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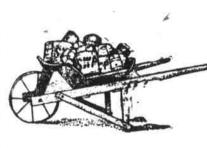
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President Roosevelt says to the author of its

I AM PREACHING YOUR BOOK TO MY COUNTRY.

'Very well; I wish that that particular art were otherwise honored. As education consists in thinking with in explaining the little personal things, the intimate self, latent, but which, on the contrary, they turn tack or level in view of conformity, I would

mother of the future, should be early the little aesthete of the tollette, her Jwn dresser, she who one day will be the dresser of her children, but with taste and the gift of improvisation to personify herself in this chief work of feminine personality, a robe-without which woman is nothing more than a bundle of rags."

that the young woman apprentice, the

The dress that one makes oneself is nearly always the one that becomes one best, in any case, it is the one that gives you the most pleasure. That is what most women forget too often. The working woman and the peasant commit the same error. Since they all dress themselves from the ready-made stores, where they sell very doubtful imitations of the best styles, grace has almost disappeared from popular costumes. And yet, is there in the world anything which has the gift of pleasing more than the fresh appearance of a young working girl, or a young girl from the fields. dressed in the mode of their country, and beautiful in their simplicity only?

These same reflections may be ap plied to the mode of arranging and decorating one's habitation. If there are toilettes which reveal a whole conception of life, hats which are poems, knots which are cocardes, there are also arrangements of the house which, in their way, speak to the mind. Why, under the pretext of embellishing our houses, do we take away from their personal character which always has its value? Why make our rooms like those of hotels or the parlors in railway stations, by force of making the uniform type of official beauty predominate there?

What misery it is to go through the houses in a city, cities, or a country or the countries of a vast continent, and find everywhere certain identical forms, inevitable, identical, irritating ones. by multiplicity. How much aestheic ism would gain by simplicity! Instead of this luxury of little notions, flotsam from the sea, all those pretentious but insipid and banal ornaments, we should have an infinite diversity. Treasure-trove happily combined would strike our eyes. The unforeseen in a thousand forms woull cause us to rejoice, and we would find again the secret of painting a tapestry, an old piece of furniture, the roof of a house, and that seal of human personality which gives to certain antiques an inestimable value.

Let us continue, and pass on to things still more simple. I wish to speak of the small de'a'ls of the housekeeping that many young pr sons of these days find so little poer ic. Their scorn of material occupations, the modest cares which a home demands, come from a very common confusion, but one none the less dreadful. This confusion consists in thinking that poetry and beauty are in things where they are not. There are distinguished occupations, graceful, such as the cultivation of literature, the playing of the harp; and coarse occupations, unpleasant, such as blacking shoes, sweeping rooms, or watching the kettle on the fire. Puerile error! Neither the harp nor the broom has anything to do with the affair: all depends on the hand which holds them and the spirit that animates that hand. Poetry is not in things; it is in us. We must impress it upon the objects as the sculptor imposes his dream on the marble. If our lives and our occupations remain too often without charm in spite of their external distinction, it is because we have not known how to add it. The height of art is to give life to is savage. I would that our young girls would apply themselves to develop in themselves the essentially feminine art, to give soul to things that have none. The triumph of womanly grace lies in that work. Woman alone knows how to put into a house that I know not what, whose virtue caused the poet to say: "The roof grows gay and laughs." They say there are no fairles, or that there are no more, but they do not know what they are talking about. The original model of the fairies, sung by the poets, they found, and still find among those amiable mortals who know how to knead their bread with energy, mend the holes with kindness, care for the sick while smiling, put grace in a ribbon, and put their mind into a

It is very certain that the culture of the fine arts has something moralizing, and that our thoughts and acts become impregnated at length by that R. G. Rozier, Lumberton which strikes our eyes. But the exercise of the arts, and the contemplation of their product, are privileges reserved to a few. It is not given to every one to possess, to understand or to create beautiful things. But there is a kind of human beauty which can penetrate everywhere: the beau tv which is born in the hands of our

home? A cold habitation. With it the poorest home is animated and lighted. Among the forces capable of ennobling and transforming wills, adding to happiness, there is perhaps not one with a more universal usage. it knows how to make valuable by means of the poorest instruments, and amidst the worst difficulties. When the room is small and the family purse meager, the table modest, a woman who has this gift finds the means of causing order, neatness and decorum to reign there. She put care and art into everything she undertakes. To do well what one has to do is not in her eyes the privilege of the rich, but the right of all It is for that that she employs it, and that she knows how to endow her home with a dignity and a pleasantness which the more fortunate homes, where everything is left to mercenaries, never at-

