Chaff and Wheat

A Few Gentle Flailings

by Francis P. Donnelly S. J.

CHAFF AND WHEAT

A FEW GENTLE FLAILINGS

BY

FRANCIS P. DONNELLY, S.J.

AUTHOR OF "MUSTARD SEED," "WATCHING AN HOUR," "HEART OF THE GOSPEL," ETC.

NEW YORK

P. J. KENEDY & SONS

1915

Imprimi potest:
ANTONIUS MAAS, S.J.
Praepositus Prov. Marylandiae—Neo-Eboracensis

Nihil obstat:
REMIGIUS LAFORT, S.T.D.,
Censor

Imprimatur:
✠ JOANNES CARDINALIS FARLEY
Archiepiscopus Neo-Eboracensis

Die 25, Oct., 1915

Dear Friends:

The papers here printed have enjoyed the hospitality of the columns of *America*. It was there that *Mustard Seed* met first with many indulgent friends, who grew more numerous and more charitable when *Mustard Seed* appeared in book-form and was generously welcomed. If this companion volume, *Chaff and Wheat*, receives a fraction of such welcome and seems in the smallest way to deserve it, then there is one who will be very happy and very grateful to Heaven for his friends.

Beneath the light chaff, dear friends, you will find, we may hope, much good, wholesome wheat. The threshing and winnowing was meant to be ever so gentle, but should a sharper stroke of the flail now and again come your way, be sure that it was aimed not at you but at that unpalatable outer casing which hides from our full appreciation and enjoyment the sweet, golden yield every one knows to be yours.

F. P. D., S.J.

St. Andrew-on-Hudson
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Our Lady's Birthday, 1915.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
I Know Just How You Feel	1
All for the Best	7
Passing It Along	13
Once upon a Time	21
"You Shall." "I Won't."	27
To Rage or Not to Rage	33
The Dogmatist	39
Simplifying Life	45
That Blessed Word, Automatic	51
This Vale of Sunny Shadows	57
Harping on One String	63
Euphemia and the Euphemists	69
Will You Give Up?	75
The Short Way Around	81
Chivalry Still Passing	87
Antipathy and Sympathy	93
Are You Doing It Yourself?	99
If I Were You	107
Saints Made While You Wait	115
Carrying His Point	121
Does It Pay?	127
Agreeing to Differ	133
Micrometer or Megaphone? Which?	139
Tremendousness of Trifles	145
Broad or Narrow?	151

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Make-Ups	159
Comparisons Are—	163
Saving Up	169
A Voracious Monster	175
What Are Curmudgeons?	181
"I Have Been Dead"	187
The Carving out of a Character	193
Because!	203
How to Tell a Jesuit: One Way	209
How to Tell a Jesuit: Another Way	215
Patriotism of Peace	223
The Breaking Point	233
Fads and Faddists	241
How Fads Grow	251
How Fads Go	259

I KNOW JUST HOW YOU FEEL

I KNOW JUST HOW YOU FEEL

. . .

DO you? Then you have paid the price of sympathy. You know the difference between going through anything and experiencing it, a difference not manifestly evident to that applicant for a position as a teacher, who was asked, "Have you had any experience with children?" "Yes," replied the applicant complacently, "I have been a child." Shakespere made two stages for the acquisition of experience, its achieving and its perfecting.

> Experience is by industry achieved
> And perfected in the swift course of time.

The reason why most persons cannot say, "I know just how you feel," is because they shrink from the industry necessary to gain experience and through experience sympathy. They hope to get experience as they get a gentle tan, with no activity and no subsequent pain. Thinking is always hard; reflection is

commonly harder. To reflect is to look back, and no one likes to look back. "Forward, forward" is the incessant impulse of curious, eager, greedy, human nature. "Forward to fresh fields and pastures new," urges the jaded and sated appetite. No one likes to look back, especially upon failures, disappointments, sorrows. Yet mistakes are the best school of experience and the most skilled makers of sympathy. A thousand dinners you live through; one attack of dyspepsia gives you experience. If you stub your toe, you will look back, you will reflect, you will compare and contrast, you will do a deal of hard thinking, you will exercise industry and achieve experience in the art of walking.

"All experience is an arch" says another wise writer. Why is it the laughter and games of childhood draw from you nothing but a deep, low, lion-like growl? Were you not once a child? Is it not because the arch of your experience displays to your reflections no larger expanse than a pin-hole does for the eye? Sloth dwarfs and narrows the arch of experience; the humiliation of failure makes the vista still smaller and when it comes to sympathy, which

is altruistic experience, there is often no aperture at all open to the vision. To say "I know just how you feel," demands the disinterestedness of transferring your experience to another. When charity would take wings to itself and let the hard lessons "by industry achieved" bear their swift messages of sympathy to a suffering heart, it finds that where there ought to be an arch, there is often nothing but a solid wall. You have, no doubt, heard of a spite-fence, a barrier erected on one's property for the purpose of affording to a neighbor a somewhat limited horizon. Spite-fences are a reversal to barbarism. It is a sign of enlightenment and mutual confidence to have no fences at all. Now one reason why many do not say, "I know just how you feel," is the presence of spite-fences in the soul. If the neighbor is of another nationality, another state or city, another political party, another clique or family faction, then there are no hands across the barriers. Against those barriers, the charity which took wings in sympathy beats itself to destruction. Only one thing removes all such hindrances and that is death. There are no spite-fences around the grave-yard. The

heart does not beat which will not pray over all the graves of all the dead. That heart is dead itself.

How comes it that one woman will see a single scene of poverty and devote her life to the poor; another will live in a hospital and be callous? A Damien will have such highly sensitized nerves that he feels sufferings five thousand miles away, and another will be a stone on the battlefield. Even the hard wood of the violin is said to grow mellow by harmony and to thrill with more delicate response as the time goes by. Sympathy for some is a sentimental shudder; for others it is a searing flame. There is one thing which makes all these sharp divisions and that is love. Love dissolves the stone from the heart and makes the callous hide as soft and tender as newborn flesh. Experience is the first payment you make for sympathy; you are the full owner of sympathy when you have love.

ALL FOR THE BEST

ALL FOR THE BEST

. . .

AS far as our experience goes, "'Tis all for the best" is a Celtic idiom, and it was made in Ireland. Most people find it hard with the English poet to "forecast the years" and issue notes of contentment, drawn upon the "far-off interest of tears." Eyes blinded with tears usually do not see far ahead. But the doctors tell us that some races are immune to certain diseases because in their past history the weak ancestors were thinned out by the ravages of diseases and the surviving ancestors developed a prophylactic antitoxin (so saith high medicinal authority) and became disease-proof. The nations which have suffered sorrow and disaster have become immune to despair; they weep; but they do not refuse to be comforted. Beyond the mist and darkness of tears they see a dawn of hope rapidly

approaching. What are a few days or a few tears when a man has centuries of suffering to look back upon? 'Tis all for the best, if for no other reason than that all is so much better than it was and than it might be.

"All for the best" voices the experience of a people and embodies a religion of suffering. It is not a hot-house plant nurtured in the tropical conservatories of the rich, the healthy, and the famous; it is an Alpine flower which clings to barren rocks, near the snow line, and has tough, fibrous roots and stalk to hold out against wintry gales. "All" shows that the principle is universal in its application, comprehending every event of life. "Best" shows the principle is superlative in its excellence, and will admit no limitation to its consummate perfection. This is the consoling belief which infuriates our good friends, the Socialists. They have a well-founded grievance against Heaven because they believe they are already condemned to the eternal torments—of earth. "All for the best," cry these anti-celestials. "You mean 'all for the worst.'" No, we mean what we say, and we would rather live in this fool's paradise of "all for the best," if it is

such a paradise, than wear out a weary existence in any gloomy, sandy, flinty, hopeless Gehenna of Socialism. It was a hot-headed Italian cavalier who was hit upon the nose by a snow-ball and drew his sword to chastise his tormentor. A merry laugh suddenly rang out, and he sheathed his sword, when he found it was a roguish damsel who had so honored him. How much depends upon our belief! A fancied insult may be in reality a compliment and a favor. "All for the best" believes that Divine Providence is pelting us with very soft and very harmless snow-balls. "All for the worst" is convinced that we are being bombarded by pestiferous imps with deadly missiles!

There are two directions to be followed in the administering of this specific of sorrow. It should not be given too soon nor should it be allowed to become an opiate. To order a coffin instead of a cough-mixture, when your child begins to clear its throat, is premature resignation. To drug one's self into a stupor after the funeral, to drop the sun and blot out the stars from the sky, to resort to liquor or listlessness rather than to labor, this is not patience but pessimism. "All for the best"

supposes you have done your best. "All for the best" does not rob you of life and energy. That hopeful religion tells you that with its elasticity the harder you are hit the higher you should rebound. It is a salve for defeat, not a soporific against exertion.

On further consideration, it is more true to say that no nation has a copyright to this phrase. "All for the best" is the child of sorrow and of heavenly hope. It echoed in the songs of the Hebrew Psalmist: "We have rejoiced for the years in which we have seen evils." It lit up the dark catacombs with its brightness and opened Heaven above the blood-red sands of the arena. When the pain, death, and degradation of the Cross became the very promise and assurance of Easter immortality and exultation, then every human heart knew that truly all is for the best.

PASSING IT ALONG

PASSING IT ALONG

. . .

HE was a small-sized, weak man, and some one had struck his father. "Who hit my father?" he cried, rushing out in a rage. "I did," replied a big, strong Goliath. The modern David looked in every other direction, and muttering to himself, "He better not do it again," retired discreetly into his house. What he did when the door closed cannot with certainty be stated, but it is quite probable the doughty champion stepped on the cat's tail, kicked the dog into the next room, and so went to supper. Cowardice is responsible for that particularly shameful species of meanness, which may be described as passing it along. When the heart drops into the boots, there is often an unholy tendency to tread upon some one's toes or to kick defenseless shins. Passing it along is essentially a

downward tendency and loves to work in the dark and out of sight.

Adam was the first to pass it along to some one else weaker, and it took but a short time for the lesson to be learned. Adam's wife passed it along to the serpent, and the serpent, no doubt, blamed it on its family. Adam's son followed the precedent set. He was smarting under a rebuke, and with the magnificent logic accompanying this frame of mind, endeavored to show how unjust the rebuke was by killing his brother, and so considerably relieving his feelings. An eye for an eye was a cruel principle, but its practice called for some bravery. To pass it back is not as contemptible as passing it along.

But you exclaim in horror against such a mean principle as, "You hit my back and I will hit another back." No one, you think, would have such low and base feelings; much less act upon them. Then it never happens that the pupils are wincing at some unexplained sharpness in the school-teacher; that the school-principal has, that same morning, snapped at the school-teacher; that the school-superintendent has written a scorching letter which

arrived by the morning's mail to sting the school-principal; that an editorial note in the daily paper commented sarcastically on a certain school-superintendent; that—but you see at this rate we would soon be back to Adam again. It is desirable that passing it along were as infrequent as it is inhuman; then the peace-maker would not feel the united force of both combatants visited upon him, then reprisals would be relegated to the savagery whence they came, then no teacher would punish a whole class for one. The growth of civilization has often been described as handing on a lighted torch; passing it along is the barbarism which hands the neighbor the flaming end.

Our days have seen wonderful improvements in machinery and marvelous transformations in raw material through mechanical devices. Drop a log of wood and a lump of iron at the back-door of a factory, and in a few minutes an automobile will roll out of the front door. Feed a printing-press with molten lead, paper and ink, and behold it hands out to you Shakespere's works done up in a special box. The man or woman who starts an endless chain

of passing it along would shrink in horror if the latest product of this merciless machinery could be seen. A bad letter arms the business man against his meek manager; the manager barks viciously at his clerk; the clerk finds supper cold, tasteless and gritty, and the wife goes weeping from the room to slap her eldest for twiddling his thumbs, and then Algernon pulls the hair of little Esmeralda, who jerks the baby into howling wakefulness, who in turn sets the neighbors quarreling, starts a riot, sets the house on fire, calls out the whole fire-department—pass it along yourself, remembering that if a line of freight-cars transmit a bumping, the jolt will come traveling back again to its origin.

If you could make any link of that chain say, "It serves me right, and I deserve much more myself," then the unholy tendency to pass it along would be turned in upon self and would stop instantly and do great good to one at least. But, alas, most people do not resort to the relief of such a confession. "Why, then," asked John of Tom, "did not father whip you as he whipped me, if, as you say, your conscience was worried and you had to

confess about the stolen jam?" "Oh," said Tom, "I confessed on you alone." Confess on yourself; don't pass it along.

ONCE UPON A TIME

ONCE UPON A TIME

. . .

THERE was a man who had two good friends and they were very true to him. He understood that they were friends of his father too and had promised that they would take particular care of the son. They were not demonstrative or obtrusive friends. In fact, the man was often ashamed of himself that boisterous and boon companions more frequently rang his door-bell and dined with him. Sometimes indeed the man was stricken with twinges of remorse and on making up a theater-party or planning a fishing trip or some other pleasant jaunt, he sent his friends an invitation to be present, but they declined. "Chaps like us," they answered, "would only be in the way."

The man could not remember when Constant and Victor, as his father called them familiarly, entered into his life. As with most thoughtless

and unreflecting youngsters, he took favors from all sides and paid but little attention to his benefactors. One day, however, in the September after graduating from the High School, he was wondering what he must do, when whom should he meet but Constant. "What's the matter?" he was asked cheerily, and, on giving his answer, he was persuaded that the place for the High School graduate was college. Victor was not near at the time, but fortunately happened in at the end of the lad's first month at college and safely tided him over a fit of blues. The man, reviewing his college days, could not say to which of the two he should be more grateful. Constant came to visit him more frequently, but Victor came on special occasions and just when needed. When they came together, as not infrequently happened, the man remembered those occasions as red-letter days of his college career. Often he noticed that Victor's visit followed closely upon Constant's, and he suspected that there was an understanding between them. Several occasions stood out prominently, and he recalled them with special gratitude to Victor. There was the finish of

the mile-run when he thought he should never head the rival runner. It was just then when all seemed lost, he heard Victor's voice and its thrill lifted the lead from his feet, unwound his dead muscles and hurled him over the line a winner. Again, it was the night of the prize debate. He rose for his rebuttal with a feeling that all was lost. He caught sight of Victor's eyes fixed shining upon him and fought like one inspired and turned defeat into success. Most gratefully of all he remembers the day he was about to give up college, even despite the urging of Constant. He fortunately heard from the other friend, and Victor's eloquent message kept him studying till he received his diploma and degree. "It was Constant," he told everybody, "who brought me to college, but it was Victor who made me graduate."

The man's friends had come to spend a night with him. He had wished to thank them for his success in life and finally he had prevailed upon them to visit him. No others were there. The meeting took place in the library. When he clasped their hands, it was already growing dark. "My good friends," the man said tremulously, "I have not shown you the gratitude

you deserve. You have stood by me always. More so when I faced life than when preparing for it. I was beginning to dissipate, when you, Constant, checked me and you, Victor, held me fast. Were it not for your help, I should never have dared to follow what was right in my profession and would not be occupying the high position which I now hold."

Then in rivalry the two friends told the man some of their many exploits. Constant it was who had inspired a Great Leader to fit Himself for His career amid the privations and the solitude of the desert, and Victor came in opportunely to comfort the Leader when the struggle was at its worst. "It was I," said Constant, "who made the Leader enter bravely into His Agony." "It was I," returned Victor, "who made Him, being in His Agony, to pray the more." "Who then are you?" cried the startled man. "Are you not my father's friends?" "My name is Courage," replied Constant. "And mine, Pluck," answered Victor; "And we always see the Face of thy Father Who is in heaven," said both. At that the man looked up dazed and saw no one, but only the moonlight falling upon his Crucifix.

"YOU SHALL." "I WON'T"

"YOU SHALL." "I WON'T"

. . .

IT is one thing to burn dynamite; it is a splintered cliff and often a funeral, to detonate dynamite. The slowly and persistently dropping water may figure in the realms of proverbs as a reliable excavator, but the cry for quick results precludes its frequent use for digging foundations. The drop of water gently taps one particle of stone; a detonator must shock into instantaneous and simultaneous activity a million particles with exaggerated tendencies toward divorce. Hence explosions! As a first-class detonator to engender moral explosions we recommend highly the brief dialog used as a title to these remarks. If there is anything which will send a shock through every ramification of man's muscles, veins and nerves more quickly and more vehemently than the pointed directness of this short but animated conversation, we should like to see it.

People do not resort immediately at the beginning of a conversation to the monosyllabic brevity of "shall" and "won't." Sometimes, indeed, there are such sudden head-on collisions in life, collisions, however, which have begun on far-away tracks and are driven by long since developed energy; but, as a rule, head-on collisions do not come at once. The dynamite enmity begins to burn before it is detonated. A sultry period is followed by heat; then far off there is sheet-lightning; and then comes the flash-lightning of "You shall" and "I won't," and detonated storm-clouds drift apart into darkness, muttering sullenly. Alas, for the subsequent gloom with little illumination, and that light of an unpleasant kind from gleaming eyes! Enter Rembrandt to picture the black looks backward of smarting wrongs, the black looks outward of anger, the black looks inward of brooding resentment, the black looks forward of revenge. "You shall" and "I won't" lay on the thick shadows in life's picture gallery.

Sometimes the opposition has been focused to so intense and so warm a point that this little tug-of-war does not find expression in words only; it tingles through clenched fists;

it puts a strain on dental enamel and flames in steely looks. Without this pointed vehemence, wherein two souls hurl themselves at each other, the positive and negative determination of "shall" and "won't," our sports would be as thrilling as a sewing-bee. Tell a man to wallow in the mud and crawl and squirm through slush for one hundred yards with you on his back, and he will think you crazy. Tell the same man that he shall not get to two sticks some distance away, and with detonated vigor he answers, "I will," and he proceeds to plow deeper into the mud with twenty-one men on his back. If you ever have marveled at broken legs, broken ribs, and broken necks, in other words, foot-ball, see whether "shall" and "won't" are not the duelists that fill our autumn hospitals. From the chip on Brian's shoulder which puts a shillalah into Boru's hand, up to the twenty-inch gun which in its turn provokes a two-foot gun, it is the same spirit of opposition working. The national "will" thunders from a thousand howitzers, and the national "you shall not" comes echoing back from a thousand and one bigger howitzers.

