

For the Little People

Too Well Trained

By Ernest L. Thurston

Dick is a faded, iron-gray steed, from whom the fires of youth have long since departed, yet he succeeded recently in arousing his driver to great activity, and in causing an absolute change in that gentleman's beliefs regarding the benefits of thorough training.

Dick is the property of Uncle Sam, and it is his duty to draw the little two-wheeled cart of the mail-collector of our district from one street corner to another. In order that these trips might be made the more rapidly, the collector easily trained his steed to start off at a trot for the next box the moment that the click of the padlock told that the mail had been taken out of one and the opening again secured. By running a step or so the mailman easily jumped in the little door in the rear of the closed cart—that is, he did it easily until lately. Now he does it no more.

On this occasion the collector had taken out his mail and snapped his padlock in place, when suddenly the large package of letters slipped from his hand and fluttered over the sidewalk. At the same instant Dick, having heard the usual signal, started off for the next corner.

The postman, frantically scraping up the letters that seemed to have scattered in every direction just out of reach of his hands, yelled to him to stop, but Dick was not used to being called to a halt in such a manner, and kept steadily on up the street. If anything, he went a little faster than usual—his load being lightened of full two hundred pounds of mailman.

Puffing and yelling, the postman hurried after, his hands full of letters and papers, while passers-by looked on in amazement, not understanding the matter, since the shut-in cart prevented their seeing that it had no driver.

Dick reached the next corner well in advance of his master; waited what he evidently considered a sufficient time for collecting the mail, then, looking around and seeing no one, concluded the collector was inside and started off once more just as the poor mailman came running up, red in the face, and so out of breath that he could not speak.

Panting and choking, the poor fellow hurried after, only to have the performance repeated at the next corner. Certain it is that if a carriage had not come up opportunely and helped the carrier along, Dick would have led him a chase back to the city post-office. As it was, he was headed off after going four squares.

The collector was late that trip, and Dick was no doubt surprised at being forced to retrace his steps at once. Perhaps he did not thank his master for the self-control the latter showed. The best part of the affair to those who saw its ending was that the driver did not give even a harsh word to his steed.

But the next time he collected mail on our corner he stopped Dick close up to the post and kept hold of the reins.

Two Runaways

Last week a cow which was being driven through the city ran away. She was frightened more and more by the crowds that gathered at her heels shouting and screaming. A hall door stood open, and into this doorway the cow dashed and ran up the stairs. She pushed her horns through a door at the top, and was held fast.

A horse fastened to a post opposite a candy-store was frightened. He broke loose, and dashed across the street into the candy-store, the door of which was open. The wagon caught in the door and held the horse. He was unharnessed, the wagon pushed back, and the horse led up the steps, for the candy-store was in a basement.

The cow that jumped over the moon was a real curiosity, but a cow able to go up and down stairs is surely as great. Do you suppose the horse wanted sugar? He may have

been neglected that morning and not have been given his usual lump.

In Barnyard Land

By Mary F. Butts

Something has happened in Barnyard Land,
Kulluck! kulluck! kulloo!
The heralds are crying up and down,
Cock-a-doodle-do!

The gray mare in the castle hall
Calls out a loud Neigh! neigh!
The peacock strutting on the wall
Has something wise to say.

The pet lamb bleats Ba-a-a! ba-a-a!
The geese come running out;
The piggies grunt "Ugh! ugh! ugh! ugh!"
What is it all about?"

Something has happened in Barnyard Land,
Kulluck! kulluck! kulloo!
Cripple-Crown has laid her first egg—
Cock-a-doodle-doo!

A Curious Store

I know a very curious store. In the window is a sign which says, "Orders for — Laundry taken here," and just inside is another sign, "Mending Done at Reasonable Rates." Glass cases on the counter contain shoes that have been mended. Old books tied with rope are in piles. A partition divides the store, and here old furniture is lying about. At the back of the store, sitting cross-legged on a table, is a tailor who looks like a poet. He has a lovely voice, and eyes that tell you how gentle he is. The most remarkable thing is that, while shoes are mended, there is no shoemaker there, but the man who takes the orders for shoe-mending looks like a minister. He, too, has gentle manners and a very pleasant voice. High up on the dusty wall behind the counter is this sign in black letters on a blue ground:

Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.

