Three Score and Twenty

DO you want to add ten years to your life? In all probability you can if you care to. Or, rather, if you take care to. Did you ever notice that it is not the strong people who live to a ripe old age, as a rule? It is the careful people. Care combined with strength make, of course, by far the best combination; but care is a longer-winded runner than strength. You recall Oliver Wendell Holmes' recipe for a long life—"Get an incurable disease, and then take care of yourself." Well, you can do the trick just as well without the incurable disease. Its only function was to make you take care of yourself—just as some people cannot save money unless they have an insurance policy to keep up, or a house to pay for, or some other outside compulsion.

ONE way to take care of yourself is—contrary to common opinion—to keep close in touch with medical men. You hear people say—"Don't bother with doctors, and don't worry about your health; and you will be all right." That is quite as bad advice as most of these glib counsels of carelessness usually are. One of the things we should all learn, is not to be afraid of the doctors. There are folks who think that, when they must consult a physician, they must be in a very bad way—just as there are those who hate to hear of anyone insuring his life, inferring that that is a long step toward an early death. Of course, the opposite is the truth in the case of the doctors. A consultation in time often saves a life which would be lost by delay.

IT is a constant marvel to me how useful the doctors are. A tooth began to worry me the other day. It came down and got in my way when I wanted to chew. By night, it was so sore, and so filled my mouth like a foreign substance, that I began to wonder whether life was worth living. I balked at going to my dentist because I feared he would want to do something painful to it. Finally I went, however. He put his little mirror into my mouth to take a look at it, just jogged the tooth with the mirror, and then said—"That is easy to decide. That tooth is doing nobody any good and never will. It must come out." I remembered the last time I had had a tooth out. The dentist then first tried to push it through the roof of my head, up into an enflamed gum; then he crunched it into a million pieces in his steel forcep; and then he pulled on it, when heaven and earth seemed to let go—and I knew that life wasn't worth living. But this dentist—a modern dentist—just squirted a little cocaine into the roots of this tooth; and it came away with no more pain than a slight pinch on the finger.

MODERN medicine is not only a marvel for effectiveness; but it has become very humane and kindly. Instead of regarding the doctors and the dentists as the high priests of pain, we should look upon them as angels of mercy. And there is a lot in this change of viewpoint. If people will go to them more promptly and willingly, the average of human life will be raised. One of the luxuries I would allow myself, if I were a multi-millionaire, would be a resident-physician. One might get to be a bit of a hypochondriac under such circumstances; but he would simply have to fight against that tendency. As it is, I allow myself the extravagance of going to the best physician or dentist, when I have need of one or the other. I say—"No millionaire can have a better doctor than I can." In that way, I get one of the chief benefits of wealth—without it. And—do you know—the best doctors pay as much attention to a poor patient as to a rich one. I never feel that I am being slighted. They look after me as carefully as if I were a millionaire—and possibly they make some unconscious millionaire pay a part of my bill.

TALKING of doctors, I notice that the cancer experts down in New York have again urged upon all and sundry to come to them at once when that dread disease develops. They tell us that, if they can get it in time, it is quite curable by the knife—that nothing else can cure. This is all very well; but they did not tell us the most important point in the whole affair, viz., how to know when we have got cancer. If I knew that I had been caught by the thing, I would summon a taxicab or a lightning express and hurry off to the best cancer specialist of whom I could hear. I would be promptness itself, even if I had to wake the doctor up in the middle of the night. But the trouble is that most cancer victims of whom I have had knowledge, did not dream that they had cancer until the doctor told them so. I have even known people to die of cancer, and never know that they had it. I learned it afterward from their physicans or friends.

WHAT is wanted is an educational campaign in cancer symptoms. What an educational campaign can accomplish, tuberculosis has shown us. The layman now knows about as much about tuberculosis as the specialist. If we could do as much for cancer—in the way of diagnosing the malady—the percentage of cures would be increased. However, it is a good thing to be overhauled by a doctor periodically in any case. Whenever you find anything abnormal, give yourself the benefit of the doubt and let a specialist look at it. It is worth the money when he hums and remarks: "Well, I guess there is nothing there that will give you any trouble—no, nothing that should cause you the smallest uneasiness." And it is a thousand times worth the money when he finds something really serious which should be attended to at once.

BY taking care of your health, of course, I do not mean "coddling." That is a fatal mistake. Hardening is a far better process. But that does not mean that you shall not recognize the fact that you have certain weak spots in your constitution, and avoid putting too much pressure on them. Then rest is a great curative. Plenty of sleep is worth years of life—you do not waste the time you are unconscious; you only postpone its enjoyment. As for eating, if you don't know yourself what you ought to eat, I don't believe that any doctor can tell you.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

The Partition of Ireland

By THE EARL OF DUNRAVEN, K.P., C.M.G.

IF the problem created by the Home Rule Bill was difficult and precarious before, it has been, in my opinion, rendered infinitely more difficult by the proposal put forward by the Prime Minister as "the price of peace." What is the proposal? It amounts to this. That to any county or borough in Ulster in which the Parliamentary voters decide upon exclusion by a majority, even if it may be a majority of only one, the Act for better government of Ireland does not apply and that county ceases, so far as legislation and administration is concerned, to form part of Ireland. It is obviously impossible for the Opposition to accept the principle thus proposed without first ascertaining whether it can be expressed in a workable scheme. It is equally obvious that the Government cannot construct a scheme until they know the extent and population of the excluded area. I should have thought it obvious also that Nationalists, even if they could stomach the partition of Ireland, could not possibly agree to the proposal in ignorance of the effect, financial and other, on the Home Rule portion of Ireland.