Most vices are virtues gone wrong. So it is

here. The clash of will with will is responsible for all the horrors of war, as well as the poisonous meanness of any two pettily jealous souls, but it is the same clash of wills which has made heroes and martyrs. Perhaps the tenacity of good will is not as frequent as the stubbornness of evil-will. Virtue burns where vice explodes. Many of our good missionaries in their fervent sermons are striving energetically to find some thought which will make the stagnant blood of sluggishness flame into detonated energy. Oh, for a Nero to cry, "You *shall* offer incense to the idol of indifference"; then might ten thousand answer back with explosive suddenness, "We won't." On the day of General Judgment it may be discovered that one reason why an all-ruling Providence permitted the *Menace*, was to make certain Catholics fight their way to Mass.

TO RAGE OR NOT TO RAGE

TO RAGE OR NOT TO RAGE

THE doctor, by means of a pocket-thermometer, can gauge your temperature. You await with ill-concealed anxiety the verdict of a little thread of mercury and a few scratches on a glass tube. That tiny fraction of an inch may mean another week in bed or the resumption of your normal life. There is a golden opportunity awaiting inventors to lighten the burden of prudence and give that overworked virtue a measure by which it can arrive at quick and easier decisions. Health has a normal temperature, and fluctuations above or below are warnings to take precautions. Virtue, too, has its normal, and prudence is the doctor, but, alas, prudence has no thermometer. Take any ordinary day of any ordinary individual, and you will find him subject to varying fluctuations in the heat of the soul. Is this the time and place,

the soul asks, to flare into anger, or must one chill into meekness? Gwendoline is growing more fond of evading the domestic curfew-law. Shall mother put down her anger or put down her foot? Jack brings home bad reports from school. Shall father provide candy or a cane? The school-teacher has exhausted his supply of various looks, looks of surprise, of astonishment, of grief, of pain, of vexation; he has also run through the gamut of different expressions, request giving place to demand, demand to expostulation, expostulation to command, command to threat, and now the harassed pedagogue applies to prudence for a diagnosis. Shall the storm burst into lightning-flash and thunder-roar, or must it pass by with dark clouds only and with an undischarged volley? Restraint or the rod, which shall it be?

Perhaps some may never have explored this twilight-land between virtue and virtue where prudence holds its sway. In the world of flowers there are plants which mature slowly and bloom once a century, while other plants need but a few hours to burst into bloom. In the world of combustibles you have green wood and dry powder. In the world of temperaments

you have century plants and johnny-jump-ups; you have some that ignite and others that explode. These latter find a fever-chart as useless as a rapid-firing gun would find it. Yet even artillery needs cooling, and your most fiery temperament cannot go too far without serious consequences to itself, not to mention the immediate objectives of its wrath. The more rapid-firing the gun, the more carefully must it be tempered, and explosives are notably in need of careful handling.

If prudence has delicate work laid out for it in determining where weakness should flame into anger, it has no less trouble in settling the precise point where resentment should change to resignation. Elementary common-sense dictates that, when a stone-wall is met with and when there is no better catapult at hand than a human head, the most impatient must wait for a while, at least, until siege guns can come up. No one, unless he has won the championship for sprinting, will flap a red flag in the eyes of an angry bull. In olden days it was advised to feign death when you met a bear. Whether modern bears are so dainty about having live food is not altogether certain, but

the silence and chill of death is often the best attitude to assume toward human bears. The time will come in Gwendoline's life and in Jack's life when the anger of mother and father will be seen to be waste ammunition. If meek reproach and angry rebuke have failed, then the value of education and of protected innocence will have to be taught to these troublesome children by severer teachers than their parents. Let father and mother turn to prayer rather than wear themselves out by useless fretting, or by trying to burrow into a stone-wall. There was One who on a time took a lash and wielded it in angry mood, but later He had the sword put into its scabbard and was "like a lamb without voice before his shearer."

THE DOGMATIST

THE DOGMATIST

. . .

INTRODUCTORY Note: "He" and "His" and "Him" are used here in a bisexual sense. This observation is made to preclude any dogmatizing about one sex to the exclusion of the other. The dogmatists of either sex may apply the following theorizing to the other sex if they are willing to accept another's teaching.

It is still a disputed question whether a dogmatist is born or made. Self-made men are commonly accused of dogmatism, and it must be confessed that their development usually fits them for the part. But not all self-made men are dogmatists. Your saints are in great part self-made men, approved by heaven and canonized on earth. Yet the saints are the least dogmatic of mortals. The reason, no doubt, is that saints know and

recognize that though they had to work strenuously to make themselves, yet, after all, they were only one factor in the manufacture. Many other self-made men are humble enough to admit the same fact. The dogmatist is one who recognizes his own superiority and is as oblivious of any contributory causes to his excellence as the Washington Monument would be if it were suddenly to become conscious of its own existence. Enamored of its own supremacy, it would admit no retrospective gratitude to quarry-men, scaffolding and masons. The shining whiteness of its tapering beauty, its wide outlook, its massive grandeur, would make it forget that its feet were rooted in mud. This is a better illustration than you at first might imagine. With straight lines, with oppressive weight, with index-finger ever pointing to the zenith, with inflexible, unyielding rigidity, a marble monument is not a bad likeness to a dogmatist.

Your true dogmatist is a biped university. Every morning as he opens the paper, he at once prescribes a dozen new courses; a course of tactics for the generals of all opposing armies, some exercises in automobiling for

chauffeurs, a code of suggestions for directing a political campaign, a table of hints for married people, and so for the rest of mankind, ending up with a new policy for the editorial page. After the usual morning lessons in domestic economy, which he scatters about at home, he betakes himself to the awaiting world, administering extension lectures to slouchy individuals by assuming a finer dignity in his own carriage, to strident talkers by making prominent the mellower modulation of his own tones. His vocation to teach weighs so heavily upon him that he feels every member of his body constitutes a faculty in this ambulatory university.

Upon his arrival anywhere his fellow-men assume the attitude of listeners at once. Why should any one be permitted to talk in class while the lecture is in progress? An interruption is an impertinence; a difficulty is an insult; a sustained objection merits contemptuous expulsion into exterior darkness. Does the lecturer err? Impossible. He is such an adept in theorizing that he can walk as fast and as dignifiedly and as educationally backward as he can forward. He is the author of the

favorite war-phrase, "Checking the enemy by rapidly taking up strategic positions in a continually receding rear." Why does not the magnitude of his task break through the keystone of his arching brow as he permits his revered head to sink solemnly to rest after a day of world's tutoring? It must be due to the intrinsic solidity of the constituent elements. His brains are monumental.

There must, indeed, be dogmas, but it should be carefully noted that the Catholic Church, which holds tenaciously to dogma, does so for two very good reasons. Those reasons are that the dogmas come from infinite wisdom and infinite truth. The Church is dogmatic in the sense that it cannot betray what it knows to be the truth. The Church does not encourage dogmatists. "Unless you be as little children" is the ideal of the Church, as well as of the Founder of the Church. The child does not imagine itself a teacher with an imperialistic vocation to set every one else right and impart to them its own ideas. Nothing could be less of a dogmatist than a little child. Grown-ups could afford to take example.

SIMPLIFYING LIFE

SIMPLIFYING LIFE

. . .

EVERY once in a while some newspaper or other interviews a nonagenarian or centenarian to find out how to live a hundred years. Various responses have been given to the interviewers. Living in the country, living in the city; early rising in the morning or the same in the afternoon; eating meat and avoiding meat, are some of the answers received. Recently the dodging of automobiles has become one of the favorite ways of prolonging life. All such questioning and replying are particular exemplifications of a general tendency. Mankind is looking for one simple answer to all its needs. The problem of work would be solved forever by perpetual motion. The problem of worry is solved by countless advertisements. The problem of health has ceased to exist in the columns of the press, if you omit the daily news, the obituary column

and the Monday-morning-automobile-supplement and peruse only the patent-medicine section. The problem of shopping is simplified by "buying everything at our store." The orchestra, opera and play will soon be conveniently located in your own home within easy reach of an electric button near your couch, and that will simplify the many problems connected with opera-cloaks and ticket-scalpers.

A famous health-specialist recently announced that he had successfully passed his seventieth year and had avoided digging his grave by his teeth. The announcement recalled a significant incident. At the time of the Spanish-American war a breathless youngster rushed up to an older friend and cried out: "Two Spanish vessels have been sunk," and then added cautiously, "I do not know whether this is a fact or only news." It took a Boston lad to establish the subtle distinction between news and facts. The same caution is necessary with regard to the many simplifications of life's problems found in the press. They may be facts, they may be "only news," or they may be an echo of the advertising

department. The story of the teeth may, for example, represent a slackening of trade among dentists and a reciprocity treaty between the news column and the advertising column.

There is this much truth in these simple formulas of health, that most of them will work out if the patient is persistent. The man who is true to early rising will owe his long life, not so much to his alarm-clock as to the thousand other things he must do if he will persevere in his habit. Late entertainments and late suppers will cease. Cold mornings—and there are few warm mornings—will necessitate an immense deal of stamping of feet and swinging of arms and other brisk movements. This splendid exercise will develop a magnificent appetite. Breakfast will fit one for a day's work. A day's work will tire a man out early. Then comes the merciless alarm again. It is not the one practice which makes nonagenarians, but the one thousand other practices which perseverance makes inevitable.

There have been many widely heralded short cuts to sanctity as there have been to everything else. Some are mere superstition, and

some are solid sense. "Get one virtue and you get all" is a simple and safe formula to make a saint. No one can practice one virtue without ultimately practicing all if he persists. He will become an imperialist of the soul. His will shall grow like Rome from a small town to the ends of the inhabited globe. "One thing is wanting," "One thing is necessary," "All the law is fulfilled in one word," these and other phrases are some simplified rules of holiness, practical and effective rules if properly understood and properly applied. Not all formulas are fads; some are facts, and really do simplify matters.

THAT BLESSED WORD, AUTOMATIC

THAT BLESSED WORD, AUTOMATIC

"AUTO" was once a suspicious addition to a word. Autocrat was disliked; autobiography was not in great favor. Now all is different. Nothing is more desirable in life or more attractive in advertising than "auto." We are hastening to the paradise of automatism. Homer's imagination was considered extravagant when he dreamt of self-growing crops for a farmer's paradise and self-sailing ships for a nautical paradise. Now such dreams would leave the most simple reader unmoved. Plowless fields and rudderless ships are tame to modern minds. From twilight sleep and the motherless incubator to euthanasia and the auto-hearse, life is growing ever more effortless and more automatic.

Painless study is approaching. When you left the nursery for school, the educational value of play was not properly appreciated. The idea of the teacher seemed to have been

to keep you working all the time at home as well as at school, and it was the idea of your parents, jealous of the teacher's tasks, to heap up a thousand additional chores for you to do throughout the intervening spaces of your life. Play in your boyhood or girlhood was a kind of piracy with mysterious whistles and stealthy exits and fearful moments of expectant discovery and the thrill of narrow escapes. Now play is a whole science in itself with curriculums and diplomas and professors and all that. The park and play-ground are the university of to-morrow. Bookless schools are on the way. Photography and the moving picture have replaced the novel, the short-story, the newspaper, cartoons, advertisements, comic supplements, sports and all. Is there any reason why history should not go on the screen and poetry too? The Crusaders could fare across the world on one reel. "Wait a moment, please." Then on the next reel Mary, Mary's lamb, Mary's school, would serve to unfold to delighted eyes the tragic poem, which in more barbarous days would be laboriously transferred to a rebellious memory.

All music has been automatized by a punctured paper or a dinted record; mathematics is handled by the comptometer; escalators and moving platforms take you up where the autocars have set you down; fireless cooking, predigested food, and eupeptic tablets have made eating in all its stages automatic. If some muscle or organ should fail in its duty, the offending member is harnessed to a machine and an electric current, and exercise is given to you without exertion on your part. But why worry about members? They may soon be atrophied to ornaments. Walking will eventually be one of the lost arts. Many occupations of the fingers have gone. For letters you may talk into a tube, puncture a paper, run the stencil through a type-writer, let your letter pass on to a folding, sealing, stamping machine into a pneumatic delivery which will pass on the letter to your friend across the continent, there to be self-opened and thrown on the screen for his easy perusal. Fingers may serve to display jewelry, but if they have been eliminated from writing and music, why not from all else? You can play an orchestra by pressing a button; will not a

switchboard soon be enough to carry on war?

Self-starters, self-speeders, self-stoppers, these are the triumphs of automatism. Yes, but what of self-restraint, self-denial, self-control? "Not so loud!" Light a candle or in extreme cases make out a check. Religion cannot escape the monopoly of automatism. Let religion be all feeling. "One impulse from a vernal wood" will make one feel holy for a week, if the automobile does not figure in the Monday morning casualty list. Feeling is spontaneous and apparently automatic. To be virtuous is to check and control feeling; it is to act in accordance with principle; it is to be obedient to law. Wanted, an invention to make all virtues self-acting and frictionless! On with the spread of automatism!

THIS VALE OF SUNNY SHADOWS

THIS VALE OF SUNNY SHADOWS

IT has been well said that there will be no newspapers in heaven. Newspapers are largely gloom and sparingly sunshine. When you leave out wars, plagues, suicides, fires, obituaries, grand juries looking for "the man higher up," divorces, movements for "social uplift," agitations of various kinds, increase in the number of "dry States," feminism, all that remains to eke out a few rays of gladness are one or two weddings and the advertising columns, that most optimistic feature of modern life. Imagine a newsboy sent out with such head-lines as: "Interviews with a Million Merry Mothers," "Church Attendance on the Increase," "Happy Tenants and Happy Janitors," "Died Quietly in His Bed; Life without a 'Grouch,' Grumble or Growl." Alas, poor newsboy, you would hawk your papers in vain. Can it be that Homer was

right in describing his characters as having a satisfaction in sorrow, as taking their fill of weeping? What is there in bad news that it should be cabled, while good news must wait for the mails, if it goes at all? The germ theory of disease is making us all uncomfortable these days. Are we at times carriers, we wonder, of some disease? Or do we number among our friends a Typhoid Mary, a Dyspepsia Dan, an Infant-Paralysis Iphigenia? Of this, at least, we can be fairly certain, that there is no dearth of gloom-carriers. For one optimistic Felix, you will find a thousand pessimistic Dolores.

There is a certain happy nun in a hospital, whose laugh has been said to be as good as a doctor. Better, we should say. That same nun, as her neighbors know, began early to laugh her way through life, and now that she has laughed herself into a convent and appropriately gravitated toward the hospital, it is to be desired that all the hospitals of the world do at once call up her number and have that medicinal laugh telephoned to all the patients. It is sadly premature to put Dante's despairing sign over the gateway of life. "Kill-

gloom" is the post-office address of one cheerful mother; it ought to be the address of every home. In that case fewer would be persuaded that the hour before the dawn is a long time coming to an end. What is inscribed on the banner you fling to the breeze in the parade of life, "Abandon hope" or "Kill-gloom"?

There used to be one fountain, ever gurgling forth joyousness in life; one source of sunshine that had experienced no eclipse. That was the "good old days." Men and women in their darkest moments could say: "It was different years ago." But it remained for our time to reduce that happy age to a myth. A German professor began to look up the pot of gold where that rainbow of optimism came down, and he found that in the "good old days" of our generation there was a united dirge, wailing about contemporary woe and pointing back to the "good old days" of a former time. Back he went from generation to generation, from century to century, and the "good old days" kept ever ahead of him. When he got to Homer, he found the Greek poet lamenting that the sons of heroes were worse than their fathers. Homer's oldest hero, too, was the

loudest in praise of the "good old days" when he was young.

There is, however, one unfailing source of brightness. Some people have adored the sun, and perhaps do so still. The sun deserves much respect, but not idolatry. The sun is the earth's painter and lamp-light and hearth-fire and life-giver. Yet it casts shadows, and they are not always bright and warming. Far more cheerful is that sunshine in whose shadow even health and life is found, as the first Christians discovered, and laid their sick where Peter's shadow might fall upon them and make them sound. What a foretaste of heaven if our door-bell was a signal in every instance for the entrance of Peter with an antiseptic shadow, rather than of some infectious pessimist, who dilates gloomily upon the "hot-enough" sunshine and gloats over the depressing fact that the idolized sun is marred with gigantic spots, and, moreover, that the spots are responsible for all the storms of earth!

HARPING ON ONE STRING

HARPING ON ONE STRING

IN the museums of large cities you may see collections of old instruments of music representing the progress of that harmonious art from the few simple notes of early days to the intricate harmonies of our day. Civilization has advanced beyond the stage of a few strings up to the serried ranks of musical steel which you may see in a piano. The solitary individual, therefore, who does his harping on one string, is a relic of barbarism; he belongs to the same strata of civilization as the Hottentot, the Australian bush-ranger, and the primitive Patagonian.

It is related of a good, holy priest, who was in charge of a school, that one night, because of some trouble, he lost an hour of sleep. At once he proceeded to strip the varied and multiple harmony of life of its diversified melody and devoted himself to an energetic see-sawing

upon one monotonous string. In the last official communication he was still rasping one lugubrious strain about the lost hour. More monotonous, more discordant he than another eminent soloist of history, who "produced" variety out of most unpromising material. In a "colored" band in Southern Maryland was a bass-drummer whose execution fixed the attention of his audience. His proficiency was so marked that he was invited to play a solo on the bass-drum. The performance was a unique one, and despite obvious handicaps, the performer managed by changes in tune and volume and by different groupings of his beats to escape the lowest degree of monotony. The chief merit that commended itself to the audience was the drummer's seriousness and the manifest admiration of the rest of the band. But this Marylander was no match, either in taking himself seriously or in producing iterated sameness, for the international soloist, the harper on one string.