—Pope.

That is the right quotation, but the word "shame" was changed to "fame" in the sign. Beneath is:

If a shoemaker, Be the Best kind—Do every job of work Faithfully well.

Dignify your profession, and it will command Respect.

Remember that Roger Sherman and Henry Wilson began life at this humble trade, and in the end were honored by the State and Nation.

Naturally, after I became acquainted with this gentlemanly shoemaker, I asked about the big sign. He told me he used to be a big shoe-manufacturer, employing a number of men. He found that the men did not take pride in their work, and he decided to call their attention to the men who, by faithful service at their trade and attention to their duties as citizens, won high places in the eyes of men. Roger Sherman was one of a committee of five to draft the Declaration of Independence, and one of its signers. Henry Wilson was the son of a farmer in New Hampshire. He was elected to the State Senate, then to the United States Senate. He was an anti-slavery man, and wrote two books on the anti-slavery movement.

A Little Queen

The snow is lying out in the street. It has been swept from all the sidewalks, and that makes good sleighing. The butchers and grocers have been going about with jingling bells, and the boys have been snowballing. Just now a little queen passed. She sat in a rocking-chair that was tied securely on a pretty red sled. An old shawl had been put on the chair first, and then she sat down and it was tucked all about her. On her lap was a coat; she wore a jacket, and over the jacket a white

flannel shawl that must have been hers when she was a baby. A tightly fitted hood and a veil over her face completely hid the little queen. Her horse is her papa. He has no gloves on, and no overcoat, and his shoes are quite old, but he is prancing and kicking in the most violent fashion, and when the little queen nearly falls from her throne laughing, the horse starts off at a comfortable trot, and the bell on his neck jingles gayly. Here they come back again. I hear them laughing. The horse is prancing and arching his neck, and generally behaving in a reckless manner. How the little queen laughs! and, strange to say, so does the horse. Away he goes down the hill at a safe trot, and the little queen is sitting back with great dignity.

The little queen lives in two small rooms, probably, with a great many other people living in the same house. There may be no carpet on the floor, but the little queen does not care; she has her papa, who plays horse with her, and a mamma who sings lullabies, and the only world she knows is full of love, and she is the queen who receives it all.

A Great Surprise

You must remember Elizabeth. She is the doll, you know, who has had the advantage of kindergarten training, and since she left the kindergarten she has been living with me. Doubtless you remember that Elizabeth was shut up in a drawer for a long, long time, and that she was taken out of that drawer when two little girls came to live across the street. When they became our neighbors it gave a reason for Elizabeth to sit in the parlor, so there she is every day waiting for callers. Washington's Birthday Elizabeth did have a caller who was charmed to see her, and greeted her most affectionately. Elizabeth looked very happy. The little girl told her how beautiful she was; she examined her clothes, and exclaimed at the beautiful way they were made. The little visitor, after enjoying Elizabeth for an hour, announced that "Elizabeth is a nice doll, but she is too big. She weighs too much. I like my own doll best." It must have shocked Elizabeth. She had never heard any one say that; all her other visitors always feel sorry to go away, and many of them have cried hard at the thought of leaving Elizabeth. I felt so sorry for Elizabeth that I just took her in my arms and put her down in the corner of the sofa. I could not look at her when her feelings were so hurt. Poor Elizabeth! It surely cannot be right to tell even a doll that she is not attractive.

