

"Life," which in some respects corresponds to "Punch," he, comparatively speaking, less seldom sees. And for the rest, the "domestic humor" of the daily papers suffices him. Transplant the educated Englishman to America, and if he could not get "Punch" he would read "Life" as a substitute more or less satisfactory; transplant the average intelligent American to England, and instead of "Punch" you would find him reading certain comic journals whose wit is based on lines that are sadly familiar here, and quite possibly descending to the still lower depths of the "Pink 'Un" and "Ally Sloper."

Now, as no man habitually seeks that corner of the club-room or hotel smoking-room where stories of a salacious nature are the staple of entertainment, or, finding it by chance, remains there for any great length of time, *unless* the theme be to his taste, so no man reads steadily for his diversion the humor that he does not care for. We have already glanced at the themes which a company of refined men and women would fail to consider amusing, and yet it is upon just such themes that what we profess to call "American humor" is largely based.

The intelligent Englishman who has studied the subject cannot help feeling that what is known as American humor is for the most part the levity, the flippant bad taste, of a people to whom nothing in heaven or on earth is sacred, the humor that makes a mock of duty to the State and to individuals, that turns a somersault in the presence of the eternal verities, that vulgarizes the tenderest relations of life—all this does not seem like true humor to him. Now and then he expresses his thought, and we are tremendously hurt and indignant, and credit the adverse criticism to British prejudice and jealousy of our more active mental processes. "It always takes an Englishman a week to see a joke that the American catches before the last word is uttered," we cry.

But Englishmen could always see what was best in the fun of Artemus Ward, and what is genuine in American humor they have not been slow to appreciate. But the exaggerated, strained humor and sordid details of works of the Betsy Bobbett order, characteristics which obscure the better qualities beneath, they are not likely to care for; while as for the humor of the Bill Nye variety and other species of wit that we fondly call national, it is to them anathema.

"And so it is to us," refined American men and women add. Of course it is, because you *are* refined men and women; but how much weight does your opinion of the matter carry with it? Does not this American humor which you dislike so much become every year more popular? Are not an increasing number of columns devoted to it in the daily papers? Cannot each one of you point to one or more journals that ten years ago, let us say, would not have printed a column of "domestic humor" from one year's end to the other, that now publish it daily? And why? Simply because the demand for it increases.

Let us call things by their right names. Let us cease exclaiming about insular British prejudice and the Englishman's jealousy of American acuteness. Whether it is the Englishman or any one else who declares that what we are pleased to style "American humor" is very largely founded on a misapprehension of what constitutes legitimate food for mirth, he is right, and we know it. If we did not know it, his judgment would not hurt us as it does. American humor that is pitched in the key to which objection is here urged is spurious; it is *not* humorous in any real sense.

But it is "American"! Yes, and that is the pity of it. The wit and humor of a Lowell or an Irving are, in spite of local characteristics, that of the literary humorist wherever found; they belong to the world, and pass current everywhere without needing a label to define their quality. But to the United States also belongs the distinction of having brought forth a style of humor that substitutes flippancy and smartness for wit; that esteems nothing too high for its theme, as it considers nothing too low; that jests at scars, and runs riot among all the obligations of life.

And this is what our critics overseas call "American humor," and we dare not deny that it is our very own. Being our own, is it, then, our glory or our shame?