Life thus understood does not de beauties, in attractions, and intimate satisfactions. To be oneself, to realize in one's natural surroundings the kind of beauty that belongs to it, that is the ideal beauty. As the mission of woman grows in depth and meaning, she will have learned thus to put her soul into things, and to give to that soul kindness as an outward sym-

bol of these agreeable and delicate proceedings to which the most brutal of beings are sensible. Would this not be better than to desire what they have not got, and apply their desire to the clumsy imitation of strange or-

CHAPTER XII. PRIDE AND SIMPLICITY IN SO-CIAL RELATIONS

It would, perhaps, be difficult to prove a subject better qualified than pride to prove that the obstacles to a better life, stronger and more peaceful, are more in ourselves than in circumstances. The diversity and, above all, the contrast of social situations, inevitably cause all sorts of conflicts to surge upon us. But how many of these relations between members of the same society would not be, in spite of all, simplified if we put another spirit in the frame traced in external necessities! Let us be well persuaded that it is not after all the to say all. He is approachable, willdifference in classes, functions, the so dissimilar forms of our destines, which embroil men. If that were the case we should see an idyllic peace reign between colleagues, comrades. and all men with analogous interests and similar destiny. Every one knws on the contrary, that the bitterest quarrels are those which arise among similar things, and that there is no war worse than civil war. But what hinders men from living in accord is, before all, pride. Pride makes man like a hedge hog, which cannot touch any one without wounding him. Let us speak first of the pride of the great

who passes in his carriage, is not his service. It is his scorn. That he has a great fortune does not wound me unless I have a hateful disposition. but that he throws mud on me, rides over my body, shows in his whole attitude that I count for nothing in his eyes because I am not rich like him; that is where I feel the hurt, and with good reason. He imposes a suffering upon me, and after all a suffering quite useless. He insults me and humillates me gratuitously. It is not what is vulgar in him, but what there is the noblest in me, which rises in face of that wounding pride. Do not accuse me of envy, for I feel none, It is my dignity as man that is touched. It is useless to seek far to illustrate one's impressions. All men who have seen life have had many experiences which will justify our words in their eyes. In certain centers devoted to material interests, pride of wealth dominates to such a point that men quote each other as they quote values on the exchange. Esteem is measured according to the contents of the strong-box. Good society is composed of big fortunes; the middle class, lesser fortunes. Then come the people of little means, and those of nothing. On all occasions they act upon that principle. And he who, relatively rich, has shown his disdain for those less opulent than himself, is watered, in his turn, with the disdain of his superiors in fortune. Thus the rage of comparison saps from summit to foundation. Such a center is as though prepared to order for the cultivation of the worst sentiments; but it is not the riches, it is the spirit they that which is inert, to tame that which | put into them that we should accuse. Some rich men have not that coarse conception-above all, those who, from father to son, are accustomed to ease. But they forget that there is a certain delicacy in not causing the contrasts to be too marked. Supposing that there is no harm in the enjoyment of a great superfluity, is it indispensable to spread out this superfluity, to shock the eyes of those who have not the necessaries, and to affix this luxury close to poverty? Good taste and a sort of modesty will always hinder a portly man from speaking of his vigorous appetite, his peaceful slumber, of his joy in living, by the side of some one who is fading away with consumption. Many rich men lack tact, and sometimes by that they lack even pity and prudence. Are they not from then on badly inspired

> to provoke it? But what they lack most is discernment, when they put their pride in their fortune, or when they let themselves drift unconsciously with the seductions of luxury. Firstly, it is to fall into a puerile confusion to consider riches a personal quality. One could not mistake, in a fashion more simple, between the reciprocal value of the envelope and its contents. I do not wish to bear too heavily on that

in complaining of the envy of others.

after having done all in their power

question; it is too painful. And yet. can one hinder oneself from saying to those interested: "Take care; do not confound what you possess with what you are. Learn the seamy side of the splendors of the world, that you may see the childishness and mortal misery of them more forcibly. Pride in truth lays traps too ridiculous for us. We must susect a companion which makes us hateful to our neighbor and causes us to lose our clearness of vision?"

