IF · I · WERE · YOU
AND
OTHER · THINGS

ELIZABETH · HILLS · LYMAN

If I Were You
and
Other Things

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BY

Mrs ELIZABETH HILLS LYMAN

We needs must love the highest when we see it.

—TENNYSON

1808 SPRUCE STREET, PHILADELPHIA
THE ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION OF
MISS HILLS' SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

ELECTROTYPED AND PRINTED BY
THOMAS Y. CROWELL & CO.
NEW YORK

TO

MY GIRLS OF "1808"

FOR WHOM THESE TALKS

WERE PREPARED

"I shall never forget," said a college boy, "the way Professor X talked of Ethics—as if Ethics were his daughter."

Le Baron Russell Briggs,
Commencement Address at Wellsley College

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BEFORE YOU READ FURTHER

"WHAT has become of the Gentle Reader?" asks Mr. Samuel McChord Crothers.

I, too, am eager to have that question answered. I want to meet her. For reasons obvious, the "Gentle Reader" must, in this particular instance, be spoken of as "her," not "him."

This is not a book; it is a dish of scraps, for the publishing of which some girls have had the temerity to make themselves responsible. Why they have been so daring is indicated by the following circular letter:

1808 SPRUCE STREET, PHILADELPHIA,
May 22, 1909.

At the urgent request of the Alumnæ, Mrs. Lyman has consented to allow the members of the Alumnæ Association to publish some selections from her recent talks on Ethics. This book, of perhaps one hundred and fifty pages, will appear in the autumn and will sell for one dollar a copy; by mail, one dollar ten. With Mrs. Lyman's generous assent,

the entire profit will be devoted to the College Scholarship Fund of Miss Hills' School.

Will you kindly let us know, by the detachable coupon below, whether you wish a copy or copies reserved for you, as the Association desires to gain some idea of the size of the edition to be issued?

Margaret Hallock Steen,
President of the Alumnæ Association of Miss Hills' School for Girls.

The number of replies received, with the "detachable coupon" enclosed, decided the issuance of these selections.

The conversational form of the talks has been retained, and the subject matter has been reproduced practically as it was used in the classroom.

The "Gentle Reader," who is kind enough to peruse the following pages, will keep these informalities in mind, and, if in any way she considers the writer of the talks, will "be to her virtues very kind; be to her faults a little blind." E. H. L.

Philadelphia, September 15, 1909.

If I Were You

I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than to be one of twenty to follow mine own teaching.

—SHAKESPEARE.

N this subject, anyone can talk to indefinite lengths or write a book as thick as the one-volumed Standard Dictionary. Over against this danger of prosiness is that of pretentiousness. There is little doubt that, after delivering myself on what I would do if I were you, I shall come into a consciousness of virtue so great as to exempt me from obedience to any of my own precepts!

We Americans are very prone to the use of this phrase—"if I were you." We behave as if all the world should copy this one most illustrious nation! Is that your opinion? And do you think that your city has a monopoly of the best ideas? Some people accuse Bostonians of believing that their city is "the hub of the universe."

When New York's great subway was opened, a Boston paper commented as follows, upon

the celebrations then being held in New York: "New York need not be so inflated. Its whole subway system was copied from ours here in Boston."

A New York daily made reply. Having in mind the fact that Boston's subway, when compared with New York's, is as a Shetland pony beside an elephant, the editor laconically retorted, "Why so peevish, little one!"

So, if I were you, I should probably be perfectly sure that *my* city is *the* city, and its equipment the only really complete equipment in the world.

Perhaps you have heard of the Yankee who was talking in flamboyant fashion with Sandy, the Scotchman.

Says the Yankee, "I'll have you know, stranger, that I belong to Chicago."

"'Deed," returns Sandy, "an' wha'd hae thocht it? Frae the way ye've been speaking, I thought Chicago belonged to you!"

If what Hannah More says be true, "The world does not require so much to be informed, as to be reminded," then this word to the wise needs no emphasis, and you will not

fall into the habit of speaking of people who do not live within sight of your capitol dome, as "New Yorkers and that kind of people"—to recall a delightful epithet of Mr. Crothers.

It is embarrassing to have old-fashioned ideas; it sometimes makes one conspicuous. I was brought up to think that "going shopping" had in it a serious purpose—namely, to buy something. Now I am told that women "go shopping"—what a misnomer of a phrase that is, if what I hear be true!—just to look at things, or—but perhaps you read in the Philadelphia *Evening Telegraph* a conversation between Mr. and Mrs. Powers. Mr. Powers, sympathizing with his weary wife at dinner, remarks, "Do you mean to say that you shopped all day and didn't get anything?"

To which Mrs. Powers, indicating thus that life's weariness has its compensations, replies, "Yes, but I know what everybody else got!"

There seem to be other rewards in "going shopping," besides those that have to do with "knowing what everybody else got."

There's the bargain counter. Here you succeed, after elbowing every other eager bargain hunter, in carrying home a piece of goods, almost snatched from another possible purchaser. Often you do not need the goods, and frequently you find, later, that you could have bought for the same money at the regular counters; but then you would have missed the muscular exertion put forth in getting through a crowd, and that would have been a pity! So, probably, if I were you, I, too, should hunt for bargains until I became so weary that I couldn't see the joke in any story, or the humor in one of my own remarks.

I heard that a woman one day returned triumphant from "going shopping" in the way I have described. She showed to her husband her bargain—a half dozen handkerchiefs. "John," said she, "I got these, 'way below cost."

"How could the merchant afford to sell his goods, 'way below cost?" asked practical John.

"Oh, you see it is because he sells so many of them!" replied his wife.

If I Were You

Have you ever seen a woman behave in a trolley car as if she had a right to control the entire outfit? Have you ever seen her spread out her skirts and distribute her parcels in a way that says, "I propose to hold as much of this space as suits my convenience"?

You remind me that women are not the only offenders; that men spread out their newspapers and hide behind them with a factitious absorption in the financial condition of their country. That may all be true; but we are not at this time discussing the foibles of men. Indeed, in justice to our brothers, I am bound to remark that I have never known one of them to fail to say "thank you," whenever seats have been given up to them by kind-hearted women!

One might write an essay for an hour's reading on "The Ethics of the Trolley Car."

Suppose we are crowded, what of it? The one next is also crowded. Our neighbor pays five cents and is crowded. Shall we, having also paid just five cents, refuse to be crowded? Shall we frown, fume, fret, because we don't like the trolley-car air on a humid, showery

day? Our neighbor breathes the same air, and he pays just five cents to inhale our carbonic acid gas. If we travel by trolley, let us take a trolley mind and spirit with us.

A writer in "The Contributors' Club" of the *Atlantic Monthly* says, "To indulge a coupé temper while tendering a five-cent fare is unscientific, biologically; caddish, socially; and limiting, personally; and, more potent to prevent than mere name-calling, is the concrete fact that it spoils all the fun."

Let us by no means lose the joy that comes to one's own self in attending to "by-the-way courtesies."

A certain fellow-countryman of ours must have learned in youth and in a home of gracious manners how to show such "by-the-way courtesies."

In old St. Cuthbert's Churchyard, in Edinburgh, I chanced upon a tablet bearing the following inscription:

"In memory of Rufus Woodford, born at Torringford, Conn., 16th July, 1793. Graduated at Yale College, 1816. Visited Europe to continue his studies and restore his health, 1823; died at Edinburgh, 24th November,

1823. His friends here who cheered his last hours and committed his remains to this grave knew and recognized him as 'The Amiable American Stranger.'"

Such a tablet, set in its position so many years ago, comforts us somewhat in the face of the many criticisms made, and often rightly made, of the manners shown by Americans abroad.

"Civility," said Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, "costs nothing and buys everything." And it was Voltaire who wrote, "We cannot always oblige, but we can always speak obligingly."

Once in a Norwegian hamlet, I looked in vain for a little shop that a fellow-traveler had recommended to me. A well-dressed, happy-faced young woman left her desk, in what looked to be a real-estate office, came out to the street, and said, "I speak English. Can I be of service to you?" That was several years ago, and I should still be trying to recover from my shock of surprise, were it not that the same sort of gracious, simple courtesy was again and again extended during our summer in Scandinavia.

If I Were You

A friend recently wrote concerning her first visit to England:

"We have had much kindness from officials and people in general, which surprises me. The Devon landlady laid herself out to get us Devonshire dishes—clotted cream and all the rest. Then we remember the bookkeeper who stood in the street and waved frantically when we girls had reached the house where he thought we might find lodgings; another man walked a block to show us the post office; a verger smilingly unlocked for us a second time the entrance to the choir in Salisbury Cathedral; at Wells, the driver held the train, watch in hand, when he saw us coming across the fields. At Bath, the tram conductor said in a brotherly way, 'I wouldn't get on, if I were you. It's not much farther to walk than from any place where we can take you.' All these are trifles, but they do show such friendly ways of doing things."

Isn't it wonderful how a blank wall of solid loneliness proves after all to be porous? We are alone and weary in a strange city. Suddenly some one gives us a lift. The milk of human kindness percolates through city

walls, and, behold! what? Why—butter and cheese for our sustenance!

Few people will remember whether or not you took honors in school or college. Scores of people will remember that you had the gift of thoughtfulness; that you did, now and then, a gentle deed of gracious service; that you did not forget the beautiful courtesies of every day—those courtesies that cost so little yet mean so much.

Again, if I were you and were what you and I ought to be, I would try to avoid thinking myself always right, and I would sometimes yield to another's opinion and give up my way—give up gracefully if I could, but any way *give up*.

You remember Stevenson makes one of his characters say, "Be soople, Davie, in things immaterial."

Here we are face to face with a kind of "soopleness"—I suppose I must spell it "suppleness"—which is weakness, or with a kind of suppleness which is condescension, as opposed to the suppleness which Paul had in mind when he said, "I am made all things to all men."

The suppleness that is weakness agrees at once with every idea advanced by another, regardless of the rightness or the wrongness, the wisdom or the unwisdom of the suggestion.

Some one says, "You should have worn your shade hat to-day." You say, "Yes, certainly, I should have done so." All the time you know that you wore the other hat because you were going later to pay a visit where the shade hat would have been out of place. Simple laziness, or lack of moral grit, a kind of cowardice, makes you seem to agree with your acquaintance, rather than to take the trouble to defend your selection of this hat for to-day's wearing. Anybody can be supple in that way; it is cowardly, and it takes no courage to be a coward.

The suppleness that is condescension agrees with an opponent, or an inferior, for the moment, but with an air of patronage that is offensive. For example: you state that the battle of Hastings took place in 1060. Some one, less versed in general knowledge perhaps than you are, but with an exasperatingly correct memory for dates, says, "The

date of the Norman Conquest was 1066." With a semi-irritable manner, you reply, "Of course, it is possible that you may be right."

Pray tell me, my friend, why you could not have said frankly, "Probably you are right. I'm never quite sure of my dates."

Or the case may be reversed. Your acquaintance gives an incorrect date. You pick up the statement, and say, "If you will take pains to inform yourself, you will find the date is 1066."

Couldn't you have corrected that error without making your neighbor uncomfortable? We quote our Stevenson again: "Condescension is an excellent thing, but it is strange how one-sided the pleasure of it is!"

Haven't you been often vexed by having some one interrupt your story by saying, "Excuse me, but it was on Tuesday, not on Wednesday, that you made that call." So again we repeat, "Be soople, Davie, in things immaterial."

We shall agree that a part of our adjustment to the lives and to the peculiarities of other people is a matter of tact.

If I Were You

Our friend, Mr. Crothers, says, "What we call tact is the ability to find, before it is too late, what it is that our friends do not desire to learn from us. It is the art of withholding, on proper occasions, information which we are quite sure would be good for them."

Most of us have a sense of resentment when we discern in the manner of any one a deliberate purpose "to do us good." We say: "Go to, now! I won't be done good to!"

Marcus Aurelius, as far back as the second century, gives us this maxim: "Convert others if you can; if not, remember that the virtue of charity was given you for just this use."

Perhaps we are more prone to take on "the virtue of charity," and to feel that our martyr-like patience with our weak and erring sisters is greatly to be commended, than we are to remember how many like opportunities we offer to these same associates to be patient with our failings—failings which are quite as annoying to our "weak and erring sisters" as their weaknesses are to us.

This talk about tact reminds me to ask if you

use what you denominate raillery, but what is really ridicule?

A biographer of Madame de Staël says of her, "In a country where raillery is so much to be dreaded, ridicule found it difficult to reach her. She rose above the region in which it displays itself."

A Swedish friend at one time said to her: "Whatever you may say, witty people commit a great many faults."

Madame de Staël answered, "That is very true, but, unfortunately, stupid persons do the same, though nobody thinks it worth while to notice them."

We should differentiate between a harmless jesting now and again—a turn that enlivens intercourse and never hurts—and that kind of speech which concerns itself with a semi-ridicule of all things. Pope speaks of one "whose whole life long was sacred to ridicule." I hope that Shakespeare did not tell all the truth in saying: "When the age is in, the wit is out"; for we should be sorry to believe that, as we grow older, we fail to appreciate real humor; but perhaps we need to guard ourselves a bit and note the kind

of things that amuse us, while, at the same time, we observe the effect that our "bright" remarks have on those with whom we are talking.

Goethe says, "There is nothing in which people betray their character more than in what they find to laugh at."

Possibly you defend your teasing habit and say, "Oh, she knows I am jesting! It is all fun; she doesn't care!" That may sometimes be true; it may often be true; but most of us have seen times and known moods when, if we had spoken our real feeling, we should have said, "Please don't! I just can't bear being teased to-day!"

But, aside from the question of a possible unconscious hurting of others' feelings, there is another reason why the habit of teasing, hectoring, ironical speaking, and all the rest of that ilk needs guarding. The adoption of that kind of speech results insidiously in a growing bondage to it; the habit of constantly speaking in any one way soon becomes fixed, and what at first was refreshingly piquant, by and by becomes wearisomely unwelcome. The man or woman who is always

punning, or always making tart rejoinders is by and by discounted, or even disliked; speech is robbed of sincerity, and the speaker is thought to be "smart," or thought to be "cold-blooded." Therefore, if I were you, and, as I repeat, were what I ought to be, I would watch myself lest I fall into that quagmire.

"Forgive you?—O, of course, dear,
A dozen times a week!
We women were created
Forgiveness but to speak.
You'd die before you'd hurt me
Intentionally? . . . True,
But it is not, O dearest,
The thing you mean to do—
It's what you do unthinking
That makes the quick tear start;
The tear may be forgotten,
But the hurt stays in the heart;
And though I may forgive you
A dozen times a day,
Yet each forgiveness wears, dear,
A little love away;
And one day you'll be grieving
And chiding me, no doubt,
Because so much forgiving
Has worn a great love out."

If You Were I

Faithful are the wounds of a friend.
—The Book of Proverbs.

AN we get a fresher and less hackneyed accent upon the idea of our fancied exchange of identities, by reversing our previous title, and, instead of saying "If I Were You," say "If You Were I"? At all events, let us try the experiment.