A School for Linnets

An English paper tells of the way in which some linnets have been trained to care for themselves. Thread was fastened to a thimble and a wire in the linnet's cage. In the thimble is some water. The linnet discovers this. His seed-box cover is open. Each day the box-lid is lowered a little, and the thread is lengthened on the thimble. The linnet learns to lift the lid of the box, and to pick up the thread to which the thimble is fastened, and draw it up until he can reach the water. At last the thimble is lowered until it rests in a glass of water, and then the linnet, when it wants a drink, draws it up. By the time it has learned to do this it has learned to raise the cover of its seed-box and get the seed.

The Boy who Borrowed Trouble

Though extremely fond of coasting, this most peculiar lad,
While flying swiftly down the hill, would wear
a look of pain;
For already he was thinking—and it really
made him sad—
That very soon he'd have to climb the whole
way up again.

—St. Nicholas.

Municipal Progress

Reform Blocked in Baltimore

Baltimore's Republican Mayor set out to give the city a reform administration, but his efforts have been defeated by his party colleagues in the City Council and the State Legislature. The Mayor not only decided to retain several Democratic officials, but in his list of new appointments did not include a single man "known in Republican politics." For this outrageous attack upon the property rights of politicians the Republicans in the City Council refused to confirm his nominations. When the Mayor declined to substitute nominations acceptable to the Councilmen, an ordinance was passed depriving him of all power of appointment and vesting it in the City Council in joint convention. The Mayor, of course, vetoed this ordinance, but it was passed over his head by the necessary two-thirds majority. Only three Republicans voted against it. The Legislature was appealed to to help the Mayor; and the Senate, by an almost unanimous vote, passed a bill giving him the absolute power of appointment; but the House of Representatives, which is overwhelmingly Republican, voted forty-four to thirty-eight against the consideration of this bill. The defeat of Gorman, therefore, and of the party of Gorman, has not extirpated Gormanism from the politics of the State. The treatment of independent voting begun at the last election must continue to be applied.

Chicago Voters' League

The Municipal Voters' League in Chicago is beginning its work in a fashion that promises to effect something. Not content with agitating for reform in the abstract, it is investigating the records of candidates, canvassing neighborhoods, and bringing personal influence to bear wherever it is available. One of the instructions sent out from headquarters reads as follows: "If you are trying to turn down a bad alderman, get the facts against him, stick close to them, and pound him down with the facts." The League is refusing to indorse the candidates, however respectable, who have voted for the ordinances granting valuable public franchises to private corporations without adequate compensation except to Councilmen.

University Extension Society Work

It appears that the invaluable work done by Dr. A. A. Bird, of Philadelphia, in investigating the history of the street railway franchises of that city, was done at the instance and with the financial support of "The American Society for the Extension of University Teaching." The movements to relieve the poor from the oppression of monopolies and to relieve them from the oppression of ignorance are identical in spirit, and it is always a gratification to find the same persons interested in both and pushing forward both by the same means.

Reformers Should Find Things to Praise

At a recent meeting in the interest of good citizenship in Grand Rapids, Mich., Mr. Bradley, the pastor of the First Congregational Church, made a few remarks commending the Police Board for securing the closing of theaters and saloons on Sunday, the prohibition of baseball games on that day, and the suppression of gambling. The next day he received a letter from the Chairman of the Police Board thanking him for his words, and adding the following: "We are condemned every day, upon the streets and in public places, for our course by those who seek profit from unlawful practices and their sympathizers, but yours is the first case I know of where we have received, in a public place, one word of encouragement. It is a notorious fact that in this city the Police Commissioner who tries to do his duty leaves the office a most unpopular man, and this is so because those whom he serves by doing his full duty let the other fellow do all the talking." The lesson taught by this incident is too obvious to require statement. Mr. Bradley's very sensible comment is: "Police commissioners are human beings, and perhaps may be justified in think-

ing that public sentiment is for that course which is represented to them by the many voices, and act accordingly."

