

The Simple Life

By CHARLES WAGNER

CHAPTER XIV.

CONCLUSION.

THINK I have said enough of the spirit and manifestations of the simple life to make it evident that there is here a whole forgotten world of strength and beauty. He can make conquest of it who has sufficient energy to detach himself from the fatel rubbish that trammels our days. It will not take him long to perceive that in renouncing some surface satisfactions and childish ambitions he increases his faculty of happiness and his possibilities of right judgment.

These results concern as much the private as the public life. It is incontestable that in striving against the feverish will to shine, in ceasing to make the satisfaction of our desires the end of our activity, in returning to modest tastes, to the true life, we shall labor for the unity of the family. Another spirit will breathe in our homes, creating new customs and an atmosphere more favorable to the education of children. Little by little our boys and girls will feel the enticement of ideals at once higher and more realizable, and transformation of the home will in time exercise its influence on public

As the solidity of a wall depends upon the grain of the stones and the consistence of the cement which binds them together, so also the energy of public life depends upon the individual value of men and their power of cohesion. The great desideratum of our time is the culture of the component parts of society, of the individual man. Everything in the present social organism leads us back to this element In neglecting it we expose ourselves to the loss of the benefits of progress, even to making our most persistent offorts turn to our own hurt. If in the midst of means continually more and more perfected the workman diminishes in value, of what use are these fine tools at his disposal? By their very excellence to make more evident the faults of him who uses them without discernment or without conscience. The wheelwork of the great modern machine is infinitely delicate. Carelessness incompetence or corruption may produce here disturbances of far greater gravity than would have threatened the more or less rudimentary organism of the society of the past. There is need, then, of looking to the quality of the individual called upon to contribute in any measure to the workings of this mechanism. This individual should be at once solid and pliable, inspired with the central law of life to be oneself and fraternal. Evcomes simplified and unified under the influence of this law, which is the same for everybody and by which each one should guide his actions, for our essential interests are not opposing; they are identical. In cultivating the spirit of simplicity we should arrive, then, at giving to public life a stronger

The phenomena of decomposition and destruction that we see there may all be attributed to the same cause-lack of solidity and cohesion. It will never be possible to say how contrary to social good are the trifling interests of caste, of coterle, of church, the bitter strife for personal welfare, and, by a fatal consequence, how destructive these things are of individual happiness. A society in which each member is preoccupied with his own well being is organized disorder. This is all that we learn from the irreconcilable conflicts of our uncompromising egoism.

We too much resemble those people who claim the rights of family only to gain advantage from them, not to do honor to the connection. On all rounds of the social ladder we are forever putting forth claims. We all take the ground that we are creditors; no one recognizes the fact that he is a debtor, and our dealings with our fellows consist in inviting them, in tones sometimes amiable, sometimes arrogant, to discharge their indebtedness to us. No good thing is attained in this spirit. For, in fact, it is the spirit of privilege, that eternal enemy of universal law, that obstacle to brotherly understanding. which is ever presenting itself anew.

In a lecture delivered in 1882 M. Renan said that a nation is "a spiritual family," and he added, "The essential of a nation is that all the individuals should have many things in common, and also that all should have forgotten much." It is important to know what to forget and what to remember, not only in the past, but also in our daily life. Our memories are lumbered with the things that divide us; the things which unite us slip away. Each of us keeps at the most luminous point of his souvenirs a lively sense of his secondary quality, his part of agriculturist, day laborer, man of letters, public officer, proletary, bourgeois, or political or religious sectarian, but his essential quality, which is to be a son of his country and a man, is relegated to the well educated gentleman may not shade. Scarcely does he keep even a know many languages-may have read theoretic notion of it. So that what oc- very few books. But whatever lancuples us and determines our actions is guage he know he knows precisely; precisely the thing that separates us whatever word he pronounces he profrom others, and there is hardly place nounces rightly; above all, he is learnfor that spirit of unity which is as the ed in the peerage of words; knows the soul of a people.