A Prodigal

An Irish Country Character-Sketch

By Katharine Tynan Hinkson

I did not know Jimmy Doran in the days before he became a prodigal. He made his great escapade quite twenty years ago, and prior to it had not come within my youthful knowledge. But I knew him after he returned, and before he became the melancholy old invalid he was in his latter days. I remember him, a brown, wizened old fellow, leading the goats to pasture. He was little and wrinkled, and would have been merry if he had not that cowed look which he never quite lost. I often came on him tooting sweetly on his tin whistle, and half lost in the music till the sound of a foot made him start apprehensively. He was not above making friends with a couple of children, goat or cattle herding, and sitting with them while they ate their bread and treacle and he nibbled the dry crust which was his only refreshment. He was well stored with the country tales and the superstitions of the fields—a pleasant old fellow to chat with for a while when one met him on one's afternoon walk. A favorite seat of his was by a holy well in a grassy *boreen*. The mossy bank shelved to the clear water over its polished pebbles. He used often to be sitting there when I came by, sometimes half dozing, at others feeding the birds that hopped about him with crumbs saved from his own scanty refec-tion. I thought he was not quite unlike a bird himself, he was so small and brown; and he had a quick, timid way of turning his little old head and twinkling eyes. The holy well was under a thorn-tree, which was hung with votive rags. The country people venerated it greatly, and would resent any animal's drinking at it. But then, as old Jimmy explained to me, that was all nonsense, and the blessed Brigid would be the last one to object to the innocent bastes, let alone that she was fond of the creatures in her lifetime. Jimmy was very learned in the lives of the saints. Anyhow, Jimmy never denied to any creature refreshment, though it were a weary-foot little cur which had found its way down from the dusty highroad, or sheep or kine going home from a fair, and turned into the lane for rest and pasture. He used to look like a little old tutelary spirit of the well, sitting there in the shade, of an evening, while the birds he had tamed drank at his feet, lifting their heads to swallow, in a bird's pretty way, and turning their fearless eyes on him where he sat.

He used to be abroad very late. Even in June the gloaming would find him unwillingly going homeward with his goats. He confided to me once that he couldn't see that a man wanted a better bed than the green sward, with the sky over him. He was by nature houseless and a wanderer. I don't know that he could have had a drop of gypsy blood, but he was essentially vagrant in the heart of him. If fate had dealt kindly with him he would have been a merry, gentle old peddler, trudging the grassy roads, pack on back. One could imagine how he would innocently wheedle matron and maid. The season seemed to affect his out-of-doors life little. The Irish climate is mild, and three-fourths of the winter through it is possible to sun one's self, sitting on the sheltered side of a ditch. For cold or wet evenings Jimmy was provided with a couple of sacks, given him by a kindly neighbor, which, thrown about his shoulders, kept out the rain and cold that his old blue *cothamor*, or coat with capes, would have let through. I often wonder that in those days he did not start off again on his rambles, while yet he was able, and before the rheumatism took him. But he did not, and I think it was less terror of his wife than love for his grandchild that kept him enduring his hard life.

To look at Jimmy when he was afield, you would scarcely imagine that he was a sort of perpetual penitent. Yet he was, just as much as if he wore a white sheet instead of his *cothamor*. His little grandchild, Lizzie, never dared do more than give him a furtive hug when her grandmother's back was turned. There was a consensus of opinion among the neighbors that Mrs. Doran was a bitter pill, "an' tr'ated th'ould man scandalous;" but though they

went out of their way to offer him a twist of tobacco, or to have a cheerful bit of talk with him, none ever ventured to hint the popular pity for him and condemnation of herself to Mrs. Doran.

She is living still—a spare, white-faced, straight old woman, with frosty eyes and a pinched mouth. Within her strait ways her life has been an admirable one, fulfilling many duties. Her caps and aprons are as snowy as her hair. She and her belongings are always quite spotless. Little Lizzie goes to the convent school every day in a clean print frock and white pinafore, the admiration of the nuns. You could eat your dinner, as they say, off the floor of Mrs. Doran's kitchen, where the boards are sanded and shining with the little particles of mica or talc in the sand. The tall dresser is loaded with shining crockery. The tins on the wall shine again, and every table and chair is snowy. The old woman is a laundress by trade, and on her ironing days a pleasant smell of clean hot linen floats through the open door, and one catches a pretty picture of a cottage interior within. There is no sign of failing about the old woman's erect form. How many years she has washed and ironed, and kept the house spotless, and little ones well fed and decently clothed! In her way she is worthy of much respect, little lovable as she is.