The favorite tunes of this musician are known to all. There are the pathetic ballads: "I am keeping watchful waiting, for he trod upon my toes;" "I never, never, can forget what she

has said;" "I wouldn't care at all, at all, if anybody else." There are also the well-known dead-marches with the usual harp accompaniment, entitled, "I never dreamt that she," and "And at the time he was my dearest friend." The repertory is not varied, but it makes up in strenuous exertion what it lacks in diversity.

Next to shattered friendships, shattered health is the subject most in favor with these musicians. They will drop in to see you and, without waiting for an invitation, you will have a recitative on the liver or on the ravages of the lumbago. A solo on "How I got dyspepsia when I worked in Baltimore" is succeeded perhaps by a thrilling duet with another performer, "What's the latest you've been taking for your rheumatism, dear?" Sometimes these dolorous complaints are humorous enough. A good, old priest was dying at the age of eighty-three. He had a grievance against himself: "If I had not been careless of my health when young," he whispered sadly, "I would not now be in such a bad way." Unhappily, however, these sad solos evoke more tears than smiles. There is no humor

in the man with a grievance, who has received one wound and keeps it open, who has on file the bullet which hit him and often broods over it, who sings his song of sorrow a thousand times oftener to himself than he does to others. Indeed, such a one is not simply near barbarism; he is on the verge of insanity, one most potent cause of which is the fixed idea, and the harper on one string is the victim of such an obsession.

The sovereign remedy is to learn at least one other tune, a tune of heavenly harmony, a tune that deserves and will receive an indefinite number of encores. "How often shall my brother offend against me, and I forgive him?" "Till seven times?" "I say not to thee till seven times, but till seventy times seven times." When you learn Hebrew you will find that is quite often. Harp on that string.

EUPHEMIA AND THE EUPHEMISTS

EUPHEMIA AND THE EUPHEMISTS

EUPHEMIA is a country whose discovery dates back before the dawn of history. The Greeks named the land and sent large colonies to it. The geographical boundaries have never been clearly settled. South of Euphemia lies a very thickly populated nation called Mendacia. The Euphemists are such great friends and allies of the Mendacians that they have not gone to the trouble of surveying their respective territories, or of establishing definite boundaries. To the north, however, is the land of Sinceria, not at all friendly to its southern neighbors and sharply divided from Euphemia in landscape and climate. Euphemia is a land of shady valleys and heavy mists, whereas Sinceria is a bracing, mountainous country, swept bright by stiff winds.

The first point a traveler would notice in

Euphemia would be the silence of all the children. They may occasionally be seen, but never heard. The *enfant terrible* is either gagged to silence or packed off to school amid the hills of Sinceria, until the period of self-consciousness dawns. This custom was first introduced when the King of Euphemia was paying a visit to one of his subjects. A particularly well-behaved child said to him, making a pretty curtsey: "Your majesty is a wonderful man." "Why do you say that?" asked the charmed King. "Because mama told me to," replied the child, who was rushed off that very night to a boarding-school in Sinceria.

The stranger would notice one odd fashion of Euphemia: its partiality for the color white. For furs the Euphemists favor sheep's clothing. Everything in Euphemia is kept white-washed, and as no weather-proof enamel has been as yet invented there, the process of applying new coats of white, when the former application is soiled or scaling off, has to be continually carried on. For this reason most of the inhabitants know something of the art. All the sepulchers even are whitened. It should, however, be noted that the Euphemists them-

selves never employ the terms, grave and sepulcher. They refer to the ultimate resting-place and the ancestral mausoleum. An exception to the prevailing color-scheme of mother-of-pearl, which is Euphemistic for white, is found in a substance once styled rouge, but now known as rose-talcum. The rose-talcum is worn over the universal smile that is a national trait of the Euphemists. An inhabitant, since ostracized, likened the smile to patent-leather or vaseline.

The language of Euphemia is especially worthy of note. The merchants are skillful in its use; the lawyers and doctors are more expert still in Euphemistic, but if a stranger wishes to hear the language spoken in its purity, he must mingle in the first society of Euphemia. He will note that perfection when his car stops at the porte-cochère. The attendants at the entrance will inform him of the unavoidable absence or most delighted presence of the occupants of the mansion. "Houses" are obsolete in Euphemistic. He will receive missives, or even epistles, couched in the exquisite vocabulary of regrettable previous engagements, or of supreme felicitations. Should he finally succeed

in gaining admission into the inner circle, he will notice that sin and vice are vulgar terms. At times, however, the white-wash has an unhappy propensity for flaking off, and the once ornate nomenclature, as in the case of "saloon," must be replaced in turn by "restaurant," "café," "cabaret," and "cafeteria." Euphemia is sensitive to any lack of respectability. Euthanasia and kleptomania are well-known substitutes for sordid terms. People in Euphemia are "frank," "daring," or, perhaps, "indiscreet." They incline to new thought, esotericism and cosmic affinities, and by this and similar parlance, especially by incompatibility of temperament, they gracefully drape over a multitude of sins—hush!—the term they use is not sins but foibles or, better, atavistic tendencies.

It was one of the famous heroes of Euphemia who reduced the practice of cleaning the outside to a fine art when he rid himself of cowardice, injustice and brutal murder, by the simple process of washing his hands. It was the same Euphemist who asked, "What is truth?" Euphemia has never heard the answer.

WILL YOU GIVE UP?

WILL YOU GIVE UP?

"WILL you give up?" is the question hissed into the small boy's ear by his conqueror as he presses the head and shoulders of his victim into the mud. "Will you give up?" is the cry in the snow-ball fights where imaginary forts and flags are attacked. When does the boy say, Yes? When did you say, Yes, in your fights? Perhaps you do not want to admit that you ever gave up. It was hard to afford that sweet satisfaction to the boy higher up, already beginning to exult in your downfall. Is it such repugnance to surrender which wins so much sympathy for the under dog? Multiply the feeling of no surrender by millions and dress it up in uniforms, put swords for fists and bullets for snow-balls, and you have the armies of the world. Much of what passes for patriotism is nothing else than a refusal to own oneself beaten. Yet if anger can be canonized—"Be angry and sin not"—

why should the spirit of no surrender be kept from enlisting and drilling on the side of right?

It is not on the battlefield alone this spirit reigns, nor need it always thrill through mighty frames and huge muscles. The finest exemplifications of the spirit are found where nature has given least physical strength. The men in the battle-line feel the touch of elbows and hear the heartening cry of comrades, but wife and mother and daughter fight alone at home. Many a man would surrender unless there were others looking on; few are the women who give up, though they must struggle out of sight in the home. The tenderest, the most sensitive element in a woman is that very thing which makes her endure and fight on long after her stronger mate has given up. A woman's love, a mother's love, makes weakness might. The strange blending of heroic love with physical weakness was never, perhaps, better exemplified than in that New Jersey teacher who, to protect her pupils, bravely faced and killed a venomous snake and then fainted away. Her heart made her a hero; her imagination drove the blood from her cheek and the strength from her limbs. The homes of the poor, the schoolrooms of the

world, the bedside of the sick, the cradle and the nursery, all these are proofs that if woman could fight with her heart she would never give up.

Back of years of evil habits, buried under the dead weight of indulgence, there lies the spirit of no surrender. But how can it be reached? How can the weakling, the drunkard, the degenerate be made to thrill again with the fire which flamed through them in youth? One can strike a spark from steel and stone, but not from wet clay or porridge. "Morale" is a word made popular by journalists in war-time. Morale is that feeling of never give up throbbing through an army. What is the quickest way of restoring morale to a routed army, of making the disintegrated particles swing backward to the fight, like magnetized iron filings pointing one way? The magnetic influence to remake an army is a leader, a personality. The history of the world has many instances of defeat turned to victory by the inspiring leader. A good priest in England visited a reformed drunkard every day for six weeks to keep alive within his battling soldier the spirit of no surrender.

The small army of twelve which set out to conquer a world with the not very consoling standard of a Cross would have been beaten before the first engagement, had not every heart been warm with ardent devotion to Him Who had been the Good Shepherd when they were lost, and had been their generous Father when they were living afar riotously. It is love of another which keeps a weak woman from ever giving up; it was love of Christ which made the Apostles never give up, and it was love of us which made Calvary.

THE SHORT WAY AROUND

THE SHORT WAY AROUND

. . .

WENDELL PHILLIPS was fond of telling the story of a certain Czar of Russia. Taking a map of his country and pointing out to his engineers the two terminals of a proposed railroad, the Czar drew a straight line, let us say, from Retrograd to Tschaikowsky, and said: "There, build the road along that line." If every man had as many subjects as Russia and had the Czar's supreme power, we might abolish Institutes of Technology and blue prints and elaborate specifications, and teach civil engineering and surveying in one lesson by means of a ruler and a lead-pencil. Czars, however, are scarce; mountains are more amenable to dynamite than are men; at least, when they are blown down, mountains cannot stand up again. In a word, a straight line may mark the shortest distance between two points in geometry or in Russia, but wher-

ever you have to do with immortal souls, free wills, theoretical minds and dyspeptic stomachs, then not rarely the cut across lots must be avoided, because the longest way around may be often the shortest way home.

This process of indirection, as it might be termed, has been perfected by the Irish and by speakers, and especially by a perfect blend of the two. Alexander may swing a sword and sever the Gordian knot; modern Czars may build railroads by a ukase; the mailed fist of militarism may hit out straight, but poverty, weakness, centuries of persecution must have recourse to other arts. Only one nation has a Blarney Castle; only one people has invented so many terms of endearment and words for the idea of taking a soul—not by storm—not by siege, but almost by surrender of the attacking party. When a person is said to be good at the *comether*, or to have a wheedling, cajoling, palavering and sootherin' way with him, every one knows his nationality.

Public speaking is so weak in its instruments, having no sword or mailed fist, and public speaking is often so exorbitant in its demands, that it is no wonder it has made a special study

of the art of indirection. Speaking must achieve great results by weak means in a brief time. The art of rhetoric should be taught more widely, and many a good parish-priest would receive fewer criticisms if he had more rhetoric. His reproofs would be more effective because more prudent. His appeals for support would have, on his part, more encouragement, more eloquent gratitude, more kindly condescension, and—here's the point—more returns on the part of others. Yet it must be confessed that to insinuate one's way into a pocket book is harder than traveling in lower Belgium or upper France at this writing. Oratory can get a man's vices away from him more easily than it can get his money.

Indirection is not necessarily unworthy toadying; neither does condescension always mean cunning. It is true that the first orators became the first sophists, and that rhetoric and even oratory may make a man suspect, as that famous adept in cleverness, Mark Antony, well knew when he styled himself no orator, but only a plain, blunt speaker. However, the plain, blunt speakers off the stage are usually the arrogant and offensive, who think polite-

ness pettiness and condescension cowardice. The more delicate the machinery the more delicate should be the instrument to touch and handle it. Indirection takes a camel's-hair brush or a gentle breath to clean the works of a watch; bluntness would use a crowbar.

Nothing is more delicate than the soul, nothing more sensitive than freedom. The soft answer is more potent than the thundering ukase. The blustering north wind was defeated in its efforts to tear away the traveler's cloak; a cheerful whisper from the south wind, out of a smiling sky, won the victory. It was the gentle patience of a young religious which mastered a crowd of unruly boys when stronger, more irascible disciplinarians were unsuccessful. What is the best so-called psychotherapy but indirection reduced to a fine art?

CHIVALRY STILL PASSING

CHIVALRY STILL PASSING

THE age of chivalry has passed." Who will estimate the number of times oratory has given voice to these words? If any one has gone through that calculation, let him add now one more time to that number. It is not the coming of woman's suffrage which has elicited this latest elegy of ours over the tomb of chivalry. Some, indeed, have so lamented. We believe that that particular lament is premature. The privilege of casting a vote, whether denied or granted, will make little difference in the world except to give the voting machine more work to do. Chivalry will not be harmed in any event by the tremendous concession of being allowed to augment the flock of sheep, already too large. Chivalry has kept rigorously away from election booths ever since the Athenians so magnanimously voted Aristides into exile, because they were tired of hear-

ing him called just. Those who never have felt like taking another down a peg when they heard him praised, will be authorized to think that woman's suffrage would have enthroned chivalry in the election booth of ancient Attica.

Yet despite all the numerous passings of chivalry, it had not hitherto wholly left man's heart and perhaps chivalry is still there, certain evidence to the contrary notwithstanding. Chivalry used to be in its glory on the battle-field. Modern science has made war brutal and gross, robbing it of the grace and beauty with which chivalry tried to vest it. The medieval knight, like the melodramatic villain, might be forced to kill, but he would do so politely; he "might be a murderer, but he would not fail to be a gentleman." Bayard would have clasped hands gladly with that modern commander who cried out in the hour of victory, "Don't cheer, boys; they are dying." The combatants in the battles of our day have still a like chivalry, but what of those not fighting? What would chivalry think of the size of the souls of the Sussfluss Angle-worm Club, which unanimously passed a resolution to change their name to the "Sussfluss Fish-worm Club," and

advocated hereafter the use of "corner" to express the idea of an aperture between two lines? Or what of the Jolibeau Association for Medical Research, which imposed upon its members the solemn duty of using the word, "parasite," instead of the obnoxious and deadly "germ"? The people that fight such battles are not the brave fellows who must unhappily kill one another and have respect for courageous foes, but the stay-at-homes who take the field against languages. These gallant warriors charge manfully against vocabularies, cut to pieces geographical and street-names, reconquer foods and drinks from hostile terminology. Enemies of the Pan-Celtic movement refuse to pronounce the first syllable of macaroni. Those who wish to check the insidious advances of the Pan-Italic civilization will transfer the final letter to the beginning of the word. Then the chivalrous Celt will be able, without demeaning himself, to pronounce such words as Bolano, Bergamo and Bojano. If we laugh at the middle ages for their minute metaphysics, what of the guffaws that now fill the vast chambers of the dead, when they hear of our magnificent achievements in logomachy?

Has chivalry gone, too, from the souls of men? There are other laughs echoing with more discordant reverberations in the regions where ordinarily there is no sound but "weeping and gnashing of teeth." What are those laughs, not heard by human ears, but gloated over and recorded in "exterior darkness"? The gratification of a spite, the petty triumphs of jealousy, the silent exultation at a neighbor's downfall, the secret rejoicing over an ambush successfully "sprung" upon a rival, the keen satisfaction experienced in the assassination of a character, these are the sardonic smiles of the heart, these are the leering looks of Satan which start out of the white background of the spirit in the photo-plays of the soul. The age of chivalry has, indeed, passed for so ignoble a one as that, and his angel who sees his Father's face in heaven is not rejoicing. To restrain a cheer when another is dying is high chivalry; to laugh in the heart at another's ruin is diablerie.

ANTIPATHY AND SYMPATHY

ANTIPATHY AND SYMPATHY

. . .

ANTIPATHY is mysterious in its origin. Why is it we do not like Doctor Fell? "The reason why we cannot tell," says the old rhyme, but there is no doubt about the feeling. Antipathy is like tastes for certain foods, or like prejudices for or against nationalities. Touching a dry sponge, or cutting a dry cork, or scratching a slate-pencil on a slate, are for some people so many ways of making them feel like pincushions for icicles. That creeping, crawling sensation is called goose-flesh. Antipathy is goose-flesh of the soul. It is upon delicate organisms that antipathy exerts its greatest force. Some are so callous that their sensitiveness seems protected by an alligator hide. They are all heel, while others are all sole, and go into hysterics if touched by a feather. The great Cardinal Newman was so sensitive that he appeared to wear his skin outside of his clothes.

Antipathy is no light matter in life, and deems no place sacred. It not only stops hands across the sea from clasping; it will not let hands clasp across the counter. Ribbons won't look at Bows in the Department Store. Cousins take opposite sides of the street while antipathy walks on the trolley-tracks. It is the voice of Clarinda which makes her sister Claribel wince; and Claribel's walk is something which Clarinda simply cannot stand. Our age is famous, or rather infamous, for two discoveries, nerves and the divorce court, and those two discoveries reveal to us the world's immense supply of antipathy. Even the habit of the religious is not proof against the shafts of antipathy. One special reason for believing that monasteries are guarantees of a short purgatory is the large amount of antipathy religious life suffers patiently and conquers successfully. The closer the rough surfaces the greater the friction. "See how they love one another" made converts to early Christianity. From that principle and that fact we conclude that the community life of the Catholic Church ought to convert the world.

Antipathy comes from the Greek, and it is a word which may be freely translated, friction of the soul. Fortunately when we imported antipathy we brought in, too, its natural enemy. Sympathy also comes from the Greek, and it can be said to mean oil of the soul. Sympathy can remove in an instant all horrors of antipathy. Sympathy will shear the fretful porcupine of its bristling quills. It was sympathy in the mother frog which induced her in the old fable to enter her child in a beauty-show. Sympathy cannot see the spots on the sun, because its sensitive eyes grow misty and tearful in the brilliancy it beholds. Sympathy is like a good appetite, where one has a fastidious taste. A starving man forgets his delicate tastes; a sympathetic man forgets all antipathies. Sympathy invites a tramp into its Department Store and turns him out bathed, shaved, clothed and blooming as proudly as a bridegroom.

It is a mistake to think antipathy is necessarily a vice or a fault. Feeling is not willing. Antipathy is more frequently the fuel which feeds the flame of virtue; it is often the admission price you must pay for enduring

friendship; it is the roughness and the bitterness of the rind which sympathy throws away to keep the luscious fruit. If close proximity develops antipathy among men, you may estimate the length, width, breadth and depth of that divine sympathy which overcame the immense antipathies arising between such infinitely opposed and incompatible objects as God and man, and brought them together in most intimate union. "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us."