So, too, do we foster bad feeling in our brothers. Men animated by a modern canalle; remembers all their spirit of particularism, exclusiveness and pride are continually clashing. They cannot meet without rousing afresh the sentiment of division and Isn't that fine, Dan?" pleaded Prisrivalry. And so there slowly heaps cilla up in their remembrance a stock of reciprocal ill will, of mistrust, of ran- tracing up their peerage his bosom cor. All this is bad feeling with its

It must be rooted out of our midst. Remember, forget! This we should I don't know the ancestry of many say to ourselves every morning, in all words, but there is one that is of my our relations and affairs. Remember the essential, forget the accessory! You will always hear me speak that place." How much better should we discharge plainly with the true Carroll accent in were nourished from this spirit! How the children who may be ours, please over again!"-Chicago Tribune.

love one another. This is the true so-

OF LOVE

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"You was the prettiest one

"Hanged if you wasn't, pet!"

with outraged grammatical scorn.

called up from the lower hall:

my gloves from the hatrack?"

or across the glen pasture?"

'shalls' and 'wills' properly.'

Dan blandly

She uses alang.

Jackson's lane?'

your grammar will kill me yet.

"What's up now, Priscilla?" inquired

"It is 'up' to you, Dan, to use your

"Great Scott!" grouned her husband.

of his mother and the indolent irre-

sponsibility of his father. He was un-

able to change the habits of speech of

a lifetime and even thought lightly of

He fell in love with Priscilla "head

over heels-boots and all," as he ex-

pressed it, when she came on a visit

that love laughs at grammars as well

him was her puritanical primness of

dom of manner and speech of his be-

his wife's valiant onslaughts in the

His wife would attack him with

"Listen, Dan, to what he says: 'A

words of true descent and ancient

blood at a glance from the words of

ancestry, their intermarriages, distant

any time and in any country.' Now,

friend was stealing away the heart of

his wife, and the foundations of his

home were crumbling beneath his feet.

own descent. It is the word 'honor.

Ruskin, to which he would listen with

an impatience only kept within bounds

line of rule and model.

by his love for her.

She thought so trivial a matter as

few Yankees he had known.

as at locksmiths.

ball last night, Priscilla."

"Oh, Dan!"

of a people

think of it, I don't feel like I was the happlest man alive. Have I corrected easy to cultivate pleasant remembrances in the mind of one's neighbor Priscilla knew she was venturing too by sowing it with kind deeds and refar. But when do we ever follow our

fraining from procedures of which in spite of himself he is forced to say, strongest leadings? "Dan, if you love me as you say you with hatred in his heart, "Never in the do you would take more pains to speak world will I forget!" correctly. Your 'shalls' and 'wills' put The spirit of simplicity is a great m right would make me sleep better magician. It softens asperities, bridges nights. And your 'shoulds' and 'woulds' chasms, draws together hands and if they would fall into line and keep hearts. The forms which it takes in step my bliss would be complete." the world age infinite in number, but

"It isn't permitted to mortals to be never does it seem to us more admiraperfectly happy, Priscilla. You know ble than when it shows itself across the ancients used to pray for some the fatal barrier of position, interest moderate reverse when things went or prejudice, overcoming the greatest too swimmingly. Let me be your 'modobstacles, permitting those whom everate reverse," little lady." erything seems to separate to under-

"You are my immoderate perverse, Dan. You always say 'Hadn't I better stand one another, esteem one another. m? when you know as well as I do cial cement that goes into the building hat you should say 'Wouldn't I better

"Ob. Dan?" whispered his wire --

Nevertheless when they were canter-

ing along together Priscilla's ears were keen to mark what was said amiss by

her husband, emboldened by his ever chivairous patience with her grammat-

"I feel like I am the happlest man

"Incorrect use of 'like,' " broke in his wife, knowing better, but disregarding

more that day.

ical excursions.

the finer instinct.

alive today, Priscilla."

All of a sudden to their startled vision appeared around a turn of the barrow bill road a team tearing with breakneck speed down the steep way up which their borses were climbing and on which it was impossible to pass The GRAMMAR them. The driver was thrown out as they rounded the curve and could be seen struggling up from a pile of rocks upon which he had been hurled far below in the ravine which skirted the road.

The carriage was bounding violently from side to side. The two women and *0*0*0*0*0*0*0*0*0*0*0*0*0 child in the back seat were at the mercy of the terrified borses that were madly running directly toward Priscilla and Dan. Another moment and they would be upon them. At the foot of the bill was a rocky ford waiting to en-Priscilla put her hands over her ears gulf the fated occupants of the vehicle and repeated the words "you wasn't" If they should reach it alive.