First of all, think of what stacks of sage advice you would, at this moment, be giving to yourselves or to others like you!

For example: If you were I, would you be magnifying trifles? Possibly you would, and possibly I am; but, if you were I, you would run that risk for the sake of practical service to the girl friend whom you would be addressing.

If you were I, I am certain that you would urge upon me the cultivation of the art of conversation, but would tell me not to construe this as a call to make conversation "brilliant." Surely to do that would be fatal to

good manners, since one would probably fall either into monologue, or into the custom of saying good things at another's expense. If, in time, my conversation should turn out to be brilliant, that will be my good fortune. A vast deal of selfishness is displayed in this matter of conversation. If I would be an agreeable talker, I must aim to draw out what others know, and to listen to it, as well as to say easily and unpretentiously myself whatever is of general interest. The burden of conversation belongs to one as much as to another, and I have no right to expect that the subject of talk shall be chosen to suit my taste, and that others will enjoy listening to what I enjoy saying. To almost any conversation one may add something, though it be only a question. Pointless questions are disagreeable, but, to lively talk, intelligent questions are as necessary as information. When I go to a dinner, I must take with me the suggestion once made by a good talker: "Talk as *many* minutes as you can get, but, for your life, don't talk more than *one minute* at a time!"

So, in the reverse case, if you were I, you

would tell me not to interrupt another's speech.

A woman, who shines as a theatrical star, says, "Only on the stage am I allowed to complete my sentences; at all other times, the people with whom I try to converse break in and finish them for me!"

I asked this lady if the people who "break in" are always *men!*

If you were in my place, wouldn't you teach young people to rise when addressed by an older person, and to remain standing until the older person was seated or had moved away?

If you were I, it is absolutely certain you would tell me that it is ill-bred to talk behind one's hand. You would tell me that a remark which demands that kind of privacy should be made only in private.

A woman once gave a severe reproof to a young girl who constantly whispered during an address, the rendering of a musical selection, and even during a sermon. "My child, it is cheap!" was what she said.

Years later, this girl returned and said: "I have never forgotten that reproof; it stayed

better, and it made a greater impression upon me than it would have done had you merely said that it was impolite. I shall not soon forget the day when you talked to us about your right to listen to music without the diversion of 'Oh, isn't it fine!' and the time-keeping tap of the foot in the seat behind you."

If you were I, you would tell me not to "fidget"—not to play with my teaspoon or my fork or my napkin-ring at table; not to finger my watch-chain, my rings, my pencil; not to "fuss" with my collar, my hair, my veil. You would tell me not to pull on my overshoes and reach for my umbrella during the last stanza of the last hymn of the church service. Possibly you might have to remind me that others besides myself have rights on the pavement, and that it is selfish for me to stand in the middle of the sidewalk to hold conversations with my friends.

I hope that, if you were I, you would help me to see straight in moral littles.

I heard a young woman, recently married, say, "I shall accept that invitation from

Mrs. Smith, if one that I am hoping for from Mrs. Brown does not come; but I shall wait until the last minute to decide!"

Pray, what right had she to see so crookedly? I asked the young woman if that method would please *her*, if she were the lady giving the luncheon. She didn't tell me.

If you were my mother and I were your daughter, would you allow me to preface my requests to you with, "Now, mother, listen!"

I bethink me of another matter. Why should we take it for granted that, of course, our relatives understand our having had a good time while visiting them, and therefore do not need to be told of it? Why should we fail to send the love-word of remembrance, excusing ourselves for half carelessness, half indifference, by saying, "Oh, my sister understands, and I am so busy!" Or, "Mary is like one of the family; she does not expect a note after my visit!"

Because "Sister" is my own, and because "Mary is like one of the family," I must be especially careful to preserve gracious courtesies. It is so easy, so very easy to let things

be taken for granted in the immediate circle of the home friends!

If you were I, perhaps you would ask me these questions:

Have you a habit of pitying yourself? Do you say, "If my circumstances had been different, I could have amounted to something?"

If I could not answer, you would have a right to tell me frankly that, if I do not amount to anything where I am, doubtless I should do no better anywhere else.

It is an old Greek saying: "We judge ourselves by what we feel capable of doing; the world judges us by what we have already done." And it was Lord Macaulay who once wrote, "Those are most to be envied who soonest learn to expect nothing for which they have not worked hard, and who never acquire the habit of pitying themselves over much, even if in after life, they happen to work in vain."

We are often urged to be cheerful, and that is well; but perhaps you have sometimes met people who are monotonously gay. A small boy, when only five years of age, said of his

very chatty, very gay minister, "Mother, I think Dr. Blank is too cheerful!"

So, if you were I, you would tell me not to bring my cheer into contempt by failing in perspective. Failure in this field makes one do untactful things and causes one to seem either frivolous or unsympathetic.

I recall a young woman who, when her friend tore her best dress badly, exclaimed, "Thank heaven, we have souls above torn gowns!" This would have done very well, if it had been her own gown; but to the young woman's friend, it seemed to indicate hard-hearted indifference. We may ourselves have risen superior to torn raiment and broken china; but we may still have to guard against taking a position upon a terrace of self-righteousness, where, wrapping our cloaks about us, we thank God that we are not as other women are!

While we criticize ourselves with sternness, we must follow the advice of Matthew Prior and, in dealing with another,

Be to her virtues very kind;
Be to her faults a little blind.

Does there lurk in our minds a certain relish of seeing one whom we dislike brought into a scene where he will surely receive criticism? We may not acknowledge, even to our own minds, that we enjoy another's discomfiture, but the low-down beast of a thought may be there and may need the hand and the will to throttle it.

Napoleon Bonaparte once said, "If I had a choice, either of doing a noble action myself, or of inducing my adversary to do a mean one, I would not hesitate to prefer the debasement of my enemy."

How easily we give houseroom to a kind of envy! We have a notion that "praise of another is dispraise of ourselves." We listen to some eulogy of our neighbor. Perhaps it is not all just praise; but is it our love of truth that causes us to hesitate about joining in the general acclaim? Is it not rather a shadow from the wing of the passing bird of jealousy which prompts us to some form of dissent, possibly to a silence which speaks louder than words?

Alexander Pope knew a thing or two about human nature when he wrote:

Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike.

Pray, don't let us deceive ourselves into thinking it is love of righteousness that makes us shrug our shoulders or look a thought that we are too cowardly to voice.

If you were I, you would forbid my appropriating to myself another's story, happening, or idea, without giving credit to the real author.

It was a certain John Dennis who is said to have invented for his tragedy the sort of thunder used to-day in the theater. Dennis's play was acted but a short time; a few nights later, however, Mr. Dennis heard his own thunder made use of at a representation of "Macbeth." He rose in a violent passion and exclaimed that it was *his* thunder. "See," said he, "how the rascals use me! They will not let my play run, and yet they steal my thunder!"

In line with this suggestion about acknowl-

edging another's "thunder," I am reminded to say that, if you were I, you would tell me to keep out of debt. It isn't pleasant to be in debt. A debt which one is unable to pay was once defined by a small friend of mine as "What you've got when you haven't got so much as if you just hadn't nothin'."

Let us pay the laundry woman when the clothes are returned, and the sewing woman every Saturday night. Carelessness and thoughtlessness here often cause real deprivation "over Sunday."

If you were I, I fancy you would tell me that half my anxieties would disappear if I would go out into the sunshine.

Somewhere I read the story of a little lame boy who was sitting on a bridge watching his companions at their play in a dark shadow under the bridge. He was asked to come down to play with the others. "No, I can't leave," was his reply. "Why not?" the boys inquired. "I am soaking-in sunshine, so I can laugh when it rains," was the boy's wise answer.

Therefore, if you were I, and I were you, and both were what we should be, we would advise

each other to "soak-in sunshine," so as to laugh when it rains.

Another aspect of this subject of putting one's self in another's place has to do with our own feeling, when others use towards us a half-sneering manner.

When Thomas Arnold was headmaster at Rugby, he wrote to a former very sensitive pupil of his at Oxford: "It is an immense blessing to be perfectly callous to ridicule; or, which comes to the same thing, to be conscious thoroughly that what we have in us of noble and delicate is not ridiculous to any but fools, and that, if fools will laugh, wise men will do well to let them."

If we can get past the place where we feel "sensitive," where, with consciences void of offense before God, we can smile at sneers, we shall have gone a long way toward what I like to name the *Gulf Stream of Peace.* We shall be pitiful of the sneerer, not indignant at him; for we do not know what fiery torch of injustice has scorched our neighbor's soul; nor, indeed, do we know to what we ourselves may fall by to-morrow's sun.

What I am and what you are is not a matter

of chance. Let William Ernest Henley speak for us:

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade;
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.

All in a Day

Morning: Two Kinds of Helpers

YOU know them both. One says, "I am always glad to help when I can." This kind gives up the chair she likes best; she makes sure that her friend is provided with a good light; she does the errand she would rather not do; and for these things she often has no reward other than the approval of her own conscience.

The other kind says, in a general, indefinite way, "Oh, yes, indeed! I am always glad to help when I can!" But, when asked to aid in any particular service, she begins at once to make excuse: "I can't do this very well, for I am just leaving for the country." Or, when asked to read "Macbeth," she remarks, "I would rather read 'Hamlet' than 'Macbeth,' so I think we will decide upon 'Hamlet'!"

This kind of girl is always "Oh, yes, indeed!" willing to help others, if it does not

involve any personal sacrifice of her own pleasure. Which kind of girl are you?

Noon: One-Sidedness

What right have you to keep another person waiting for you? Why are you late?

An apologetic person writes concerning keeping people waiting: "It arises from a praiseworthy dislike of wasting time. If I am a very little late for an appointment, the other person is always there; and thus no time is lost—off we go together at once!"

Night: Pick it Up and Set it Straight

Do you ever find things crooked and leave them so? Do you ever say, "It isn't my business to adjust other people's disorder?" Why not try to balance some of your own sins of omission by picking up a scrap here and there, and by adjusting chairs and papers left out of place by some one else?

A young girl writes, "I have been greatly helped by a little motto that you once gave to us girls: *Pick it up and set it straight.* If I ever pass a scrap of waste paper in the hall, or walk over a turned-up rug, my conscience bothers me until I go back."

Foundations

That those things which cannot be shaken may remain.
—The Book of Hebrews.

FANCY you are saying, "Ethics may be important, but it is the driest and stupidest subject in all this otherwise interesting world!"

Without doubt you are right in your idea; all things that have to do with foundations are stupid, until we come to applications.

As we make application of ethical principles to eating and sleeping, to dressing and dancing, to family and friends, to manners and morals, to clubs and culture, to civics and charities, we shall perhaps find that the interest increases.

Ethical standards and the desire to persist in maintaining them are matters of evolution; they are a growth; they come not by accident. The ethical life "will be judged, not by its accomplishment, but by its growth; not by its achievements, but by its ideals," is the way one writer states the case.

Do you remember that the Prodigal Son was said to "come to himself"? The best self is the true self; and it is this "finding of one's self" that is the province of all ethical investigation and study.

In all ethics, the strongest, the biggest, the most important foundation principle of all—is that which we know as *will*, the power we have over our own actions.

A small boy once defined will as "something in here that says 'I won't!'"

Ian Maclaren says, "Behind words lie deeds; behind deeds, qualities; behind qualities, intention: and the distinction between one man and another is the innermost ambition and the chosen attitude of the soul."

Our study of Ethics should make us humble—not arrogant, not fault-finding. Perhaps we shall sometimes need to recall Faber's wise word: "No one is so blind to his own faults as a man who has the habit of detecting the faults of others."

The kingliest morality has to do with service rendered for the benefit of others, without stipulation and without reward—relief of distress, promotion of good. No personal ad-

vancement prompted William Lloyd Garrison to put forth those efforts for the slave, which resulted in Garrison's own semi-martyrdom. No civil law caused the Good Samaritan to render aid to the man who fell among thieves.

It demands will to do the right and the fine and the unselfish.

It is related that Emile Zola gave up tobacco in his young days, when it was a question of his spending four cents a day more on himself, or of allowing his mother the wherewithal to buy an extra loaf of bread.

Again we repeat the thought that *we must purpose to do;* according to our purposing shall be our achieving.

I remember reading that Charles Kingsley on his twenty-second birthday wrote, "I have been for the last hour on the seashore, not dreaming, but thinking deeply and strongly, and forming determinations which are to affect my destiny through time and eternity. Before the sleeping earth and the sleeping sea and stars, I have devoted myself to the Highest—a vow never (if He gives me the faith I pray for) to be recalled."

So again we come face to face with purpose, determination, will.

Let me give you a fine sentence from Professor Peabody of Harvard: "The reason is like the sails of a ship, which give momentum and life; the feelings are the waves, thrown tumultuously on either side; but the rudder, which gives direction and control to life, is the will."

"And so," adds Professor Peabody, "there must be a dedication of the will to goodness."

When this is really done, we shall so act that "each to-morrow finds us further than to-day."

Carlyle tells us, "No man becomes a saint in his sleep." And it is a cotemporary who remarks, "Anybody can be good at a sprint; but to keep on being good—that is what troubles us."

Is there anything ethical in connection with coffee and beefsteak and potatoes? Perhaps we shall admit that these things have ethical significance so far as *will* has to do with them.

We might spend much time in discussing

the fact that people have been known to continue the use of foods that, by experiment, have proved to be for them injurious —oysters, tomatoes, strawberries, pastry, candies.

How far can general rules be applied in this field? How far may they be modified by the personal peculiarities of each individual's constitution or preference? How far should hereditary predisposition be admitted?

We are to beware lest we try to make all people think our way. We can easily lay down laws by which others should be governed.

Here are some points for private meditation: Rapidity of eating; mastication; accommodating one's "pace" to that of others; daintiness as opposed to fastidiousness.

Food and drink are aids to self-respect or they are factors in degradation; hence their ethical significance.

Washington Irving once gave some good advice for grumblers: "When I can't get a dinner to suit my appetite, I try to get an appetite to suit my dinner."

"Choose to punish your appetites," says

Epictetus, "rather than to be punished by them."

In this question of food and drink, as in all other questions of duty, we should determine finally to be governed by what we learn, through hard experience perhaps, to be our individual law.

All these points are practical applications of one general principle. In Ethics the great consideration is to decide by judgment and by will, not by impulse. This is the ultimate foundation.

Sleep, Exercise, Recreation

O Sleep! it is a gentle thing
Beloved from pole to pole.
—COLERIDGE.

Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.
The wise for cure on exercise depend;
God never made his work for man to mend.
—DRYDEN.

There should be nothing so much a man's business as his amusements.
—STEVENSON.

HE key-word for our subject is *persistency*, that moral quality which is designated by the clergy as "the grace of continuance," but which is spoken of by plainer folk as stick-to-it-a-tiveness.

I offer only a suggestive outline for each one of you to work out for herself.

Sleep:

Value of muscular relaxation; the art of "letting go" the nervous tension; number of hours of sleep required; "beauty sleep"

before midnight; bathing, light gymnastics, "nibbling a cracker," ventilation, quantity of bedding—as factors in preparing to sleep; methods of inducing sleep—"Madeline asleep in lap of legends old"; "a clear conscience is a good pillow."

