatilla Indian Reservation is due to the visit of one Weinito, a "medicine man" of the Yakima Reservation in Washington, who, with two companions, has just returned home after performing miraculous cures among the tribesmen in this county.

Weinito is said to have cured many Indians here of the liquor habit, the cure being so effective that even the smell of whisky causes the former heavy drinkers to become deathly sick. During his two weeks' visit, Weinito has, so it is claimed, driven the evil spirits from 25 men and seven women, all of whim had been addicated to the use of whisky. In addition to these cures, the "medicine man" is credited with having healed a number of Indians who had been in ill health for years.

There is an interesting story connected with Weinito's past career. Several years ago he was considered a very bad Indian, and is said to have committed numerous crimes, including murders. Soon after his last crime he took suddenly ill and died, according to the story. Just before his death he commanded his tribesmen to watch over his body for six days, keeping candles burning at night. The news of the strange case was soon spread about, and Indians gathered at the Yakima Reservation from many parts of the country to view the body of the dead man. At the end of the six days' vigil, the watchers were surprised to see signs of life returning to the supposedly dead Indian. Winito slowly recovered from his "sleep of death," showing no signs of physical depression. He claimed that he had received a message from the "Great Spirit" and that he was to be hereafter endowed with supernatural powers. His chief mission was to go among the Indians, heal them of their ills and cure them of the drink habit.

In performing his feats of healing, Weinito's method is to place a black eagle feather in each hand of a sick or drunken person, or one who has committed a crime, and after closing both eyes tightly and muttering a few mystic words, to give his subject a sudden twirl to the left. The subjects falls to the ground, and if a criminal, goes through the various motions of his former crime or crimes. Should the Indian be sick Weinito touches the afflicted part and pulls out the disease, while in the case of a drunken Indian there is much vomiting, and he is never able to keep liquor on his stomach again.

The Umatilla Indians look upon Weinito as almost a supernatural being and all worship him frantically. Yesterday a squaw, who was in the city, was speaking of the medicine man and frequently termed him "Jesus." Many of the Indians regard him as being in close touch with Suhalie, one of the great gods of Indian mythology.

Weinito himself claims to be a disciple of Smo-Hollow, an aged Indian spiritualist, who is credited with having embroiled the Indians during the outbreak of the Nez Perces in 1878. C. W. MYERS.

Now, Supposing You Were Your Own Wife

What Would You Think of Some Things Your Husband Does?

IF you were your wife—

Don't you think you'd like to know something about your husband's finances and business in general? Perhaps you manage to live inside the small weekly sum he allows for household expenses, but if you knew that he was in straits your wifely sympathy would help you to economize even further. The thought that you are shut out of his confidence entirely may harden the tenderest heart.

Wouldn't you be delighted if some day your husband invited you downtown to take lunch with him? Of course you could cook nicely for the home table, and buy what you liked for the noon lunch which you and the children eat alone; but there's a fascination about restaurant life and cookery for the little woman who stays home day in and day out.

Don't you think you'd soon weary of lectures on the extravagance of the soda water habit or your fad for fine, sheer handkerchiefs and lingerie when said lectures fall from the lips of a man who smokes not less than ten cigars a day?

Wouldn't an occasional box of candy or a bouquet of flowers sent home by your husband do much to lighten the drudgery of doing your own housework?

Wouldn't you fairly beam if your husband happened to remember your birthday or wedding anniversary by sending home some small gift?

Wouldn't you be immensely pleased if your husband noticed the new frock, made over from last year's old one, perhaps, but still looking very fresh and pretty?

Do you think you'd be proud of a husband who, when you were entertaining company, tipped back in his dining-room chair, sopped up the plate gravy from the platter with his bread, picked his teeth at the table, commented disparagingly on your cooking—and all because as head of the house he considers these breaches of etiquette his privilege?

Would you be entertained by your husband's nightly recital of the day's flirtations? Innocent enough, no doubt, but he wouldn't have thought of boasting of such conquests in his courtship days. Of course, the little typewriter girl, whose desk is next to his, has a fresh shirtwaist for every day and her hands are beautifully manicured, but yours looked the same before you exchanged the typewriter for the gas-stove as your badge of service.

Do you think you would really enjoy constant reference to your husband's mother's good housekeeping? Of course by the time he was old enough to notice his mother's domestic virtues she had passed the novitiate period through which you are now passing. A good many years from now your son will tell his wife what a fine housekeeper his mother was.

Don't you think you would like your husband to speak a pleasant word occasionally at the breakfast table? Of course he feels tired and grumpy when he first gets up. Perhaps he was out the night before and he hates to run for that early car and dreads to pick up the day's routine at office or shop. But maybe you'd be tired, too. Perhaps the milkman forgot to leave the cream, or the fire refused to burn, or one of the children had croup, or earache in the night. Anyhow, you got up at least half an hour before he did and let him sleep until the very last moment.

Act on these little hints sometimes, and see how they work?

Little Sermons, by Elbert Hubbard

I SHED tears for the homeless, the harassed, the oppressed—for the women who hold hungry babes to famished breasts, for the men in prison, for the ignorant and brutal who wrench at their bonds, and who by violence hope to achieve freedom.

Governments cannot be done away with, but progress will come, as it has in the past, by lessening the number of laws. We want less governing, and the ideal government is the government that governs least.

So long as governments set the example of killing their enemies, private individuals will occasionally kill theirs.

Do your work today, doing it the best you can, and live one day at a time. The man that does this is conserving his God-given energy, and not spinning it out into tenuous spider threads that Fate will probably brush away.

Yes, life is good! God wants his children to be happy! The white clouds chase each other across the blue dome of heaven, the birds in the azaleas and in the orange trees twitter, build nests and play hide-and-seek the livelong day. The balmy air is flavored with health, healing and good cheer.

America is truly a giant; it is well to have the strength of a giant, but not well to use it like a giant.

Great men are ever lonely and live apart, but birds of a feather flock together because they are afraid to flock alone.

To do your work well today is the surest preparation for something better tomorrow—the past has gone, the future we cannot reach, the present only is ours. Each day's work is a preparation for the next. Live in the present.

Friendship asks for no rash promises, demands no foolish vows, is strongest in absence, and most loyal when needed. It lends ballast to life, and gives steadiness to every venture.