Paralyzed by fear, Priscilla knew in "The deuce! It's that old language a maze of terror that Dan sprang from ousiness again, is it, Pris? I can't his horse, throwing her the bridle. break off old habits, not even the eter-Then she saw him through a fear somewhat mollified by the tender salvation of them all straight in front tone of his words, Priscilla put on her of the maddened brutes with arms outtrim riding habit and was adjusting stretched to stop them. She heard his her hat before the glass when Dan masterful command, "Whoa, boys; whoa!" as he made a dash for their "Oh, Priscilla! Were it you who took foaming bits.

ny gloves from the hatrack?"

He sprang nimbly from side to side
Priscilla's reply, "It was not," was
to avoid being trampled under their of so severe and stately a character hoofs. Again and again it seemed that that Dan down below shivered with si- their brute strength would overwhelm lent glee, while up above the mirror him as they plunged forward straining reflected to his wife a countenance to get free.

over the judicial sternness of which a The man and the beasts strove, i smile flickered like summer lightning. seemed to Priscilla eternal ages, until They were soon cantering down the at last, at last, he was conquering beautiful hedge lined country lanes, them. With mouths dripping bloody Dan's dog, Rev, bounding along be foam, eyes starting from their sockets, they finally stood trembling, but still, "Will we go by Jackson's lane, Pris, save for an occasional trampling and champing of their bits. This, too, "Will we go?" echoed the girl. "Dan, ceased at Dan's command:

"Whos, boys! Steady, boys!" Their brute instinct responded to the master without fear. He stood at length stroking their manes.

Even then Priscilla realized in a dim unworded way a thing that was better than the subjection of signs and sym-Ignoring the interruption, his wife bols to rule and law.

She emerged from her crucible of "You should say 'Shall we go down agony with an aching relief that her husband was alive, while her own soul "I see, Priscilla. You shall go down shriveled by the refining fire, saw him Jackson's lane whether you will or with a larger vision, a deeper under

"Dan, you are simply absurd," half Proudly she marked his chivalrous laughed, half pouted his mentor, who bearing toward the unnerved, frightwas a bride just from Boston and ened women, who lauded his exploit in doted on "language," such language as words of intensest gratitude.

shuddered at the trenching of final let-She noted with a swelling heart his ters upon the initial ones of the word | bluff kindness toward the bruised and following and to whom Italian "a" was distressed driver, who came limping fetish and the undefiled use of the fu- up to see the extent of the calamity, bloody and battered from his terrible Dan's childish associations had been fall,

more with negro servants than with He made light of what he had done grammarians, all owing to the death calling it "nothing."

When the trembling animals were quite pacified, greatly to Priscilla's apprehension, her husband turned the ve hicle around about-a thing not done the "scrupulosity" of expression of the | without much ado on the narrow shelt of a road-got into the carriage and took the reins with a firm hand to drive the ladies to their home, which was "but a mile or so back," they had told to an aunt of his living near his own him. Priscilla led his horse for him ancestral home. That he had been until he could deposit his charges at able to win the girl's heart showed their own door

"Your man is too knocked up to drive," he tactfully explained as he saw the ladies tremulous at the thought his verbal inaccuracies could be easily of being trusted again to their unlucky mended, and he believed that what to jehu.

language would soon give way before you through and through. But promloved south, disdainful of cramping ise me never, never, never, again to rules and technical formalities. In take so dreadful a risk. It makes me short, he was an educated man in faint but to think of it. What if those whom carelessness of expression was awful runaway horses had killed you!" ingrained, yet whose vital and vigor-And she shuddered ous ideas were wont to put to rout "Then you could, should and would

have been a widow, Priscilla!" "I neither will nor shall nor could, should or would be a widow! I'll die when you do, Dan!" sobbed Priscilla bysterically. Never say die, little girl. We will

be happy. Nothing shall prevent it. my Priscilla!" "You are a hero, Dan!" The girl reached out her hand to him, and in their clasp thrilled between husband and wife the love that is above and be-

youd all speech and language. A Bit of Holmes' Wit. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, the poet and wit, wrote to a committee declining to accept an invitation to deliver relationship and offices they held in a lecture. good physical health," wrote the doctor, "and I am satisfied that if I were offered a fifty dollar bill after my lec-"And while this man of 'words' was | ture I should not have strength enough

> Provoking Blunder. They were relicarsing their parts in an amateur drama. "Oh, I beg your pardon," said Herbert, looking at the book again. "I kissed you at the wrong

"Isn't that too bad?" exclaimed our duties as citizens if high and low our home, for myself, for you and for Amelia. "Now we'll have to do it all NEW CITY OF

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