"Talking it out" late at night is fatal to good sleep; mental objects become distorted —they fall into wrong perspective and false proportion; the discussion is therefore valueless; nervous excitement is increased; some one cries herself to sleep, and the next day that same some one wakes up cross and is accused of "getting out on the wrong side of the bed."

Exercise and Recreation:

"Sit straight, girls! Sit well back in the chair. Head up. Chest out. Press the neck back until you feel the collar. Inhale. Hold the breath steady and fling the arms far back, while you listen to Longfellow's advice." Do these orders sound familiar to you?

If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows that thou would'st forget,

If thou would'st read a lesson that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills.

"Now you may exhale. Try it again, while I repeat the same lines more slowly."
Such an exercise, continued with persistency for ten minutes at morning and at evening, with wide-opened windows, or out of doors, will soon become to you a recreation exercise that you will wish to continue for fun, as well as for health.

Points for Consideration:
Working off stored-up energy—enough exercise versus too much; injurious effect of too-extended summer tramps after months of little walking; the best time for exercise—"Work first, then rest," says Ruskin; sweeping, dusting, washing dishes, raking the gravel, running a lawn mower, versus prescribed gymnastics only; every-night-late dancing, miscalled "recreation"—better called "dissipation"; recreation should recreate.
We speak of recreation as a duty, an ethical demand; we care to maintain health and good

spirits for love's sake. You remember how Tennyson makes this clear in "Maud":

But if I be dear to some one else,
Then I should be to myself more dear.
Shall I not take care of all that I think,
Yea, ev'n of wretched meat and drink,
If I be dear,
If I be dear to some one else?

William De Witt Hyde names cheerfulness as the virtue, and energy as the reward of exercise and recreation; he names excitement as the temptation to be guarded against, morbidness as the vice of defect, frivolity as the vice of excess, and debility as the penalty.

Emerson says, "Health is the first wealth." Some one, I do not know the author, writes a doggerel about how to keep health:

"Take the open air,
The more you take the better;
Follow Nature's laws
To the very letter;
Let the doctors go
To the Bay of Biscay;
Let alone the gin,

The brandy and the whisky;
Freely exercise,
Keep your spirits cheerful;
Let no dread of sickness
Make you even fearful;
Eat the simplest food,
Drink the pure, cold water;
Then you will be well,
Or, at least, you 'oughter.'"

Dress

Talk to me of pins and feathers and ladies.
—Ben Jonson.

HIS subject, like the colored preacher's sermon, is to be considered under two heads: First, "What *am* in de tex'." Second, "What am *not* in de tex'." I shall not indicate the divisions. To us women, dress somehow *is* an interesting subject; then, too, it is a subject we feel we know something about.

In the early part of the eighteenth century, Henry Fielding composed a chapter entitled "An Essay to prove that an author will write better for having some knowledge of the subject on which he treats."

What we are to think about and discuss is not so much dress in itself, as the relation which dress bears to Ethics, or, in other words, to moral principle and to the development of character.

May I use *discrimination*, or *choice*, as a sort of key-word for this talk? Choice is a part

of will, and I purpose noting for you ten points showing the relation of dress to choice, therefore to Ethics; for let us not forget, but emphasize at the very front of our discussion, that over-elaboration in dress is as truly an offense against good taste, as is positive untidiness.

You will remember that Thomas Carlyle, in the opening passage to "Sartor Resartus," says, "It might strike the reflective mind with some surprise that hitherto little or nothing of a fundamental character, whether in the way of Philosophy or History, has been written on the subject of Clothes."

Now what we are to discuss is that part of the "Philosophy of Clothes" which relates to moral impressions and influences.

Every intentional muscular act starts with an idea, then follows choice; therefore the act is first ideational, then discriminative, finally muscular. I lay my hand on this or that; it is by an act of will; but I also choose where to lay it; I discriminate between grasping your hand, and boxing your ears.

Holding now the idea of discrimination in mind, we shall see that all really earnest con-

sideration of dress in its relation to morals involves especially the act of choosing; and perhaps there is no one field of life where the ability to discriminate quickly and appropriately can be, or is, so cultivated as in choosing what to wear, when to wear it, how long to wear it, and when to give it away.

In presenting ten practical points for consideration, I offer to you an opportunity to "talk back," if you will. My purpose is to show that at each of these points the act of choosing is involved, and that they are therefore worthy of ethical emphasis.

Point 1—*New clothes versus old clothes.*

Pope, in his "Essay on Criticism," says:

> *"Be not the first by whom the new is tried,*
> *Nor yet the last to lay the old aside."*

It was Lady Mary Wortley Montagu who gave as advice, "Be plain in dress and sober in your diet," which rouses our curiosity to know just how plain and sober Lady Mary herself was!

When do you feel better dressed in old clothes

than in new? In what way may new clothes promote dignity of carriage? How can you maintain "unconsciousness" as to clothes, and so avoid "self-consciousness"?

Point 2—*Fitting or misfitting.*

It requires will—not obstinacy, but firmness—to secure a good fit.

Which is in better taste—well-fitted, coarse clothing, or poorly fitted, fine clothing?

I pass on to you the advice given by a well-dressed, middle-aged woman of limited income: "Get a second-class cloth, if you must; but have it made up by a first-class dressmaker," she said to a young girl who came for counsel.

Point 3—*Choice of colors—beauty.*

"Ez we ain't endowed by Providence with feathers, thar ain't no use in makin' a sin out'n hevin' the bes' clothes what we kin git," says Charles Egbert Craddock.

I heard a woman, whose artist soul was hurt by inharmonies in dress, exclaim, "If you don't know what is becoming to you, pray hold no false pride, but ask a friend whose

taste is to be relied upon, even though she may not have half your intellect. It is an offense past being forgiven for you to wear ugly things, when beautiful things may be had for the same money."

Perhaps we shall not put it so strongly; but I fancy we shall agree that, to those who love us, we owe as much attractiveness as a reasonable amount of thought and effort and expense can secure; and, furthermore, that we owe it to the world at large to reduce the sum total of ugliness and to increase the sum total of beauty.

Point 4—*Adaptation to time and place.*

I would wish to register myself as emphasizing, all the way along, the fact that there is a beauty in plain dress, if it is fitted to the work we are engaged in at the time. Indeed, *dress for your work* is, I fancy, very nearly the absolute and final rule in this matter of costume.

What is the temptation in giving over-much thought to the adaptation of dress to surroundings? Possibly vanity; a striving to outdress another; a but half-recognized inner

joy when our clothes are "just right," and another's are a little off from "just right."

Point 5—*Simplicity versus ostentation.*
"There's no accounting for tastes!" we say in our superior way. "She calls *that* simplicity!"
"Half the secret of human intercourse," says Leigh Hunt, "is to make allowance for each other." So, if people do not think our way, we "make allowance" for them.

Now, who shall arbitrate,
Ten men love what I hate,
Shun what I follow, slight what I receive:
Ten, who in ears and eyes
Match me: we all surmise,
They, this thing, and I, that: whom shall my soul believe?

—Browning.

Point 6—*Neatness versus slovenliness.*
William De Witt Hyde, in his little book, entitled "Practical Ethics," says some wise words on this topic:
"No one is so poor that he cannot afford to be neat. No one is so rich that he can

afford to be slovenly. The clothes we wear express the standing choices of our will; and, as clothes come closer to our bodies than anything else, they stand as the most immediate and obvious expression of our mind."

We shall, therefore, be in accord in ruling out of court soiled ruchings, shabby gloves, frayed and grimy white skirts, and dusty shoes. We shall agree that the wearing of ragged waists, "which no one will notice if I keep my arms down," the wearing of skirts and waists that continually show their dislike of keeping company, that frowsy hair, and a score of other might-be-named disorderlinesses are positively unmoral in their influence.

Point 7—*Fastidiousness.*

We noted that carelessness in regard to dress tends to the lowering of one's standard of fineness, and indicates that a woman is too weak to make her surroundings express her personality; she is under "the tyranny of things."

We may also note that super-care, which we

call fastidiousness, is almost as greatly to be deplored as is slovenliness. We have a feeling of contempt for the man who arranges his necktie beautifully "because he gives his whole mind to it," and for the woman who anticipates social ostracism because she is unable to procure gloves of the exact shade of her gown.

Point 8—*Dressing for dinner.*

Will you answer for yourselves these questions?

Why is dressing for dinner, when there are no guests, really of value?

Does it give to the hour of the evening meal an added touch of leisure and of charm?

How can I reconcile such a custom with the demands of imperative and immediate work?

Our answers must be individual, and, if we have reached a conclusion in the matter as it applies personally, we may still need to watch ourselves lest, like the old lady of whom Mr. Howells speaks, we preserve a "too-vigilant conscience." This old lady, with such a conscience, "after making her

life unhappy with it for some threescore years, now applied it entirely to the exasperation and condemnation of others."

Point 9—*Dress and worth.*

Is dress an indication of the moral standards of the wearer?

A woman, holding a position of great influence, said in my hearing, "I am almost ashamed that Miss Blank's personal untidiness so often comes first to my mind as I think of her. I have to use a real force of will and make myself rehearse her fine qualities and points of strength in order to prevent my condemnation from coming unjustly to the front."

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.

—Shakespeare.

Point 10—*Dress—a factor in personal power.*

I quote from Ruskin:

"What woman is to be within her gates, as the center of order, the balm of distress, and

the mirror of beauty; that she is also to be without her gates, where order is more difficult, distress more imminent, loveliness more rare."

Truth

O, while you live, tell truth and shame the devil!
—SHAKESPEARE.

WISH to contend that the mind is so made that, in its normal action, it *must* prefer the true to the false, just as a bird prefers the pure air of the heights to the noxious gases of the lowlands.

Why does the normal mind thus prefer veracity?

First—For reasons of practical prudence. Falsehood is foolishness as well as sin. Some one says that a liar should have a wondrous accurate memory! And it is Oliver Wendell Holmes who writes, "Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle which fits them all."

Emerson gives us a hint here when he says, "If you would not be known to do a thing, never do it."

Second—For economic reasons. Business is carried on upon a basis of truth. The customs of civilized society have educated the individual mind to the obligation of veracity.

We note the truth of this when we reflect upon the credit system; the use of cheques; deeds; all forms of business paper.

Third—Beneath these prudential and economic considerations, lies a still deeper reason why the mind prefers truth; this we may call the rational reason, or, as some writers call it, "the intellectual imperative." It is an offense to one's own mind to be always quibbling, evading, covering one's tracks.

"Tell truth and shame the devil," said Jonathan Swift, in his letter to Mary, the cookmaid, probably quoting from Shakespeare.

Lying hurts the liar and it hurts the world. The sum total of human confidence is lessened and trust in people in general is shaken.

I might interrupt myself right here and pause a moment to notice one very common and very subtle way in which truth is violated; namely, by exaggeration. We could spend much time in discussing the insidious influence upon the mind of "seeing large."

Among the evil results of exaggeration we may name, false perspective; mistaken con-

clusions; misunderstandings; broken friendship; moral insensibility or hardening, until all lying is easy.

Returning now to the main road of our discussion:

Fourth—Another reason why the normal mind prefers the truth is that it prefers freedom, and truth gives freedom. "He is the freeman whom the truth makes free," says Cowper.

The mind that loves truth is free from prejudice; it is open to conviction; it judges men and events by exact evidence, not by personal bias; it refuses to prejudge a person favorably because of a liking for him; with equal justice, it refuses to prejudge unfavorably because "I don't like the family." All this is in the atmosphere of a large and open freedom which in itself is desirable and attractive.

Now, after laying down these general principles, we may pass on to consider points of application:

First—The especial importance of forming the habit of expressing exact truth early in life, because that habit lies at the foundation

of everything else, and because the contrary habit of non-veracity so easily becomes a tyranny.

Second—Another point, which, of course, has no relation to women, but of which I speak on general principles, relates to gossip, scandal, tale-bearing.

We are to disprove Mark Twain's toast:

The American humorist was returning from Europe, and, as usual, was surrounded by an admiring circle. The last night on board ship, he proposed a toast in honor of the ladies:

"The ladies," he said, raising his glass and bowing; "the ladies—second only to the press in the dissemination of news!"

Third—The formation of the challenging habit. Who is the "everybody" who "knows"? We demand concrete statements, not generalizations, from those with whom we hold converse; therefore love of truth forbids that we ourselves should form judgments and give out generalizations upon insufficient evidence.

Perhaps you have heard Dr. Martin Brumbaugh's story:

" I recall," says he, " the story of the French doctor who had a patient sick of typhoid fever, and after all the remedies that he knew had been tried without avail, he finally, in distress, gave the patient chicken broth, and the man got well. Then the French doctor was delighted, and he announced through the medical journals that chicken broth would cure typhoid fever. The next patient he had was an Englishman, and he at once applied his new-found remedy, but the Englishman died. Then he revised his generalization, and said that, whereas chicken broth would cure a Frenchman who was ill of typhoid fever, it was fatal to an Englishman! "

Fourth—We may ask what differentiates a lie from a falsehood?

How can you secure needed rest and privacy without using the expression, often misinterpreted by a domestic, " Not at home "?

How can you be true, and yet not say to the caller who is a perfect bore, " I'm delighted to see you "?

I simply raise these questions. It is for you to answer them.

Fifth—Must we tell the whole truth? How

may we evade without being untrue? When should we decline to tell all we know? What latitude is allowable?

Notice here that the principle of discrimination is involved, likewise the virtue of kindliness. Le Baron Russell Briggs says, "Perfect courtesy *is* consistent with absolute straightforwardness."

Sixth—The effect of an unconscious vanity in coloring the truth.

Love of truth forbids over-estimation of one's self.

"Conceit may puff a man up, but it never props him up," says Ruskin.

An old saying of the Italians is, "Everyone thinks he has more than his share of brains."

And Paul in his letter to the Romans wrote, "Let no man think more highly of himself than he ought to think."

Love of truth, then, keeps one humble, ever learning, but ever seeing more to be learned; ever climbing, but ever seeing terrace above terrace and peak above peak upon which to stand.

Seventh—Is it possible for the mind to trick itself?

May one assign for an act a reason which is not the real reason, and so stick to the false statement as almost to believe it?

Eighth—The truth-loving mind will demand corresponding straightforwardness in speech and in act; this necessitates a rigid holding to the truth in the heart. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." And it was Browning who said, "Guard well thy thoughts, for thoughts are heard in heaven."

A part of this straightforwardness is simplicity. Simplicity of language is more powerful than superlatives and expletives. We might in this connection discuss the too-common habit of shading from the truth by a look, a gesture, an inflection of voice.

Over-assertion of a purpose to deal honestly opens one to the criticism of possible untruthfulness; as Hamlet's mother, speaking of the lady in the play, said, "The lady doth protest too much, methinks."

Marcus Aurelius once wrote in the same line:

"How stale and insincere this sounds: 'I propose to treat you fairly and squarely!'