ARE YOU DOING IT YOURSELF?

ARE YOU DOING IT YOURSELF?

• • •

IS the doctor in?" asked the patient who was taking a treatment guaranteed to cure him of hay-fever. "No," replied the office-boy, "he has gone to the mountains to get over his annual attack of hay-fever." Profession and practice are poles apart, this disappointed patient might have muttered, and he would not be giving forth a profoundly original remark. It is to be hoped, however, that his sad experience may not set him on the road to cynicism, which believes all to be hypocrites except cynics. "Are you doing it yourself?" says the cynic in the classroom when his professor recommends highly a course in Plato and Aristotle, or wide reading in Shakespeare and Milton. "Are you doing it yourself?" thinks the cynic in the pew when the preacher points out certain paths not graced with primroses. Cynicism it is which equips every

family-closet with a skeleton and loves either to catch glimpses of its bare bones beneath the finery of the Easter parade or to detect its hideous grin lurking behind the lavish smiles worn by husband and wife at their public receptions. It was a cynic who wagered to prove his skeleton-theory true in the case of the most respectable man in town, and won his wager when the respectable man decamped for parts unknown upon receiving from the cynic a forged telegram: "All is discovered," signed, "A Friend."

It is probable that the cynic himself is not living in an impenetrable and impregnable fortress. Very often his own cheap goods are on public view in the front-window, behind very transparent and very fragile glass, when, for the benefit of others, he adds an extra wrinkle to his nose and puts a sharper edge on his sneering laugh. Every reader of Newman's "Apologia" was mightily pleased when his critic was shown to be guilty of the very fault of which he had falsely accused Newman. Hypocrisy is a sad defect and perhaps all too common, but cynicism has not its cure. The cynic's lancet is not sterilized.

Much of what the cynic carps at is not real hypocrisy; in most cases it is self-deception. Advertising always takes the most roseate view of things, and a man wonders why the makers of patent medicines should ever get sick or lose their hearing or hair or ever die. How many instances of discrepancy between practice and profession are due to deception, arising from the enthusiasm of the advertising a man deals out to himself? We have here another case of psychological falsehood. It has been argued that he who says that he understands but cannot explain a certain point has a consciousness which lies to his personality. In the same way consciousness has so subtle a way of advertising to a person his own perfections and of failing to note shortcomings that the unhappy personality does not behold the yawning chasm between what it professes for others and practices for itself. This whole truth, which we have been discussing so elaborately, might be briefly stated thus: The mystery of the Man with the Iron Mask is exemplified daily in the case of many mortals, who have never scanned the features of their own souls. How can they be expected to see

a mote in their soul's eye, when they cannot see any eye at all? "Are you doing it yourself?" you inquire. "We don't need to," they answer. "What a funny name, Oh-hah-rah!" said a man. "And what's your own?" inquired O'Hara. "Bunghorst," was the complacent reply.

There is a school of historians which has been printing what they call the "True Lives" of various celebrities of the past. They take particular delight in brushing aside the reticence of earlier biographies. They burrow down and ferret out their subjects in their grub state, not in their freedom when they had lifted themselves on resplendent wings into light and sunshine. These cynics of history think that "dead selves" upon which men and women have arisen to higher things are the only true selves. The Sinner Magdalen, the Sinner Augustine, replace the former titles of Saint in their biographies. Long, long ago the Roman satirist proclaimed that the laugh of cynicism came easy. Cynicism never sets a mirror up for the soul to see itself; the mocking laugh blinds instead of purging the sight. While waiting for the day of General Judgment,

when Infinite Justice will lift the mask of hypocrisy from the world, a little humility may prompt each to say: "Perhaps I am not doing it myself, and so I must be patient with every one else."

IF I WERE YOU

IF I WERE YOU

PUT yourself in his place. It is a healthy and holy exercise. You will find it harder than you imagine. You must be willing to leave the contented home in which you now live and go into a strange land. You are satisfied with your own views of things. You might like to have another's lungs, liver or digestive apparatus, but what of an exchange of your likes and dislikes for his? They are the chains which hold in check many a man who has an idea of faring forth from his own place and occupying another's. Then, again, you will be going to a place where a foreign language is spoken when you endeavor to put yourself in his place. A red flag is a red flag in the dictionary, but it does not mean the same to a bull and a bullfrog. It is a challenge to the one and a charm to the other. In the dictionaries of the soul, where definitions have

been made by life and experience, no two words mean the same. Home is translated heaven by you, but home may be translated otherwise in his place. Philosophers have held that no two angels are alike. You will appreciate that truth when you try to get into his place. In the sum total of all they have experienced and are, no two souls are alike.

You begin to see why putting oneself in another's place is not a popular form of amusement. Great actors give a lifetime to the study of some dramatic character which they are to impersonate. Not all are complete successes at such interpretations. Insight is lacking or sufficient sympathy or adaptability. "How can we get papa out of that little hole?" inquired a child anxiously of her mother, on hearing her father over the telephone. It is the opposite problem which confronts you when you try to put yourself into another's place. How can I get into that hole? And in a true sense you never can. The insistent tide pushes its way into bays and creeks and recesses; the air presses down on the world and fills every nook and cranny; ether with more imperious pressure goes where water and air cannot go

and swathes and permeates the universe, but however close all these widespread elements come to what they engulf, they have yet only put themselves around or near another's place, not in it.

"If I were you," says old wisdom to young ardor. "But you are not," replies young ardor, "and you never can be because you have forgotten what you were at my age." "If I were you," says the teacher to the pupil. "But you are not and cannot be," replies the pupil. "You had dreams once of what you would say and do to pupils when you were a pupil and had at the time an unsympathetic, isolated and insulated teacher. You failed to note down your grand program for the amelioration of the tutorial department of life, and now it is too late. You have gone far away from his place and do not know the way back. And you really don't want to come back or recall what you would now term the callow, utopian dreams of unsophisticated experience."

Alas! That it should be so! We often say, "If I were you," but we mean, "If you were I." Selfishness, prejudices, antipathies of all kinds, national jealousies, professional jealousies, fam-

ily jealousies, these and a hundred other busy agents, are at work intrenching themselves with barriers never dreamt of in the most deadly and ingenious warfare. You are you and I am I, and a lifetime of siege cannot carry either impregnable fortress.

The supposition "If I were you" is incapable of full realization and often has an echo or undertone of arrogance. "If you were I" is a better supposition, because you know fairly well your place, and you know what you would like others to say and do to you. Act towards others as though they were another you, and you will find that you and they differ, indeed, as the angels are said to do, yet you will discover, too, that both you and they, with all your idiosyncrasies (See the doctor at once!) have a common nature, which is angelic.

He who gave us the Golden Rule, of which you have just had another version, performed the most stupendous of all miracles to break down an infinite chasm of separation which lay between divinity and humanity, and the approachableness of the Word made flesh filled the early Christians with wonder. "That

which was from the beginning," they cried, "we have heard, we have seen with our eyes and our hands have handled." No one has ever tried so marvelously to put himself in another's place and no one has succeeded so infinitely well as "He who was from the beginning."

SAINTS MADE WHILE YOU WAIT

SAINTS MADE WHILE YOU WAIT

WE sometimes hear, "She is a saint," and, alas, more rarely, "He is a saint." The regular process of making a saint is a long and expensive one. The chief requisite is that you must be dead fifty years. Other difficult requisites are a host of witnesses to bear testimony to your heroic virtues and an officer, in whose duties we are all expert from daily practice, but who makes it hard for candidates of sanctity to escape his rake and finer-toothed comb and dissecting blade and high-power microscope. This dexterous official with the surgeon's case is the *advocatus diaboli*, styled in the President's English, the devil's advocate. Now in olden days the people made saints, as they made bishops and popes, by acclamation, or if they did not make them, they nominated them, and left it to the proper authority to ratify their choice. People every day block the canoniza-

tion of so many saints that it is too bad the opposite process is not encouraged more.

"Let the people make saints," is a good campaign cry to go to the country with. "Canonized in America" should be a popular trademark. Of course there will be certain necessary qualifications, but we must not be too exacting. The people's standard of sanctity is high already. Men and women do not rush into conversation with the cry, "That's a saint!" But if any one declares, "She never says a word against a single person," "That will do," is the unanimous cry, "Canonize her." Next! "He never yet looked around before speaking to see whether any ladies were present." "Canonized!" say all. The people judge the health of the soul and its sanctity, as doctors judge the health of the body, by looking at the tongue, and in the case of the soul the test works better.

Keeping it up is another school for saints. We propose some candidates whose perseverance merits perhaps the degree. Here is a weak woman, looks fifty but is not near it, has been nursing a sick father who is helpless as a child but not as easily helped; works every

day in a factory, is alone, except when bothered by a worse than helpless brother. What do you think? Had we not better call her, say, Saint Alpha Aquilae: that is, a star of the first magnitude. Here is candidate number two, already canonized by his mother, who gives the testimony. Deponent states that her son is now over thirty, he does not drink; smokes occasionally but not to hurt any one; has never been known to swear, has to work on Sunday and cannot, unhappily, go often to Mass; has given to herself, the mother, his pay-envelope, every week of his life, with his whole pay—Enough! Let him in at once and call him Saint Multiplicand, and let the nuns have a new name so that they won't have to be going back to Egypt for titles, calling themselves, Sister Psammitichus or the like. Here is the last candidate offered to-day: She is the mother of ten children. Hold! Her process of canonization is over; chant the *Iste Confessor*. What's that? The devil's advocate objects: "She was not present at the Euchre and Dance for Nativity Parish." "Why, Mr. Advocate, she made the parish." Objection is at once withdrawn.

This is a test of a true saint. He never knows he is one although the whole world unites in considering him a saint. Tell any of the above that they are doing something extraordinary, and they will not believe it. They are doing nothing at all, they feel, and will continue to do nothing at all until St. Peter closes and locks the gates of heaven behind them. Then, looking around, they will inquire in amazement, "When did we do anything to deserve this?"

It may be objected that this new process of canonization acts too swiftly. We do not think so. Saints may be made in a second. One great sinner had seven devils exorcised with one word, "because she loved much"; another sinner was dismissed forgiven, to sin no more, "because no one condemned her"; another was sanctified by a look; another, a robber and a murderer, was canonized as he was put to death for his crimes. No, the process is not too swift. Volunteers are wanted. As you go through the parish hereafter, canonize a saint at every house. There will be devil's advocates enough, don't you fear, to delay the process.

CARRYING HIS POINT

CARRYING HIS POINT

A STUDENT was determined to worst his rival and let everybody think it was done easily. He flung himself into all the sports and amusements while the rival kept steadily at his books. But when all were asleep, the reckless, unconcerned athlete arose and stole from the night the hours of study which a petty vanity would not give during the day. This is no fable but a fact. "I ruined my eyesight and injured my health and in general made a fool of myself," said the night-student, but despite his contrition, there was a ring of exultancy perceptible in his tone, as he continued, "I won the prize, however, and I carried my point." In many respects the phrase is an appropriate one. Carrying one's point represents an immense amount of toil for an insignificant trifle of results. To carry a point is like unlimbering a battery to swat a

fly. The wife carries her point, and the lamp-shade of red instead of yellow is finally purchased and waves anarchistic defiance ever after in a once happy home. The husband carries his point and has, as he conceives, effected admirable order at the dinner-table by creating remarkable disorder in chastened children, rebuked servants, and humiliated wife.

Most of the point-carrying rampant in our unregenerate world is plain, ordinary selfishness, or militant pride masquerading as strength of character and lofty assertion of one's rights. The little boy who said to his little sister on the hobby horse, "If one of us got down, there would be more room for me," succeeded in carrying his point and riding his hobby, but the ostentatious disinterestedness of his supposition does not completely disguise the opposite tendency of his conclusion. It may be doubted whether the poor, sneaking satisfaction which a man hugs to his soul and over which he smacks his lips is really any lasting gratification when he looks back on the smoking ruins along the path he has carried his point. It was a donkey in the old story that would not heed the restraining rein and insisted upon

making for the precipice. The abused master finally helped the beast over the cliff. On the other hand a door-mat or porridge would not be considered adept at carrying a point. But the great Father Tom Burke laid down as the ideal religious—perhaps too excessive for ordinary mortals: "Be as humble as a door-mat and as pliable as porridge."

"You carried your point," mutters the automobilist who has been left the dust, and in the rear, and now sees the ambulance coming back with the successful speeder. "You carried your point," decides the court in the successful law-suit, which breaks up a family, rends hearts, disgraces an honorable past, and blackens a hopeless future with undying hate. "You carried your point," declares the infinitely Just Judge, as He gazes sadly on the disastrous abuse of His precious gift of free will, an abuse marring His sublime handiwork by mean and minute pertinacity. "You carried your point," echoes the keeper of the outer darkness, "and now having carried your point, you lose all else. There is a place prepared for you."

Peace hath her victories, yea, and retreat

and surrender and soft answers and condescension. He who loses his point shall gain it. It was a modern madman who invented the superman, and a modern zany who dramatized the superman. The reformed gospel of diseased philosophy or topsy-turvy buffoonery is no satisfactory substitute for the gospel of the supreme man and of divine paradox: "The last shall be first." The superman shall be the infra-man.

DOES IT PAY?

DOES IT PAY?

NOT many years ago a historian, or rather a man who wrote a history, taking a comprehensive view of Christianity, expressed his surprise at the fact that the Catholic Church was continually beginning new religious orders. The old orders grow rich, lose their spirit and efficiency, and then comes another return to poverty and austerity. This process is a weakness according to the professor who wrote a history. It is indeed a confession of the weakness of human nature, but it is an exhibition of strength in the Church. To meet the same disease with the same effective remedy, shows wisdom on the part of the physician. To cure human ills with the remedy prescribed by Christ, manifests divine wisdom in Christianity. When the whole world is run on a financial basis, when "Does it pay?" is the eternal question of the human

race, it is courageous and bracing and immensely uplifting to have a few take literally the invitation: "Go; sell all thou hast and give to the poor."

The dollar is a precious thing. At an auction you would rate the value of an article very high, if you saw a thousand bidding for it. How many hands are now reached out, yearning for the dollar around which your enamored fingers cling? Wife and child and school and church and taxes and comrades and a host of others are bidding fast and furious for that precious coin. In what direction can it roll? A sphere represents the most unstable equilibrium. A sphere rests on one point and waits but a touch to speed in any one of a countless number of ways. Down all those ways your precious dollar may roll. Yet despite its unstable equilibrium the dollar resists the touch. The earth, the sun, the moon and the other great spheres with all their possible ways of travel keep faithfully to their allotted paths under the sway of gravity. Your dollar holds back, too, and gravity must modestly retire to an inferior position when compared with the mighty force which clings to a dollar and which

may be summed up in the fateful words, "Does it pay?"

"Does it pay?" is the highwayman on life's broad roads. Every one must stand and deliver at his imperious commands. Not the rich only but the poor, too; not the strong simply but widows and orphans. Some brigands had a sort of chivalry like that of the burglar, not so long since, who entered a house to rob it but, finding in it only a poor, sick woman, gave her a contribution and departed. "Does it pay?" knows no chivalry. Let this question of Mammon echo persistently in the soul behind every word and act and thought and desire, and that soul becomes as merciless as it is mercenary. Friendship and the love of kin and the worship of God and high honor and conscience, all must cash in to the monster Mammon, and his one, unvarying question. "A blaze in the east, a blaze overhead, a blaze in the west," so appeared the tropical sun to the poet. The blaze which makes its dazzling track across the sky of the soul-miser, the blaze which blinds his eyes to all else, is that orb of gold whose dawn is red, whose noon-day is deadly and whose setting is bloody. The

mighty dollar is the center of the soul system where "Does it pay?" is master. "Does it pay?" is the single standard of gold which rules and ruins the noblest.

There is one consolation. The world hates a miser. Treating and the giving of useless presents are indeed abuses, but they have their good points. They are often the tribute miserliness pays to human respect. It takes nearly the unanimous scorn of the human race to pry open the purse of "Does it pay?" We recommend this tyranny to the consideration of the socialistic state and ask it, when it is finally established, to make Santa Claus a cabinet officer in charge of the Department of Treating and Gifts. Nay rather, as you have made your soul a den of thievery with that foul robber, "Does it pay?" at the gateway, pray and get your friends to pray for the cleansing lash of the poor man of Nazareth. Then we shall need no socialistic state.

AGREEING TO DIFFER

AGREEING TO DIFFER

• • •

I REPEAT and insist on it, and that settles it; 'The number of stars is odd.'" "Well, if you will not listen to reason, I most emphatically disagree with you. Any and every school-boy and school-girl is well aware of the fact that the number of the stars is even." You need no vast amount of experience to tell where this conversation took place and what stage it had reached. Think a moment. Didn't this tremendous discussion upon the exact calculation of the stars happen recently to some one, not unknown to you? Do you wish to read a *communiqué* on the subsequent history of this famous encounter? The combatants went down into the trenches, surrounded themselves with barbed-wire entanglements and discharged shots at random into the impenetrable darkness that lay between the opposing lines.

Of course, the only purpose of these mobilized disputants was to safeguard and advance astronomy. Imperialism never goes unmasked. It is taking up the white man's burden, or spreading culture, or upbuilding civilization, or abrogating peonage, or nailing up the flag, or modestly seeking a place in the sun, or obeying the dictates of manifest destiny. These are the inspiring words emblazoned upon the banners which float above the wars of imperialism. So above the conflicts of controversy, truth, science, progress, amelioration of mankind, spread of enlightenment, are the heralded mottoes, while all the time, below the clash of man with man, there rages a sub-conscious duel where personalities parry and thrust until after a time the paramount claims of astronomy yield to mutual accusations of asininity.

