

# Our National Spirit Is a Love of Work

By William M. Ivins, Late Candidate  
for Mayor of New York.

If you were to ask me what is America, I should say the whole body of living Americans, and all Americans who have gone before. The story of our national character is the history of our entire national achievement. America consists not only of living men and women, but of great captains of the Revolution, of fathers of the constitution, of soldiers of the war for union and disunion as well, of all the fine and brave spirits that have lived on our soil, and whose souls go marching on in our history, still shaping it from their glorious graves.

It is not easy to put our finger on what might be called our "spiritual centre of gravity." As a nation we certainly have one, but I am not prepared to admit that it is pure commercialism. I should say it was a national love of work. That is why we as yet have no intellectual proletariat and no body of declassés.

One thing which I believe I discovered is that as a nation we are too far from the spiritual, too near the physical and sensual. We are suffering from contagion of luxury. It was one of the causes of both Greek and Roman decline. Yet the luxury of Rome was a sordid want compared with the luxury of America. We are certainly not a religious people in the old sense of the word, but if religion means a quest of the eternal, hunger for knowledge of the infinite, then I do not hesitate to say that we are not irreligious, even if the nation is not spiritually potent to raise a Francis of Assisi, a Savonarola, a Milton, a Pascal or a Newman.

But what is it that is sacred to us—the law? We are probably more disregardful of law than any other people in the world. The Church? There is no church. Property? Possibly. Still, I think what we hold most sacred is the ennobling power of work, and deep down I believe our nation has a sovereign ideal of righteousness—that finally, that is the thing that is sacred to us.

The American is fundamentally "square" and intrepid and generous. He is full of courage, except where he is a mere money bag and where cowardice of the till has made him practically an alien to our temper. Restless activity has come to be recognized as a universal characteristic, and we most admit the restlessness and the activity. Neither industrialism nor commercialism can by any possibility beget dignity or ideals or reverence.

The press is our most suggestive institution. It partakes of all our frailties, but it also partakes of the strongest and best that is in us. The chief function of the press is to equalize the strain of change and to prepare men's minds for it, so that it comes with order and as a natural development. The pulpit has ceased to be the national university, and the press has taken its place. Is the press doing its work well? What kind of men is it making? Very good men, I think—at any rate, better men than I find in the making anywhere else.

## "Kill All the Human Wrecks."

By Dr. Charles Eliot Norton, Harvard's  
Noted Man of Letters.

You ask me to express my opinion, in such form that it may be given to the public, concerning the prolongation of life by medical or surgical science when it can be prolonged only at the cost of misery.

The matter has of late acquired new claim for consideration owing to the rapid advance in knowledge and in skill alike of physicians and surgeons and to the application of this increasing knowledge and skill to the lengthening of wretched lives.

The principle that it is a duty to prolong every human life as long as possible, at whatever cost, has hitherto been generally accepted.

The main support has been the doctrine of the sacredness of human life, and this has been reinforced by two practical considerations of great weight; one, the freedom of physician, surgeon or bystander from all responsibility of decision of a question grave in any case and in which a mistake in judgment might be severely blameworthy; the other, the natural desire on the part of members of the medical and surgical profession to exhibit the resources of their art in mastering extreme difficulties.

The doctrine and the practice have both been pressed too far. There is no ground to hold every human life as inviolably sacred, and to be preserved, no matter with what results to the individual or to others. On the contrary there are cases to which every reasonable consideration urges that the end should be put. Setting aside all doubtful cases, no right-thinking man would hesitate to give a dose of laudanum, sufficient to end suffering and life together, to the victim of an accident from the torturing effects of which recovery was impossible, however many hours of misery might be added to conscious life by stimulants or surgical operations.

Or take another instance, that of an old person whose mind has become a chaos of wild imaginations productive of constant distress not only to the sufferer, but to all who live with and attend him. The plain duty in such a case is not to prolong, but to shorten life.

It is not to be hoped that a superstition so deeply rooted in tradition as that of the duty of prolonging life at any cost will readily yield to the arguments of reason or the pleadings of compassion, but the discussion of the subject in its various aspects may lead gradually to a more enlightened public opinion and to the consequent relief of much misery.

## Needs of Our Diplomats.

By Andrew D. White.

In the greater capitals of Europe the general public know the British, French, Austrian, Italian, and all other important embassies or legations, except that of our country.

The American embassy or legation has no settled home, is sometimes in one quarter of the town, sometimes in another, sometimes almost in an attic, sometimes almost in a cellar, generally inadequate in its accommodations, and frequently unfortunate in its surroundings.