"Why this to-do, man? What is the need of protestation? The truth will soon be found out. Such a profession should be written on your forehead. One should see your honesty shining in your eyes, as a lover discerns affection in the eyes of his beloved.

"Simple and straight-forward goodness should be like a strong perfume, instantly perceived by one who draws near its source, whether he will or not."

So if we are true, we shall not have to tell people so.

Ninth—Finally, we come last of all to the noble picture of a spontaneous and habitual agreement between intellect and conscience. Love of truth in the intellect makes one stand for principle in practical action, and this in spite of opposition, or sneer, or even abuse.

"The only conclusive evidence of a man's sincerity," says Lowell, "is that he gives *himself* for a principle. Words, money, all things else are comparatively easy to give away; but when a man makes a gift of his daily life and practice, it is plain that the truth, whatever it may be, has taken possession of him."

WHAT OTHERS SAY

Ethics is the science of conduct and the art of life. *William De Witt Hyde.*

Do every day or two something for no other reason than that you would rather not do it, so that when the hour of dire need draws nigh, it may find you not unnerved and untrained to stand the test.

William James.

Console yourself, dear man and brother, whatever you may be sure of, be sure at least of this, that you are dreadfully like other people. *James Russell Lowell.*

You tremble, you lie awake, you ask advice from everybody, and if what you have resolved upon does not please everybody, you think you have been ill advised.

Epictetus.

One should stand upright, not be propped upright. *Marcus Aurelius.*

The summit of manhood is attained when evil is consciously overcome.

Sir Oliver Lodge.

Corner Posts of a Square Character

Justice, sir, is the great interest of man on earth.
—Daniel Webster.

Courage mounteth with occasion.
—Shakespeare.

Constancy, fidelity, bounty, and generous honesty are the gems of noble minds.
—Sir Thomas Browne.

In loyalty, when loyalty is properly defined, is the fulfilment of the whole moral law.
—Josiah Royce.

HAT traits will you set as corner posts in laying out a square character? To that question, I should myself answer: First, justice; second, courage; third, fidelity; fourth, loyalty. First, then, as to

JUSTICE

If we are to deal justly, we must submit ourselves to what Mr. Patterson Du Bois calls "the culture of justice." Mr. Du Bois would have us make as our "basal rule of practice,"

"*to think justice*—to do this as an acquired habit of mind."

Justice demands the judicial spirit in dealing with ourselves, in dealing with people we like, and in dealing with people whom we do not like; it forbids an overplus of appreciation and of depreciation of one's self, as truly as it forbids an overplus of appreciation or depreciation of another.

We are bound by justice to put away prejudices—prejudices for as well as against ourselves and our neighbor.

Are we not more prone to excuse our own failings than we are to excuse those of our neighbor?

Is this not especially true when an apparent great gain is in sight for ourselves?

The "thinking justly," of which Mr. Du Bois speaks, will lead us to weigh our words before we utter them. This process of so thinking, so weighing is hard; but thus only can our judgment be counted upon, and thus only can we possess real power.

Andrew Peabody once wrote: "Do that, and only that, which you would regard as just and right, if it were done to you; then do

that, and only that, which, were you the responsible trustee and guardian of the public good, you would prescribe or sanction as just and right."

We may say that justice demands attention to inalienable rights—life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that it demands liberty to acquire knowledge; that it imposes also responsibility to use that acquisition for noblest ends; that it demands liberty to seek the society of one's kind; that it imposes responsibility to use such intercourse for the general betterment of society; that it allows liberty to strive after popular esteem; but imposes the responsibility of care, lest it carry one to extremes and to unscrupulous actions; that it gives liberty to acquire property; that it carries with it responsibility, lest avarice result, and money, first sought for the power it confers, become an end, instead of a means; that it discriminates between liberty and license. My liberty must never be allowed to interfere with another's equal liberty. I may not establish the public nuisance of a glue factory in my dooryard.

We say also that justice allows liberty to ex-

cel; but it imposes responsibility for making sure that the purpose to excel is not tinged with the envy that leads to rejoicing over another's failure.

Justice gives full liberty to show love, reverence, gratitude, kindness, pity, sympathy; but it brings upon the individual the responsibility for abstaining from hatred, irreverence, anger, resentment, envy, revenge.

Justice allows liberty to relieve the poor; it lays upon humankind the responsibility for doing a fair part; but Andrew Peabody says, "This or that individual poor man cannot claim that it is my duty, rather than that of my neighbor, to minister to his needs, or that I am bound to give him what I might otherwise give to his equally needy neighbor."

Justice gives me liberty to preserve my reputation; it lays upon me the responsibility for seeing that my reputation also represents my character.

Justice involves self-control and a certain high vision of the balance of things.

Second, as to

COURAGE

We naturally think of courage in its common threefold aspect, and we may well inquire how far it is a quality of blood and nerve, how far a quality of the mind, and how far of the spirit.

Let me give you a simple outline:

1. Physical courage—stopping a runaway at cost of possible personal injury.

2. Mental courage—controlling expression of anxiety, or hurt, because of a real, or fancied, personal slight; refusing to whine; behaving one's self when misunderstood.

3. Moral courage—daring to stand for one's principles; daring to defend an absent person's good name.

It takes moral courage to turn away from one's own burden to help lift another's burden; but Edward Garrett says:

"When we turn away from some duty or some fellow-creature, saying that our hearts are too sick and sore with some great yearning of our own, we may often sever the line on which a divine message was coming to us.

We shut out the man, and we shut out the angel who had sent him on to open the door."

I venture to offer six points for your consideration:

1. Courage to receive honest praise in a fine spirit; courage to praise another for that in which we have failed.

2. Courage to bear small ills in silence; courage not to scoff at others who seem unable to bear small ills in silence.

3. Courage to bear large burdens with patience, that our example may inspire another hard-pressed traveler.

4. Courage to go on and on, doing our best unassumingly, unostentatiously, without expecting "to be appreciated," or to be rewarded. "The reward is in the doing."

5. Courage requires the exercise of a spirit of self-abnegation.

"He must increase; I must decrease," said John the Baptist.

6. Courage of "convictions."

The world has little use for a man or woman who says, "Well, perhaps I will, though I think it is not quite the thing." What the

world is demanding is not so much women insisting on "rights," as that finer grade of women who will bear bravely hard, discouraging experiences, and still smile and brighten the world.

Justice and courage lead to

FIDELITY

This third post of a square character has a name rich in derivation; from our Latin "fides," faith, we go on to "fidelita," firm adherence; so our definition, good faith, careful and exact observance of duty or performance of obligations, stands like a bulwark at one corner of life's field.

Carrying this study on to "fealty," we arrive at a wonderfully beautiful point in definition, *a doublet of fidelity.*

God does not require the impossible of any of us. We can deal justly—pay our debts—hold fast to our principle of right, in spite of temptation. We *must* do it—true women *will* do it.

Some one says that there are scores of people who will begin a line of service with enthusi-

asm, for every one who will continue faithful after the first flush has passed.

It is easy also in our moral life to content ourselves with being "just about' right; it is hard to be faithful to our highest ideal of right.

We must take no vacations, no days off, in this matter of fidelity; we must leave no ragged edges of purpose, no frayed ends of performance.

You remember the closing words of Abraham Lincoln's second inaugural:

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on *to finish* the work we are in."

Finally, justice, courage, and fidelity lead to and complete themselves in

LOYALTY

I think of loyalty as a word indicating a greater intelligence, a higher grade of devotion to duty than even the two words we have just noted, fidelity and fealty.

In its derivation, it is related to legality. It

seems to add dignity to faithfulness; it has in it the soldier note; it is a bugle blast, demanding that one stand upon his feet while he swears constancy.

Fidelity concerns "conformity of our actions to our engagements, whether expressed or implied."

Loyalty is the "one touch more."

I want to give you here a fine passage concerning our subject, taken from Professor Royce's "Philosophy of Loyalty":

"Everybody has heard of loyalty; most prize it; but few perceive it to be what, in its inmost spirit, it really is—the heart of all the virtues, the central duty amongst all duties.

"A man is loyal when, first, he has some cause to which he is loyal; when, secondly, he willingly and thoroughly devotes himself to this cause; and when, thirdly, he expresses his devotion in some sustained and practical way, by acting steadily in the service of his cause. Instances of loyalty are: The devotion of a patriot to his country, when this devotion leads him actually to live and perhaps to die for his country; the devotion of a martyr

to his religion; the devotion of a ship's captain to the requirements of his office, when, after a disaster, he works steadily for his ship and for the saving of his ship's company until the last possible service is accomplished, so that he is the last man to leave the ship, and is ready, if need be, to go down with his ship."

The Fetter and the Freedom of Monotony

Forenoon and afternoon and night,
Forenoon and afternoon and night,
Forenoon, and—what?
The empty song repeats itself.
EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

-O-N-O-T-O-N-Y! I see you yawn as I spell the word! You say, "Oh, monotony! it is tame; it is wearisome; it is stupid; it is fettering!"

But wait. Is that true? The child is learning to walk. With infinite care, he takes each tiny step; he gives the whole of his infantile mind to pushing forward first one foot and then the other. Day after day, day after day, he does the same monotonous task; repetition, repetition, repetition! Now, a little later, he is a man; he walks without thinking of his steps; the muscular action has been relegated to the subconscious field; he walks, and at the same moment discusses the political situation, the latest development in science, the progress of the fraternal spirit

in the world. The fetter of this man's childhood has become the freedom of his manhood.

Among the peasants of the Pyrenean hamlets in Spain, I have seen a woman apparently doing three things at once equally well: first, riding and guiding a donkey—the beast proverbially without memory, and therefore incapable of recalling the fact that every week for three years he has been along that same road on market days; second, knitting rapidly and accurately, while riding and guiding the donkey; and third, carrying on an animated conversation or a spirited discussion with another woman going to market, also riding and guiding a donkey, and also knitting rapidly and accurately.

Any one of these three pursuits in life, taken by itself, would seem to us monotonous—unless we except the animated conversation and the spirited discussion; but we may safely conclude that two out of the three had been so far dropped below immediate consciousness as to leave these women quite at liberty to carry on their talk with freedom. Habit, monotonous habit—the monotone of riding

and guiding the donkey, and the monotone of knitting and knitting and knitting — had given to these peasants freedom, in place of fetter.

Signing our name has no great charm for us; we do it over and over mechanically; it is stupid work, almost meaningless; but I remember a time when I was glad that I had been obliged, at the beginning of every month, to sign cheques, cheques, cheques; a signature for the house rent, another for books, other signatures for store bills; signatures, signatures! One day, after weeks of care, and the strain of sickness and death, I went into a shop and purchased goods. "You may charge them," I said to the clerk. "To whom shall I charge them?" he very rightly asked. "To me," was my reply. "Yes, but to what name?" he inquired. I couldn't tell him. I thought and thought. "The house number is . . . ," I said, "but I can't think of my name." Then came the use of my fetter, my monotony. "Will you let me take your pencil, please?" I said to the clerk. He did so, and, as mechanically as one would put one foot before the other in walking, I wrote

my name. Then I could speak it, after seeing it written. The fetter of a habit became my freedom.

President King of Oberlin, in his fine book, "Rational Living," emphasizes the necessity of our recognizing the time limit within which we may form habits. I quote a strong passage:

"Habits man must have, but it is for him to choose what they shall be, provided he chooses quickly. *The time limit in habits* is one of the strong evidences of the close connection of body and mind. It is a startling fact to face, that a man's personal habits are largely fixed before he is twenty, the chief lines of his future growth and acquaintance before he is twenty-five, and his professional habits before he is thirty; yet to something like this, James believes, physiological psychology points. Our intellectual as well as our moral day of grace is limited. It is of no use to rebel at the facts, it is folly unspeakable to ignore them. We are becoming bundles of habits. With every young person one must, therefore, continually urge: Are you willing to retain just the personal habits

you have now? You cannot too quickly change them if you wish to make thorough work. From your early morning toilet, through the care of your clothing and the order of your room, table manners, breathing, tone of voice, manner of talking, pronunciation, gesture, motion, address, study, to your very way of sleeping at night—all your habits are setting like plaster of Paris. Do you wish them to set as they are? "

We must rejoice, then, in the fact that nature releases us, after a time, from continual attention to infinite detail; our early thought and painstaking become factors in personal power a little later on; so, in forming fine habits, our purpose must be to cultivate a kind of monotonous do-it-again, do-it-again, until we rise superior to conscious thought about a thousand littles, and are free to let our minds grapple with fresh problems as they present themselves for solution.

Coleridge hated monotone as much as he loved monologue; he had the reputation, among his fellows, of being fonder of discoursing off-hand than he was of keeping his promise to prepare an essay for the lit-

erary society to which he belonged. Once after having conducted a Sunday service, he remarked to Charles Lamb, "Charles, I think you have heard me preach?" Lamb, who never altogether overcame a tendency to stuttering, replied, "I n-n-never heard you d-d-do anything else!"

I have sometimes had the fear, as I have prepared these talks, that you will think *I* never do anything else but preach.

This reference to Lamb recalls an incident concerning that gentle writer of the last quarter of the eighteenth century.

There was in the Lamb family a strong tendency towards insanity, and, for six weeks in the winter of 1795–96, Lamb was confined in an asylum. Soon after his release, he wrote to Coleridge—who, you will remember, was a victim of the opium habit—"I look back upon it [his temporary restraint] at times with a gloomy kind of envy; for, while it lasted, I had many, many hours of pure happiness. Dream not, Coleridge, of having tasted all the grandeur and wildness of fancy till you have gone mad!"

It is perhaps difficult for us to conceive that

the monotony of "a house for those who are sick in the head"—to use a phrase that a cab driver in Norway once employed as he pointed out to us the asylum for the insane in Trondhjem — could give relief from the daily round, and so be to Charles Lamb not fetter, but freedom.

Emerson's familiar story of the contention between the mountain and the squirrel puts well the point that a disadvantage in one direction may be an advantage in another:

The mountain and the squirrel had a quarrel,
And the former called the latter "Little Prig."
Bun replied: "You are doubtless very big,
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together,
To make up a year and a sphere;
And I think it no disgrace to occupy my place;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."

And so they had it, back and forth in argument. We, from our superior human heights, may imagine ourselves as taking the side of the squirrel and carrying on the conversation somewhat as follows:

"Poor old mountain! You are chained, forever chained, to your crag. Leave your fastness you cannot, struggle as you may! How wearisomely monotonous is your life! Yonder squirrel has freedom. He springs from tree to tree, from branch to bough; he burrows deep and hides away his winter store of nuts; he has you and the forests on your back quite at his command. You have fetter; he has freedom."

"Have you finished your remarks?" asks the mountain, speaking with deliberate dignity. "Have you considered that my fetter, as you call it, is my freedom? I cannot, indeed, leave my crag; but I have no need to run, as Bunny runs, before the hound. I have no fear that drives me from tree to tree, fleeing the huntsman's gun. I rest in calm content, while each nerve in that chipmunk's body quivers at every uncommon sound."