But why not be content to let insoluble questions remain unsolved? In the realms of fashion, whatever may be said of the monotony and ugly uniformity of men's head-gear, no fault can be found with the beauty and perpetual variety of bonnets. You are rather pleased that the outside of another's head is unlike yours, why should you feel like a sub-

marine, cruising around to discharge a torpedo, because some one has not made the inside of the head like yours? Why should the holding of an opposite opinion constitute a perpetual grievance? To a burglar bars are a challenge, burglar-alarms an insult, and safes a constant menace to his content, but normal individuals pass by a bank without any impairing of their appetites. Who was it that advanced the theory that the complexion of our colored brethren is only an enlarged freckle, become conterminous with the corporal superficies, instead of beautifying the tip of the nose? The imperialistic tendency of freckles was developed in torrid zones. Is it not equally imperialistic to stretch an idea so far as to wish to have all minds draped in the dull hues of that one idea? Would you think of wishing to impose your Ethiopian views on a Caucasian friend unless you, like the original African freckle, were at the moment inhabiting a torrid zone?

"The number of stars is odd!" "The number of stars is even!" Very well, let it go at that! Let the mercury not rise over the difference. Imitate the thrifty farmer who

wouldn't allow his son to use the parlor thermometer for taking the outside temperature through fear of wearing out the tube. The wear and tear of human thermometers, subject to variations in heat, is much greater. "We agree to differ" is a phrase which puts its maker among the benefactors of mankind. It supplies a foretaste of the millennium where the lamb lies down beside, rather than inside, the lion, to which the lamb in rougher days would be assimilated. Bring submarines to the surface; let the snipers climb out of the trench, we agree to differ, instead of trying to reduce one another to the likeness of death and dust. Husband and wife, parent and child, brother and sister, man and woman, everybody, have you heard the good news? "We agree to differ." Come in and sit down to dinner. "We agree to differ," is a sweet, melodious, harmonizing dinner-bell.

MICROMETER OR MEGAPHONE? WHICH?

MICROMETER OR MEGAPHONE? WHICH?

. . .

THAT? That's a micrometer-screw, a measurer of little things, midgets, mites, motes, molecules and of things still smaller. All made of hard metal, no possibility of expansion. It will tell you the exact width of a hair. What fraction of an inch can it gauge? Why, this one will estimate accurately one ten-thousandth part of an inch. Rather minute, eh? But there is a special make which goes into still finer things. Yes, it can see too, but, of course, the micrometer-screw has a limited horizon. No vistas, panoramas or bird's-eye views, but when it comes to concentration of vision and the descrying of infinitesimals, it is splendid. Here you have the eye of the micrometer-screw, called the micrometer-ocular. We are making micrometers now so that you can carry them around. Shall I fit you out with one?"

"That other instrument? Why, you know that. 'Tis only a new form of the megaphone. The old-time megaphones have all been bought up by college students and guides in the sight-seeing cars. This is a vast improvement. It may not be popular on the grandstand because it does not split the air with thunders. The special improvements are a device for directing the sound, and another for eliminating all harsh or disagreeable noises. For example, you go to the theater and you wish to applaud with discrimination. While others are making a din and filling the ears of the poor actors with applause, deserved only by one or a few, you whisper into your megaphone, 'Well done, Othello'; 'Rosalind, you have been magnificent.' 'You are the best grave-digger I have ever seen.' Your message goes direct to the proper ear, and you are rewarded with a thankful smile, and your memory is embalmed in unforgetting gratitude. This one, you see, will not transmit hisses or boos or cat-calls. Won't you take a melodious megaphone, this year's model?"

As you leave this Novelty Store with its wonderful instruments, you may wonder at

the mysteries of science, but unless you are vastly different from the rest of mankind, you will find promptings and impulses and unholy tendencies which would outrival the achievements of the micrometer. Is there anything which limits the horizon of the soul? Is there anything which may cause the soul to imagine it is broad when it is really magnifying petty things? Are there human beings who feel starved when a crumb goes to another, who begrudge their neighbors a few drops of love when they have had the draught, whose eyesight is so keen that a barely visible scratch assumes the dimensions of a gash or the depths and torment of a major surgical operation? Has any one ever had to close his ears to the reiteration of a maddening tune, "That was never done for me"? Answer these questions and perhaps you will see that you need not enter the Novelty Store to buy a micrometer. Jealousy is more microscopic, micrometric, more metallic and less expansive than any machine of human invention.

Ah, but do buy that latest model megaphone that has a silencer for harsh sounds and a magnifier for sweet sounds. The world needs

that whisper of praise which is enlarged in the soul to a trumpet-blast, filling and inspiring the hearer. The comrade in the ranks would be thrilled to mighty deeds and lifted on wings by the touch of a fellow-soldier. A glance of approval may be the spark of a conflagration. A smile may be in some glowing heart, the first beam of a polar-dawn and a long polar-day. A megaphone differs from a funnel. The megaphone broadens its little contents to pour them whole in a generous flood upon the world; the funnel shrinks its contents and would narrow the universe until it trickles in a tiny thread into self. Encouragement is a sovereign remedy for jealousy. An enterprising printer recently issued this advertisement: Sell your hammer and buy a horn. It is regularly moved and seconded that the proposal be amended to read: Sell your micrometer and buy a megaphone, a large durable one, with a silencer for harsh sounds and a magnifier for sweet sounds. The world will profit by the purchase: two souls will grow in love and happiness, yours and your neighbor's.

TREMENDOUSNESS OF TRIFLES

TREMENDOUSNESS OF TRIFLES

THIS is an age of gigantic achievement because it is an age of research and discovery in the minute. Science teaches the tremendous importance of little things. "The truths," said a serious writer recently, "upon which our scientists will base to-morrow's progress in the adaptation of scientific fact to human need lie beyond a millionth of an inch, beyond the millionth part of an ounce, beyond the millionth part of a degree of temperature." A shiver traced here in a delicate line on a seismometer means 10,000 lives lost, 1,000 miles away. There is a thin, faint shadow in the spectrum; you have located a floating gold mine in the sun. With a microscope you can discover a scratch in a gutta-percha disk and you let the tiny point of a pin across that scratch, at once the blended harmony of fifty instruments and fifty voices will

crash from your phonograph. You are as amazed when you realize the mightiness of the minute as the incredulous countryman who cried out, on first seeing a giraffe, "There ain't no such beast!" But science to confound your confusion multiplies her miniature wonders. Science will weigh and number the particles which fly off from an almost invisible amount of perfume, still tickling delicate olfactory nerves after long lapses of time. The telephone, the telegraph, with or without wires, has grown great by little agitations. Bacilli have revolutionized medicine, given State legislatures an increase of work, "swatted" the fly, introduced paper-cups, and mobilized the world against the mosquito. Enough! Enough! The microscope is master of the world; trifles are triumphant.

In the world of common-sense whose language is proverbs, the one reiterated lesson is the importance of the insignificant. Men need the lesson. Ask the ordinary reader who was Michaelangelo, and he will answer, "The man who said, 'Perfection consists in trifles, but perfection is no trifle.'" These words have been quoted so often that the sculpture, paint-

ing and poetry of that famous man are threatened with extinction in the glory of an epigram. "Little drops of water, little grains of sand," "stitches in time," "many a mickle," "take care of the pence," "ounce of prevention," "little acorns," so speak the proverbs, voicing the common sense of mankind. Grammar dissects a word, rhetoric dilates on the ramifications of one sentence, chemistry clings to a test-tube, physics revels in the threads of many colors, the actinic, heat, alpha, beta, gamma rays, which it finds in one sunbeam. The teachers of mind and manners must laboriously insist upon the tremendousness of trifles. Pupils are restless; processes are slow; modern impatience awaits outside of the nursery with its vocational training. With one stride the baby must step from the crib into a cabinet office. Who will answer the bells in the socialistic state when all the boys will want to press the buttons?

You may have read the sneers of those who mocked at the religious differences that arose in history over one letter and that letter the most insignificant in the Greek language. You will know now what to say to those shallow

thinkers. You may have met with those who ride rough-shod over the kindly ways of life, the forms of politeness, the "thank you's," the passing congratulations, the smiling deference. You will know what to think of one who by such little rifts in the lute, makes all the music of civilized life grow mute. You may be tempted to say: "What's the harm"? " 'Tis only a little thing, and mothers are easily alarmed." Don't! Have you not read: "I did but taste a little honey with the end of the rod, and behold I must die"? A glance may ruin; so David will tell you; and a glance may lift to life again; so Peter will confess with tears in his eyes.

Reduce a colored liquid to foam and it will be white. An ocean of ink would roll white breakers. May we not hope that the blackness of man, a tiny trifle before the white light of heaven, may lose its darkness in man's littleness and lowliness and reflect the full resplendence of God's mercy? Humility will make a saint, and let us trust that the vast tide of stained souls shall by their minuteness break white about the throne of the Most High.

BROAD OR NARROW?

BROAD OR NARROW?

A LEARNED professor of chemistry, explaining that iron became steel by being impregnated with carbon, went on to declare that a perfectly sharp razor would be one with a ridge of carbon atoms cresting its edge. Extravagant, you will say, though keen! But here is something more extravagant! There are people in this great world so narrow that if they walked on that razor they would not cut themselves. They have ions (ions are smaller than atoms) for feet, and the rest of their personality is in proportion. Is narrowness, then, so dread a vice as to strain thus the possibilities of hyperbole?

What is broadness? Broadness is an angel of the choir of freedom. The path of a bullet should be straight and narrow; the tracks of a street-car are straight and unyielding and offer no opportunity for meandering. Narrowness

is a virtue in machinery. The broadness which induced a certain street-car driver to turn off the tracks and let a load of hay pass has found few imitators in the city where this fact is related, or anywhere else. Animals are fixed in their ways by instinct and by training, and with them, too, narrowness is a virtue. Science and all well-established truth are and must be narrow. A broad geometrician, a broad chemist, or the like, is a misnomer. It is not a virtue to consider that the moon is made of green cheese, but it is very broad ignorance. Every one except sceptics, and their latest offspring, idealists, pragmatists and creative-evolutionists, every one holds that truth is definite, restricting, limited, narrow. You cannot walk the line of truth with the uncertainty which characterized that Irish reveler who, in trying to make his native town, was more concerned, he said, with the width of the road than with its length. Broadness is a virtue where there is freedom to expand or contract. You can and ought to be broad where principles are not evident, where precepts are not clearly obligatory, where practice is not definitely prescribed.

Your theorist should be broad. He has indeed his answers to a certain problem, but until he knows his answer is right he is narrow if he imposes his theory tyrannically upon all. The narrow theorist is really the enemy of truth and of science. If he goes further and tries to answer all questions by his formula, then he becomes a faddist. If he is persistent and peculiar with his fad, then he will be said to be riding a hobby, and a hobby-horse is narrow longitudinally as well as latitudinally; it has the magnificent area of a point. Be broad in the matter of fads and fashions and fancies; be narrow if you have facts.

Broadness is a blend of humility, commonsense, unselfishness, magnanimity and sympathy. A man should not be broad on the Ten Commandments. They are clear, definite obligations. But if laws are narrow, love and mercy are broad, and no one should arrogate to himself the wisdom and power of Mount Sinai and hurl new tables of self-made laws at the heads of his neighbors. Spirit is broad, but flesh and appetite are narrow. Narrowness is short-sighted selfishness. To look for the trade-mark, "Made in Mylandia," may be

good business, but it is not broadness if nationalism or sectionalism or localism or domesticism will allow one to approve of nothing unless it has "Made in Mylandia" stenciled upon it. Your clock may sometimes tick so loud at night that you imagine it is telling time for the antipodes, the solar apogee or stellar space. It isn't. See a neurologist.

Alas, during war-time, broadness is cribbed, cabined and confined. Acts, words, decisions, appreciations, tastes, go down into dark, cramped trenches. Standards and judgments are so narrow that pin-points afford ample space upon which to have them enjoy free exercise. Even Christianity with difficulty escapes the national brand. Some, no doubt, would be glad to haul down the Star of Bethlehem and confine its broad rays to one mountain or one city. Not, however, on Gerizim of Samaria, or in Jerusalem only are found adorers in spirit and truth. Let spirit and truth see to it that there be no blockade zone to the noble virtue of broadness, that even under martial law freedom shall still be free and Catholicism remain steadfastly Catholic.

MAKE-UPS

MAKE-UPS

. . .

TEACHER, have you a boy who snarls out "Naw," instead of saying "No," who plunges his hands into his pockets, as though he was trying to dig a mine, who throws his chin out and his chest in, and who resents the correction of those and a number of other sad traits? He is an actor. He has put on that character before the audience of his block, and he is too cowardly to dare to be right. The gang will laugh if he drops his make-up. Experience in the classroom shows that a chief difficulty in all corrections is shame. The inventive ingenuity of man has devised many new and deadly explosives and many terrible engines for hurling them with dread accuracy, but all this destructive machinery has not yet attained to the fatal effectiveness of a laugh. Human respect is an army made up of the first-line troops of Satan, and its arma-

ment is a laugh. Your incorrigible pupil peers over his shoulder anxiously, cocks his ears fearfully; he shudders in anticipation of a volley of cachinnations and refuses to be corrected.

A recent catalogue advertised grease-paint at twenty-five cents per stick in a cardboard tube, and gave a long list of make-ups it was prepared to supply. Among the first on the list were the following: pale juvenile, very pale juvenile, juvenile hero-flesh, juvenile deeper shade, juvenile robust, sallow young man. All the schools exemplify these make-ups, but the price for such character make-ups is more than twenty-five cents per stick. The pale juvenile with his collar turned up and his shoulders hunched; the very pale juvenile, bearing the tell-tale yellow stains, he of the shifty glances; the juvenile hero-flesh, who apes his elders in swagger and profanity; the juvenile deeper shade, who haunts the back alleys and dodges the truant-officer; the juvenile robust, bragging and bullying and keeping late hours and rapidly degenerating into the anemic flabbiness of the sallow young man, all these you have seen; but did you ever think that much of this was make-up, the stage traditions of some crowd, the

little impersonations before the little audiences of youth? The boy goes out a plain, ordinary, healthy boy, and he comes back a pale juvenile, or very pale juvenile, or dons one of the other make-ups which mark his entrance upon a larger life, and is his passport with the gang.

Before you unmercifully berate the shame-faced lad who fears the laugh and dares not drop his make-up, take your own position before the glass and see whether you can behold there any make-ups at so many laughs a piece. You may find a faultlessly perfect exterior reflected to your gaze; no swagger or slouch or shiftiness there, but what of the mind and soul? Any pale or sallow, or robust, or hero-flesh, laid on thick there? Some of the popular intellectual make-ups of the day, all very cheap, are: agnostic pose, Christian Science affectation, irreligious braggadocio (given away with one work of Shaw's), evolutionary enlightenment, altitudinous thought and skeptic snobbery (won as a premium on graduating from Piffley), the higher-criticism strut and the blasé nonchalance of indifference.

"But I can never give up evolution," asserted a woman. "What fact, for example?"

asked the priest. "What fact?"—There was a remover of make-up.—"What fact? Why, honestly, Father, I don't know of any, when I come to think of it." Her conversion followed. Evolution had been for her a bogey-man, a make-up which intellectual snobbery had smeared and sneered upon her soul. Evolution was like the fearsome polariscope which, according to a Texan politician, was threatening the farmers through the machinations of his wily opponent. "What is a polariscope?" asked his horrified audience. "You will know," replied the astute politician, "when you see your flocks of sheep laid low."

Are you a teacher in Israel, frightened into wearing a false-face upon your soul; have you a fear of the Jews? Well, come at any rate by night and learn how to be born again, at least, to the extent of doffing the mask which daytime cowardice has fitted upon you. Nicodemus, finally, through childlike humility and through courage, arrived for the burial of his Master.

COMPARISONS ARE—

COMPARISONS ARE—

. . .

IT was at a concert. His woman companions enjoyed the singing and were eager to say so, but he swamped their praises before they were fairly launched. His air was severely professional; his nonchalance was slightly accentuated; his judgments had a ring of hopeless finality. "The singing was good," he admitted, and felt himself aglow with his large generosity in bestowing the faint praise of the positive "good," yet, checked by the consciousness of superior experience, he hastened to add: "But I have heard better." You have all made the acquaintance of such a bird of ill-omen croaking hoarsely as you left the play, "I have seen better." Your favorite book or friend or place is accepted by him with an air of tolerance. "Yes, yes! But I have known better."

If he were really a connoisseur, you would

not mind so much, but as he is a mere amateur or rather one who is just one week ahead of you in his information, or one night ahead of you in seeing the play, you submit with ill grace to the superiority which he has conferred upon himself, not by ability, but by agility. Your true critic will not strive to impress you by his conceit. He will have a high ideal, but he will make of it for others an incentive rather than a deterrent. He will not force the scalers to slide despairingly to the bottom because they have not reached his lofty heights. At his altitude the true connoisseur sees so many higher ridges rising before him, that he welcomes with cheering encouragement those who are perched upon lower peaks than himself. He is not so prompt to triumph and cry: "I have seen better," when he is humbled by the vision of a bewildering succession of towering eminences still unscaled.

But to come back to the self-satisfied superiority of your concert friend. He has the narrow conceit of a collector of bric-a-brac. He is delighted to be able to say that he has the only stamp of its kind. "Here is the only ring of this make in existence." "After blowing this

bottle, the glass-maker breathed his last." Take a man with such a narrow outlook and send him out to visit his neighbors. He will inevitably take the special smiles and special dishes and special attentions he receives, as continuous performances instead of a particular benefit for himself, and then go home to brandish threateningly that bit of superior information above the heads of his own household. It is bad enough to have the ghost of the "cake mother used to bake," haunting unhappy tables, without importing "better smiles," "better chairs," "better pictures," "better whatnots" like so many specters to haunt and terrify a poor housewife all the rest of her days. Of course, there are limitations and shortcomings everywhere, but they become very malodorous as well as odious, should the critic make comparisons. Yet if every rose has a thorn, why will the critic insist upon pressing his nose upon the point of the thorn instead of smothering it in the fragrant softness of the fair petals? The friends of one of these "seen better" critics tied some ripe, golden pumpkins to an apple tree and asked the critic if he had seen better apples than those; "They would

make good crab-apples in Ireland, where I have seen better," replied he, nothing daunted.