Both my official terms at St. Petersburg showed me that one secret of the great success of British diplomacy, in all parts of the world, is that especial pains are taken regarding this point.

The United States, as perhaps the wealthiest nation in existence—a nation far-reaching in the exercise of its foreign policy, with vast and increasing commercial and other interests throughout the world—should in all substantial matters be equally well provided for.

## The Case for Municipal Ownership

By Frederick C. Howe, of Cleveland.

Municipal ownership is becoming the most insistent issue in local politics. The spontaneity of the issue indicates the deep-seated dissatisfaction with private monopoly. The elections in New York, Cleveland, and Chicago are but political cross-sections of the country at large. The conviction has become well-nigh universal that the franchise interests are responsible for most of the municipal corruption. It is the desire for franchises, whose values run into fabulous figures, that explains not only the positive corruption, but the indifference of the better-to-do classes, and the heavy burden of reform. These franchises have been appraised at \$450,000,000 in New York city; in other large cities they run into hundreds of millions. Their value depends upon no labor except the labor incident to a control of the council. They are created by grant from the city. And they can only exist through a performance of this control. This explains the activity, as well as the corruption, in local politics.

These conditions will be corrected through municipal ownership. When the city owns its own franchises, all classes will demand good government and efficient service. Population can be distributed into the country-side. Cheaper light, water, and heat will relieve the poor of their most serious burdens, while the incidental savings to the community will be tremendous. For municipal ownership pays. The net earnings of the New York Water Works amount to \$3,800,000 per year; of the Chicago water plant \$2,269,621 the Cleveland water-works \$500,000, and the Detroit water-works \$350,000.

Detroit claims that it costs but \$60 per lamp to light its streets by electricity. New York city carries nearly a million dollars a year from its docks, and \$315,000 from its markets. The city of Cincinnati, which owns the Cincinnati Southern Railway enjoys a revenue which will leave the property without habitation in fifty years' time.

CHARITY.  
God blessed me the penny you gave to me, brother,  
For you gave with a smile, as a friend to another,  
God cursed me the dollar you gave, for you did,  
And you made me to know what it was that you did,  
With charity for me you gave me the first,  
But with charity to me the second you cursed.  
—Edmund Vance Cooke, in The Century.

## THE PROFESSOR'S PANTHER

By Dallas Lore Sharp.

I HAD been sure for a long time that there was a story connected with the panther, but the old professor, for some reason, never seemed to feel the bearing of my hints concerning it. The panther was a magnificent male specimen, mounted in the central case of the museum, a crouching, crawling figure, so terribly realistic that I had to school myself to go past it at night without a shiver.

"You certainly saw that beast when it was alive, professor," I remarked one day, as we were rearranging some of the smaller specimens in the case. "That's a study from life. Look at the curve of his back! And those shoulders! I can almost see them work beneath the skin."

"I can see them work," the old professor replied, pausing a moment to look at the beast; "and I'm likely to, as long as I can see anything," he added.

I kept discreetly silent, and he went on: "It is a study from life, as you have guessed, and the best mount, I think, in the collection, though the study was made in Florida and the mounting done here.

"That was a peculiarly vivid lesson I had there, quite sufficient in a taxidermy way, for the rest of my life. I was collecting along the Indian River, near where Mico stands now, taking specimens of everything, from the largest alligators down. It was a rich country there then, as crowded with wild beasts as a menagerie. Panthers were by no means rare, and I had taken two when I came upon the tracks of this fellow in the sand along the river.

"The print of his foot measured twice that of the specimens I had taken, and my ambition was stirred. I wanted that big panther—for the very spot where you see him now. But he was as wary as he was big. I never could get sight of him—perhaps because I was afraid of his getting sight of me first.

"I trailed him up and down the river, and finally found a beaten path that I thought the big fellow used, running in through the brake to a heavily timbered crest. The grass about the end of the path was so heavy and the runway so hard-packed that no footprint showed; but out along the river the signs of his coming and going in this vicinity were so numerous that I determined to risk my chances in the path.

"The surest, quickest way to have taken him, if it were the runway of the beast, would have been to lie in wait at some good place along the path and shoot him—provided, of course, that the wind, the light and the aim were all just right.

"But this was asking too much; besides, I was constantly busy collecting, and couldn't spare the time it might take to wait. So I took the two big bear traps that I had at camp, and set them in the path, trusting that the panther, in an absent-minded moment, might walk into one of them.

"It is seldom that a wild animal, especially a panther, has an absent-minded moment. Human beings are much more liable to them, according to my experience, though up to this time I had not known it.