Freedom or fetter—which shall we choose?

What is that you remark about some one's monotonous conversation? You cry out against it and say, "Variety is the spice of life! Give me variety!" Yes, but all spice would soon become itself monotonous.

Quip and turn, the flash of wit and the epigram of wisdom are attractive because they break into and focus by illustration more serious discourse; but quip and turn kept up for a whole hour become tiresome and monotonous, and they turn the listener from a sympathetic hearer into a carping critic of the speaker's taste.

I am not sure but that I would choose to be fettered by a friend whose conversation rarely had a bright turn, than to be fettered by one whose talk always kept me either guessing what she was driving at, or on a strain of tension demanded by an effort to keep up my end. I verily believe that the first monotony would be freedom, and the second variety would be fetter.

It is by contrast that enjoyment comes. We like a generous supper after a day's fishing or tramping with short rations; sleep is a blessed boon after days and nights of watching by a bed of sickness; pain may be welcomed—but we beg, even then, that it be administered in homeopathic doses—if it gives to us the grace of sympathy for those who suffer.

I heard a lady reply, when some one asked, in conventional fashion, "How do you do?" "Do? I'm monotonously well!" She did not mean just that; but, being a thoughtful woman, she realized that she scarcely knew the meaning of pain, and perhaps she felt that something had been left out in her education.

It is recorded of Arnold of Rugby that, during the last few moments of his life, he said to his son: "Thank God, Tom, for giving me this pain! I have suffered so little pain in my life that I feel this is very good for me; now God has given it to me, and I do so thank him for it!"

Robert Louis Stevenson, brave example of suffering manhood, once cried out: "Overmastering pain—the most deadly and tragical element in life, alas! pain has its own way with all of us!" Stevenson could never have said, "I am monotonously well!" Nor could Amiel of Geneva, nor Elizabeth Barrett Browning, nor John Keats. Perhaps, if these had had "monotonously" good health, we should never have had such pen-products as they have left to the world.

I may feel to-day especially fettered by the routine of life. What shall I do about it? It is marvelous how a resolute setting of one's self to doing a thing distinctly different from that which one's mood suggests will affect the whole day. To quote Paul Laurence Dunbar:

Just whistle a bit if the day be dark,
And the sky be overcast:
If mute be the voice of the piping lark,
Why, pipe your own small blast.

Some of our poets have a way of giving to us only the pensive view of nature's moods; for example, Longfellow sings:

The day is cold and dark and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the moldering wall,
And at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

Here, perhaps, we feel fettered by weather. If this were all, we might well be saddened by the wail; but Longfellow goes on:

Be still, sad heart, and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;

Fetter and Freedom of Monotony

Thy fate is the common fate of all;
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

Have you ever found sunshine monotonous? Have you ever found in it anything but freedom? No? Then go to Spain in midsummer, and travel day after day over that arid country of the olive and the cactus. You will cry for a fetter of cloud, and you will welcome, almost with a sob, the shades of Andalusia, the gloom of the groves by the side of the Alhambra, and the comfort of the darkened rooms in the thick-walled stone hotels.

Or go to the Northland, and sail, day after day and night after night, with no cover of darkness. You will crowd a pillow into your port-hole, or nearly smother yourself with a blanket over your head—anything to get away from the strain of monotonous daylight, for the freedom of daylight has become a fetter.

We speak of monotone in certain effects of scenery; we call it a fetter. I venture to quote a recent page from my notebook:

The day is misty; between my train and the sea over yonder lies a low bank of fog. It is a backward March; the trees as yet show no sign of leaf-bud, but, bare and gray, they tone in with the mist and the fog and the gray-brown, brown-gray grass. If only the branches would wave! but there is no wind, and the boughs droop with a lassitude almost human. The half-rain settles upon the weeds along the roadside, but there is no joy in the drop; it rests a moment upon last autumn's thistle, then sags off and slips down into the gray, gray earth.

Why doesn't something happen? Why should my sight and my spirit be shut in, fettered by this enveloping gray ooze? I long to break through, to break through it all!

(A half hour later.)

Have I slept? What alchemy has been at work? Where is the fog-bank? Is that wind, or is some fairy shaking the trees? Is that faint sunshine, or what has given to the branches that appearance, as of gold upon the gray? Do I see aright? Did that saucy little raindrop wink at me as he skipped, humming, from last year's flower-stalk to

join a group of rollicking companions in the rill by the road? Is there a hint of green in the fields? Where is my fetter of monotony? Where my shut-inness? This is color, song, motion, freedom!

Yes, yes! but where is the restfulness that accompanied my fetter of grayness? Was not that a kind of freedom? Why can I no longer think my own thoughts in the same quiet? What means this renewed nerve stimulus and tension? Why do the problems of life now seem suddenly to tumble, insistent, upon me?

Shall I choose the fetter of grayness, with its freedom in monotony? Shall I choose the freedom of light, with its fetter of enforced excitement and its strenuous action?

Also to the Point

SOMETIMES I think that our happiness depends chiefly on our cheerful acceptance of routine, on our refusal to assume, as many do, that daily work and daily duty are a kind of slavery. If we can learn to think of routine as the best economy, we shall not despise it. People call it benumbing; and so it is if we do not understand it; but if we understand that through it we can do more work in less time, and have more time left for the expansion of our souls, that through it we cultivate the habit which makes people know we can be counted on, we shall cease to say hard things of it.

—LeBaron Russell Briggs.

We pass from the sense of study as an *obligation* to the sense of study as an *opportunity.*

—Francis G. Peabody.

In short, without much matter *what* our work be, whether this or that, it is because, and

only because of the rut, plod, grind, humdrum *in* the work, that we at last get those self-foundations laid of which I spoke—attention, promptness, accuracy, firmness, patience, self-denial, and the rest.

—W. C. Gannett.

Changeless march the stars above,
Changeless morn succeeds to even;
And the everlasting hills,
Changeless, watch the changeless heaven.

—Charles Kingsley.

Counterfeits

I cannot say with Mark Twain that I know honesty to be the best policy because I have tried both; but I know it to be the best policy because I have seen both.

—LeBaron Russell Briggs.

HEARD some one say recently, "I'm not sure but we are too moral."

I knew what she meant; she voiced the sense of a danger which some of us often apprehend, that a real peril may lie in over-emphasis upon even so noble a subject as high thinking and fine living. We may so dwell upon the psychological features of life that we lose our perspective, and become really unsympathetic, while we think ourselves virtuous because we "live above things."

I once knew a young woman who had worked so hard to "think high" that she had, quite unconsciously to herself, become a semi-hypocrite, and she wet-blanketed everything happy. She had a far-removed-from-the-world air that was sometimes pitiful and sometimes exasperating. One day, looking out across Lake Erie, flashing in a million points of

July's morning sunlight, I said: "Oh, isn't it happy, and gay, and frolicsome! It makes me feel as if I could caper like a colt across this green lawn!"

From her superior height of removal from the passing scenes of our transitory life—she was just six months older than I—she said, in what seemed to me a sanctimonious tone, "I suppose we must guard against giving way to our emotions, must we not, dear?"

I tell you frankly that I wanted to box that girl's ears. That was nearly thirty years ago. To-day her husband is the president of a college, where scores and scores of young men would welcome a warm fireside and a bit of bright talk in the home of their president; but Mrs. President gives to the dining-room and to the drawing-room such an air of the weight of the world that the students go to the house only as a matter of duty.

If this young woman had learned early in life to strike an average between flippancy and sanctimony, I have a notion that she would have been an inspiration to hundreds of people.

The moral of this story is found in a very

old book: "Let not then your good be evil spoken of."

Akin to this danger of semi-culture of the spirit—we almost dare call it counterfeit culture—is the peril that confronts those of us who believe we have a mission—a mission to go through life ding-donging our bell and crying out, "Hark, and hear me!" Then we harangue our auditors on the subject of—well—perhaps it is "The Higher Education," with all the title words capitalized. Some one is sure to say inside, "Stop talking—and say something!" If she doesn't say it aloud, we who speak are in luck, and must put it down to the account of her good manners.

For any one of us to assume that we can say the last word on the subject of the higher education, or on any other subject, is as crass and crude as the most arrogant assertion of the most uneducated person among our acquaintance.

The moral of these remarks is: Don't try to know everything; and don't iterate and reiterate the few things you do know until ears become dull of hearing, and the good man-

ners of your auditors are stretched almost to the snapping point.

Again: because we sincerely wish to be growing daily into finer ways, we perhaps say to ourselves over and over, "Assume the virtue if you have it not."

Now while I myself know what I mean by that, and I could explain, if anyone should ask me, that I am utilizing a great psychological principle and am establishing paths in my brain and nervous system, so that, under the laws of habit, I may ultimately do, almost automatically, the things I ought to do, others may not take me as I mean, and I may give an impression of insincerity, of striving after the artificial, and of killing all spontaneity.

For what I do really mean, I refer you to Professor James, who says: "The sovereign voluntary path to cheerfulness, if one's spontaneous cheerfulness be lost, is to sit up cheerfully, to look cheerfully, and to act and speak as if cheerfulness were already there."

Accordingly, do what practicing is necessary before your mirror, rub out the frown, smile at the reflection you find there, criticise her,

make the most of her; but, inasmuch as you would not take off your hat and "do up" your hair in public, neither will you practise "arts and graces" in public.

Our Emerson gives us a paragraph indicating the fact that pretension is not a fault of our present time only. He says: "At the top or at the bottom of all illusions I set the cheat which still leads us to work and live for appearances, in spite of our conviction, in all sane hours, that it is what we really are that avails with friends, with strangers, and with fate or fortune."

Would you think that, by quoting Emerson, I am defending the man who considers himself a paragon of all the virtues because he dares "speak out"? No, indeed! It is, as the wise man of Concord says, "what we really *are* that avails with friends"; but that gives no one of us the right to say, "I know I'm blunt; but then I'm honest!" Pray tell me, why may you not be honest and yet not be blunt? Are blunt people the only honest people? If so, I must acknowledge there are a good many honest ones. If you are honest, why counterfeit the *bluff* that is often used

by rogues, who are trying to make out a case by an air of openness, of frankness, or of bluntness?

Now as to another point: Is it not possible for one to be really fair to one's self? Or must we feel that we ought never to speak in an open way of our own effort, our own success? We do not hesitate to speak of failure. Is it not conceivable that a form of mawkishness may unduly restrain us when we have succeeded in some endeavor? Have you not heard a woman say, "I never do anything really well. It is kind of you to appreciate my poor efforts." All the time you feel morally certain that the speaker is fairly well satisfied with what she has done—though here we would guard against misjudgment.

I recall the story of a famous New England cook, who was renowned in all the country-side for her tea biscuits. One day the new minister came to supper. After her usual self-depreciatory fashion, the housewife said, "I'm afraid my biscuits are not very light, sir. I don't seem to succeed very well."

"In that case, madam," said the minister, "I think I shall be wiser to take the cold

bread." Of course she never forgave him that blunder.

Therefore I ask: May one not have a kind of self-appreciation that is not arrogance? May one not stand off and really review one's own work impartially? It is said that Madame de Staël rarely, if ever, read over one of her own books. When an expression in any one of them was quoted to her, she was astonished and said: "Did I indeed write that? I am quite charmed with it. It is excellently well expressed."

Professor Simpson, in writing of his friend, Henry Drummond, says: "It was impossible not to be impressed by the humility of the man. It was a constantly recurring trait. At the same time, few men have more accurately gauged themselves, and he well knew just what he could do."

We differentiate, then, between a humility which recognizes limitations and respects them, and a mock humility which produces various forms of Uriah Heep, who rubs his hands half cringingly, and murmurs, "I'm so 'umble!"

Without doubt you are often really discour-

aged because you feel that you know so little. You may at least take comfort in the thought of Cowper, who wrote: "Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much. Wisdom is humble that he knows no more."

Perhaps we shall agree that a little wisdom with humility is better, and also more comfortable to live with, than great knowledge that feels itself so sufficient as to be arrogant and domineering.

Mr. Crothers mentions "a good lady who goes to the art class and is able to talk of Botticelli; but she has no right to look down upon her husband as an inferior creature because he supposes that Botticelli is one of Mr. Heinz's fifty-seven kinds of pickles."

Some one once asked Erasmus, "How can a man become learned?" Erasmus replied by saying: "If he haunted the company of the learned, if he listened submissively to the sayings of the learned, if he diligently read and reread the writings of the learned; but above all, if he never deemed that he himself was learned."

Few of us can know something about everything; but most of us can, if we are eager

and receptive, learn something about several things, and perhaps know a great deal about a few things; but we have to start by not being afraid to own that we do not know everything. Pretension is fatal both to enjoyment and to progress.

Now, then, if we have recovered sufficiently from our discouragement to be willing to take hold of odd bits of information as they come to us, and even perhaps to work them over until we amass something that stands for a sort of wisdom, we may possibly be obliged to pull ourselves up, lest we show surprise because some one else does not know just the things we know. Charles Battell Loomis in "A Bath in an English Tub" says: "We are always astounded, astounded and amused, that the other man does not know the thing we know; but we are apt to think it of little moment that we don't know the thing the other man knows."

Right in this connection I may say that often and often what impresses a hearer or a reader is not so much "sheer weight of thought," as it is "the felicitous use of thought," to quote Brainerd Kellogg.

So, if I felt my deficiencies in the amount of knowledge I possessed, I would try to study the art of putting things, in order that I might, if possible, make good the lack of quantity by adding some flavor of quality.

The author of "Ideas of a Plain Country Woman" says: "The great need of women's lives just at the present time is that they lay aside *ambitions* for the sake of real *appreciations;* that they stop doing things for the name of the thing. Women need to stop dreading being behind the procession."

As I read that, I wondered if "hard times" have not a beneficent side to their hardness. Perhaps saying, "I can't afford it," is a good thing, and perhaps hard times give people a chance to stop trying "to keep up with the procession." Perhaps men and women both may in such times come to a spot where "appreciations," rather than "ambitions" of the commoner sort, may have a chance. If a brief halt is called in the breathless rush after excitements which are devitalizing rather than recreating, then hard times may be a blessing in disguise.

But I find myself caught on the other horn of the dilemma; for you will tell me that it is as poor taste to air one's poverty as it is to brag of one's riches; but the difference between the woman who, under necessity, explains her inability to indulge in this or that luxury, and the woman who continually discusses her reverses of fortune and thinks that she thus shows her openness of character, is as wide as the sea.

Perhaps we sometimes do things that we cannot afford to do; we wish to be obliging, when we really ought to dare to be disobliging. You may recall George Eliot's pithy way of putting this thought: "Be courteous, be obliging, but don't give yourself over to be melted down for the benefit of the tallow trade."

Worry

Do not worry; eat three square meals a day; say your prayers; be courteous to your creditors; keep your digestion good; exercise; go slow, and go easy. Maybe there are other things that your special case requires to make you happy, but, my friend, these I reckon will give you a good lift. —Abraham Lincoln.