It is such comparative critics who like a thing just when they haven't it, who will not see progress where they cannot see perfection, who refuse to recognize a man that has stepped from the gutter because he has not at once mounted to a tall pedestal, who admit no good unless it is the best and only, who divide the universe into two classes, their experiences and zeros. They would root up the blade because they do not find that the grain has sprouted up over night and has presented to them a self-cooked, predigested breakfast food all ready for their fastidious tastes. "First the blade, then the ear, then the full grain in the ear," but many a modest blade has been withered to barrenness by the supercilious condescension of those who have seen, known, felt or experienced better blades.

SAVING UP

SAVING UP

MANY years ago there was a mule at Avignon, a mule belonging to the Pope, a mule with a sensitive appreciation of its station and dignity. Alas! the mule was made the sport of a practical joker and was exposed to ridicule and indignity. Daudet has told the story, and in his works you may read it. What concerns us here is that upon that mule's imagination was branded a picture of its humiliation and in that mule's hind leg was evoked a responsive tingle. The picture never faded, but its outlines were burned in deeper, and its colors grew ever more glaring. The tingle, too, grew to a quiver, an ache, a pent-up volcano. The mule was saving up. Finally, one day the hind leg "erupted," and his tormentor entered into the realms of Herculaneum and Pompeii. It is a fairly conservative estimate that nine-

tenths of the photo plays and novels are made up of the hind leg of a mule variously disguised, of a saving up, of a last scene where she, he or it "gets hers, his or its." On the more numerous reels of life the same saving up proclivities and the same watching and waiting and the same avalanche and collision are enacted daily. Recall the vendettas, the conquered provinces, the toast to "The Day," the stock-market, the divorce court, the election which puts out the party in power and ushers in those who have been saving up.

The tendency for saving up is widespread. You have philatelists, misers, bibliophiles, antiquarians, numismatists, gossips and other collectors. You will find the tendency to save up among savages. Some collect scalps; others collect heads. In the lowest class of barbarian collectors you will find those who save up grievances, waiting long and patiently to exact redress with compound interest.

Take a hurried glance at the unrivaled collection of wrongs gathered through long years and ever gloated upon by some fond owners. Here, see, is one sneer carefully labeled. There, look, is a stab with the dagger still in the

wound and the point is to be turned around regularly to keep the blood flowing. Further, under a glass case you may study at your leisure a dozen mummified insults offered to great grandfathers or some offensive remarks mounted on pins. Finally, there, marked "Handle with care," is a delicate treasure; it is the report of the surmise of a conjecture of a statement of hers, derogatory to brother's wife's fourth cousin's mother. Such is the unrivaled museum of the "saver up." This way to the egress!

Saving up belongs to the period of the tomahawk, the war-path and the scalping party. Civilization, law, order, justice, hand their cases to the police, the attorney and the jury. The spirit of saving up, the spirit of revenge is personal. Revenge wants to have the satisfaction of paying its own debts. It buys a knife and a grindstone and practices shooting at targets. It undoes civilization, destroys Christianity, reverts to savage barbarism and the barbarous methods of reprisals.

The way to stop this storing up of grievances is to stop its cause. The man who hands over to the court the righting of his wrongs, has at

once cured himself of the habit of saving up grievances and gloating over them. He permits justice to right his wrongs and feels no need of forever whetting the edge of his resentment against his saved up affronts. He goes quietly about his work, throws out of his soul the subterranean chamber of horrors, and lets in the sunlight.

But what if human justice cannot assume the burden of restoring the balance; what if it cannot exorcise from your soul the diabolical delight of taking personal revenge? Why, "Revenge is mine and I will repay." Rise to a higher, nobler economy. Save more, save longer, hand over your grievances at once to a divine treasury, where they will be saved up till Infinite Justice will give final and complete satisfaction at the last court of the world.

A VORACIOUS MONSTER

A VORACIOUS MONSTER

NEWSPAPER head-lines and the price-tags in bargain sales, being largely prompted by the pressing need of the immediate disposal of surplus goods, are not generally considered to be oversensitive in using words in their exact meaning. In the lexicon of advertising you do not find the word, "falsehood." You find "quick returns, efficiency, thoroughness, unblemished superlativeness," and the like. Advertising is the fabulous dragon of the day demanding its continual tribute of victims. Such trifles as grammar and truth have long since gone down its capacious maw, and its rapacity is whetted for daintier food.

Many of our distinguished modern writers can now be hired at so much a word to write up anything from a baby's sock to an old man's shroud. You pick up an attractively bound book, entitled "The Passing of Time," and written

by the well-known editor of the *Pharisee.* Having been acquainted with the author's previous works, you settle back for an enjoyable hour. You do not at first detect the deception, but before the end you find you have been decoyed into reading an advertisement for a Dollar Watch. Your favorite artist, too, the creator of the Fishson Young Man, has now a permanent occupation sketching all kinds and conditions of people in Alltheimer's Clothes. No office or position or eminence is secure from the power of advertising. If you are an actor you are using Somebody's toilet articles; if an actress, you are wearing Somebody's hats; if you are a baseball player, you are getting a constant supply of tobacco because you always use the Worst Weed Brand. College professors draw a handsome salary and give lucrative positions to the rest of their families, all engaged in the publicity department of great railroads.

If literature, art, professorial honor, truth, honesty, decency have been swept away by advertising, who will be the next victim? The man seated beside you at table may seem to you perfectly innocent when he praises the

hostess' relish, but be careful or you will find that he has a catalog of the other fifty-eight varieties in his inside pocket. Why should friendship and hospitality be more sacred than conscience and self-respect?

Had advertising been in existence in Homer's time, he never would have begged his bread in seven cities. The Smyrna Fig Co. would have acquired exclusive control of his verse to "limn in mellifluous lines the succulent fig-tree of Smyrna."

We should have had later on such startling announcements as these: "This statue for the Tiber River Food Co., displaying muscular development due to its cereals, comes from the studio of Michelangelo Buonarroti." "This canvas, picturing the 1516 model of an ox-cart, was done by the special artist of the Florence Car Co., Antonio Allegri di Correggio." "The Leeds Incubator Mfr. has the pleasure of announcing that the famous historian, essayist and writer of "The Lays of Ancient Rome," T. Babington Macaulay, has consented to write entirely for this company's products. Mr. Macaulay will contribute a lay for every incubator."

The unregenerate individual, Advertising, must have the gospel preached to him. He must be converted. Advertising religion is a recent rallying cry. It is well. Make advertising the ally, not the master of religion. Let the lion lie down beside the lamb. If writers, artists, professors, preachers cry out that they must yield to the imperious demands of advertising, because they say, "We must live," religion should assert with a divine imperiousness that such extraordinary demands are not to be acceded to, because religion will reply: "That it is appointed for all men to die; that the necessities of life are not superior to the necessity of God's law; that if Christ advised friendship with the mammon of iniquity, we, too, ought and can make 'advertising our servants, not our tyrants.'"

WHAT ARE CURMUDGEONS?

WHAT ARE CURMUDGEONS?

. . .

SCIENTISTS have some difficulty about the proper classification of the curmudgeon. Those who say it is a marsupial and to be classed with the wombats, the kangaroos and the bandicoots, point triumphantly to the purse which every curmudgeon carries close to the heart, and mention the fact that marsupials belong to the lowest existing mammals, down into which they have no hesitation in dropping the curmudgeon. On the other hand scientists equally competent put the curmudgeon with the turtles, and assert that they have close kinship with the snapping variety. To establish their views those zoologists bring forward the curmudgeons' well-known proclivities for pouncing swiftly on their prey and then instantly closing up tight beneath a hard, impenetrable shell. Like the turtle, too, the curmudgeons, as observers have not failed to

note, hide their eggs in banks, but strangely enough no one has seen any eggs of the curmudgeon hatch out. Curmudgeon's eggs are like cold-storage eggs, no doubt; intended to increase one's capital, not one's chickens.

Because of this uncertainty in scientific circles, a further study of the curmudgeon's habits and habitat seems desirable at this time. The creature has long been known to the world. The most noticeable peculiarity of the curmudgeon is the propensity to hoard. Other animals store away for a rainy day. With the curmudgeon every day is a rainy day, and there is never a stop to hoarding. The hoard is never lessened by consumption. The only pleasure the curmudgeon seems to take in what is stored up is to look at it and feel it. A special delight is shown for green paper with odds and ends of silk thread in it. The rustle of these rectangular papers and perhaps too the pictures on them give intense delight to the curmudgeons. They also love the sight and clink of gold and silver coin. Some of these habits would denote that curmudgeons are an evolution of the bird family, some of whom like to line their nests well with showy comforts.

Other habits, however, denote some kinship with the boa-constrictor, whose voracious appetite survives in the curmudgeons.

The curmudgeons avoid bright, joyous places, but love banks where they are often seen retiring into dark, mysterious recesses, hiding away their hoards. It is easier to get a bone from the jaws of a bulldog than to induce curmudgeons to let go of anything they have picked up. They make a bone look like a billiard-ball, so clean do they scrape it. They are said to draw blood from a stone. At all events, it is a well-authenticated fact that they are skinflints, and any stones near the curmudgeons have no necessity to roll in order to lose their green moss. The curmudgeons will see to that. Outstretched hands elicit deep growls from them, and orphans and widows are a special abomination, driving the curmudgeons into frenzied apprehension for their hoards, which occasionally in the long history of their race have been known to melt before the tears of the poor and outcast.

Young curmudgeons offer interesting fields for study. They are usually male and very hard to tame. It was a young curmudgeon's

mother who begged her offspring, "Be polite, now Johnny, and give your sister the larger piece of cake." "Ah, let her be polite," growled the young curmudgeon. Another when requested to give his sister the lion's share of the bananas, made a curmudgeonly answer, "Lions don't eat bananas," and his sister got the lion's share.

Are there any church curmudgeons? Everybody knows there are church mice, and they are a poor set. The church curmudgeons are almost extinct. They have to practice what is called in the animal kingdom, protective mimicry, putting on a mask which causes them to merge into their surroundings and elude detection. They must pretend to be poor. It was the first church curmudgeon who growled out, "This might have been sold and given to the poor." He was a marsupial, a bearer of the purse.

I HAVE BEEN DEAD

I HAVE BEEN DEAD

. . .

IT isn't fair, I say, Mother, and I don't know how long I can put up with it." There was bitterness in his tone, and discontent showed itself in the way he threw to one side his workman's hat and dragged a stool into place and swept the poor cottage with a glance that hardened more and more till it met the wistful gaze of his Mother. "Well, Mother," he resumed lamely, "this growling, I know, makes you feel bad, but to-day I felt as I never felt before that I wasn't getting a chance. Here are most of the boys who played with me a few years ago, now making names for themselves. There's Daniel who has become a lawyer, and John is a priest, and Michael is a doctor. Then others are succeeding in trade and business. If I only had the chance, I could do something for you, Mother. . . . Now, don't stop me. I know what you are going to say. Of course, 'you are satisfied,' but you are too easily satisfied. I want to give you the

best there is, and I can't do it, stuck in that old shop. You will say that father once did well and was happy and that you don't want anything more. But what if I got sick, what if I died?—Forgive me, Mother, I'm not myself to-night and haven't been right for some time. 'God will provide,' you tell me. Right, Mother, I'm getting worse than the heathens.

. . . . .

"Do you remember my bitterness last week? Don't look at me that way, Mother, I am not going away again in a hurry. I wouldn't have been brought back to you unless it was meant I should stay awhile. I say, do you remember the way I growled? That was the beginning of the fatal fever, I'm sure, but whether it was or not, I've got that salt off my tongue. It is just this way. Suppose a war came down upon us. We seem now to be a city where one section would not look at the other, and in the same section where one street would not speak to another, and on the same street where neighbors are always quarreling and in the same house where brothers and sisters are snapping at each other. Ah, but then comes the common enemy and differences disappear.

The city becomes one loving family. The great evil of death throws its shadow over them all, and they flock together and cling to one another. What are all their petty trials before the agony of war? There are, you well know, giants and pygmies among the blades of grass and, if I were a cricket, I would know it, but now standing high above the field, I would laugh if I heard the grass-blades were fighting about their size. So it was with me, Mother, I was getting small and cranky. The dust of life tormented me as if I were all eyes, but now all the dust falls on calloused horny hands. The great, the terrible enemy met me. I forgot all my troubles. The world became my family; man became my brother, when I came to die. . . . Don't start, Mother, I am sure it won't happen for a long time again. You see me now, glad my comrades have succeeded in life. I do not note where I am different from them, but now I see where I can be a success in my own way or where I can at least try to be a success. There is pain about me and I can be a doctor to it; there are snarls and I can disentangle them a bit, though I don't know much law, and there is sin everywhere

which I can, though no priest, help to stop.

"I was lost and am found again. I was dead and am come to life. Heaven has come nearer to us all. I have been sent back from it by One Who has come down from heaven. Now what a change! A new spirit has come into the world. The neighbor has been discovered, and he lives across the seas as well as here, and men are going to seek him and serve him. Luke, the doctor, is going and Matthew, the banker, and Andrew and Peter, the fishermen and many others. They are forgetting their own little troubles, and giving themselves to man. My grumbling has gone forever. All other evil is nothing now; all other good is little when set beside heaven and His kingdom. I am going back to the shop to-morrow. Why, Mother, He was a carpenter Himself.

. . . . . .

"He went into a city named Naim, and when He came nigh to the gate of the city, behold, a dead man was carried out, the only son of his mother. The Lord saw her and said to her, 'Weep not'. And He said, 'Young man, I say to thee, arise,' and he that was dead sat up and began to speak. And He delivered him to his mother."

THE CARVING OUT OF A CHARACTER

THE CARVING OUT OF A CHARACTER

. . .

NO one can fairly object to the statement that character is the outcome of choice. Character is the substance and shape of our present constitution of soul. It is the complexion of our will. It is that strange mixture of good and bad habits, the resultant of past conduct, and the shaper of future conduct. Choice, character, conduct are three links in a chain. Choice determines the act; acts form the habit; habits make up the character; character shapes the conduct. Add up, therefore, all the choices of the past, and you have the character of the present, and you can in part, at least, foreshadow the conduct of the future.

What is choice? Choice is an act of the will. It is the answer of liberty to the conflicting

claims of inclination; it is the decision handed down from the bench in the case between plaintiff desire and defendant duty; it is the handwriting on the law, the approving signature or the veto, when the bill has been argued and amended by the contending parties of reason and feeling in the senate chamber of the soul.

Choice sometimes goes with inclination and sometimes against it. By inclination is meant the feelings, the emotions, the likes and dislikes, the whims and fancies, the prejudices and partialities, the hopes and the fears that are forever drifting in and out of the soul, sometimes gathering into dark storms, sometimes falling in the rain of tears, sometimes dissipated into clear, bright weather. Choice must always be entering into and interfering with this changing world of inclination. Inclination, too, may be considered as the expression of natural disposition, the combined volume of the various cries for satisfaction, the total hunger of man. Choice must regulate the food that goes to the appetites. It must decide whether there shall be fasting or feasting or temperance diet. Choice, therefore, must be

strong to keep self-possessed in the storms of contending inclinations; it must be resolute against the united clamor of all the appetites.

How is this strength to be obtained? The words of Christ come at once to the mind. They are universal and decisive. "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself." It is certain, too, that what has been called inclination may be the help of God Himself. The fears, the hopes, the depressions and elations of the soul, many of our restless feelings and emotions are often caught in their very birth, and lifted by the free gift and power of God into graces which profoundly influence choice in its preference of God. In daily life the teaching, the example, the grace of Christ are always present in the carving out of a character, and if there is opposition, the soul exults in it, and by the power of God finds in the very poignancy of sacrifice a sweetness unknown to carnal man. It was in such transport of soul that St. Teresa cried out that she must suffer or would die. In this discussion, however, these truths are supposed, and are not denied or belittled because they are not spoken of more.

Character may be taken in a good or bad sense as the habits of good or evil predominate in the soul. Here it is taken in a good sense. When we speak of the carving of character, we mean the fashioning of a good character. Carving supposes an effort against opposition. There must be a material; it must resist; the resistance must be overcome, else there is no carving. Good character, then, it seems to be implied, is worked out against the stubbornness of material, and is won at the sacrifice and discarding of much unshapely refuse. Is this true? Must good character be carved out? Must opposition accompany its growth and sacrifice be the condition of its development? Must the studio resound to the blow of chisel and hammer and be littered with scattered fragments before character takes the shape and beauty of goodness? These are so many statements of one question: Is good character formed by the work of choice acting against inclination?

Character, it has been said, is the result of choice. Good character will be the result of good choice. Strengthen choice and you strengthen character. Now it is clear from

many instances that a power grows strong by use and weak by disuse. If you always ride, your powers of walking grow weaker. If you keep your arm forever in a sling, its muscles will become as helpless as those which ought to wag your ears. Choice does not escape the law of use and disuse. It will become strong by using, that is, by choosing. Inclination sometimes goes the way of duty, and then choice must travel the same way. In that case choice does not do very much choosing. It does some. It agrees to go, but the force in most part comes from the current which bears it along. It might be said that choice instead of growing strong when bound in the same direction with inclination, rather grows weak. The muscles that might be strengthened by rowing are relaxed in drifting, and it calls for more soul energy to lay hold on the oars again. But when inclination is downstream away from duty, and choice is upstream, then choice is taking vigorous exercise. To every signal of duty the resolute oarsman must make ready response. The bow must swing to the right or to the left to meet the varying impulse of swift currents that would swerve him from his

course. The pulling is hard; the hand on the oar grows tired, but every moment of that weariness is precious. It means greater strength, greater powers of endurance for the future. It means continual choosing in the face of more strongly opposing inclination. It means finally choice, the master and inclination, the servant. It means that the artist of character is carving out a finished work of art.