Heaven knows how she came to marry Jimmy Doran. She was a bit of an heiress, too, owning her long, low cottage, where three roads diverge from a triangular center of grass. There is a cabbage-garden at the back, and monthly roses climb up to the eaves. The garden supplies not only vegetables, but a drying and bleaching ground for the washing. I once asked a very old man what Mrs. Doran had been like in her youth. "Och, the very moral of what she is to-day," he said. "A clane, industrious woman, but hard and stand-off, and wid never a bit of pity in the four bones of her. Sure, she was gettin' purty hardy whin she put her *comether* on Jimmy, an' more betokened it was because her timper had druv another man from her that she took Jimmy, poor dacent man. Jimmy," he went on, "'ud have done well enough if he'd married another woman than Susy Doran. She kep' drivin' him here an' there, an' he was always wan to take it aisy, but wid her it was work, work, work, from morning till night. An' for a wake or a weddin', he daren't go nigh the like; an' him that was always fond of poppin' in an' out a neighbor's house, an' kindly welcome, for his like at song an' story I never seen. Well, it was work all day wid him, an' at night sittin' opposite Susy's dry face that had never a smile on it. Sure, I'm not goin' rightly to defend the man for what he done," wound up Nick Brady, "but people said she druv him to it, an' she must have, for I know myself it was desperate fond of the childher he was always."

It is time to tell the particular sin for which Jimmy Doran passed his old age in doing penance. One fine summer evening, when he was supposed to be digging in the cabbage-patch, he suddenly disappeared. Some one said he had seen Jimmy from a distance going towards the quarries, where the water was of an unplumbed depth. His dog, Pincher, was at his heels. Pincher was a relic of Jimmy's bachelorhood, a half-bred Irish terrier of phenomenal roughness, wisdom, and good nature. Pincher had small reason to love Mrs. Doran, for she had driven him out-of-doors in his old age, and he slept of nights in a barrel improvised by Jimmy in an out-of-the-way corner where he might escape the mistress's cold eyes. Jimmy fed him surreptitiously, and the little yellow cur was wise enough to keep to his house when his master was within doors. But he, too, had been used to a gay and wandering life before he and Jimmy were caught and caged, and no doubt Pincher followed his master into the free world, that evening the temptation took him, with a heart beating with as fearful an excitement.

However, at the time no one suspected that Jimmy had run away. When he did not return, people came to the conclusion that he had been drowned in the quarry-hole. Dragging failed, indeed, to bring his body to light, but, then, the hole was supposed to be fabulously deep, and to have communication underground with other such dismal

pools. So, after a time of excitement, people gave up hoping that Jimmy was alive, and Mrs. Doran put on the widow's cloak.

She had three children—two boys running about, and a girl at the breast. Usually the sympathy is great in Ireland for a lone widow with children to rear. But no such feeling was manifested towards Mrs. Doran, nor would she have appreciated it if it had been. She had no idea that a good many people looked at her askance, as one who, by her tyranny, might, perhaps, have driven her husband to take his life. She had never had any friendship with the folk about her, and cared little for their favors or disfavours. Her washing was done for gentlefolk in the neighborhood, who were always loud in praise of her industry and housewifely qualities. The priest and the nuns praised her in the same way, and held her up as an example to good-natured slatternly matrons. Altogether, Mrs. Doran was well pleased with herself as a pattern of rectitude.

Her bringing up of the children was beyond reproach. You would scarcely know her little Con or Philip from the titled young gentlemen at the Castle. They wore, indeed, those young gentlemen's discarded velveteens, little the worse for wear, and in them, with their fair hair and the brown skin inherited from their father, they were boys to make any mother's heart proud. Her Ladyship used occasionally to stop her carriage at Mrs. Doran's door and display with pride to her English friends the cottage and the handsome lads, whom she liked to think were shown off by her benefactions. The little girl, Ellie, was charming, too, after her way, but less robust than the boys. They were brought up with the most scrupulous care. None of the three ever missed school for any pretext. I doubt that Mrs. Doran had a moment's weakness over any of them at any time. The soft-hearted mothers about told with bated breath of her tremendous chastisements for the least offense. Handsome Philip, after one such beating, disappeared for a week, and was brought back by the police ragged, half-starved, and despairing. They certainly looked quite unlike other children of their station, but I imagine that the superiority of the young Dorans was as much a cause of pity as of envy to the mothers of ragged, sun-stained, happy brats around.