 OME people seem to think worry an indication of goodness, of self-abnegating care for others; they wish to be credited with, "I was worried nearly to death about her!" Or they say: "You know that I carry a great many burdens of other people. It seems natural for those in doubt and in anxiety to come to me!"

Such people do not realize their own spirit of mawkishness, for they are really self-deceived, and they may even think a neighbor flippant, because she refuses to worry.

If you should tell a woman of that type that worry is a sin, she would not understand you.

Our frail sisters of this type do not really wish to feel differently about worry.

They remind me of that patient of the great Dr. Abernethy, of London, who was indignant when the doctor said, "There's nothing the matter with you, madam. You just need rest!"

"Nothing the matter with me, doctor!" exclaimed the irate old woman. "Just look at my tongue!"

"Needs rest, too, madam!" was the doctor's laconic reply.

So, if we find ourselves given to "enjoying poor health," or to half-enjoying worry, we must learn the genial art of treating it with a kind of free-hand perspective, even with a semi-humor, as one might deal with a spoiled child. Why, one may become fairly buoyant and delighted in studying the knack of adjustment to one's worries.

Parents worry over their children, and unconsciously nag them; they correct every smallest error or fault with, "You must not," day in, day out, until one sometimes wonders that the children of such parents ever learn to make independent decisions; often they must learn their lessons through failure later on in life.

On the other hand children worry, nag, and tease their parents, when frequently the anxiety is over a matter utterly non-essential; the question of whether mother shall wear this gown or that, whether she shall wear a large hat or a small one, whether she shall wear a veil or go without one. Mother has a perfect right to choose for herself without being made uncomfortable by, "There! do set your hat straight, Mother!" or, "Do fasten your veil lower down, Mother!" or, "Really, Mother, you must not wear that dress today!"

I once heard of a certain gentleman who said to his wife, "My goodness! What are you in such a stew about?"

To which the lady replied: "Well, I have a right to fuss! I'm to deliver an address at the 'Don't Worry Club' this afternoon, and I'm afraid it's going to rain!"

Some people worry when their nerves "get on top." They are tired or over-strained, and small matters look large, everything is out of focus.

"Pelleas," says Zona Gale, in one of her charming stories, "is not one of the folk who,

when they travel, grow just tired enough to take a kind of suave exception to everything one says. Nor does Pelleas agree to distraction! He agrees to all fancies, and very moderately corrects all facts—surely an attribute of the Immortals!"

Dr. John K. Mitchell in a recent book says: "Worries are like crumbs in a bed; the more you wriggle, the more they scratch you!" If we agree with Dr. Mitchell, it will be a part of our ethical duty to practice the fine art of not wriggling!

We would mark a difference between the one who honestly and earnestly takes life's responsibilities with gravity, and the one who "fears every time the tide goes out, that it won't come in again."

Emerson, borrowing from the French, says:

Some of your hurts you have cured,
And the sharpest you still have survived,
But what torments of grief you endured,
From evils which never arrived!

Those who think that to worry shows a fine sensitiveness may accuse you of taking life's burdens lightly, whereas you may have gone

through struggles, of which the world knows nothing, in order to carry burdens sanely; but this you will bear with a smile.

Charles F. Deems gives us our closing word:

The world is wide
In time and tide,
And God is guide;
Then do not hurry.
That man is blest
Who does his best
And leaves the rest;
Then do not worry.

Our Own

If I am where I am, it is thanks to the care of that lady who married me when I was a mere complication of cough and bones, much fitter for an emblem of mortality, than a bridegroom. —R. L. Stevenson.

T serves you right to have such happiness!"

This was the delightfully non-conventional way in which a German lady congratulated a friend of mine upon her engagement.

What constitutes the basis for a happy marriage? I quote Philip Gilbert Hamerton:

"For short and transient relations, the principal charm in a woman is either beauty or a certain sweetness; but, for any permanent relation, the first necessity of all is that she be companionable."

President Hyde answers our question as follows:

"Do you find in another, one to whose well-being you can devote your life; one to whom you can confide the deepest interests of your mind and heart; one whose principles and

purposes you can appreciate and respect; one in whose image you wish your children to be born, and on the model of whose character you wish their characters to be formed; one whose love will be the best part of whatever prosperity, and the sufficient shield against whatever adversity may be your common lot? Then, provided this other soul sees a like worth in you, and cherishes a like devotion for what you are and aim to be, marriage is not merely a duty, it is the open door into the purest and noblest life possible to man and woman. Complete identification and devotion, entire surrender of each to each in mutual affection is the condition of true marriage."

What did Lord Lyttleton mean when he said, "The lover in the husband may be lost"?

Perhaps we may answer that question by recalling what George Eliot says: "I have long since lost faith in the love that has ceased to express itself."

Love does not stop to measure or to weigh; it gives with self-abnegation. Our own Whittier voices this when he sings:

If I Were You

"Love, that self-forgetful gives,
Sows surprise of ripened sheaves,
Late or soon its own receives."

Two old proverbs set rules for the government of women:

"A woman should leave her home but three times—when she is christened, when she is married, and when she is buried."

"The woman, the cat, and the chimney should never leave the house."

Would adherence to these maxims prove a remedy for divorce?

How shall the divorce blot on the American 'scutcheon be explained?

Professor Shailer Matthews says that he sees many young men and women who cherish loose ideas about marriage. Regarding the American people as a whole, he says: "We fail to take our family relations with sufficient seriousness. We get married with the easy *sang-froid* with which we go on a picnic."

We may name some false or superficial notions that sometimes bring a man and woman to a sudden engagement and a hasty mar-

riage: admiration on the part of a woman, fascination on the part of a man; vanity on the part of both; mere nervous excitement, often falsely reckoned as love; sickly sentimentality, or "pity that is akin to love"; marrying a man to reform him.

Over against such a picture of outraged conscience, lowered ideal, and lost heart as is painted for us by Browning in his "Andrea del Sarto," we place such tributes as those paid to Mrs. William McKinley and to Mrs. Lyman Abbott.

Some one wrote after Mrs. Abbott's death, "Wise orderer of her household, skillful trainer of children, gracious dispenser of hospitality, preserver of the youthful spirit in herself and others, patient participant in many undertakings for social amelioration, practical believer in the democracy as well as the inviolability of friendship, she interpreted in modern terms, by her life, with singular literalness, the womanly ideal set forth in the closing verses of the ancient book of Proverbs."

May I name fourteen points for your consideration?

1. The foundation stones: love, plus harmony of tastes, aims, purposes.

2. The before-marriage constant "visiting" cannot be continued: office duties come in; house duties; social and civic duties.

3. Exuberance of novelty, versus habitual custom: this lack of novelty must not be construed as a lessening of affection.

4. Essential differences in the way the same thing is looked at; for example, anniversary days and personal memorials; her mind deals in concrete details; his in generals.

5. Adaptation to personal peculiarities, each to each.

6. Taking good-naturedly and lovingly the expression of a different view. Each tries to see the other's point of view. Constant agreement would be stultifying.

7. Carefulness about continuing the small courtesies of life as in the days of courtship: dress, personal habits, delicate attentions.

8. Remembering the special likes of husband or of wife.

9. No fault-finding on his part; no fretting or "nagging" on her part.

10. Not dwelling over-much upon little things: illnesses, when slight; "outs" in the kitchen or in the office; "outs" in the personal ego. Love is not blind, but love must be patient, and love must be considerate.

11. Extent to which business anxieties on the one hand and household cares on the other should be shared.

12. Frank confidence as to essential conditions—income; debts; proper allowance for the house, for the wife's personal use, for the husband's personal use; saving for "a rainy day."

13. The home, a school for the training of each to a position of genuine equality.

14. Neither stands upon his or her dignity waiting for the other "to make up." A good laugh, springing from a sense of humor, helps the "making up."

In the book of Deuteronomy we read: "When a man hath taken a new wife, he shall not go out to war, neither shall he be charged with any business; but he shall be free at home one year, and shall cheer up his wife which he hath taken."

Sickness and Sorrow

Even the many weak-hearted men of our day who only want to die quickly and "go to heaven" without a struggle, may well find themselves deceived, and that the struggle will yet meet them, but under less favorable conditions. —Carl Hilty.

S it possible to enter the Gulf Stream of Peace, as I like to call a kind of get-to-the-bottom-and-be-quiet place, that is a haven for the spirit? Can one enter that Gulf Stream, if one is in a condition of physical suffering almost constantly? Or if one is handicapped by weakness or by semi-invalidism which virtually amounts to permanent ill-health?

I wish I could answer my own question with positiveness, with a finality that would give strength to sufferers and to strugglers.

I bow before the awfulness of physical pain; but beneath that sense of awfulness there come to me three "anchor words": Fortitude, Patience, Faith.

The fine root of fortitude is personal honor.

I am bound by self-respect to be brave under the inevitable.

The root of patience is the previously formed habit of self-control.

The root of faith lies in reason. It is inconceivable in this age for one to be satisfied with naming events as "by chance." If they are not "by chance," then they are "by design." Thus I am brought face to face with belief in the moral order of the world. Into this order I place myself, just as I place the planetary system. It includes my pain, my sorrow, my growth. How? I don't know! Why? I don't know; but out of this conception I get a kind of fling-out into life that I call faith—faith in the moral order, faith in an Over-Soul that made me a part of it, faith in an infinite care about how I bear my part in it.

Therefore it is that, with fortitude and patience I couple faith, and so keep up my struggle. While I speak thus, I realize that talking is easy, and that living up to that same talk is difficult.

We are to guard against any tendency to fall into a state of mind satisfied with itself—

with its own fortitude, its own patience, its own faith. St. Paul says: "Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended: but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark."

What I have tried to say as to bearing the personal handicaps of physical disability may be applied as well to the burden of sorrow.

I quote Felix Adler, who, in "Life and Destiny," says:

"What is it that can enable a man to weather the hurricane of grief which is apt to descend upon the soul immediately after a great loss; and what can enable him to live through the dead calm which is apt to succeed that first whirlwind of passionate desolation? It is the thought that the fight must still go on, because there are issues of infinite worth at stake: and that, though wounded and crippled, he must still have his part in the fight until the end."

I venture to quote from one who greatly longed for solitude during days of sacred anniversary:

"I have rebelled against the necessity for effort, for activity, for having to be constantly in the presence of people during these precious days. I have wanted to be alone and quiet; but it has been impossible. When it has seemed to me that I could not endure anything less than solitude, I have nerved myself to duty, and have thought, that, as it would have been easier during these years to die than to live, so it would now be easier to grieve than to work and *seem to smile.*"

But she smiles, though those who love her see the smile with a lump in the throat.

Our own agony of spirit may sometime be our scepter of power. I quote from a letter on my desk:

"It is these 'after days' that cost—these days when you awake in the morning half dazed, wondering what is 'different'; when you go through the days as in a dream, scarce knowing what it is you miss; when you go to bed at night with an ache of loneliness that not even your nearest ones can really understand or really enter into. These times are sacred to the individual heart; these places in the soul are one's own 'holy of holies'—

even the bruised spirit itself only partially understands, so mysterious are the processes at work under blows stunning, benumbing, paralyzing—mercifully paralyzing.

"But I 'trust out' for you, dear, even while I ache with you. The readjustment will be gradual; little by little you will realize that the half-waited-for return will not be a return in the physical form; that things can never again be the same.

"I believe that for you this will come without collapse. I speak from experience, for I, too, have lived on."

Now and again you may be able to comfort when your friend's mood is that of self-condemnation over a collapse. You may perhaps say such a word as I once read from a page, written by one who knew whereof she spoke:

"Don't let the break-down worry you; don't call yourself names—weakling, coward. Just let Nature have her way; never mind whether or not you feel or say what you think you ought to feel or say; it will all come right after a little.

"You see, nerves are as real as bones and

muscles, and are far more difficult to manage. For one person, just going on, half stolidly, half dreamingly, is 'the way out'; for another, just lying down and 'having it out' is dear Nature's way of restoring equilibrium.

"So, dear friend, when we no longer 'see through a glass darkly,' but 'face to face,' we shall perhaps learn to give as kindly a judgment of ourselves, who are a part of God's creation, as we are now willing to give to others, placed as we ourselves are."

Let me recall to you Faber's exquisite stanza:

"For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the Heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind."

Guests and Hospitality

Be not forgetful to entertain strangers; for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.

—The Book of Hebrews.

OINTS to be considered:

1. Entertaining simply — "putting on another plate" — versus entertaining pretentiously.

2. Freedom for guest and for hostess a requisite for enjoyment.

3. Materials in a guest-room—for sewing, for writing, for reading, for nibbling at bed-time.

4. Obligation on the part of the guest not to comment upon the family or the hostess, after the visit: family secrets—forgetting that they have been heard; matters talked about while hostess and guest have been as one family; considering always the sacredness of the breaking of bread together.

Let me add two or three very homely paragraphs. I introduce them by an apposite quotation from a letter of a very unusual woman, whose family has met reverses with

a wonderful dignity and heroism. No reverses can make this woman believe that her friends can ever be other than friends, and not for a moment has she faltered in hospitality. From a little hill farm in New England she writes: "We have been thinking and speaking of you very often lately, and we are wondering if your plans for the summer may not include a visit here. We should so like to see you! We promise that you shall have freedom from luxuries, but we can give you delicious green peas now, and our garden products of all kinds will be in prime order by late July. Do come!"

As I read that sheet, I wondered how many of "my girls" would have the freedom from false pride, and the beautiful grace to entertain, without apology, in a farmhouse where no maid is kept.

Then I went on wondering how many of you, if in such a home as a guest, would enter gladly, heartily, tactfully into the life of the family, being pleased with every least little thing, and aiding, here and there, in the work of the household.

Such a situation demands real tact; the kind

that springs from genuine sincerity of heart and kindliness of spirit. It takes study to be able to enter a home and become a really acceptable visitor. If such an opportunity falls to you—and I hope it may—go prepared with a short skirt, a comfortable shirtwaist, and two or three aprons; then you can help make the beds, dust, and wash the dishes. If you have only good clothes with you, your hostess will do everything she can do to keep you from any real helping.

Often you can say: "Now, while I am here, you are to have no responsibility for the care of the piazzas, or for keeping the parlor in order, or for doing the chamber-work."

One, or all, of these daily tasks you can take upon yourself and feel the better for them—the better physically and morally; but, if you would succeed in doing them so as to relieve your friend from the sense of "I-wish-she-wouldn't-do-it!" you must study the art of helpfulness.

This brings me to speak of your being a guest in a home where your aid is not needed; there may be one, or two, or more servants;

but remember that your hostess has her daily cares, unless the running of the house falls entirely upon an upper servant, a managing housekeeper.

In any event, your friend needs certain hours each day uninterrupted—even by the thought of you, her guest; therefore, if you are tactful, you will betake yourself to your room to write letters, or sew, or read; or you will announce at breakfast that, unless some one wants you, you will go off for a two hours' stroll.

What I plead for is rest in entertaining and in being entertained. Some guests seem to expect, almost to demand, constant attention; they have no resources within themselves; they dislike to be alone; they are a constant weight on the mind of the entertainer.