Western Abuses in Tokio

The city of Tokio, Japan, says "London," in falling into Western ways, has fallen into one of the easiest and worst. In constructing municipal water-works, the Western plan of fostering home industries was in part followed, with the result that eight hundred tons of home-made pipes were foisted upon the city after they had been rejected by the clerk of the works. Thereby the citizens of Tokio were subjected to a loss of half a million dollars. The chairman of the company supplying the pipes was, in the approved Western fashion, a politician, a member of Parliament. He was also, it seems, the former pastor of a Greek church. This last feature is rather Southern than Western. It carries us back to the reconstruction days in South Carolina and Louisiana.

Advertising in Street-Cars

Judge Ewing, of Pittsburg, Pa., has rendered a decision declaring that a street-car company has no charter right to do something which such companies wish to do and the public wishes them not to do. In an opinion rendered last month, Judge Ewing said: "Anything reasonably necessary for the convenience and comfort of passengers while en route would be within the power of the company. We are unable to see how the business of advertising for pay comes within any of the rules as to the power of such a corporation. The business of advertising in cars has grown to such an extent that sometimes cars are run for this purpose in which are no passengers." If this decision could be followed up, and street-car advertising be put an end to, it would be a most grateful relief to the eyes and nerves of the traveling public.

Reasonable Capitalization of Electric Roads

Mr. J. H. Wood, the editor of "Municipality and County," in a recent paper before the Buffalo Municipal Ownership League, called attention to a report made in 1889 by a Committee of the American Street Railway Association, which throws a flood of light upon the now important public question of the rightful capitalization of electric railways. This Committee reported that the cost of constructing a ten-mile road, complete (overhead trolley system), with fifteen cars to be as follows:

Cost of road-bed.....	\$70,000
Cost of wiring.....	30,000
Cost of cars.....	60,000
Cost of power plant.....	30,000
Total.....	\$190,000

In other words, in 1889, when the cost of materials for electric roads was much greater than to-day, the Committee of the Street Railway Association stated that the reasonable limit of cost for electric railways was \$19,000 a mile. Yet, as the street railway report of the Assembly Investigating Committee recently brought out, \$100,000 a mile is not an infrequent capitalization for a single-track horse railway.

Mayor Pingree's Difficulties

President George A. Gates, of Iowa College, is not afraid to praise a faithful public servant whose faithfulness to the public has made him enemies among the classes from whom college endowments are supposed nowadays to come. In an editorial in the "Kingdom" he describes in vigorous terms the manner in which the corporate interests of Detroit were arrayed against Mayor Pingree when he began his war upon the unjust rates paid by the citizens of Detroit to local monopolies. The business, industrial, and commercial leaders of the city, says President Gates, certainly ought to have rushed to his support; yet "there was almost nothing of the power of such interests that was not turned against Mr. Pingree. . . . He is a member of a shoe-manufacturing firm; the corporate interests of the city did what they could to ruin his firm. 'There was a time when not a bank

in the city of Detroit was out of the combination which refused to take the account of Pingree & Smith, a firm having a factory and employing more people than any other shoe-factory in the West.' . . . Mr. Pingree was put out of the directorship of the bank he helped organize, and in which he held \$27,000 worth of stock. . . . Some of those who dared to be his friends, business or social, were similarly treated. . . . He was compelled to borrow money in New York during the panic at twelve per cent., for the reason that none of Detroit's corporate capital would come to his aid, so angry were the possessors of this capital at what they deemed 'Socialistic' tendencies of a man." If the word 'Socialism' ever becomes popular in America, it will certainly be due to the efforts of its friend the enemy. The five thousand majority for Mayor Pingree at the last election was a property-owning majority. Detroit is one of the last cities in the country in which confiscatory Socialism could have developed popular strength. The number of home-owners in Detroit exceeds the number in Boston, with a population twice as great, and falls but a little short of the number in New York City, with a population eight times as great.