There is a story told of the famous sculptor, Canova, and it is much to our purpose. When Canova was a lad, he was the friend of a certain nobleman's cook, and on the occasion of a great dinner, to gratify this friend, he carved a lion out of butter. The lion found a prominent place on the table, attracted the attention of the guests, and won for the youthful sculptor the patronage of the nobleman. With his help Canova was able to give himself wholly to the art which he liked and for which he showed so much aptitude. He became one of the greatest of modern sculptors, and at the height of his fame was deputed to carve a monument to the memory of Pope Clement XIII. This is one of his best works, say the critics, and the best part of it in their opinion is the two lions at the base.

Here is a good illustration of the necessity of opposition in the carving of character. Where inclination offers no opposition to choice, there is the lion in butter. The finger muscles of a child can cut their way through such yielding material. They fashion for us a pretty figure. How delicate are the lines! How graceful the sweep of the golden mane! "Beautiful!" cry the guests around the nobleman's table. "Show us the artist." It is a boy. He is full of promise; he shows unmistakable signs of genius, but he is only a boy yet. His fingers have the strength to carve butter. He needs the right arm of a man to be sculptor in marble. His title to greatness was not to rest on a feat of skill that he performed in a kitchen. Out of his studio came lions in marble, and on them he rested his fame. The carver of character will be doing a boy's work; he will be turning out lions in butter if he never feels the opposition of inclination. He must cut his way through repugnance, prejudice, humiliation, discouragement and a host of other hostile inclinations. They form the rough grain, the tough texture out of which he is to carve his lasting, more glorious lions of marble. He will

not fear the melting powers of the sunbeam with a character like that. He can come out of cold storage and face the world without fear of immediate dissolution. His character may not look as beautiful and as golden as the one in which inclination yielded readily to choice, but it will wear better. It took arm muscles and not finger muscles to make his character, and it will take an equal or greater power to destroy his character. It can weather the storm without an umbrella; it can stand the heat without the artificial help of a refrigerator. It is a lion in marble and puts its sculptor on the roll of fame. The artist has carved out a character.

BECAUSE!

BECAUSE!

. . .

IT is a venerable witticism, antedating the latest discovery of the earliest remains of man, that a woman's reason is "because." This revered and ancient remark has furnished countless occasions for cheap merriment on the part of shallow males since Mr. Pithecanthropus Erectus laid himself away for our scientific discussions. The laugher fails to note that his own philosophy is shallower than that which excites his laughter. When a woman says "because" in answer to your question "why," is it absence of all reason as Mr. Pith, etc., thought, or may it not be the presence of various reasons, that has driven her to that last trench, "because," before the persistent attacks of your "why"?

"Because" may be a check to insistent curiosity; it may be the delicate shrinking of a timid reserve; it may be a jealous guarding

of sacred personalities; most of all, it may be the hopeless acknowledgment of a vast and complicated assemblage of motives which baffle analysis and defy expression. If one may be speechless from having nothing to say, one may be speechless from awe, from bewilderment, from having too much to say. The most generous and chivalrous conclusion to draw from the brevity of a woman's "because" is not poverty or paucity of ideas but abundant richness of sympathy and instinct. While many a profoundly philosophic man is tracing his laborious way through a jungle of reasoning, a woman has winged her victorious flight to a successful conclusion, which is adequately voiced in the triumphant but mysterious "because."

Indeed your "because" is fraught with momentous consequences for time and for eternity. "Because" may be the herald of your principles of conduct or your motive of action. That word, like the magic formula in the fairy story, may throw open to view the hidden depths of character. Herod we know, "because of them that were at table he would not displease the daughter of Herodias." John,

whom Herod beheaded, we know, "because he must increase and I must decrease." Magdalen took her place among the saints "because she loved much." Joseph rose to loftier heights of sanctity "because he was a just man," and ruled himself accordingly. The principle, the motive, you choose to act upon, is more yours than your flesh and blood, your distinctive carriage, your looks or even your finger prints. These last may all be inherited or at all events you had little to do with the making of them. But that "because" which you finally and deliberately elect to act upon, is the product of your liberty, your free self, not simply flesh of your flesh, but soul of your soul, an output of your character and index to its nature. You know now why that good man made the answer he did when he was taxed with performing a certain onerous work solely for the reason that he knew a good drink would solace him in his labors. Pausing to differentiate his motives conscientiously, he denied the charge. "No, I did not do my hard work *because* of the drink," he stoutly maintained, "but all the same let me just impress it upon you that I wouldn't do it without the drink, either," he frankly added.

You may not be able to discriminate with such nicety as that, or through self-deception you may be keeping uppermost a display of respectable motives to prevent a guilty conscience from ascertaining whether the fruit below is as ripe and rosy as that on top. You feel, what is most true, that it is better to have right principles and wrong actions, than wrong principles with right actions. A wrong act passes; a wrong principle persists. Men in all ages have been guilty of base actions, but it was wrong principles which have been responsible for Mahometanism and Mormonism. A robber may blow up a building; an Anarchist would blow up civilization and not be ashamed. Why did Christ love sinners and hate the world? Sinners had been guilty of wrong acts; they had not, like the world, surrendered themselves to false principles. On the day of General Judgment "because" will be the final arbiter of all mankind. "Amen I say to you, because you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it unto me."

HOW TO TELL A JESUIT

HOW TO TELL A JESUIT

. . .

ONE WAY

EVERYBODY would like to be able to know a Jesuit when he met one. Is there any sign by which a Jesuit is discriminated from his fellow-mortals? Is the disguise of a Jesuit always impenetrable? These are questions that press for an answer in this curious, inquiring age. Luckily we have not far to go for information. The *Century Magazine* a few years ago had a story entitled "The Case of Patricia." The story was good; the lesson conveyed was excellent, but of those points we do not care to speak. We note the following sentence that suggests one way of telling a Jesuit: "Time had been when a lawyer was really your man of business and waited deferentially upon you in your own home—at least she had read of such in Dickens, or was it Scott?—a sleek, black-garbed, learned man that glided as mysteriously as a Jesuit in

and out of stately English houses." It is refreshing to meet old friends where least expected. We are glad to see the Jesuit gliding once more, and still mysteriously, in the realms of fiction. The mysterious Jesuit glide is an old favorite, and perhaps by a subtle association of ideas it came back to the author's mind when she mentioned Scott and Dickens. Fiction is fond of the stereotyped, but we had begun to fancy that with the intense originality and very advanced modernity of the contemporaneous novel the Jesuit would lose his glide and be stripped of his mysteriousness. It is not to be, and we have Elizabeth Herrick to thank for bringing out on the stage an old-time star.

But what of the glide mysterious as a discriminating mark? Can we tell a Jesuit by his walk? We fear not. The glide will not do. It is not a reality; it is fictitious; it is conventional. To-day we must have facts, and we must have science. With gratitude we turn from the imaginative to the rational. The scientific test of a Jesuit has been discovered by a German physiognomist, Herr Grube by name. Professor Grube has written

a book which he calls "Biographical Miniatures." In that work he gives us the trademark of the Jesuit with scientific exactness and philosophical certainty. Indeed he says, "There is perhaps among all religious physiognomies none more easily recognizable than the Jesuit type." These words are reassuring and remove all traces of doubt from the most skeptical. Why appeal to a glide, however mysterious, when you have the satisfying exposition of a full-fledged physiognomist? "Jesuit eyes," continues Professor Grube, "have been proverbial. Indeed I am convinced that I can detect a Jesuit not by his eyes only, but also by the shape of his head. Let the Jesuit dress as he will, he bears about with him the mark of his order patent to everybody in his look, patent to the professional physiognomist in the outline of his head. There are three special features to be remarked in this outline, namely, the forehead, the nose, and the chin. The forehead is nearly always high-arched and massive; seldom narrow and thick set; the nose always large and aquiline; the chin large, though not fat, and protruding. The eyes are always somewhat closed, the mouth firm. It

is worthy of note among the Jesuits, who are so distinguished for learning, there are few, if any, true specimens of the real philosophical head."

Here then the secret is fully revealed. We have at last a truly scientific diagnosis of the Jesuit physiognomy. The Jesuit of fiction will now be replaced, we hope, by the Jesuit of science. If you suspect a man of being a Jesuit, and he insists on taking the trolley instead of gliding mysteriously, you cannot thus be easily foiled. Put him face to face with the portraiture of Professor Grube, and he is discovered. He may slink or shuffle instead of gliding; he may close his eyes entirely and so elude the vigilance of the undiscerning, but he cannot compress his forehead, he cannot shrink his nose, he cannot pull in his chin, and the professional physiognomist, with these prominent protuberances to guide him, can pick a Jesuit out of a five o'clock trolley. The Jesuit in disguise is no longer even fictitious; he is a myth. Professor Grube with a "real, philosophical head" has discovered and classified a new variety, or perhaps we may say species, of the genus homo, and the world breathes more easily.

HOW TO TELL A JESUIT

HOW TO TELL A JESUIT

• . •

ANOTHER WAY

THE best way of all to tell a man is to know his deeds. The physiognomist, however scientific, is no fair substitute for the historian. To unbiased historians then we may refer for an adequate description of the standard Jesuit. The study of four centuries will no doubt take some time, and in the meanwhile, as you wait, we may here consider a simpler test for distinguishing a Jesuit, a test not determined from gait or carriage but from thought, not from the mien but from the mind. What is the mind of the Jesuit? The controversial novelist, the parrot historian and others, relying on a well-known definition coined by enemies and on centuries of prejudiced tradition, will perhaps tell you that the Jesuit mind is "fit for stratagem and spoils" and characterized by "ways that are dark." But how

will the true historian arrive at a correct insight into the Jesuit mind? Is not the question impossible to answer? "Many Jesuits, many minds," a man might say, and he would be right. But there is a sense in which we may take the words and get perhaps a satisfactory answer to our question. The product of the mind is an index to its contents. A man would wish to be judged by his deliberate and representative thoughts. A country adopts as its own the official acts of its accredited ambassador. So the Jesuit mind might well be content to be indexed by its works, and surely will prefer such an indexing to being forever classified under a discreditable and unfounded formula.

Now all this is but an introduction to the tenth volume of Sommervogel's "Bibliothèque de la Compagnie de Jésus." Carlos Sommervogel, S.J., Strasbourgeois, as he liked to call himself, brought out a new edition of the dictionary of Jesuit writers which had been written by the Fathers De Backer, S.J., and by Auguste Carayon, S.J. Father Sommervogel enlarged the work to nine volumes and had just begun to classify its contents when he died. Pierre Bliard, S.J., his successor, has

made an index of the nine volumes and gives a classified list of all the works published by Jesuit writers from the foundation of the order until quite recent times. ("Bibliothèque de la Compagnie de Jésus." Tome X. Tablet de la Première Partie. Par Pierre Bliard. Paris. Librairie Alphonse Picard et Fils. 1909.)

That index should give a picture of the Jesuit mind, a picture quite different from the traditional one and yet a picture which historians may accept as authentic. The published works of the entire Jesuit Order may well serve to show what the mind of its members is. The index proper consists of more than 1900 columns. Of these, 100 columns are given to works on Scripture, 200 to Dogmatic and Moral Theology, 200 to Ascetical Theology, and 200 to Controversy. If to these are added the 100 columns of Ecclesiastical History, the 50 columns on Missions, and the 100 on the Lives of the Saints, it will be found that 950 columns or about one-half of the whole index is taken up with theology in its wide sense. The remaining columns are divided among Literature, 450 columns; Science, 200 columns, and History, 200 columns. The figures, of

course, are given approximately and in round numbers. The Jesuit mind, then, if we are to judge by its official and representative products for several centuries, is one-half theological, somewhat less than one-quarter literary, and about one-ninth scientific and in the same ratio historical. The residue is varied.

An inspection of the subdivisions under the larger classifications reveals some strange facts. Perhaps the most remarkable is the collection of works on poetry, made up of compositions as well as treatises on the art. One hundred columns are taken up with poetry. Twenty columns are given to dramas written by Jesuits. Under the heading, German, which includes Austria, three hundred and fifty authors of plays are mentioned, exclusive of the larger number of plays grouped under the names of colleges. These names fill eight columns. The other twelve, devoted to the cataloguing of dramas, contain chiefly the playwrights of Belgium, France, Italy and Poland. Readers familiar with Jesuit education will know the large part dramatic representations occupied in its system. Most of the plays enumerated are Latin. Other interesting sec-

tions are those on Astronomy, with thirty-five columns, and on Medicine and on Music, with four columns each. In a word, Fathers Sommervogel and Bliard afford the means of drawing up a very detailed phrenological chart of the Jesuit mind.

PATRIOTISM OF PEACE

PATRIOTISM OF PEACE

. . .

WHAT is good citizenship? Good citizenship is the doing of our duty by our country. It is patriotism in the full sense of the word. That virtue is not the exclusive possession of the army and navy. It is not a plant that flowers only on battlefields and is fertilized only by human blood. Patriotism should flourish as well in peace as in war. For what is patriotism if not the practical love of one's country; a love not to be kept stored away until the day of danger, but to be kept in life and activity every day?

When we speak of good citizenship, we seem to refer more to the statesman, the public official, the citizen; when we speak of patriotism, we seem to fix our gaze on the soldier and sailor and their officers, but that distinction is in the words only and not in the realities that correspond to the words. The man of war is a citizen; the man of peace is a citizen. They are both children of their country and doing

their duty by it in different ways. They both should be patriotic.

It is Catholic teaching that groups together heaven, home and country. The loving duty we owe to all three could be expressed by one word in Latin. In English there is no common word. We call the virtue that makes us do our duty to God, religion; by our home, filial devotion, by our country, patriotism. These virtues, however, are rightly connected. Patriotism cannot ignore the home and its duties, because the home is the unit of the State. Neither home nor State can ignore God, whose laws are the foundation and the bulwark of each, whose worship is the supreme duty of all. Constantius, the father of Constantine, called before him the Christians he had in his service. They were threatened with death unless they denied their faith. Some, with an eye on their position and their lives, apostatized. Others professed their willingness to die rather than to give up their religion. Constantius dismissed the former from his service and kept the latter. He considered, as Eusebius tells us, that those who were faithful to God would be faithful to him.

There is more patriotism in the observance of the Ten Commandments than in all the cheering and fireworks and singing of national hymns and flying of national flags the whole world over. All that is but the bubble-foam of the stream of patriotism. The law, the reverence for the law, the practical recognition of its dictates is the strong undercurrent. No ship of State can sail long on any other waters. The patriot of the Ten Commandments has had very few monuments built to his memory. He needs no monument. His country, in its continued and prosperous existence, is his sufficient and undying memorial.

Good citizenship is, in fact, the keeping of the Ten Commandments. Go down the list carved upon the tablets of Mt. Sinai and it will readily be seen how wide in its application is this short statement of good citizenship. Pick out, for example, the four words, "Thou shalt not steal"; put them over the doorways of our public buildings; present to every public officer a copy of them printed in large, legible letters; best of all, brand them on the conscience of every citizen, whether in office or out of it, recalling to that conscience that he

who takes from the people is stealing, that he who works for the people must earn his wages, that he who buys or sells for the people has no right to more than a just compensation, recalling that the law of God stands guard over the public treasury as well as over the private purse; do this and how vast will be the improvement in every department of the public service. In four words of the law of God there is a mighty volume of good citizenship. What will be the extent of that patriotism when the Ten Commandments reach out in all their comprehension and in all their details over town and State and Nation? If one Commandment banishes so many hideous evils, what will be the power of the whole ten? Put on every citizen of every country the ten-fold armor of God's law, and then you may muster out all your soldiers and sailors, make machinery of your guns and build hospitals for the sick and homes for the aged with the money now burnt in powder or thrown away in shot and shell.

The practice of good citizenship is all there in the law of God. The honest voter, the conscientious office-holder, the incorruptible legislator, the unprejudiced juror, the upright

judge, are the product of the Ten Commandments, whereas all the ignoble spawn of bad citizenship is the progeny of broken Commandments, of unfulfilled obligations.

Not only, however, is the practice of good citizenship to be found in the observance of God's law; in the Ten Commandments is also to be found the theory of good citizenship. There are evils in the world and for these evils there have been prescribed and made up hundreds of remedies. Hundreds of eloquent advertisers are hawking these remedies everywhere. We have Nihilism and Anarchism and Individualism and Paternalism and Communism and Socialism and a host of other nostrums especially devised to cure all the diseases of country and citizen. What "ism" will the good citizen oppose to all these various devices? The very same thing that made him a good citizen in practice will make him one in theory. The only "ism" for the good citizen is "Ten Commandmentism." Be without this, and all the others accomplish nothing; have this, and they are all useless.

Bring the Fourth Commandment in its full sense into the world of work, and employer and

employee will recognize each other's rights and respect each other's duties. Bring the Seventh and Eighth into the world of business and politics, and trade and statesmanship will be carried on fairly and honestly and truthfully. Bring the Fifth and Sixth into the home, and the family will prosper and will remain unbroken. Give us, in other words, the capitalist who will not take unjust advantage of the laborer, and the laborer who faithfully performs the work he has contracted for with the capitalist; give us statesmen that never lie or deceive; give us competition without dishonesty and good products without adulteration and business combinations without fraud or injustice; give us the peaceful and pure home both before and after it has been formed; give us, in short, the Ten Commandments well and fully lived up to, and you will give a brand of good citizenship that cannot be bettered by any "ism" ever invented or to be invented.