I have tried to weigh this matter dispassionately, from a practical point of view, and in my opinion the difficulties involved are so insuperable that it is hard to look at the proposals seriously. Let readers consider for a moment the position that will be created. Large numbers of Home Rulers will in some cases be driven out of Home Rule Ireland by a small majority of Unionists. In other counties Unionists will be forced into Home Rule Ireland by small majorities of Nationalists. That does not seem likely to lead to reconciliation, satisfaction and content. In some parts of Ireland the Lord Lieutenant will be under the orders of his Irish ministers, in other parts under the orders of ministers at Westminster. Different laws and regulations affecting factories, sanitation, housing, may be in operation in different parts of the same country, and will be enforced by different executives. If the Dublin Parliament exercises its limited rights over excise some one will have to build a wall round the excluded counties with customs houses at short intervals. The tangle of finance would be inextricable. The more it is investigated the more impossible exclusion appears. It would dislocate business, would cause intolerable friction, and, far from allaying passion and prejudice, would foment and increase them. It precludes a settlement by consent. It does not make for peace.

NOR is the objectionableness of exclusion lessened by the time limit. The time limit is a fraud. Sir Edward Carson said in his speech following Mr. Asquith that he would consult his friends in Ulster if the time limit were removed. If its removal would ease the immediate situation, I would not object, for to me the time limit is a matter of indifference. Without a time limit the excluded counties could come in when they like, and a time limit won't make them come in any sooner. It is exclusion, and not the duration of it, that is the objectionable feature.

The Covenanters will not have this Bill as it stands, and the Government will not employ troops to coerce them. What would it avail if they did? What fair chance would an Irish Parliament have, begotten in strife, born in bloodshed, its proceedings obstructed by a strong and resolute party, and its decrees forced upon a bitterly hostile population? Ulster must be, and can be, won. Sir Edward Carson was wrong, unintentionally, I am sure, but wrong when he said the other day that no efforts had been made to win Ulster. From the time of the Land Conference, when the Christian spirit of peace possessed the Irish people, when they saw the wisdom of reconciliation and the practical common-sense of unity, Nationalists of many shades of opinion did, by words and deeds, coming from their hearts, strive to win Ulster, and would have done so if the people had held to the national spirit that actuated them then, and which I believe animates the great majority of them still, if they had the courage to say so.

A settlement might surely have been come to then, or at any time up to the introduction of the present Bill. It is useless thinking of what might have been. It will be yet. A settlement will come, but not by dismembering Ireland. This proposal drives a wedge clean through Ireland; splits her in pieces, forces us into two hostile entrenched camps; accentuates every cause of discord in the country; will make a bad Bill absolutely unworkable if it becomes an Act. Is it likely that those who resolutely refuse to accept it now will accept it in seven years? I think not. They will be more hostile than ever. The situation will be the same as it is now, but with this difference. The Government, whatever it may be in power then, will say to Nationalist Ireland, "You agreed to the principle of partition. Well, you must accept it for a little longer." No, the time limit is a fraud.

WHETHER there is a time limit or not, the partition of Ireland is abhorrent to me. To the people of Ireland belongs Ireland, and Ireland, not parts of Ireland, is the inheritance of their children. We have no right to agree to this thing. We want Home Rule. What is home? Ireland, not fragments of Ireland. We want self-governing power for what? For Ireland. How can one have self-governing power without a self, and what is the self? Ireland, not part of Ireland. The sacrifice demanded of Ireland in these proposals is too great. Within the area to which the option of exclusion is offered lie some of the most sacred shrines—Armagh, the seat of the primacy; Dungannon, with its memories of 1782; Belfast, the cradle of United Ireland. She might be asked to sacrifice much, but not her individuality. She is asked to give up the foundation principle that has animated her in all her efforts. And she is to do this for nothing. This proposal offers something to the Covenanters, to the Opposition, to the Government, and to the Irish Parliamentary party. To Ireland it offers nothing but self-destruction.

Ireland united can do anything in reason. United she won freedom to trade. United she won a Land Bill under which, if Ireland had continued united, every tenant-farmer would be by this time absolute owner of his land. Irishmen refuse to play with their homes. Let them remember their nationality, and refuse to have her separated and divided.

There is but one argument that can be used in favour of this invitation to commit national suicide, and it seems to me insupportable. It is said that during this seven years' armistice a well-considered scheme on federal lines may be brought in, and settlement by consent may be achieved. What an argument to use! I do believe that a settlement by consent can be made if the Bill and the proposals of the Government and all other proposals were submitted to a conference, or if the Bill were out of the way; but to create a Parliament for a few years, and for a portion only of Ireland, to give it the impossible task of trying to conduct affairs under an Act bad in itself, and rendered unworkable while another and better scheme was being devised—that is purely ridiculous. A settlement can be made, but not if this proposal is accepted, even for a limited term of years. We shall have to deal then with a situation more exasperated than it is now. We shall have given away the whole principle that Ireland is an entity.

I would prefer anything to that. I would sooner have a Parliament elected by Orange lodges provided it was the Parliament of Ireland. I would sooner Ireland waited, though that is hard for me to say. Ten years ago I thought that if three score years and ten were allotted to me, I would see Ireland come to her own, and might even take some share in the management of her affairs. But not