Municipal Experiences in Southern Ohio

An Ohio correspondent sends us an instructive account of the recent experiences of Portsmouth and Ironton, O., with the public and private ownership of electric-lighting plants. Portsmouth, a city of about 14,000 people, installed an electric-lighting plant in 1885. Additions were made from time to time until, in January, 1894, it had one hundred and thirty-five arc lamps, and the plant had cost it \$26,600. The cost of operating on a moonlight schedule in 1893 was \$33.33 per light per year. This figure, of course, did not include interest on cost of plant (\$10 a year) or depreciation. In 1894 a new electric street railway desired to add the lighting of the city to its other business. A contract between the city and the street railway company was made, beginning in March, 1894, which provided that the railway company should receive the city's electric light plant and furnish light for ten years on a moonlight schedule at the rate of \$33½ per light per year. At the end of the period the plant was to be returned to the city in as good condition as it was received. On this contract the railway company claim a present profit of 33½ per cent. on the price named, and the claim is a probable one, inasmuch as electricity can be furnished for two purposes at less cost proportionately than for one. Yet the citizens of Portsmouth have abundant reason to be grateful for their ownership of their plant. Their experience is in marked contrast with that of the neighboring city of Ironton. Ironton also thought to do its own lighting, but was restrained by legal proceedings instituted by some of its leading citizens. It is now paying a private company, under a recent contract, \$72.50 per light per year for 1,200-candle-power lights on a moonlight schedule. Chillicothe, O., has until recently been paying a private company \$80 for the same service. The cost of electric lighting seems to be regulated chiefly by "what the traffic will bear." Portsmouth, by owning its plant, does not need to bear any unreasonable charges.

Municipal League Notes

Through the efforts of the Cincinnati Civil Service Reform Association a bill has been introduced into the Ohio Legislature providing that on the petition of one thousand voters in Cincinnati or Cleveland, and five hundred voters in Columbus, Dayton, or Toledo, the proposition to adopt civil service rules governing all the more important grades of city employees shall be submitted to the voters.—The National Municipal League is taking the census of the municipal reform organizations in the United States. All who possess information about any such bodies are requested to communicate with the Secretary of the League, C. R. Woodruff, Esq., 514 Walnut Street, Philadelphia. Secretary Woodruff has recently added to his valuable work in behalf of municipal reform the issue of occasional bulletins containing notes upon its progress in various parts of the country.

International Arbitration

The Pioneer and Historical Society of Muskingum County, O., assembled at Zanesville, in that State, on February 22, passed resolutions declaring its "hope and belief that the great English-speaking nations of the world should be foremost in promoting an international court of arbitration whose jurisdiction shall be exhausted before an appeal to arms."

President David S. Jordan, of Stanford University, California, writes to the editors of *The Outlook* as follows:

In reply to your favor of February 25, permit me to say that I am in full sympathy with the movement for the establishment of some form of a tribunal for the settlement of differences between the two great English-speaking nations. I believe the existence of such a tribunal to be both possible and desirable.

DAVID S. JORDAN.

In some quarters there has been objection made against an Anglo-American Court of Arbitration on the ground that England has treated this country very superciliously, not to say unjustly, in the past. Touching this point Judge Thomas M. Cooley has sent to *The Outlook* the following postscript, which was received too late to add to his letter published last week:

In what is said in favor of Anglo-American arbitration there is no thought of advocating the excusing of England from any proper criticism, or its pardon for any national wrong which in the case of any other nation would deserve and receive reprobation. The thought is that, as the wrongs which we claim to have suffered at her hands heretofore have been settled after a manner which we have accepted as satisfactory, it is time by-gones should be allowed to remain by-gones, and such a condition of international relation be cultivated as is plainly for our own interest, instead of that which would be most troublesome and mischievous. This is precisely what would be sensible in the case of individuals; and if it is not so in the case of the nation with whom our relations are most intimate, what reason can be given for it?