The children grew up in the same strait path. But before the lads had the first down on their faces they announced simultaneously, one fine evening, that they were going to America. Their mother was incredulously angry at first that they could make their plans without so much as "by your leave" to her; but, to her surprise, the lads, one supporting the other, faced her displeasure with a front that showed that they inherited her own inflexible will. About ways and means there was no difficulty. Her Ladyship was one of an emigration committee which delighted in the questionable benevolence of sending away the youth of Ireland to build up America. She was greatly pleased to assist the young Dorans, lads so well educated, clever, industrious, and good in every way. The boys knew they had her Ladyship's support as their trump card when they faced their mother unflinchingly but perhaps with something of quaking hearts.

Mrs. Doran made the best of their victory over her—for no doubt it was that. People only dimly suspected that she had been worsted, and her wound, if it was one, she hid under a chillier exterior than of old. The boys sailed with such a fine equipment of socks and shirts and comforts of all kinds as is seldom seen at Castle Garden. They did no discredit to their up-bringing in their new country, and did not seem to have even a season of wild-oat-sowing after their lifelong repression. They must have been Susy's children rather than their father's. From the first they worked and prospered, and are at this moment both steady, married men, somewhere in the Western States, and most dutiful with their letters and remittances to their mother.

Ellie did less satisfactorily for herself. She, too, soft and yielding as she seemed, took her fate into her own hands. She married a weedy bit of a city clerk, who died before the second anniversary of their marriage. She was not long following him; and she left a puny month-old

baby, which was carried off by its grandmother after the funeral, and grew up to be pretty Lizzie, whose quaint, appealing little face always reminds me of a brown pansy.

All these things were over and done when Jimmy Doran came home. No one ever learned rightly where he had been, but there is a rumor that he earned his living by ballad-singing at fairs and markets. I suspect he was a much more innocent prodigal than him of Holy Writ, but the world had not dealt kindly with him; for he came up the village street one May evening, limping in the shadow of the houses, a tired, shabby old man, with the dust on his head and on his poor garments. Pincher was long dead, and Jimmy alone. He met one old neighbor, and spoke to him, nearly startling him out of his wits. The man went home, calling for his wife: "Biddy, Biddy achone, who do you think I'm after sp'akin' wid but Jimmy Doran, that was drowned in the quarries twenty years ago come midsummer!" The news quickly spread, and then many a one remembered their doubts, freely expressed at the time, that the man was drowned at all, at all, and there was a nine days' chatter and wonder. In the ordinary course of things Mrs. Doran's house would have been besieged by neighbors, but she knew how to repel the inquisitive; and even Katty Whelan, the intrepid, was driven off by the icy "Can I do anything for you, good woman?" with which her overtures to Mrs. Doran were received.

It was some days before Jimmy appeared in public, washed and brushed up, and with his old clothes decently mended, driving the goats to graze. Jimmy, good man, was timidly pleased to receive the neighbors' congratulations and greetings, but they noticed from the first that he appeared rather scared and very conscious of his ill-doing. It was significant that even the best of village mothers had no condemnation for Jimmy's desertion of his wife and children. Some of them argued, indeed, that his conduct showed no lack of affection for the children, but that his wife's harshness had conduced to a temporary aberration in which he was not responsible for what he had done. It was certain that, despite his long desertion of them, it was a grievous hurt to him that Ellie was dead, and the two boys where he might never hope to see them. I don't think myself that Jimmy was a very responsible person, but if you knew ever so little of him you could not doubt his affectionateness. He liked to be told about the children as they were when growing up; and the scraps of talk which went on in the *boreen*, far beyond his wife's hearing, he generally led round to "the childher." About the boy's successes he had a half-fearful pride, and occasionally told me something of them with a beaming face. I don't know how he came to know so much that their letters contained, for it was a part of his wife's penance upon him that he should hear nothing of their doings. Poor Jimmy was too conscious of his own ill-doing even to dispute her will in the matter. He bore quite patiently the knowledge that to them he was, still dead, and would remain so unless some outsider enlightened them. Mrs. Doran took it that the boys, thanks to her rearing, were filling an honorable place in the world, and it was due to them that no ghost out of the past of their vagrant old father should arise to cast its shadow on their path.