Of course, you, as guest, will put yourself at the disposal of your hostess and will accommodate the time when you will put in fresh ruchings and write your letters, to the plans of the family; but you will be watchful, tactful, genuinely kind; then the "Do come next summer!" will be sincerely uttered when you go away.

I find myself becoming first guest, then hostess, in this talk. So, if you are hostess, you will be as studious to make your guest happy, as your guest will be to leave you with open hours. You will not think that making her "one of the family" consists in putting her to room with some one else—unless it is an absolute necessity. You will give her the dainty guest-room alone, that she may be free to rest when she chooses.

I recall an incident that took place a few years ago.

A young woman of twenty-three was invited to spend a week with her college classmate, whom we will call Mary Sawyer, at the Sawyers' country home. Let me call the guest Louise Lane. She arrived at the little station in the country, after a day of dusty travel, and found no conveyance ready for her. After waiting ten minutes, she learned from the station agent that no public carriage was procurable, but that the Sawyers' home was less than a mile distant.

Leaving her trunk to be put into the baggage-room, and learning also that the station would not be opened again until the next

morning, she started to walk to her friend's house.

The road was dry and dusty, and Louise was half sick with headache and with depression —for she had written, telling Mary at what hour she would arrive.

When Louise had covered half the distance, she was met by Jean, Mary's younger sister.

"Mary has gone to a picnic. She knew you wouldn't care. She said you would just be one of the family," said Jean.

At the house, Mrs. Sawyer greeted the guest pleasantly and remarked: "We are putting you right into Mary's room. We thought it would remind you of happy college associations."

Poor Louise! As she passed the open door of the cool-looking guest room, she wished she were not "one of the family," for she longed for quiet and an opportunity to rest.

Jean prattled on: "I usually room with Mary, but I suppose three in a bed would be crowding. I don't mind sleeping on the couch!"

Louise ventured to say something about her trunk.

"Oh, yes," said Jean, "the trunk will be all right at the station, and some time to-morrow we can get it home!"

You know the rest: an evening of discomfort; no fresh thin gown; head still aching; clothing for the night borrowed from Mary when she returned; hours of restless half-sleep.

In the morning Louise made a bold decision, and said: "Mary, I'm so accustomed to sleeping alone that I'm going to ask you to put me into the other room. I know you would wish me to speak *just as if I were one of the family!*"

Of course, there was glad acquiescence; the visit was saved from unhappiness; a friendship was saved from wreck.

Thoughtlessness is often mere selfishness, and often what seems like selfishness is mere thoughtlessness; but perhaps we may venture to say that the thoroughly considerate friend is not thoughtless.

Our Neighbors and Friends

To love our friends is a work of nature, to love our enemies is a work of grace: the troublesome thing is to get on with those who are "betwixt and between."
—Samuel McChord Crothers.

MY neighbor is "the one next." How shall we construe this?

As to formal conventionalities, while many must necessarily be retained, one may say that the mere exchange of visiting cards—formal calling where the visitor neither knows nor cares whether or not she will find the lady called upon at home—is, happily, rapidly going out of fashion. Why shouldn't it? What social or ethical end is attained by leaving a card at a door? Of course one modifies this in cases of sickness and in times of sorrow.

You ask what I think of club life for women. If I should tell you all I think, you would be ready to remind me of the story told about the University preacher's long sermon. The seven-year-old son of the gentleman who

was entertaining the preacher was asked, in the presence of the learned divine, what he thought of the sermon. With a child's frankness, the boy said: "Papa, I saw three fine places where he could have stopped!"

The case for clubs is well stated by Mr. W. L. Bodine, superintendent of compulsory education in Chicago: "Women's clubs are the natural product of a progressive sex living in a progressive age. They stand for the home, for the school, for art and literature and music; for science and for intellectual advancement of the American woman who presides over the American home. They are not theoretical, they are practical; they act, they do things for the good of society, for the good of the community and of the country. The greater woman means the better nation."

I bethink me of a group of young girls who, a few years ago, composed a circle of King's Daughters. As their horizon widened, they realized the need of a greater intelligence concerning the world's needs; thus grew their Mission Study Class; then more joined the circle, and it divided itself into three

"bands"; one week the Mission Study Class "band" was responsible for the evening's programme. The next week the King's Daughters' "band" presented work, which included caring for a destitute family, sewing, visiting, raising money and disbursing it. The third week the Village Improvement Society "band" undertook the evening's schedule.

In seven years this group of ten young girls had become the most potent social, ethical, and religious factor in a town of six thousand people. The small beginning was the source of six organizations, working under one general committee:

1. The King's Daughters.
2. The Mission Study Class.
3. The Village Improvement Society.
4. The Woman's Auxiliary of the Law and Order League.
5. The Shakespeare Club.
6. The Saturday Good Entertainment Committee.

Let it be, if you please, self-improvement first; but the earnest woman soon joins some other woman in a service of love. She learns

that "in union there is strength," and she serves humanity better, and gets out of her own little groove by comparing methods and combining work with her neighbor.

We will not here discuss "bridge whist" and, incidentally, the gambling spirit, prevalent to-day among women as well as among men. Perhaps we may commend this subject to an enlightened conscience, and leave it with these questions: How far am I justified in using time for "bridge"? Is there an ethical offense in getting something for nothing?

We pass now to a few paragraphs concerning our relation to our friends.

In his essay on "Behavior" Emerson says: "Friendship should be surrounded with ceremonies and respects, and not crushed into corners." In another place he observes: "The essence of friendship is entireness, a total magnanimity and trust." Does this mean blindness as to the weaknesses of our friends? There are people who seem to think it a virtue never to see faults in their friends. Not so; we love our friends and they love us in spite of faults.

We protect our friend from the shafts of criticism. We disprove the unhappy saying of Thackeray, in his "Roundabout Papers": "An acquaintance grilled, scored, deviled, and served with mustard and cayenne pepper, excites the appetite; whereas a slice of cold friend with currant jelly is but a sickly, unrelishing meat."

We are not only courteous to our friends, but we are eager for their advancement; we are jealous *for* them, not *of* them.

Is it possible for us to rise to the height where we can say honestly: "If a new friend can do more, or be more for my friend than I can do or be, I welcome for my dear one this fresh inspiration and quickening in her life?" Is this an impossible terrace?

We might enter into a discussion concerning "plain speaking"; concerning the limits of criticism—favorable, which might seem flattery, and unfavorable, which might seem jealousy; concerning wise and unwise expression of sympathy; of circumstances when one must dare to run the risk of losing a friendship by being true to one's sense of duty; concerning the wisdom also of remembering

what Sir John Lubbock says: "Friendship gives no privilege to make ourselves disagreeable."

Must friends agree, or may they agree to disagree?

"I hate," again remarks Emerson, "where I looked for a manly furtherance, or at least a manly resistance, to find a mush of concession. Better be a nettle in the side of a friend than his echo."

History and literature are filled with exquisite illustrations of friendship: David and Jonathan; Ruth and Naomi; Xenophon and Socrates; Cicero and Atticus; Charles James Fox and Edmund Burke; Alfred Tennyson and Arthur Hallam; Jesus Christ and those who lived in the quiet home in Bethany.

Charles Wagner, in "The Better Way," gives sane advice as to how to treat one's friends:

"Love your friends and do not put them from you. Tell them of your love not once, but often; and do not merely tell it, but prove your words to them and repeat the proof. Open your heart and love them kindly wise. Make merry for them; make them happy;

give them brightness; make your home cheery for them. All moments are propitious. The lost opportunities we most regret were opportunities for loving."

The people who love us go quickly out of our lives. It is Nora Perry who says:

"*Then out of sight and out of reach they go,*
These close, familiar friends that loved us so;
And, sitting in the shadow they have left,
Alone with loneliness and sore bereft,
We think, with vain regret, of some fond word
That once we might have said, and they have heard."

Patriotism and Civic Duty

Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country ever is at home.
—GOLDSMITH.

LECKY, in his "England in the Eighteenth Century," says: "All civic virtues, all the heroism and self-sacrifice of patriotism, spring ultimately from the habit men acquire of regarding their nation as a great organic whole, identifying themselves with its fortunes in the past as in the present, and looking forward anxiously to its future destinies."

The sentiment of devotion to the Fatherland, accordingly, includes:

1. Reverence for the past.

The real patriot reverences law, because it is the expression of the best judgment of the past. This is entirely consistent with the exercise of freedom to examine and even to criticise whatever has come down to us.

2. Respect for the present.

Here we must distinguish between surface

fads, fashions of the moment, and the real undertone of the time.

We respect the present because all that was worthy in the past has gone into the present. Here belongs enthusiasm for the flag—for all it stands for, both in the past and in the present.

3. Faith in the future, and ambition for national progress.

There are those who are merely dreamers; but the right kind of patriotism takes the long look ahead. The true patriotism is a prophet of good, as in the familiar and classic phrase of Abraham Lincoln, at Gettysburg, November 19, 1863: "That government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

4. The sense of our own personal responsibility for carrying on these good things and providing for the best in the future.

The editor of a prominent newspaper says:

"The first of all duties to one's country is that of leading a decent, honest life. That is what counts in either peace or war. That will prevent him from becoming a charge on

his country if he stays at home, or a disgrace to it if he goes abroad. No amount of shouting on the Fourth of July, or of cannon firing takes the place of the clean personal life."

It is yours to show that the faith of our fathers, their purpose to have a place for "freedom to worship God," has developed in this new century into a purpose in you, their descendants, to "keep that good thing which was committed unto you." Are we looking to the long future of our country, or are we making things as easy as possible for ourselves, thinking only of how to slide along without "bother"?

After this glance at the nature of patriotism, we pass to a rapid review of certain practical duties which the patriotic spirit commands.

1. We start with fundamentals. What sort of houses shall our fellow-citizens live in?

Do you say, "That is none of my business?" Tenement-house reform *is* your business, because it has to do with the development of citizens; a part of your civic duty, then, is to see that your neighbor's house is built ac-

cording to law, and that the street cleaning department does its proper work in front of your neighbor's door.

2. What kind of public schools shall be maintained? What are you doing to secure sufficient accommodations for all the children of your city? Do you know anything about the intellectual equipment or the moral character of the instructors in the city schools?

3. What are you doing to aid in establishing parks and playgrounds?

4. Do you know anything about child labor? This subject is being investigated, and we are having more and better laws governing the life of child operatives in mills and in mines.

5. What interest do you show in the public temptations that surround the young? What necessity is there for restricting saloons? Have you shown public interest and entered protest against deterioration of standard in the theaters? Do you attend questionable plays? Do you countenance doubtful show-dances in private parlors?

In connection with a general loosening of

moral restraint, we may notice, in passing, that there is a spirit of lawlessness as to common public proprieties; decencies in street cars; accumulation of street refuse.

Do you report misdemeanors—such as carrying lighted cigars in street-cars, throwing papers into the gutters, and other violations of the rules made by the Health Department for the safety and cleanliness of the public?

Space fails to more than mention other topics for consideration.

6. Capital and Labor.

7. Public opinion—how to develop it: classes for the study of the city's needs; schools of philanthropy.

8. Women and the ballot; woman's influence for the public good exerted in the home, in society, in the club, in her church.

9. The development in one's self of the sentiment of civic responsibility; the ethical and non-ethical use of promises; borrowing and lending; smuggling; evading taxes; use of wealth; making one's will; "executing one's will" while living; public benefactions.

10. The larger life of the individual can

only be realized through ethical oneness with the state.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never
call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His
judgment-seat:
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubi-
lant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

—Julia Ward Howe.

How to Serve

We cannot afford to dispense our charities merely through the organized channels, giving money and not service.

—Felix Adler.

ROM the Greek we get our definition of philanthropy —love to mankind; desire and readiness to do good to all men.

It is serious work touching a human soul; often we must stand back with hands off, and just stand by in spirit, leaving the life we love and yearn over to face its own problem.

Of course you understand what I mean. Partly it is this: that we older people are sometimes prone to lift too much of life's weight from young shoulders, forgetting that the laying on of the burden was no accident, but a plan for the development of fiber, a testing of strength, a gymnasium experience of the mental and spiritual life. If this be true, then we must not be too swift to put props under, or to supply crutches.

In a very real sense, "Every man must bear his own burden."

Rose Terry Cooke, in one of her stories, says: "A little hullsome lettin' alone's 's good for grown folks as 'tis for children."

I may perhaps take this opportunity to urge that it is sometimes necessary for women to guard against using personal attractiveness and power of sympathy to draw out "confessions." It takes moral courage to prevent these "relief measures"—measures sometimes adopted by more or less weak men and women to ease their consciences. Often a part of the punishment for weakness, for failure, and even for sin should be suffering in silence. A coward, who is too weak to bear the twinges of conscience, gets relief by "confession," and receives a non-merited comfort from a half-sentimental, semi-saccharine pity bestowed in mistaken kindness. Surely it should be some part of every life to "know how sublime a thing it is to suffer and be strong."

If, on the other hand, we ourselves "say out" to a friend something that we shall wish to-morrow we had not breathed to any living

mortal, let us draw the veil, forget it, and believe that, if our friend is worthy the name of friend, she too will forget. If she does not, then we must take the punishment of our indiscretion "like a man."

At the present day, we are relegating to institutions our service to our neighbors; we are asking the Society for Relieving the Condition of the Poor and the Associated Charities to do our work.

This is well; much of the aid we are to render to a suffering world can be done better by an organized society than it can be done by any one or two people working by themselves; and there are services, begun by one person, that may sometimes be better carried on by another. The Good Samaritan, after taking up the man that fell among thieves and placing him in good quarters, delegated the personal care of the injured man to the inn keeper. He remembered, however, to agree to pay the bills. He did not say, "Now I've done my part; you must do the rest." He did not saddle the inn keeper with *his* private philanthropy. Probably the inn keeper had his own objects of charity.

But we should recognize the dangers, as well as the advantages, of delegating our charities—dangers arising from mechanism, from formalism, from lack of individual consideration.

Dr. Adler says: "It is not enough, even if you, the head of the family, go the rounds and visit the poor and come into personal touch; it is the connection between family and family that will keep us sane. Then, when we are tempted to indulge our habits of luxurious living, our follies and vanities, the knowledge of others' needs will restrict us within the bounds of a really fine human existence."

If we are to serve well, we must deal in simplicity, and be as willing to receive an extra service as to render one; but it must be a real simplicity. "Simplicity," says Charles Wagner, "which is on exhibition, ceases to be simple and becomes a pose."

Perhaps we shall agree that there are at least three necessaries in all forms of social service: sympathy, humor, tact.

Francis G. Peabody says: "The problem of other centuries was that of saving people

from the world; the problem of the present century is that of making people fit to save the world!"

It is Horace Walpole who tells us: "A careless song, with a little nonsense in it now and then, does not misbecome a monarch."

Perhaps the bit of "careless song" is what is most needed in some homes of poverty, rather than a dwelling over-much on matters of hardness. Surely it is true that salvation from discouragement and even despair may come from seeing a semi-humorous aspect of pathetic incidents. Bunyan says:

"Some things are of that nature as to make
One's fancy chuckle, while his heart doth ache."