There is another side to this matter of good citizenship that must not be neglected. We are not good citizens if, through indifference or fear or any other reason, we take no part in the proper government of our country. It is

not patriotism to mourn and wring our hands over bad laws and let them stay on the statute books. It is not patriotism to be afraid of making a stir and some trouble, if that is necessary to improve existing conditions. When a great building is to go up into the air, the contractor does not hesitate about making the dirt fly or blasting the rocks. The fabric of State does not grow up by magic but by hard work in the face of opposition through earnest and persistent agitation. One of the most unprofitable occupations in this world is crying over spilt milk. Some people will sit down and mingle their tears with the white streams spilling from their milk pails in all directions, when there is a whole herd of cows waiting nearby with milk enough to run a dairy.

"Good Catholic" and "good citizen" are synonymous and must be. Justice bids a good Catholic acknowledge by worship his God who has given him existence and governs him, and acknowledge by filial devotion his parents who have brought him into the world and provided for him, and acknowledge by patriotism his country which has given him civil existence and provided for his well-being.

THE BREAKING POINT

THE BREAKING POINT

• • •

IT was a New York ferry-boat. "Why," said a stranger to a young cleric, "why," and he was clearly angry, "should this wild impulse hurry me off? I am from the West and for the whole year am sober, industrious, regular. Then comes the fit again and I am off." A hard question that to answer, and would the answer turn the Westerner back from the far country, from the husks to his father's house? Not much else could be done, it is to be feared, except to breathe a prayer for Lochinvar as he disappeared into the riotous swirl of the great city.

Scratch a Russian, it is said, and you will catch a Tartar. Well, for that matter, there are very few seasoned throughout. Veneers will vary in thickness, but scratch even an enameled personality long enough, and you will break through and get an explosion. One

of the most helpful products of experience is determining accurately just how far you can go, whether with another or with yourself. Nibble, nibble, but the time shall come when one more nibble is your last. Snap! and after you have extricated a mangled member from the jaws of the trap, the reminiscent soreness encourages a certain aloofness from further experiments.

It is not always an individual which lays on the last straw. Sometimes even it may not be the weight of the straw but the weakness of the camel's back. A disaster or disgrace or disappointment or maybe a latent disease will exert the pressure which brings the break. Often it is the mere absence of anything; the sameness, the drab color of life. Etiquette is a prison; family ways are chains; friends are fetters. The trouble, it is true, is not really with all these. Once they were joys, and the caged lion was joyous among them. Instead of the load growing heavier, it is a case of the bearer's back growing weaker. So a straw has become a tree trunk; a glance is a bullet; a look is a lash; a mote is a mountain. Even the garden of Eden will pall at times on the most eugenic

matrimony ever recorded, and unholy tendencies and surreptitious glances towards various forbidden attractions beyond the dead-line are likely to occur. America, called the "peerless and paragon" by ardent orators, has a war every generation, a sort of national spree with twenty-five years of sobering up until the next race of hot-bloods grows impatient under routine and arrives at explosive conditions.

It is far easier to diagnose the symptoms of this volcanic tendency than to prescribe remedies. What will keep the restless lad from the sea and the romantic maid from the street or the hot youth from war or the gloomy man from the nearest large city? Oh, that we knew! Caution, of course, is one need. The one who is subject to hay-fever will take to the waters of the sea during the danger period. Another with a different fever will move toward a dry state. Patience is even a greater need; patience in the face of repeated failures. One diet of husks is not enough to convert all; at times the danger is that pride and despair may make one give up the way home and turn the prodigal into a tramp. Confidence, however, is the greatest need of the human being

who is carrying around a volcano within. To the tyrannous association of ideas that there will be an eruption, he will oppose the salutary and successful device of forgetting it. To close one's eyes to danger is no protection against danger except where the opening of the eyes is the very danger. Courage and confidence will make one hold out against the deceitful refurbishing of ever disappointing attractions, against the depressing and equally deceitful feeling that resistance is vain and hopeless. To every "must" of passion and habit the courageous and confident resolution echoes back "can" and "will."

Suppose it should happen that you are part of the environment which brings another to a break. What if you are the straw for the dromedary's back? Then your duty is clear. You are to keep your weight away. If he must be patient you must be more patient. If he is touchy, you must not take a perverse pleasure in irritating the raw spots. If he is gloomy, you must keep up the supply of sunshine by radiating more than your usual amount of splendor. When the many volumes of the History of Prodigals are finally completed, we

believe that a full survey of that interesting class will establish beyond doubt that the elder brother and his different counterparts are responsible for turning adrift more prodigals than any evil tendencies in the wanderers. The breaking point is due often to a flaw in the material but more often follows the pressure of an overload. Don't you know that a cold frost will make even weak, yielding water crack the toughest iron?

FADS AND FADDISTS

FADS AND FADDISTS

THE word fad is used so much of late that probably very few have any idea how recent the word is. The earliest example given in the "New English Dictionary" is dated 1834. There were fads before that date, and the word exists in dialects. Suddenly fads became the fad, and a rare word became common. Fad has now gone the way of many an English word, and has raised a large family of connected words. What did people say a hundred years ago, when they spoke of fad? Perhaps they used the word hobby. Hobby, however, is limited. A hobby might be styled a personal fad. Many fads begin in hobbies, but they do not stop there. A crotchet expresses a like idea, but seems to be even more restricted than a hobby. Is not a crotchet an odd or peculiar hobby? Has it not something unusual about it? Fashion

comes nearest to fad. Yet even here we feel conscious of a great difference. Fashion has not so long a life as a fad; it is based on a whim, concerns itself, as a rule, with things of lesser importance. A fad goes back to some truth, and considers itself all-important. Slang is a fashion in language; the exclusive or excessive use of Anglo-Saxon words in English is a fad. Fashion says "Everybody does it"; fad, "Everybody ought to do it."

A fad, then, seems to be a theory applied too extensively, an overgrown or over-emphasized truth. It is one answer to all difficulties, the key to all locks, the panacea to all diseases. A faddist has no horizon; he has a vista. He looks at life, health, happiness and everything else in the universe through the brass cylinder of a telescope; he has a deeper, better view than every one else, but it is a partial view. He thinks that view should be everybody's view because it is so fully and perfectly his own view. He is like people who live in fewer dimensions than others and cannot lift themselves above their environment. A man with a fad lives in one dimension; he has position, but has not length, breadth or depth.

There is truth in a fad, but it is uncharitable truth. It will not speak to its neighbors or recognize them. If one facet of a diamond saw a reflection of its brightness, it would grow so conceited (you know how small a thing a facet is) that it would ignore all its fellows and think it was the only jewel in the world, reflecting, too, the whole round glory of truth. Imagine a teapot exhibiting its tempest as the sole, copyrighted, patented article, while all others were spurious imitations. We should pity the teapot, but what else can the poor thing do? It is conscious of one only tempest, and that is gigantic enough for it. Therefore it wishes to make its truth the measure of all truth. The man with a fad has no general view. For him one truth is all truth. He has opened his eyes once; he has seen what he has seen, and now he has closed them forever and goes plunging towards the goal of destiny, bowling over all interference until he has planted the little truth tucked under his arm beyond the line and in the land where victory lies.

The first famous faddist in history was Æneas, who exhorts us to apply to all the

Greeks what he found true of Sinon. An induction from one example makes poor logic, but may make a respectable fad. *Ab uno disce omnes* should be the motto of the faddist. Father Hardouin, the learned Jesuit, was for a long time librarian, read so many manuscripts, and knew so much about copies, that he forgot that there was an original. Father Hardouin is responsible for the fad that among the glories of the thirteenth century is the composition of all the writings of antiquity, with a few exceptions, which he was careful to point out. Professor Frederick Aug. Wolf was the originator or, at least, the propagator of a fad somewhat akin to Father Hardouin's. He is the one who made popular the higher-criticism fad, which last century had full control of Homer and all other early literature. It has taken nearly a hundred years for the literary world to get over the excesses of that fad. In the realms of Scripture the fad is running the same course as unconcernedly and as ludicrously as in Homer. It takes a long time for faddists to learn the limitations of the truth they possess.

There must be some reason why the English

language became conscious about seventy-five years ago of the need of a new word, which it elevated from the provincialism of a dialect into national idiom. The reason is partly found in the prevailing traits of these last three quarters of a century. Science and journalism are characteristic of this portion of modern history, and they make the fruitful field wherein has grown our harvest of fads. Perhaps there have been periods in the world's history more fertile in theories than the one we speak of, but they were not periods of fads because the theories never grew beyond the dimensions of a hobby. The medieval alchemist rode his hobby around his bubbling crucible; the modern alchemist mounts his theory on the wings of journalism and it grows to the dimensions of a fad.

For nearly a century we have been living in an age of discoveries. The true scientist, of course, will not stretch his facts beyond due dimensions. His enthusiastic followers have not always his saving common sense and scientific spirit. They in their enthusiasm, and faddists are always enthusiasts, must translate discoveries into solutions of the secret of the

universe. Darwin was content to assert what he thought the fact of evolution; Spencer made evolution a fad and crushed the whole universe into his little formula. Darwin tried to prove by experimentation that some parts of the organic world were the product of evolution; Spencer by excogitation roundly asserted that everything was the product of evolution.

Some years ago a book was translated from the French under the auspices of a professor of Columbia College. In it a French philosopher developed the thought that imitation was the solution of the world's mystery. If both of these fads were true in their universal application, the world would have been brought to a standstill long ago. Evolution demands unceasing change; imitation demands ceaseless reproduction of the same. There is no evolution without a difference; there is no difference with imitation. The whole truth is in neither system; both systems have a little truth, but their authors were not content with that fact; they desired their truth to be the only truth, and they succeeded in producing fads. But theorizing and journalism were the order of the day these last seventy years or more. It

is more convenient to buy your thinking already done than to do it yourself, and it was a poor journal that did not furnish its readers with a brand-new theory of the universe every morning at a very low rate.

HOW FADS GROW

HOW FADS GROW

FADS grow from mental pride. It is fatal to self-love to admit that one's knowledge is limited; it is disastrous to confess that, in the language of the advertiser, any other mind has a commodity just as good. It requires mental humility to do that. Again, as one must have some answer, mental sloth helps fads to grow because it saves thinking to make one answer do for all difficulties. To be modest is to be ignorant; to be humble is to be incompetent. We want instantaneous, complete and lasting cures in all our patent medicines; we expect no less from our patent theories. Indeed, the patent medicine is a very apt comparison. Most patent medicines begin in fads and end in frauds

Darwinism, Atomism, Eclecticism, Burbankism are all so many titles of likely subjects for fads. If a gardener can develop by careful

selection and by the burning of heaps of waste products, say a pea-melon, with all the deliciousness of melons and all the nutritiousness of peas, why, ask the faddists, should we not have men and women with the brains of Aristotle and the muscles of Milo, the Crotonian, and the morals of St. Louis and the manners of Chesterfield? The only answer occurring to common sense is that men and women are not vegetables, and rebel in their stubborn free-wills against careful selection and have very decided objections to being treated as waste products. The faddist, however, cannot see free-will and immortal souls through his half-opened eyes. He sees only Burbankism.

To have and grow a really successful fad, you must be careful in the choice of your subject. Spencerianism and Eclecticism and other such systems will do for the educated, but for a world-wide fad, you must take a subject upon which all can judge; you must select one of the great needs of man; you must choose the health of the body, the improvement of the mind, the good of the soul. Food and drink, education, religion are the best subjects for a fad. The very mention of their names suggests a

host of fads which have held the field successively, all promising to cure the ills that flesh and mind and soul are heir to.

There was once a good tailor in a religious community who had an invariable statement for all who came to supply themselves with head-gear or other apparel. Trying on hat or coat upon himself, he would say: "It fits me; it fits you." In most of our food-fads there lurks the same fallacy. They all have some good, but they have not all good. The tailor's hats and coats served as coverings, but were not always snug ones. How many educational misfits too are being thrown hastily on the intellectual nakedness of our youth! It was Grant Allen who wanted to put our universities on wheels and educate their inhabitants by travel, because he had, so he said, got more good out of seeing Rome than by reading Latin. It was easy to discover the fallacy in his fad and nip it in the bud. Without his Latin Rome was a closed book. Another enthusiast has related that Asa Gray, while riding in a car, had his attention attracted by a tree, and so began his famous botanical career. If memory does not play false, this fact was to

serve as the opening chapter in an educational fad. Examples, incidents, anecdotes, related without reference to the times and circumstances in which they took place, have given rise to systems and fads with the fatal disease of half-truth.

The most successful fad of modern times and perhaps of all times is Christian Science. Mrs. Eddy related herself the facts upon which it was based. Her story was that she cured some people by bread pills. In their case, thinking did the curing, but as thinking cannot really do any curing, there must be nothing to cure. She had a promising subject. Everybody is, was, or will be sick; everybody wants health. It was consoling to know that disease succumbed to bread pills, for which it was more scientific and hygienic to substitute settled convictions. Mrs. Eddy then improved her fad by making it a religion, and as she made so strong an appeal to the power of mind, she flattered the intellectual attainments of her disciples. She thus contrived to build her fad on the three strongest foundations that could be found—health of body, education of mind, and religious relief of soul. Yet she had

something better still, and that was the name of her fad. Take a new system of philosophy now clamoring for recognition. It has a fairly good principle to begin with; its grain of truth is capable of rolling up around it a great deal of falsehood. It is the snowball inside the snow-man. But what of the name? America worships success. Success has been the standard of business, politics, war and even of morality. Pragmatism makes success the standard of truth. That is true which succeeds. A very promising principle! But look at the name. Any one would be glad to answer to the name, Christian Scientist. Call a man Pragmatist or Eddyist, and he would think he had a new disease.

HOW FADS GO

HOW FADS GO

THE antithesis and the antidote of faddism is common sense. A faddist is such because his little system has worn out a groove for him; it has eliminated the grade-crossings and never gives its passenger a glimpse of other truths. "If the truth could become a fad, it would be accepted by the Smart Set, but truth is something too large for that," says William Dean Howells. To cure a fad, you must have the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. A man with a liberal education, in the old sense of the term, could not be a faddist. It is significant that electivism and faddism are contemporaries. For a full-fledged electivist, anything can give an education. The high-priest of electivism some years ago argued that sawing and planing and hammering would give a

liberal education. Now, not only the man who makes the book shelf has culture, but five feet of reading will do the work if a man has no time to do his own hammering. Electivism has stretched its little inheritance of truth to the point of breaking when it elected its short-shelf university course. The electivist was bound, unless he had inherited common sense, to become a faddist. At any rate, there was nothing in his education to cure him of it. Take, however, the man with a liberal education, an education that appeals to faculties rather than facts. He is persistently discouraged from tying himself down to any particular science or art. His mind is trained to see truth at any angle, and welcome it at every angle. He may not be very deep in any branch. He does not claim to be. His claim is rather that he can be deep wherever truth is, and he touches truth at so many points of the compass that he will not become profoundly immersed in it at N. N. W., and forget, as a faddist does, that the horizon is a circle with an indefinite number of points.

Fads go with time, but time is not a very speedy cure. It has taken nearly a century

for Homer to get over Wolfism, and the news of the recovery has not yet reached everybody. Time had to choose a new president to one of our great universities before electivism began to shrink back to its proper dimensions. The new president argued that electivism could not carry a foot-ball team through half a season. The coach prescribes the courses, and sees to it that they are faithfully followed by his students. A metaphor from athletics dealt electivism the severest blow it has perhaps ever received.

The study of philosophy, which, before the age of electivism, always completed the course of a liberal education, is the most fundamental and thorough cure of fads and a tendency to fads. Moderns have accused the Scholastic philosophers of pushing their principles to conclusions with a blissful ignoring of facts. The Scholastic philosophers might retort that moderns have pushed facts into theories and systems with a blissful ignoring of principles. Common sense is the antithesis of faddism and Scholastic philosophy is admitted to be, even by its critics, the philosophy of common sense. Modernism, the latest theological fad, has a

grievance against Scholastic philosophy. Modernists say Scholasticism is over-given to intellectualism; they are afraid to call it common sense. Tertullian said once that pagans were born Christians. Modernists began with that truth, closing their eyes to its limitations. Upon looking into the born soul and not finding it equipped with the "Summa" of St. Thomas, they concluded, not that their fad was deficient, but that these conclusions were the outcome of intellectual formalism, which seemed to them something uninviting and unbearable. Their own souls were equipped with emotional informalism. To feel and not to reason was the way to truth. This is giving only one phase of Modernism, but it was a fad (we can now speak in the past tense) and resolutely propagated one phase of truth.

True philosophy seeks all truth, and seeks it at its fountain-head, where the stream runs clearest. It knows that God and religion and life and the human soul and the human body, too, are things which wholly refuse to be solved by one theory, or to be set forth in a mathematical formula. Scholastic philosophy may be made narrow or suffer misinterpretation, or

sadden and confuse by insisting too much on the differences among its adherents, or it may run shallow by spreading too wide—but all that is against its professions and its prime purposes. In reading the language of facts in order to arrive at the understanding of principles, it will not pass over pages or skip lines or ignore words or even punctuation. The complete sense is arrived at by keeping in view all the elements of language. The knowledge of first causes is the profession of Scholastic philosophy; that is the sense it reads in the language of facts. Hence it is broad in its professions, whatever may be said of some of its professors. Give a student once in his life an outlook from the high level of philosophy; let him behold the boundaries of thoughts; let him learn the position of himself and his conclusions with reference to other people and other things. In mapping out thus the universe, he will recognize that his ideas are not conterminous with creation, and will see that it is metaphysical quackery to profess to solve all secrets by one formula. It savors of the fairy story to open all doors by one magic word. The man educated in the philosophy of the

scholastics, who has been put through a course of systematized common sense, will never dwell in the land of fairies or of fads where it is pretended that all truth can be put in a nutshell. An age of facts without philosophy will inevitably be fertile in fads.