Now, despite all these things, I think Jimmy was fairly happy so long as he led his out-of-door life. I am sure he forgot his sin and his wife's unlifting displeasure once he was fairly free, and with a whole day before he need return to his state of perpetual disgrace. Lizzie was a great sweetness to him, for, despite the fact that her grandmother discouraged all but the most formal communication between them, the child had learnt a great tenderness for the sinner. Children, happily, are not discriminating in that way, any more than dogs. I am afraid Lizzie used to deceive her grandmother when she raced nearly all the way from school so as to make undetected the round by Jimmy's *boreen*, and spend a few happy minutes with him. I once came upon them hugging each other for good-by, as if it were to be a very long parting, instead of their meeting a few hours later over their supper of stirabout and milk.

Jimmy's penance had lasted three years, when the rheumatism finally crippled him. For a while he was able to

get about on crutches, but it was not long before he took altogether to his bed. The "room" opened off the kitchen, and had a small window that looked on to the cabbage-garden, and one opposite looking upon the road. If you went in to see Mrs. Doran on a matter of business, you might catch a glimpse through the open door of the wizened old man, partly sitting up in bed, and with an old prayer-book of enormous dimensions open upon his knees. No doubt his wife considered the prayer-book to be at once salutary and sufficiently recreative for an invalid. But poor Jimmy would be far gone indeed when he wasn't kindly interested in the affairs of this world.

Mrs. Doran considered she was doing well for her husband when she nursed and fed him, and kept him in more comfort than is common in an Irish cabin. She probably never thought of such a thing as solacing the invalid's long days with a newspaper, a pipe, or a visit from a gossiping neighbor. She would never have desired palliatives for herself in such circumstances. So, except for a visit from Father Gavican now and then, Jimmy was lonely indeed.

It was some one of rather finer perceptions than the rest of the folk who guessed how very lonely Jimmy was behind his uncomplainingness. This was the village schoolmistress, who had somehow made acquaintance with Mrs. Doran, and was acceptable to the proud old woman as being of better social rank than herself. How much of Miss Hogan's persevering cleverness in gaining Mrs. Doran's good graces was due to the patient old face she had seen looking from the window day after day, I will not say. Mrs. Doran was not easily approachable, despite Miss Hogan's advantages, but presently, on the common ground of Lizzie and her abilities, they made friends.

It was Miss Hogan who suggested, after many sittings in that spotless kitchen, that the old man might like a newspaper, or a chat, now and again. Mrs. Doran heard in a chilly way, but made no opposition. Presently Miss Hogan gained an entry to "the room," and it was easy to make friends with poor Jimmy. It became presently a common thing for her to spend half an hour or so at his bedside in the afternoons when the school was closed and the little schoolmistress free to follow her own devices. Perhaps the thing that most of all gained Mrs. Doran's assent, at least passively, to anything the schoolmistress might be pleased to do for Jimmy, was the fact that she taught him to knit, and, the old man proving an apt pupil, she was able presently to bring him a little order now and again from some one whom she had interested in his story.

But Jimmy could not always knit—his poor old fingers were too twisted with the rheumatism—and so Miss Hogan began to bring him a newspaper or a story-book to while away the hours when, failing them, he had nothing to do but look at his twisted fingers, or gaze out of the window, longing for the free life of old, or for the passage of even a flock of geese to break his deadly dullness. At last, one fortunate day, he confessed to his newly found friend his long-stifled desire for a pipe. Jimmy had always been a smoker; and I make no doubt that the very cruelest deprivation of his bedridden years had been the absence of his pipe.

Miss Hogan was, fortunately, able to find some one to advance the small sum weekly that was requisite to keep Jimmy in "twist." His wife did not object so long as his bed was drawn near the open window before the pipe was lit. The rest of his days—not very many—he passed in much placidity. To the last Mrs. Doran did not soften, nor did she let him see much of his little grandchild at any time. For all I know, the boys in America are still ignorant of their father's return from the dead. Father Gavican said that he died with the holiest of dispositions. His last plea was to his wife for forgiveness. "You were powerful good, Susy," he said, "to take me back after the way I tr'ated you and the childher. But I trust you've forgiven me." She stooped and kissed his wrinkled old forehead chillily. Neither to her nor to him did it seem that his penance had been excessive. He spoke again before he died. "God bless the kind lady that gave me the tobacco," he said—for the gift had been an anony-

mous one—and died with the prayer on his lips. It was Miss Hogan told me of the death-bed scene, as she has filled up what would otherwise be gaps in this narrative.