As to tact, who shall tell us how to obtain it? Perhaps the "put yourself in his place" motto is as good as any; for indeed, this is but a homelier version of the Golden Rule.

"The need of the time," observes Professor Peabody, "is not so much for better social machinery, as for competent social engineers. A science of poor relief has been devised; but

where are the persons equipped with the sagacity and sympathy to utilize that science?"

The ward charity organization needs the "friendly visitor"; the headquarters of the Consumers' League will set tasks for you.

Or your work may be initiative—your own little club for working girls; your own arranging of days in the hospital—for singing, reading, telling stories, reciting poetry. The various settlements and "fresh-air" societies are always needing workers.

It is possible that you may be called upon to do the unpicturesque, but necessary, work of serving on boards of direction; or perhaps your social service is with your own servants, or in your own church or mission Sunday School.

It is the hand-to-hand work that we must not forget. The Man of Nazareth began His kind of redemptive service many years ago by talking with one here, another there—the personal touch; now the woman of Samaria, now two disciples on the road to Emmaus, now the group in the upper room.

The Moral Faculty and Ideal

A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience.
—Shakespeare.

You will never think rightly if you are living wrongly.
—G. H. Morrison.

HEN we enter a great cathedral by the transept door, while we are glad to remain for a time in the transept itself, enjoying the beautiful vaulting and the groups of sculpture in that corner of the edifice, we are eager to hasten on to the high altar and the great central nave, where, beneath the dome, we may feel the grandeur and magnificence of the cathedral as a whole.

Is there such a high altar in the edifice of ethics? I believe there is, and that we are to realize it by realizing something within ourselves; namely, the moral faculty, or what we call *conscience.*

I shall not stop to enter upon a discussion of

the question, brought up by modern psychologists, as to the extent of difference between conscience proper, the faculty that gives us the simple idea of right and wrong, and moral judgment, the faculty which endeavors to decide what is right and what is wrong.

I am trying to keep away from merely scientific definitions, and from dwelling over-much upon ethics in the abstract, which is what Professor Palmer of Harvard calls "the systemized knowledge of human conduct"; I want not to fail to place the emphasis upon morals, or, again to quote Professor Palmer, upon "improved performance."

If, because of my study of ethics, I become over-careful as to mere ethical values, the precise degree of emotion, for example, which I express in meeting a friend who is living through a hard experience, she will soon cease to care to have any expression of sympathy whatsoever from me. We must give room for the instinctive play of feeling which springs from the heart and reaches another heart, else we shall become like the centipede who was confused by over-introspection:

"The centipede was happy, quite,
Until the toad for fun
Said, 'Pray, which leg comes after which?'
This worked her mind to such a pitch
She lay distracted in a ditch,
Considering how to run."

I wish I could give you some adequate sense of the dignity and the mystery also of this inner moral throne.

Who can fathom the full meaning of that supreme voice within us, which tells us that, whatever is decided to be the right thing to do, we ought to do? Perhaps at this point we come nearest to that in the mind "which," as one writer says, "is like a door to which the Deity alone holds the key, and which opens out into the Infinite."

This is what, employing again our illustration of the cathedral, we may properly call the high altar of ethics.

Let me suggest a few practical questions concerning the difference between absolute and relative right:

May an act, committed at one time without violation of conscience, be committed at another time only by violating conscience?

What is meant by "We do not judge an act by its result, but by the purpose of the agent"?

Why do we say that ignorance is innocent only when unavoidable?

"Ignorance of the law excuses no man" is the statement of the *civil* court. Would this be the statement of a *moral* court?

May a bad man do a good act?

How may we reconcile, "By their fruits ye shall know them," with "Judge not, that ye be not judged"?

Do rightness (oughtness) and utility coincide?

What is the difference between a sin and a crime?

To what extent can the individual conscience be taken as a standard?

Even this brief notice of the moral faculty and its applications brings us within sight of a moral universe outside of us, corresponding to this moral faculty within us; a universe governed by moral laws, as truly as by physical laws, or by social laws.

Respect, Reverence, Religion

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.
—Tennyson.

A theory of morals is like a house by the roadside, where one may rest securely for a night, but which is not the journey's end. Ethics is a sign-post on the way to religion.
—Francis G. Peabody.

HAD always been ambitious to care for "sick folk," to drive away headache, to bind up a sprained wrist, to soothe people to sleep.

I remember what a choke came into my throat when, as a girl of fifteen, I was asked to "sit up" with a dear old neighbor who was dying of blood poisoning. It was hard to get nurses in the country, and neighbors offered help. The choke in my throat was caused by the sense of being trusted to care for a very sick woman. It was a terrible night. The dear lady was in delirium for hours. A kind of pride, mingled with sympathy for the family, prevented my calling to my aid any of the

worn-out watchers who were sleeping the sleep of utter exhaustion upstairs.

That February night, from ten o'clock until half-past five in the morning, seems to me now to have been a night of maturing thought in my girl life. Scripture texts came flooding my mind, when it seemed as if I could not control that sick woman another moment: "As thy day thy strength shall be." "Bear ye one another's burdens." "Even Christ pleased not himself." "Not to be ministered unto, but to minister." "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

I remember that I prayed in an agony: "Lord, if only thou wilt help me through this night, I will serve better than I have ever served before."

The patient's delirium of the night gave place to the lassitude and weakness of the morning. I went home as the stars were fading, and the first faint traces of coming dawn were appearing in the east. I felt as if I had been long fasting, and then had partaken of the Holy Sacrament.

"Partaker of His sufferings, partaker of His

sufferings!" kept singing itself over and over in my brain. "Life translated as service—service—service! This gives abiding joy; this and nothing else."

So ran my girl thought. A kind of solemn baptism of the spirit was given as the fruit of that experience. The desire to be my best, for the sake of power for good, grew out of that winter's night watch.

This early incident, as I have recalled it, illustrates for me the primary value of the sentiment of respect, respect for one's own best, as related to the cultivation of respect for what is best in others. I want, therefore, to make a plea for a respect approaching reverence, as related to one's own higher impulses, and a similar reverential respect for the experiences that lead to nobler purposes.

The quality of reverence is here considered not merely, or mainly, as a sentiment of religion, but as a constant undertone of feeling towards our work and towards society round about us. I very strongly feel that reverence, in its finer and higher and maturer forms, cannot be secured as a permanent possession

except through the cultivation of a general spirit of respect—respect for the past, for law, freedom, truth, faith.

First, then, as to our attitude of reverence towards ourselves:

It seems to me, as I have watched life among women, that there is often too much freedom among them, too little concern about intruding upon the privacy and the solitude which should be a necessity to every life.

The old saying, "Familiarity breeds contempt," is true of the relation of woman to woman. You meet people who fail to appreciate your point of view about these things; but I verily believe that your frank statement, "I just have to be alone with myself sometimes," will serve you well.

It is in your hands as young women to prevent and, if need be, to resent intrusion. No one should feel privileged to rush into your room without the ceremony of a rap; to borrow your traveling bag when you are away; to seize upon a new object and ask, "Where did you get this? What did you pay for it? Who gave it to you?"

I recall the way in which a quick-witted little

friend of mine met the intrusiveness of an inquisitive woman, who said to the child, "People are asking me when your sister is to be married, and I don't know what to tell them." The child replied as she walked away, "You might tell them you don't know!"

It is also for you of this present generation to frown upon over-affectionate demonstration in public places; to hold a personal separateness, which is as far from prudishness as gentleness is from weakness. It is forever a woman's privilege to be gracious, tactful, winning; all this she may be without sacrificing one jot of that womanly reserve both with men and with women, which is the unmistakable mark of the lady, the mark of fine breeding, the mark of delicate feeling.

This brings us directly to our second practical application—our attitude towards social custom.

That which we call "social custom," really represents, in its finer and more permanent forms, the slow approximation of many generations towards a way of conducting life, which shall, on the whole, be safe and just and beautiful.

A certain degree of conventional restriction is a necessity in this hurried American life of ours; otherwise nervous energy is wasted, time is frittered away, and the proper perspective of life is lost.

All this has to do with a certain respect, I dare call it reverence, for what the world has agreed to consider propriety.

I now come to the last of my three points—the sentiment of reverence towards our moral and spiritual ideals.

In this age of "the practical," we need to conserve every up-reach of our souls towards the ideal, the mystical, the spiritual.

The dignity of reserve, of which I spoke a little while ago, leads directly to the cultivation of the highest in us. What we are in our hours alone determines what we are in the presence of others.

The great times of growth are hours of solitude. You will recall Scripture illustrations of this: Abraham about to offer up Isaac; Jacob wrestling with the angel; Moses on Mount Horeb; Daniel praying with his windows open towards Jerusalem; of Jesus we read, "Rising up a great while before day,

he went out, and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed."

The later psychology teaches that we must needs *will* to be reverent; we must put ourselves under conditions to encourage a reverent spirit; we must allow no vacations of the will. We shall never reach the stage where the will may be relaxed. Righteousness cannot be stored away in reservoirs in such a way as to dispense with continuous volition. Perhaps we too greatly fear emotionalism, and so fail to commit ourselves to stirring occasions; perhaps we are sometimes too afraid of letting our friends and associates know that we are touched by the woes, the cares, and the sins of the great world, and that we exult in every bit of joy and gladness abroad in the land. Surely there is such a thing as over-repression, and it is just possible that we should more frankly submit ourselves to influences that call out our sympathy and that demand a reverent permission to the heart to have its way.

I glory in your opportunity to exert in your homes the influence of a gentle, balanced, sane, dignified womanhood, and also to illustrate

that which the world looks for especially in woman—reverence, spiritual up-reach, religion.

And here, perhaps, is the place to introduce the single word that I have to say as to the relation between Ethics and Religion.

We may sum it all up in a sentence: if the keynote of Ethics is duty, the keynote of the Christian religion is love; but these are not two, so much as they are one; duty leads on to love; for, as some one says, "the highest duty is the duty of loving, while the highest love is the love of duty."

Let us remember those nearest to us—those in our own homes. Let us make the people whom we love *know* that we love them—giving them loving words and tender deeds now, rather than roses on their caskets.

Let us be infinitely patient. Let us also inquire whether we are daily manifesting a spirit of forgiveness towards those who say harsh things about us, or whether we are retaliating in words as reprehensible?

Whether or not we draw a line in an effort to mark a boundary between ethics and religion, we must believe that this old world is reach-

ing up; that men are more fraternal than they used to be; that women are more gracious to those who serve, and to those whom they serve; that both men and women are less sordid and more unselfish than of yore. We are slowly learning that not theoretical arguments for Christianity, but men in business and women in society, pure as light, sympathetic as love, honest as truth, human as Christ, are the means by which this world is to be saved.

Call it ethical or call it Christian, Christ is the revelation of what, in some far-off time, all may become.

Character, Power, Happiness

Happiness is not the end of life; character is.
—Henry Ward Beecher.

WHAT is the object of all study of ethics?

In one word, *character.* We have talked of habit; habits at last make character. We have talked of will; will exercised makes character. We have reviewed the round of duties—to ourselves, to our homes, to our neighbors, to our country; the way we discharge these is an index of character.

Examining the derivation of this word, we find that the Greeks used it first as the name of an instrument for marking, a tool like our chisel; from the same root, we have the verb to furrow, to engrave.

We may then say that one's character is what he is by virtue of the furrowing and the engraving made by innumerable little chisel strokes of will.

The " master of the chisel," Michael Angelo,

words this for us in " Trifles make perfection; and perfection is no trifle."

Accordingly, perfection of character, or any approximation to perfection, will not come by accident.

The result of high character is true happiness. How shall I describe the path between them? Speaking in the manner of allegory, we set out from the town of Character and travel the road of what we call commonplace duties, until we come to a swift-flowing river. Here are bowlders; but even these have their use, for the water, as it rushes on, is dashed against these huge rocks, and so obstacles are draped in beauty. Wrestling with these, we develop strength, and so cross the river by the noble Bridge of Power, of which indeed the very obstructing bowlders become the piers. Then it is that we enter the field of Happiness. Here we find, growing along the riverside, our heartsease and bloodroot and forget-me-nots.

Character, Power, Happiness. Is not this the true order of life?

If we are irritable under disappointment, impatient because people do not do things *our*

way, cross because the new gown is torn, or a maid breaks our finest bit of china, then we fail in the occasions that test character, and we misuse opportunities that, rightly interpreted, lead to power.

But if we smile when the heart aches, and resolutely forbid the intrusion of "the blues"; if we attack things that we do not want to do, and do them so graciously that no one will for a moment dream we do not want to do them; if, when we feel cowardly, we still push forward as if we felt brave; then we show what the years with their discipline have done in leading us to power.

You will tell me that I am forgetting to be considerate of those whose occasional attacks of "the blues" are due to nerve debility or over-strain. Perhaps I am. I would wish to discriminate between such temporary conditions, which we excuse in ourselves and condone in others, and the fits of depression which are due simply to lack of moral backbone. But the rule holds: power that abides centers itself first in mastery of self.

Read Mrs. Browning's description of a self-controlled woman in "My Kate":

She never found fault with you, never implied
Your wrong by her right; and yet men at her side
Grew nobler, girls purer, as through the whole town,
The children were gladder that pulled at her gown.

Power is not indicated by over-consciousness of self. The egoist thinks he does everything. I fancy that James Whitcomb Riley had this fellow in mind when he wrote "The Tree-toad." The toad "twittered for rain all day." He "hollered" till he was weary and sick at heart, and he thought his throat would burst right open at every note; and then, after it rained, he addressed himself thus:

"But I fetched her! O I fetched her!
'Cause a little while ago,
As I kind o' set
With one eye shet,
And a-singin' soft and low,
A voice drapped down on my fevered brain,
Sayin'—'Ef you'll jest hush, I'll rain!'"

The three great roads by which people have sought happiness bear these familiar names:

1. Epicureanism, by which is meant the indulgence of all the natural impulses of human nature, but in such proportion and moderation that the total result will be the highest satisfaction in everyday life.

An example of this method of life would be Alcibiades of Greece, the young friend of Socrates.

2. Stoicism: The theory that, by sacrificing the lower impulses to the higher, a greater and nobler degree of personal happiness can be secured.

Marcus Aurelius is the classic illustration of this.

The defect of these two methods is the omission of the altruistic sentiment and the disregard of social obligations.

3. Altruism: A theory essentially Christian, of which the essential idea is seeking happiness in the service of others; yet, to serve others for the sake of securing one's own happiness is not altruism.

Finally, to be happy, one must have faith in the reward of effort; the reward of seeing a single life brightened, even for an hour; the reward of receiving another's trust.

When other avenues towards happiness seem blocked by physical or mental obstacles, one may rest back in a firm faith, even though it may be a half-blind faith, in the moral order of the world.

I can do no better in closing this talk than to recall to you again Browning's "Rabbi ben Ezra":

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made:
Our times are in His hand
Who saith, "A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half: trust God:
See all, nor be afraid!"