

those opponents and absolutely control them. The fight is on for clean, decent, and efficient citizenship, for cleanliness, efficiency, and decency in politics and in business; and we have a right to expect the support of every man, without regard to party, who prizes the good name of America and the qualities that make for integrity and honor in our public life as a Nation. THEODORE ROOSEVELT.



OCTOBER IS FOR MEMORY

Vacations must be taken when they can be had, and midsummer seems to be the time appointed by sluggish business and active heat; but the ideal order of things would set men at play in the golden days of early autumn. It seems, and often is, a hardship to compel a man to pack his bag and go back to town at the very moment when summer waits by the door to bestow the best gifts of her hospitality. The lassitude of August has gone out of the air, and a tonic charged with life runs through its invisible channels. The golden-rod, the yellow flame which lights the edges of the woods, is like a memory purged of all bitterness and mellow with the charm of happy hours; the purple of the aster stars the paths across the fields; the leaves are changing into gold, and the atmosphere is a diffused radiancy in which every common thing hints at a hidden rootage in poetry. The miracle of autumn becomes more wonderful as it repeats itself in individual experience. It has less to say to children than spring, but it has infinitely more to say to their elders. May is for hope, but October is for memory!

The autumnal harmony of field and sky, which brings golden days to birth and proclaims the peace of God from horizon to horizon, is a moment of pause; it is the hush which sometimes comes after clamorous activity, the relaxation that follows fast on the strain of great activities. It is vacation time with Nature, whose energy never sleeps, though it often sinks into repose. There are days at this season when summer seems to be brooding over the fields which she has quickened with life and the forests which she has clothed out of her exhaustless bounty. One can almost imagine her making up

the accounts and reckoning the profits or losses. She is the greatest creditor of men, but in her bookkeeping there is an incalculable element which baffles the most experienced accountant. Year upon year she pays every man for his labor, and pays with a royal hand; and then, unheralded, there comes a year when she lowers the scale of wages and many faithful workers go unpaid. The fruitful years follow fast upon one another until the harvest seems perennial; and then, suddenly, the skies no longer drop down fatness and the furrows no longer yield an unforeseen surplus.

The relation between men and Nature is based on work, and a man must pay for what he gets; but it is not a commercial relation. Nature keeps faith with her debtors to the uttermost penny, but she reckons with their souls as well as with their bodies. She will not permit them to count too confidently on her backing; sometimes she puts them on frugal fare and hard living. She is more concerned with what she can put into them than with what they can take out of her; in giving vigor to their wills, power to their arms, and endurance to their souls rather than in making them comfortable with overmuch corn and wine. Unlike some foolish human mothers, she would rather see her children starve than corrupt them with indulgence. She exacts a price for what she gives them, as wise fathers often do from their sons, not because she cares for what they pay, but because she cares for them. To be a mother of men a woman must make men of her boys. Such a mother does not barter with her sons; she demands their best not because it belongs to her but because it is due to them; for that which is due to children is not ease and luxury but the hardening of the muscles, the habit of work, the sense of honor, the self-respect that is born of integrity. The noblest and most devoted mother is she who exacts much from her children and will not be content with less than the best.

This is the reckoning which it is easy to imagine Nature making of gains and losses as she broods over the harvested fields in autumn. It is no petty taking of account, no smug counting of profits, no commercial balancing of the books; it

is a counting of gains and losses between the spirit of man and the spirit of God working with and for man. Some such reckoning a man must make with Nature when these golden mornings wait at his door to offer him the largess of the season, and these golden afternoons linger by the threshold as he comes in bringing the air of the woods with him and the smell of burning leaves in his garments. October is for memory, and memory is the book of account which a man keeps with himself; the story of his decline and fall or of his rise and triumph. It is no shop-keeping account, no Philistine reckoning of success by what a man has, for it is often true, as has been said, that the less you have the more you are; it is that backward glance at the landscape which tells the traveler whether he is nearing his goal.



A SELF-PAINTED PORTRAIT OF JOHN STUART MILL

An interesting room in the Uffizzi Palace in Florence is the one devoted to self-painted portraits, for in this room one gets the artist's own interpretation of himself. They do not contain the artist's greatest work, but they contain interesting self-revelations. Such a self-painted portrait is furnished by the "Letters of John Stuart Mill."¹ These letters furnish what is really a better portrait than his autobiography, because they are free from self-consciousness, because also they indicate qualities of character which the mere student of John Stuart Mill's writings would hardly suspect he possessed. "Here is a new mystic," said Carlyle, when the series of letters by John Stuart Mill on the "Spirit of the Age" appeared in the "Examiner." "Mystic" is not the word which one would naturally apply to the great interpreter of sensational philosophy, the author chiefly known to the world of letters by his volumes on Logic and on Political Economy. Yet the truth of Carlyle's insight is indicated by many passages in these late published letters.²

¹"Letters of John Stuart Mill," edited, with an Introduction, by Hugh S. R. Elliot, with a note on Mill's private life by Mary Taylor. 2 volumes. Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

²An editorial called "The Testimony of John Stuart Mill to Mysticism" will be found in The Outlook for August 13 last.—THE EDITORS.

We judge a man, it is said, by the company he keeps. We judge him also by his appreciation of that company. It is certainly significant, in any estimate of the character of John Stuart Mill, that two among his most intimate correspondents, perhaps the two to whom he most revealed himself, are Thomas Carlyle and John Sterling. His appreciation of these men, the reason apparently why he was especially drawn to them, was not any notably logical character in their writings, not any absence of idealism in either them or their productions, but their combination of strength of will with clearness of vision. Of Carlyle he writes to John Sterling: "He has by far the widest liberality and tolerance (not in the sense which Coleridge justly disavows, but in the good sense) that I have met with in any one; and he differs from most men, who see as much as he does into the defects of the age, by a circumstance greatly to his advantage in my estimation, that he looks for a safe landing *before* and not *behind*." And to John Sterling, in language of affectionate encouragement, about four months before John Sterling's death took place from consumption, he writes: "If you were never able to go through any active exertion, or to write a single line except an occasional letter, or to exercise any influence over mankind except the influence of your thoughts and feelings upon your children and upon those by whom you are personally known and valued, you would still be, I sincerely think, the most useful man I know." The reason why he thinks John Sterling the most useful man he knows he expressed in a single sentence: "Even by your mere existence you do more good than many by their laborious exertions."

These testimonies to his personal friends illustrate a power of subtle imagination in the reading of character which one would hardly look for in the man trained as John Stuart Mill was trained and occupied as he was occupied. One cannot but think that he might easily have made himself a great literary critic or a great interpreter of history, if his inclinations had led him along those lines. Take, for example, from his characterization of Wordsworth these sentences: "The next thing that struck me was the