

Contemporary Thought.

P. B. SEMPLE, in the *Southern Bivouac* for April, has a kind word to say for Tennyson in his old age. The writer, with the poet's latest work "Tiresias, and Other Poems," in hand, challenges anyone to name another poet in the whole range of English literature who has produced in his seventy-sixth year a volume "evinced at once such deep experience and knowledge of life, such intensity and such freshness of feeling, and such delicate beauty of fancy and of melody."

THE *Philadelphia Ledger* thinks that "the regulation of the diet is the principal field for advance in the medical profession in the near future." It is evident, a medical exchange says, "even to the surface observer, that foods, habits, and other incidents of life being daily and continuous, must have much more influence on constitutional tendencies than medicine and treatment, which is occasional or varied. Perhaps the clues to the two opprobria of the profession—consumption and cancer—are to be conquered after all by means of food."

OUR own is the only civilized country in which the right of literary property is practically denied. We are fond of excusing ourselves by the plea that our authors are no better treated in England than English authors are treated here. Our books are pirated in London whenever they are popular enough to make that process pay; and so we imagine that we can retort upon the old country. "If our hands are foul, yours are no cleaner." This is not true. "No matter what stealing is going on on either side of the ocean, we alone are responsible. . . . England has done all in her power to stop it, and only asks our co-operation." Her laws already grant copyright in Great Britain to the authors of all countries whose laws make parallel provision for the rights of English authors; whenever we adopt the principle of other enlightened nations, that an author has a right to his own the world over, the whole difficulty, as between us and Great Britain, will disappear without further legislation on her part. Civilization waits for America to make the next move.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

IT is well said, that the world is governed too much, and that the strong government is the one which governs the least. The same truth pervades all branches of control. The father who demands respect generally lacks it. The wife who yields, really leads her husband. The positive dictator is rarely obeyed a moment longer than his power forces obedience. Leaders in church, state or society, win their control by personal magnetism far more frequently than by any tyranny of will. And the mildest man who ever wore the garb of humanity is to-day mourned by millions.—*Queries*.

THEY have in England what is called a "Society for Promoting Industrial Villages," whose aims are declared by the *St. James' Gazette* to be too vague and impracticable. As the interest in technical education in this country is growing, and there is much reference to South Kensington in the discussion, the following from the *Gazette* may be read with profit; "If the society wants some useful word to do, why does it not set on foot an agitation to compel South Kensington to spend on the establishment of technical schools the money now muddled away on science falsely so-called? Technical schools are the greatest of all our wants.

We have spoken of the prosperity of the Swiss watch trade. It has been successful because of the admirable system of technical instruction existing in Switzerland. At fourteen a boy's school education is supposed to be complete. He knows a foreign language, perhaps two; and probably mathematics up to simple equations. From a child he has been taught how to use the pencil. Picked boys and girls when they leave school receive a three years' training at the expense of the state. The first years' work is general, the second special, and the third practical. Free lectures are given which workmen and workwomen may attend. At fourteen most children have a good little sum of money in a money-box, to which their friends have contributed since the time they were christened; and this money is expended on the purchase of tools. Ultimately, if a lad is hard-working and clever, it is not difficult to obtain the confidence of the local banker, with a view to setting up in business. All this kind of work is much too practical for South Kensington."—*The Current*.

To get the best of Dr. Holmes, we do not turn to his novels or romances, "Elsie Venner," "The Guardian Angel," or his recent "A Mortal Antipathy," though each of these is eminently enjoyable and refreshing because so thoroughly unlike all other novels in method, style, and conception; nor do we turn first to his "Poems," though some of them are among the best yet produced in our country, and as a poet of *vers de société*, occasional, and after dinner poetry, he is acknowledged without a superior, light and witty, tender and graceful, and with that impromptu air that is so essential to this kind of verse; but we take up his own popular, ever-enjoyable, wise and witty "Breakfast Table Series." Whether as Autocrat, as Professor, or as Poet, he is equally genial, honest, incisive, sparkling, tender, and altogether loveable. "He talks with his fellow-boarders" in so hearty a way, with such homely wisdom, and in a manner so personally familiar, that we never get tired of hearing him, but read these volumes over and over again with fresh interest and delight. We doubt whether any other author has ever so fully impressed his personality on his readers as has Dr. Holmes in these three immortal books. They forget his style, even his matter, and fall in love with the man. Every reader becomes at once his personal friend; and we are scarcely surprised that the good old doctor gets more letters asking his counsel, advice, and autograph, than any other prominent man in the country. His readers feel, each one of them, that he has given them a kind of special claim on him, and that they have a sort of right to such familiarity.—*Penn. School Journal*.

THE London (Eng.) *Spectator*, commenting on the expulsion of the Comte de Paris, says: "The Republic has by its own act, and under the pressure of no necessity, transformed a wealthy citizen with a grand pedigree into a formidable Pretender to the throne. We say 'formidable,' because in France a Prince who is the only possible alternative to the Republic, who cannot be reached by Republicans, and who cannot be declared unworthy to reign is necessarily formidable. The whole history of modern France shows that her people, alike by their virtues and their vices, are indisposed towards obscure dictators, that the only

choice in their minds lies between the Republic, the representative of a dynasty, or a man of genius. There is no man of genius, no one who could even pretend to rule by right of successful service, and though there are two dynasties, one of them is for the moment out of the competition. The only choice lies between the Republic and Philip VII., and Philip VII. is therefore a formidable power. Those Frenchmen who are discontented with the Republic for any reason must look to him. If the peasantry weary of taxes, if the army grows impatient of continued ill-success, if the people, above all, become alarmed, either by a failure abroad or the spread of the Socialist idea at home, it is in the old Monarchy that they must seek a refuge. They have no other course to pursue, and they perceive the fact so distinctly that, though the immense majority of Frenchmen were till recently Republicans, in the last election, on October 4th, 1885, three and a half millions of votes, out of a total of seven millions, were thrown for Monarchists, all of whom, as against the Republic, would accept the heir of the ancient line. Let that number become through any cause—a defeat, a blunder, a new tax—a majority, and the Chamber has so arranged affairs that it has only to summon the King.

THE greatest obstacle to the success of manufacturing co-operations of journeymen is their imperfect knowledge of the expenses of business, and of the smallness of the profit made from each workman. To illustrate: A factory that employs one hundred workmen and pays a net profit of \$10,000 a year does a thriving business. Few journeymen can see that this profit of \$10,000 a year, if paid to them, would give each only about two dollars more a week. The average workman is not content with the risk and responsibility of a copartner for so small a return. The intent of trades-unions is to secure uniformity of wages, with slight regard to conditions of business or to the unequal production of different workmen. The spirit of the co-operative method is the readjustment of the returns of labour in true proportion with the profits of the business, and the true production of each co-operator. The two policies are in direct opposition. Men who have been educated to believe in the wisdom of the first policy will not cheerfully accept the second. To many, co-operation will be a disappointment. If every factory were organized under the co-operative method, there would be great inequality in the earnings of workmen in the same factory, and still greater inequalities in the earnings of men in different factories. In some shops men would receive large dividends; in others, equally good and perhaps better workmen would get nothing. In other shops good workmen as well as poor might be debited on their weekly wages with the losses of an unprofitable year. That there might be more of the latter than of the former class is plain enough to any one who has consulted the statistics of manufacturing industries. Few succeed where many fail. The discontent of a superior workman who has been so unfortunate as to work in a shop that has made no profits, when he contrasted his scant earnings with the liberal returns made to another workman, perhaps his inferior in skill, who had been engaged in a lucrative business, would soon make him rebel at the apparent injustice of the co-operative method.—*The Century*.