Those who deliver themselves up to the pride of wealth forget another peint-and the most important of all which is, that to possess is a social function. Without doubt, individual property is as legitimate as the existence even of the individual and as his liberty Those two things are inseparable, and it is an Utopia, full of dangers, to attack such elementary bases of all life. But the individual belongs to society with all his fibres, and all he does should be done in view of the whole. To possess is, therefore, less of a privilege, which it pleases him to glorify, than a charge whose gravity he feels. Just as it requires one to serve an apprenticeship, often difficult, to be able to exercise all the social functions, so does that function which is called riches exact an apprenticeship. The greater part of the people, poor or rich, imagine that in opulence there is nothing to do but to let one's self live. That is why so few people know how to be rich. In the hand of a too great number wealth is, according to a jovial

and redoubtable comparison of Luther's, like a harp in a donkey's hoofs -they have no idea of how to use it.

So, when one meets a man, rich and simple at the same time, that is to say who considers his riches as a means of filling his humane mission, we should respectfully salute him, for he is certainly somebody. He has conquered obstacles, surmounted trials, and triumphed in the vulgar or subtile temptations. He does not confound the contents of his purse with those of his brains or his heart, and it is not in figures that he esteems his fellowmen. His exceptional situation, far from lifting him up, humiliates him, because he really feels all that he lacks to reach the heights of his duty. He has remained a man, and that is ing to help, and, far from raising with his goods a barrier to separate him from the rest of men, he makes of them a means of drawing more near to them. Although the trade of being rich has been singularly spoiled by so many men, proud and egostistical, this one succeeds in making himself appreciated by whoever is not insensible to justice. Every one, when approaching him and seeing his life, is obliged to turn to himself and ask: "What would have become of me under the same circumstances? Should I have that modesty, that indifference, that probity, which causes one to act with his own as if it belonged to an-What displeases me in the rich man other?" So long as there is a world and a human society there will be equipage, nor his toilette, nor the those harsh conflicts of interest; so number and swiftness of his domestic long as envy and egotism exist on the earth, nothing will be more respectable than riches filled with the spirit of simplicity. It will do more than to win pardon; it will win love.

> More malevolent than pride inspired by wealth, is that inspired by power, and by power I mean here all powers which one man may have over another, whether it is great or little. I see no way of avoiding that there should be men in the world unequally powerful. All organization supposes a hierarchy of forces. We can never go beyond that. But I fear that if the taste for power is very widely spread. the spirit of power will be lost By understanding it badly and by misusing it, those who hold any parcel of authority almost everywhere end by compromising it.

Power exercises a powerful influence over him who holds it It needs a strong hand not to be troubled by it. This sort of dementia, which claimed the Roman emperors in the days of their despotic power, is a universal malady, whose symptoms have existed in all ages. A tyrant sleeps in every man, and only waits a propitious occasion to awaken. Now this tyrant is the worst enemy of authority, Lecause he furnishes us an intolerable caricature of it. From there come a multitude of social complications, frictions and hatreds. All men who have said, "You will do this because it is my will," or better, "because it is my good pleasure," do evil work. There is something in each of us which invites us to resist personal power, and this something is very respectable. For at bottom we are equal, and there is no person who has the right to exact obedience of me because he is he, and I am I. In this case, his command abases me, and it is not permitted to let one's self be abased.

One must have lived in schools, studios, in the administration of public offices, to have followed closely the relations between men and servants; to have stopped a little everywhere where the supremacy of man is exercised over man, to have an idea of what those do who practice their power with arrogance. Of eyery free soul they make a soul enslaved, that is to say, a soul in revolt. And it seems that this terrible anti-social effect is more surely produced when he who commands is near the condition of the one who obeys. The most implacable tyrant is the small tyrant. A foreman in a workshop, or an overseer, puts more ferocity in his suroundings that the director or the owner. Such a corporal is harder on his soldiers than the colonel. In certain houses, where madame has not much more education than her maid, the relations between them are like those between a galleyslave and his guard. Everywhere woe to whoever falls into the hands of a subaltern, drunk with his authority.

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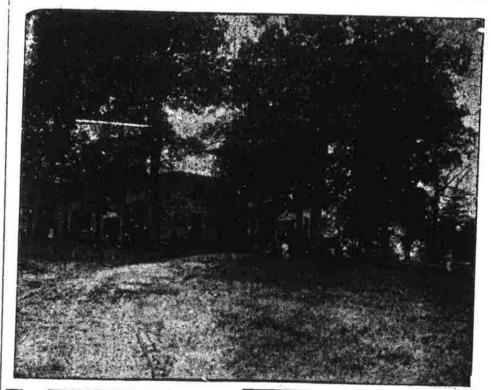
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