

sation of the hour? Then, alas for the jaded and unhappy middle life and old age which is in the making! Jowett once advised a weakly student to attack some large work, lasting for years, as the best means to health and content. The feeble boy lived to point, forty years later, to a monumental volume on an Oriental language. All college students cannot do that, but all may form a habit of reading which will bring them into life-long intercourse with the master spirits of mankind, and prove for themselves an endless refreshment and an unfailing resource.

IN a little group in one of the large lunching clubs of New York there were recently gathered in animated conversation an ex-President, an ex-Secretary of the Navy, and an ex-Secretary of the Treasury of the United States. The youngest of them was sixty-six years of age, the eldest seventy-three. They have each had a strenuous and even arduous

Relative Age

life and attained eminence in their professions as well as in public life.

A casual observer, seeing them for the first time, would have thought any one of them ten years younger than in fact he is. I wish there were some test of psychologic chemistry to determine the consciousness of age, and that records had been kept that I might know whether it is true, as it seems to me, that men do not feel as old at the same age as they did some two score years ago. Of course the mere impression of anyone, like myself, old enough to make the comparison from what he has seen and experienced, is not very trustworthy. It may well be that the men beyond sixty whom I knew in my youth did not feel as old as they appeared to me to feel. The impression is, nevertheless, pretty strong.

For one thing, I think that the difference between the older and the younger men in their common intercourse does not show as plainly as formerly it did. They meet on more nearly equal terms; they find more to enjoy in each other; their pursuits, whether of affairs or amusement, are more alike and are followed more in the same spirit. In the cities this is manifest in the growth of club life and in its character and manners. Ordinary club intercourse betrays curiously little regard for difference in age. It is genial, interesting, natural, easy for members of all ages, and often gives rise to friendships between older and younger of real sincerity and

permanence. The club, if it be an established one, is often the home of fathers and sons, and it is interesting to note not only the relations between them, but those between their respective circles. They are usually cordial and often intimate, and if the difference in age counts it is likely to make the older more young rather than to sober the younger. While this is true of the city clubs, it is also true of like organizations in the smaller towns. Anyone who has had the opportunity of observing the life of the members of the Young Men's Christian Associations throughout the country, will, I think, agree that there is a striking proportion of elderly men among the active members, and that they are quite as apt as the younger in their aid to the wholesome pleasure-seeking which is a most valuable element in the work of the organization. An equally significant, if not so important a field for the study of this *rapprochement* of the young and the old is the golf links. It cannot be merely accidental that in the last twenty years the surface of our land has been dotted all over with more or less expensive reservations for the practice of what is the only satisfactory old man's out-door sport known in American experience. And on these reservations, swarming as they are with the young also, the elderly taste the common intoxication with as much zest and are as welcome as those who are, in order of time, the next generation.

Nor, I like to believe, is there lacking evidence of the change I have noted, in family life. Parents and sons, perhaps even more parents and daughters, are more than formerly comrades with like interests, occupations, enjoyments, and this because the parents keep fresher the springs of sympathy with their offspring. Here, too, personal observation may be untrustworthy, but the testimony of current literature seems to sustain the inference. The spirit in which Thackeray described Colonel Newcome's sad discovery that he was not as welcome to Clive and his friends as he had fondly wished, is not the spirit in which a like relation is now treated. Current fiction supplies instances of the contrary. And if the elderly do feel younger than in former time, why is it not a natural effect of those complex forces which, as the actuaries assure us, have lengthened the average of life within the last century some fourteen per cent.? If, when we have completed the traditional three score and ten,

we are warranted in expecting an extension of our lease, why may we not logically drop from our consciousness a dozen or so of the years we have borne?

A CERTAIN American man of letters likes to believe that he is modest, even if he is forced to admit to himself that his modesty may be due to the unfortunate fact that no one of his works of fiction

has attained a sale of a quarter of a million copies. Whatever the cause of his modesty, he cherishes it carefully; but it had a rude shock last summer, which it survived only with great difficulty. He received a letter from a firm in Milwaukee stating that his "name and books are now so widely known that we desire to use your name and portrait on a cigar-box label." Here was fame suddenly thrust upon him in its most obvious form—or if not fame, its illegitimate brother, notoriety. The joy which a prima donna feels when the horses are taken from her carriage and her admirers insist on dragging her themselves from the opera-house to the hotel cannot be as acute as that which fills the soul of a modest man of letters when he is besought to lend his name and his portrait to a box of cigars. For a brief moment he perceived that he had a chance for once to be "in everybody's mouth," as the phrase is. He beheld his name attached to the Cigar That Made Milwaukee Famous. He looked forward and foresaw that bold letters in the primary colors might soon declare him to be either An After-Dinner Favorite or Generously Good.

There is no use in denying that he was sore tempted. He was assured that "the label will be as artistic as it is possible to make such labels," and that it "shall be used in the most legitimate manner." His attention was called to the fact that men and women of a distinction far outrivalling his had "given their consent to a similar use of their names"; and he read on the list of these men and women the names of the chief magistrate of the republic and of the chief humorist of the race, and also the names of two ladies of enviable philanthropic reputation. The letter which made the request was as alluring as it was courteous, and the modesty of the man of letters was almost plucked up by the roots. But it must have had a firm hold, after all, for it still lives; and the temptation was repulsed. The man of

letters wrote to the firm in Milwaukee, and thanked them for the compliment they had paid him, and begged that they would excuse him. He rejected the flattering opportunity to be proclaimed An After-Dinner Favorite or to be hailed everywhere as Generously Good.

After he had posted his letter of refusal he recalled the pungent remark of Stephen H. Douglas when Pierce was nominated for the presidency: "Hereafter no private citizen is safe." He could not but acknowledge that he owed his own safety from cigar-box notoriety solely to the courtesy of the gentlemen composing the Milwaukee firm. Supposing that they had not been courteous gentlemen; supposing that they had been unscrupulous hustlers; supposing that they had gone ahead without his advice and consent; supposing that they had thrust his name and portrait on their cigar-boxes; supposing that they had insisted on pointing out his Generous Goodness in letters ten feet tall; supposing they had chosen to disregard his wishes and to outrage his cherished modesty—what redress had he? Had he any exclusive right to his own "name and portrait"? His name was his trade-mark serving to identify his books; could they attach this trade-mark to their cigar-boxes without his consent? His portrait was a part of himself; could they violate this privacy and paint the portrait on the house-top and at the edge of the gutter, in spite of his protest? In other words, did he own himself, or could anybody "jump the claim"?

These are interesting questions and they raise nice points of law, some of which are likely sooner or later to be passed upon by the courts. In the meanwhile one State at least has taken a step in advance and secured by statute the right of the individual citizen to own himself. On the first day of September there went into effect in the State of New York the Elsberg law "to prevent the unauthorized use of the name or picture of any person for purposes of trade." This law will do much toward providing the needed protection throughout the whole United States, even if the majority of the other States do not care to follow the example of New York, since no large advertiser will risk his money in any venture which is contrary to the laws of the most populous State in the Union.

It is to be hoped that this Elsberg law will be invoked to protect the person of the President of the United States, whose portrait—so long as he is our Chief Magistrate—ought

On the
Ownership
of Yourself