T. M. COOLEY.

We take pleasure in adding this expression of opinion from the President of the University of Ohio to those heretofore printed:

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I desire to most heartily commend any plan that looks toward the final abolition of war as a method of adjusting international difficulties. The feasibility of a court of final resort for the arbitration and decision of all questions affecting the interests of two nations seems to me beyond question. Certainly there should be no doubt and no hesitation about this matter as far as England and the United States are concerned. It will be a lasting disgrace if we permit the twentieth century to open without accomplishing this much-desired end.

JAMES H. CANFIELD.

University of Ohio.

New associations to promote the cause of International Arbitration continue to be formed, as the following letters show:

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Ten of us held a preliminary meeting yesterday and started an International Arbitration Association. We shall expect to be represented at the proposed Washington Conference. Among those present were: Colonel Jas. O. Broadhead, recently Minister to Switzerland; Professor C. M. Woodward, of Washington University; the Rev. F. L. Hosmer, of Unity Church; the Rev. Jno. Snyder, of the Church of the Messiah, and F. N. Judson, a prominent lawyer. I desire only to advise you of the fact that the Society has been started and will take an active part in the movement.

St. Louis, Mo.

N. O. NELSON.

To the Editors of The Outlook:

My church and Y. P. S. C. E., on the 8th inst., at regular meetings, passed resolutions in favor of the establishment of International Arbitration Courts before which all questions of international disagreement could be settled. There is unanimous sentiment in favor of arbitration here.

Edwardsville, Ill.

J. N. CALDWELL.

Chauncey M. Depew delivered a lecture on International Arbitration to a large audience at Amherst College on March 10. He vigorously attacked the warlike spirit, denounced

as fools or demagogues those who would have our army and navy enlarged to immense proportions, and pointed out the practicability of an Arbitration Court as follows: "Americans' reverence for Supreme Court decisions is shown by the relegation of the Income Tax Bill from the stage of dispute. A Court of Arbitration could not be made universal, but should be so broad and composed of men of such dignity, majesty, and worth as to command the respect of all English-speaking peoples, and should have the power of deciding every question of dispute between them. The establishment of such a court would be a fitting act to close the triumphs of nineteenth-century progress."

The Spectator

In one of his summer wanderings the Spectator settled for a time near a large institution for the insane and feeble-minded. The Spectator was at this time in search of rest after the winter's work; and as some mothers purposely choose dull nurses for their babies, that in the close association their immature intellects may not be strained, so the Spectator decided that his brain might find the rest it needed by contact with some of the feeble-witted, harmless members of the asylum. Therefore he spent a portion of each day in seemingly philanthropic but really selfish intimacy with the afflicted. In one of these patients the Spectator became deeply interested. He was a God's baby, if the quaint, old-fashioned name ever properly fitted anybody—a great, honest man, with the mind of a child four years old. There was a little candy and cake country store near the asylum, and God's baby, being perfectly harmless, was allowed to run across the road to spend there the one or two pennies the Spectator daily gave him. One day, in an expansive mood, the Spectator munificently presented the man, who stood eagerly awaiting his gift, with a bright ten-cent piece. The poor fellow looked at it lying in the palm of his hand, his eyes glittering with excitement. He began to tremble in every limb. "Don't, don't!" he stammered in great fright; "don't give me so much. Take it away. If you give me so much, I run so fast to the store I break my neck!" The Spectator replaced the silver with the desired coppers, and the baby in man's flesh trotted off contentedly to the store with the accustomed sum clasped in his big fist.