I am not sure that Jimmy, having been given up for dead for twenty years, should have returned from the dead; but he went at last, without the remotest self-pity, and feeling only that he had fared at his wife's hands far better than he deserved. Somehow I have got into the habit of thinking upon Jimmy, not in a good Christian way, but with a pagan idea of him wandering through the Elysian fields in wind and weather, with a perpetually young Pincher at his heels. I don't attempt to palliate his long desertion of his hearth, but, remembering him, it is hard to think upon his sin with very stern condemnation for the sinner.



The Spectator

In casuistical lore a good deal of attention has been given to what is called "occult compensation." This means the tribute which one may secretly levy on the property of another who has injured him, and who refuses redress. The chief field of operation in modern society for "occult compensation" is supposed to be in the relation of the domestic servant to her mistress; as, for example, when the servant has been harshly spoken to, and, as a sop to her injured feelings, takes "a little sup" of tea or sugar and stows it away in the drawer beneath the ironing-board, *à la* Miss Malony. But the question sometimes presents itself in a really puzzling form; as, for instance, where, on a street railway, the conductor fails to call for one's fare. The ride ought to be paid for; but is it one's duty to assist the conductor in the performance of his duty? Then, perhaps the road makes unduly large profits, and ought it not to give an occasional dividend to steady patrons? Should the unpaid fare be viewed as a partial restitution of ill-gotten gains, and be thankfully pocketed as an earnest of justice to come? Or should one seek out the company's agent and urge him to take the price of extortion? Here is indeed a case for the Jesuitical casuist. True, the Spectator feels better when he has refused to retain the "occult compensation." But perhaps that is the result of puritanical prejudice.



Here is a singular illustration of the contradictoriness of things. Boys almost always leave doors open when they are at home, and their mothers wear themselves out in trying to alter this habit. In the railway-cars, women almost invariably leave the doors open, while boys and men are usually scrupulously careful to shut them. Perhaps the solution of the mystery is to be found in the fact that boys dislike to be "growled" at by strangers, while few women can overcome the feeling that somehow it is more "ladylike" to be "helpless" when traveling than to be thoroughly self-reliant.



The Spectator had thought himself pretty familiar with New York streets, but his self-esteem received a severe shock lately when, in the tortuous labyrinths of Greenwich Village, he boarded a down-town car thinking it was going up-town. But perhaps one ought to expect such things in a locality where Fourth Street actually crosses Tenth Street!



An amusing little game illustrates the superior impressiveness of gestures over words as thought-symbols. The leader raises both hands above his head, as if they were wings, while uttering the words "Eagles have feathers;" the other players are to raise their hands in the same way until the leader ascribes feathers to something which has them not. In nine cases out of ten, when, after running over the names of a few birds, the leader says, "Horses have feathers," the other players obediently follow the motion without being checked by the absurdity of the words.



The "Christian Register" has been publishing a very readable series of travel sketches by the Rev. Francis Tiffany. One passage in a letter on India particularly impressed the Spectator—that about the Kutab Minar, the beautiful battle-monument erected by one of India's old-time rulers. Beside this glorious

creation, says Mr. Tiffany, our Bunker Hill and Washington Monuments "seem common stone-masons' job-work. This is a piece of historic incarnation, a tower of victory greater than the victory itself." The significance of this to the Spectator lies in the fact that this wonderful tower was, like our monuments, built by a government, and that probably by the time our government has endured as long as the civilization which produced the Kutab Minar, it may be able to do equally creditable architectural work. But it will be a long time to wait, and how discouraging the interregnum!