"I selected a narrow, walled-in place along the path, where the bushes were so thick on each side that the beast would not be likely to leave the trail. Here, too, was a sharp rise of ground for about twenty feet.

"At the bottom of this I set one trap, and twenty feet away, on the very crown of the ridge, I set the other. He could hardly go up and down that hill without stepping into one of those traps.

"But he did, even though I had concealed the traps so skillfully that no eye could easily have detected them. That very night a small manatee that I had caught late in the afternoon was dragged from near the tent and half-eaten in the bushes alongshore, the marks in the sand telling plainly that the thief was the big panther.

"A visit to the traps showed them undisturbed. Perhaps the beast had come out by some other path.

"To make sure, I fixed four slender sticks across the run, so that nothing could pass without brushing them aside.

"The next day I found the sticks down. Something had been through the path, and something large, too; but the traps had not been touched.

"Hoping that the creature might become used to their presence, and so grow careless, I left them several days without changing, where I again showed my ignorance of wild animals.

"It was folly to imagine that so keen a creature as a panther would walk abroad in his sleep and catch himself. Nevertheless, I went down the river late one afternoon and into the path, intending to make a last attempt with the bear traps.



The Feminine Appetite.  
How many women there must be who are blessed with a "healthy appetite" which is a constant source of martyrdom to them, says the Lady's Pictorial. No matter what her inner cravings may suggest the woman who dines in public knows that the interest she will awaken is not unconnected with the number of courses she refuses.

Unreasonable Men.  
Men say they cannot stand paint, powder, make-up or cosmetics of any kind, yet, observes Woman, they expect their womankind to have an ever-youthful complexion and never to look fagged or worn out. They relegate to women all the petty cares of a household, and often leave the wife in the morning in a complete chaos of domestic affliction with the sage and staid advice "Not to worry!"

Mannish Modes Again.  
One cannot help regretting the tendency of feminine fashions to once again become masculine. One fears a little lest the leather that is to be a feature of feminine fashions this autumn, and the headgear that has sprung from the masculine bowler and the old "Jarvis" beavers, and the walking sticks, which, like cigarette cases, are now popular gifts for girls, will not rob us of our pretty fall-lals and our daintiness.—London World.

The Fashionable Color.  
It is next to impossible to decide upon the one and only fashionable color of the winter, for there are so many colors and so many shades of color which are popular, that to say there is but one is absurd. Purple in various shades is in style, a new red and a new blue, also a new brown, and black has come into favor once more, so, after all, it is a question to be decided by the individual.

Prune is a color that is markedly popular this year, and is certainly attractive and most generally becoming. Trimmed with velvet of a deeper shade or with embroidered velvet bands or with narrow bands of fur, a prune cloth costume is most noticeable, while if the effect be too sombre, a note of lighter color can be introduced into the waistcoat. Cream white, pale blue, pink, yellow, or a much lighter shade of prune all are permissible colors to use.—Harper's Bazar.

Fireplaces Old and New.  
The varieties of fireplace furnishings are many. The arduous are, of course, a necessity if food is to be burned. In addition, there must be the shovel, tongs and poker, with some sort of a holder, the fender, bellows, and either a wood box or a coal scuttle. All of the fire irons may be made of brass from the Colonial designs, the steeple top, the ball, the flame, etc., either antique or copies, or they may be of some of the new designs in green bronze, wrought iron or dull brass. The green bronze and the wrought iron are especially adapted to the rough stone fireplaces. The Colonial designs speak for themselves as to their particular adaptability. Some of the newer designs are very good and some very bad.

Children's Birthday Party.  
For small children there is a new Jack Horner pie which is charming. A great ball, three or four feet in diameter, is made of light wires twisted in shape and covered with paper, with a number of little gifts tied up, each one fastened to a ribbon which falls out of a hole in the under side of the ball. Then flat paper roses are pasted all over the outside. This is suspended from the ceiling; the children are given the ribbons and warned to hold them lightly without pulling, and have a pretty in-and-out dance, and at its close all are told to pull the ribbons, when down comes a shower of gifts from the ball.

A new and quiet game of hide-and-seek is called "cuckoo." The children sit in a circle on the floor, and one child leaves the room and hides, calling, when hidden, "Cuckoo! Cuckoo!" The rest must sit still and guess where the child is, guided by the calls which keep on from time to time. As soon as the place is guessed the one who is right hides, and the other comes back to the circle.—Harper's Bazar.