Something in the whole incident touched the Spectator so that he has never forgotten that scene. Indeed, time and again on his way through the world he has wondered if, after all, God's baby was as great a fool as many out of the asylums. A man who knows when he has enough, and shuts off the base of supply at that point, is a wise fool. The Spectator wishes there were more like him. The trouble is in definition. *Enough* is such an elastic word. The poor imbecile realized his exact gauge, and knew that anything above two cents would blow off the top of his head with excitement; but all of us are not so gifted, and must suffer accordingly. The Spectator once caught a physician friend sitting before his desk with his head buried in his hands. He looked up at the Spectator to say in explanation: "I was sitting here simply overwhelmed with what I am seeing of the sorrows of the rich. When I was a struggling doctor, and my patients were poor people, I thought I saw sorrows enough, but since I have grown into a physician for the wealthy I am aghast at the miseries daily unveiled to me. The hardships of the poor are as nothing to the hidden tragedies of the rich. Too much money seems to bring its own curse, just as too little does." Instantly the Spectator's mind flew back to his God's baby friend in the asylum; and he told this little story to the physician. The saddened man smiled. "Yes," he said, "that's a tale with a moral. But suppose you were to-day offered a dangerously enormous wealth—what would you do?" "I'd risk it," said the Spectator, promptly. "Realizing the dangers?" "Realizing them all." "So would I," laughed the physician. "Yet here are you and I free, and the wise

man is looked upon as a lunatic. It's a queer world."

And it is a queer world, but, after all, a just one. It seems sometimes as if a perfectly balanced scale of woes and joys were meted out to each and all alike. "Child, you can't know what sorrow is," the Spectator has more than once heard a man or woman say to another whom the speaker considered happily exempt; and in no single instance has the Spectator seen the being so addressed accept the impeachment without protest, spoken or as plainly indicated. A certain amount of suffering seems to be the lot of all mortals in passing through this earth, for if they "have no real ills to vex them, they hunt up others to perplex them," and the Spectator is not at all sure that the imaginary ills are not the harder to endure.

"Courage mounteth with occasion." There is a certain spur in the hand-to-hand fight with real trouble. An ambition for victory over adverse fortune nerves the arm and dashes the water from the eyes; but by what trumpet-call can one summon courage to his side when there is no "occasion" save in the mind of the sufferer? A victory over self is, after all, a trying victory, and one that has in it little of compensating glory beyond the approval of conscience; and yet there is no more poignant suffering than that which is self-imposed, and no more noble victory than that of the closet where the dominion of some brooding, morbid fancy is fought and cast aside. "You," said an old physician to an impatient relation of a hypochondriac, "you speak always with a certain contempt of the sufferings of nervous and morbid people. I tell you, my good friend, such troubles while they last are as real as those which actually exist, and their clutch is as strong as that of the octopus. I had rather by far be called in for a broken bone than to a nervous patient. The first I can catch hold of bodily and mend, and the second is intangible and generally a chronic case before I am sent for. It's not every morbid patient that has the sense to seek advice in time." This same old physician once quoted an isolated instance of being called in to treat the early stages of a morbid condition. "I was sent for," he said, "by a young married couple, and when I reached the house the husband and wife were sitting together looking as miserable as two human beings might who had not a material woe or want in the world to bless them. 'Where's my patient?' I asked, and they both began to talk at once, each telling me how the other had failed in this matter and that, how each of them had loved and borne with the other, and how miserable they both were. 'My dear young friends,' I said, 'what you both need is to lose a child or so, or to lose all your money, or break your backs or arms. Nature abhors a vacuum, and your capacities to suffer and to conquer suffering have got to be put to some use; so you two are manufacturing causes that serve you and nature equally well. I don't see how I can help you. You have your peck of dirt to eat and are eating it; only I do think you are able to conquer nature and yourselves in a measure, and not suffer quite as much as you seem to be suffering.' For this visit and advice I charged as for any other professional service, and the after history of the case proved the laborer worthy of his hire; but to this day I have wondered how they ever happened to think of sending for me, as I was not an old friend and not a professional peacemaker. It was a queer notion, but it's a pity more don't follow their example."

On a brilliant night at an opera-house in a large city the Spectator, sitting on the less ambitious floor, was interested, with a number of others, in examining the occupants of the boxes, but the Spectator flattered himself that his object in such close opera-glass scrutiny was purely the study of human nature, while his neighbors, on the contrary, were staring from vulgar curiosity; which decision was in itself a nice study of human nature unvarnished. What the Spectator noted finally in that circle of brilliant gowns and radiant jewels was a