The traveling fruit peddlers of New York need to be much more alert than their brethren of the permanent sidewalk stands. The men of the push-cart are ever on the lookout for the blue-coats, and when a policeman comes in sight they make haste to "move on." Though these men are required to pay a license, they are not allowed, legally, to remain in one place more than ten minutes at a time, and the police are instructed to enforce this rule. The other day the Spectator saw a policeman roughly seize a somnolent vender who had not observed his approach, and, on the fellow's resisting the unexpected attack, shake him so that he lost hold of his cart, and over went the bananas into the street, thence to be purloined by the crowd of boys who, like unclean birds, at once swarmed from nowhere. The sorrowful but now unresisting vender was marched off to the station-house, wheeling his empty cart before him, and leaving his poor little stock-in-trade in the gutter. Justice is indeed blind—and merciless!



There is something magnificent about moral earnestness, even if it be tactless. Not long ago, on one of the elevated cars, the Spectator's attention was attracted by the entrance of a tall, gray-haired, thin-lipped elderly man, who took a seat next to a rather foppish-looking young fellow. After a moment, without any warning, the old man suddenly turned to his neighbor and said, "Young man, have you been saved? Are you a Christian?" The young man was utterly taken aback, and stared feebly at the questioner. The zealot went on: "I have just attended a great meeting, and I felt that I must speak to you. Young man, remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth!" At this point the youth recovered, and, apparently at a loss what to do, rose and made for the door! There was no doubt about the John Brown quality of the old man; and there was also, alas! no doubt about the utter barrenness of his work in this case.



New York is so cosmopolitan that it is not often surprised at foreign garb. But the sight of half a dozen Hindus walking along Broadway with their native garments eked out by now a faded American overcoat and now a pair of civilized "pants" drawn tightly over the thinnest possible shanks, with a flaring yellow turban on the head and unmistakable Brockton shoes on the feet, was a sight sufficiently incongruous to make a resident stare and then smile. But one cannot smile at the delicately molded, thoughtful Hindu faces. Through what course of evolution have the common people of this race arrived at their outward symmetry of feature? And does the outward symmetry always betoken inward grace? Perhaps some twentieth-century Lavater will tell us all about this in a work on comparative racial physiognomy.



People who cross the Brooklyn Bridge on their way to business in New York in the morning must have wondered at the crowd of newsboys who beset the passengers as they step into the street on the New York side. These boys usually carry a few papers under their arms, but they do not seem to be anxious to sell them. On the contrary, they hold out their hands and ask for the paper which a man has perhaps just bought, or which, again, he may have read thoroughly. If the newsboy gets one of these papers, he makes as much profit as if he had sold one, for most of the dailies allow a rebate on returned copies, and this comes in as clear profit to the boy who has a paper given to him. Then, too, he may perchance sell the once-used paper at full price, which transaction of course doubles his gains. Thus to the poor newsboy the sucked newspaper orange may have a good deal of juice left in it.

The Home

Home Responsibility

The Outlook has no desire to pose in the attitude of an alarmist, yet the revelations that are constantly made as to the sale of impure milk and butter and of meat from diseased cattle compels it to call attention to the necessity of the utmost care in buying these commodities. Only a short time ago, typhoid fever was traced to a certain dairy. The Board of Health of the town stopped the sale of milk from that dairy. The proprietor and his wife went to work and made butter of the milk which they were not permitted to sell. How much of this butter was sold in the market is not known, but it was some weeks after the stopping of the sale of milk that the making of the butter at this dairy was discovered, and then the Board of Health compelled the owners to bury fifty pounds. Recently tuberculosis was discovered in a herd of cattle in Orange County. A cow suffering from this disease was killed and the carcass sent to the New York market. Before this crime was discovered, the carcass of the cow had been sold. The milk from this herd was all shipped to one condensed-milk company. Does it show intelligence on the part of the people of this State that the only action possible in this case by the Board of Health was to prevent the sale of the milk, to compel the killing of the cows, and to prevent the sale of the carcass if it were found? Nothing but public sentiment can prevent the sale of diseased milk, butter, and meat. Local Boards of Health must be held to a higher accountability than they are now for the fulfilling of their duties. Every town should make appropriations for the support of a biologist and a laboratory, and we again urge the necessity of a law requiring a man to hold a certificate before he can engage in the milk or butter business in any district. He should know the science of cleanliness. The intelligent care of the water-supply and drainage in and about every farm-house, and the absolute cleanliness of all utensils used in caring for milk, are the only means to secure the public health. Large cities are, in a measure, protected from the sale of diseased meat. Small towns and villages are the real sufferers from this danger, because no local inspection is maintained. The local inspection, then, must cover the living herds, the dairies through the districts, and the methods of transportation; and local Boards of Health and a biologist are the necessity of every town. Every community, every householder, is morally bound to see to it that the food eaten by his family is uncontaminated by disease.

