

Our Betters

highly cultured people. Their little boy of eight years old came in from his history lesson. "Are you an Englishman?" he asked. It was useless to deny it, for my accent betrayed me. "I am," I blurted. At this, he struck me with his little fist. "Well, take that," he said, "for upsetting the tea."

It is sad to think that we often learn too late by bitter experience what we might have learnt as children, when habits are quickly acquired.

Were we taught in our youth that happiness does not depend upon riches, nor honour upon honours, that our greatest pride should be to fulfil ourselves instead of aping "Our Betters," there would be less unhappiness in life. We learn wisdom only by our failures. Philosophy is a filly got by Common Sense out of Misfortune. How little wisdom, how little understanding of the real essentials of life, do we often find in those who grow prematurely old and cynical in the pursuit of a decorative but not always useful University career! Their point of view is narrowed; they have lost their individuality; they have imbibed from their "Betters" ideas of good form which they never shake off; they have lost their power to "do."

Take, for instance, the son of a manufacturer who by his own effort has built up a great business. The father sends his son to the University,