Chinchilla.  
Chinchilla is delightfully soft and becoming, but it is the most perishable of all furs. Sable is, of course, in beauty as in value, the chief of them all, and it is a lifelong possession, but even a moderate sized tie of it is worth somewhere in the neighborhood of \$500 at present—well marked Russian sable, that is to say, and even the less desirable Canadian variety, and the near but humbler relation, mink, are at a very high price. Caracul and sealskin are to be trimmed this winter with passementerie and embroidery, and finished with lace ruffles. Two furs will be mixed on a garment freely, and some kinds are best value when so used in limited quantities; ermine, for instance, is an excellent trimming to a sable or chinchilla cape, while by itself it always strikes one as having a hard effect. Among the more moderate priced furs a becoming one is white fox, which is so deep a pile that there

is none of the hard effect of the shorter and stiffer hairs of ermine, and of the fur, as it is very fashionable, women whose complexion is suited by white may well take notice in purchasing.

Economy in Women.  
If women are more economical than men, as is sometimes stated, it is to be wondered at. Why should they be? The woman shopper is led in various ways to feel that she is a most important person. Obsequious clerks, under penalty of dismissal, wait upon her patiently, or call attention to their choicest wares. The merchants spare no opportunity to part her from the contents of her purse, the while they flatter her vanity. The whole vast store, with all its wonders and all its trash, exists for her. Seemingly innocent temptations pull at her purse-strings, and pleasant trides wheedle her with their cleanness. The modern store is a veritable palace of temptation. The weak are allured with promises of credit, the strong are often beguiled before they are aware, while thoughtless women are likely to gather the impression that the adornment of their persons and the beautification of the home are the chief ends of money-spending.—Harper's Bazar.

True Love.  
The modern, romantic, high-sounding, rapturous emotion portrayed in story books is about the poorest imitation of love there is; but people match their symptoms to those in these sentimental almanacs, and then wonder afterward what has become of the dazzling fireworks they experienced before marriage, foolishly growl because thrills and raptures are known no more after five years of matrimony. True love is a matter of soul friendship rather than mutual physical admiration. It is founded on solid inner congeniality rather than a kindred taste for certain sports or tastes in art and old china. True love depends not on the roses in Amelia's cheeks, nor the style of Algernon's overcoat; yet many of our modern marriages are severed because Algernon feels cheated because Amelia's beauty has faded, or Amelia is mad because Algernon no longer bows and scrapes whenever she enters the room. True love depends not for its life either on looks or manners, but steadfastly loves on through all the exigencies sure to crop up where two people marry, keep house and rear children. Life is not an easy proposition, as we all know, and married life has all the everyday difficulties multiplied by two; but true love makes it all worth while and is the only thing on earth that can really lighten the load and make the way straight.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

FRILLS OF FASHIONED  
Piece lace dyed to match cloth, silk or velvet is still fashionable. Cloth skirts, with lace bodices of the same color, are very modish. The very newest brooch is a cat design, a large black cat, at that, with big diamond eyes. Long evening coats, trimmed with fur and wadded comfortably, are being made of colored lace. Boleros, yokes and other trimmings of lace are used upon blouses of chiffon or net and broad girdles of lace are also fancied.

The green felt hat was worn with a big pale-blue gauze veil, and the brown fur cape, with long tabs, was lined with pale-blue taffeta and fringed with brown pendants. Those belles who have gold and pearl attachments to keep soft collars erect are in despair, for the latest Paris hat is that stiff, high collar, the thing for all kinds of toilets short of the dinner or dancing frocks.

The tea gown of to-day is considered quite indispensable and after all there is economy in changing the street gown upon reaching home, while the loose-fitting garment is much more restful, as well as more suitable to the house. Young girls should always have their hair arranged in the most becoming fashion and at the same time the simplest possible. Rows of ribbon to match the color scheme of the dress are dainty, but as in the case of the shoes and stockings, black is always appropriate, too.

The most elaborate tea gowns are triumphs of the dressmaker's skill. The long loose coat of thin flowered silk or gauze worn over a pleated underdress of white lawn and chiffon is charmingly picturesque, while the narrow gathered ribbon trims it most effectively.

Hound That Crows Like a Rooster.  
Samuel Riley, a farmer living a few miles from this city, owns a dog that crows like a rooster. Before giving vent to a crow the dog stretches himself on his back and gives a loud yell. Whenever the roosters crow at midnight or at the break of day the dog is quick to get into the contest. Mr. Riley has one rooster for which the dog seems to have a special affinity. When the rooster crows the dog is sure to do likewise.

The crowing dog is an ordinary fox hound, but is worthless for all purposes for which he was bred.—Evansville Correspondence Indianapolis News.