In England this subject is receiving special attention. The "Daily Chronicle" quotes from the "Economic Reform" the result of some investigations recently made. A man purchased a dairy, depositing £100 to seal the bargain. He was then to receive his training; and these are among the things that he learned: First, that it was necessary to dye milk before selling it, and that this was accomplished by mixing a certain proportion of anatto and milk. This changed the color of the milk to a rich cream color. The next thing that he learned was that to produce cooking butter he must have certain proportions of oleomargarine and butter. The next thing he learned was how to make nursery milk. It was supposed that the nursery milk sold from this dairy came from certain cows which were fed to produce a peculiarly nutritious quality of milk. He also learned that cans in this dairy were washed in the same utensils that held the family linen on wash-days. More than that, that they were copper utensils, in which the

family linen was boiled; that the brush used to wash the cans was also used to wash the cart. Another thing that he learned was how to mix skim and fresh milk. From one batch of milk all the cream was taken, and then to this batch of skim milk a certain proportion of new milk was added, and this was sold to the customers, the cream being, of course, clear profit. Now the story told by the purchaser is that the public has its taste so vitiated by the doctored milk and butter that when the pure articles are sold it refuses to accept them. The final revelation made to this man was that the men who sold his milk watered it, and had a set of customers of their own. They returned to him the sum of money that ought to be returned from the number of quarts of milk they took out. The water represented their private customers. This honest man became so disgusted with the tricks of the trade that at the expiration of three months he disposed of his dairy for one-half of the sum that he had paid for it. Doubtless Yankee ingenuity has discovered every trick of English business enterprise. It is for the public to rise in their might and insist that regulations shall be made by the State, and enforced by the State, that will protect the health and the life of every family.



"Dariuses Root"

By Caroline B. LeRow

That was what she had written on her examination-paper. "Starting from Mibile north of Miletus down round the Egean Sea touch Delos southwest and then northwest to Marathon fine dotted line Dariuses root"—and poor Delia's "root" has been as complicated as that of Darius all through her young and troubled life.

At the time when she was studying "that horrid old ancient history," as she termed it, writing the above valuable and interesting piece of information for the benefit of her teacher and to furnish documentary proof of the progress of her education, she was a tall, narrow-chested, stooping girl, eighteen years old, a member of the graduating class of a city high school. She had begun her scholastic career at six, and continued it with no interruptions, except those incidental to occasional attacks of illness and periodical picnics. She had always maintained a fair standing in her classes, never so low as to fail of promotion, or so high as to cause her instructors any anxiety concerning her development. In a few weeks she was to "finish her education," and was not only, with Darius, "touching Delos southwest and then northwest to Marathon," but the more important matter—to her—of whether her graduating dress should be silk, satin, or *crêpe de Chine*.

Three years after her graduation I saw her again. She was a little thinner and paler than on the day when she had "started from Mibile down round the Egean Sea." She had a suspicious flush upon her face, and an incessant little hacking cough; but she announced herself as "perfectly happy," for she was engaged to be married, and within a month. She talked freely of her life since leaving school. "Of course I had to do something to support myself after I graduated, and I tried to teach, but it wore me out frightfully—you know I never had a strong voice—but I worried along somehow for six months, and then father proposed my keeping his books for him. I tried hard enough, but it wasn't a bit of use. Of course we studied bookkeeping at school, but there were so many other things, and before three weeks had gone by, father declared I'd be the ruin of him if I kept on. I was glad to give it up, I tell you. Then I advertised for copying to do, and never had one single answer, but I wasn't so surprised at that when I went to answer an advertisement just like mine, and they said they had had over two hundred applications. Of course I had to give up that idea. Mother was sick after a while, and father thought I'd better help