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**WHY NOT TRY IT.**



**Why Are You Generous.**

By RUTH CAMERON.

We were discussing the character of a mutual acquaintance the other day. Someone called him selfish; someone else defended him. As one article in his defense a lavish gift to a neighbor's child was mentioned.

"That doesn't prove anything," retorted his critic, "he likes to give things to Ruth. He's fond of her. He doesn't do it because he's unselfish. He does it because he likes it."

The talk swung off to other points for and against the defendant, but I did not follow it further because I was traveling down the vista which the critic's last words had opened.

"He doesn't do it because he's unselfish. He does it because he likes to."

How confused, crisscrossed and but partially understood by the wisest of us are the springs of human action! And how difficult, nay how impossible, even if one could see straight into men's hearts, and could understand these springs of action, would it be to measure and weigh human goodness and say, "This man is better than that"; the other deserves more credit than this one."

This man's critic denied him credit for his generosity because he enjoyed it. How much of all the generosity in the world do you suppose is entirely free from the motive of self-gratification?

The lowest motive for generosity is to win approval and gratitude. We want to be praised, we want to be thought well of and so we give. Such

generosity is like the caress of a cat, that coldest and most self-contained of domesticated animals, which under a show of affection, rubs up against your arm merely to scratch its back.

Infinitely above this is the desire to make someone whom we love happy, but is not this also a form of self-gratification? If you love anyone very dearly you enjoy their pleasure. In giving to a friend you give to another self.

To give without any wish for gratitude and to give to someone whom you do not love, merely because you wish to benefit humanity—this is the highest, the purest and of course the rarest kind of unselfishness.

Yet one would not care to benefit humanity unless one loved it in a certain way, so this too is a rarefied and glorified form of self-gratification.

Do I mean by all this to decrie generosity and put him who practices it on the same plane with the man who thinks only of himself? Far from it. We were just amusing ourselves by examining that tangled skein of human motives which somehow weaves itself into human destinies. It does not make a thing wrong that you enjoy it, and generosity is no less generous and beautiful because we get pleasure out of it—perhaps the more so. To be able to love a friend so well that his pleasure is yours is a high form of soul culture. And to be able to love humanity in this way is a still higher form. This is what we mean when we describe a man by that word which, to my thinking, is the highest title of praise in the English language—an altruist.

*Ruth Cameron*

**French Captains Wit Saved Him.**

Paris, Aug. 19.—The *Matin* reports that the French steamer *Saghalien* held in the Dardanelles by the German cruiser *Brestau* (reported to have been sold to Turkey) complained to the military governor, who asked the captain to leave.

"Good," said the French captain "but the *Brestau* threatens to sink us. I will leave on conditions that we are towed by a Turkish torpedo boat and have you for a passenger until we are out of Turkish waters." The governor assented.

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**Most Horrible.**

Europe in Arms—Great Britain at War With Germany—Germany's Flagrant Violation of the Law of Nations—We Must Begin Again.

We shall just have to begin all over again and rebuild all that has been thrown down in the last few terrible days.

Less than fifty men have lain Europe in moral ruin. The Austrian Emperor made the first move; the German Emperor has swept the board; and on these two men lie the burden of the greatest crime of modern Europe. They are enemies of civilization.

**WAR!**

To-day Germany is at war with Great Britain, Russia, Belgium, and Luxembourg. Millions on millions of men are in arms. Industry is at a standstill. All the amenities of civilized people are at an end and the voice of complaining will be heard throughout the land. Spiritual progress is threatened, for Europe has turned from its peaceful pursuits back to the days of brute force, and the absorbing problem of each nation at this moment is to see which can mobilize the greatest force. On that depends the first victory to-day.

**A TROUGH OF BLOOD.**

Europe is going down into a terrible trough of blood because the War Lords have been guilty of "flagrant violations of the law of nations"—that spiritual cement which binds society together. But this war will see an end to the War Lords.

No man has yet proved morally equal to the task of holding the lives of millions of men in his own hands. And yet less than fifty men to-day have pulled down a thousand years of history and doomed thousands of their fellows to an agonising death.

**WHEN IT IS OVER.**

But we shall begin all over again. When the body of the last dead soldier is buried and the last gun is silenced, and when the nations are at peace through exhaustion, they will turn back again with sorrowful steps to the hills of Galilee and ask once more to be told the tale of the Carpenter Who spoke as never man spoke before. Then perhaps they will listen.

Nietzsche sneered only too successfully in Germany at "the slave morality of Christianity." Slaves heard his message gladly in the olden days. But there is a worse slavery than lack of freedom, and that is the slavery of free men—free men who have freely submitted themselves to the yoke of War.

**LORDS OF THEMSELVES.**

The Emperor of Austria and the Emperor of Germany each has been too long "Lord of himself," and Europe to-day knows the sequel, as Byron knew—that he who is "lord of himself" has a "heritage of woe" which he does not keep to himself.

So Great Britain to-day finds itself compelled to fight for its very existence.

The only leaders of men who are inevitable are those who are leaders by the moral right and puissance of their own spiritual personality. And in days to come our leaders and rulers must not give merely unmeaning lip service to the highest ideals, but must be those who have attained unto righteousness by the casting out of self.

The historian of the future will not fail to note that the week before Armageddon in Europe the Bishops were discussing Kikuyu.

**MORAL STRENGTH.**

The world has outrun its moral strength. The world is not yet morally fit for a credit system the safety of which depends upon personal honour and national honour, to say nothing of respect for the law of nations to which we have put our names by way of agreement.

Our credit system demands a perpetual peace, and as we cannot command that, all the world finds to-day that it has taken too great risks and has moved too far away from the simple bases of life.

But we shall begin all over again, and shall rebuild a better, and a stronger and a nobler world—with the women at our side.—Public Opinion.

**One Man Warship.**

A businesslike-looking fifty foot motor boat, flashing up and down the river, between Westminster and Waterloo Bridges recently attracted considerable attention. It played round and about the Thames Conservancy launches, turning in its own length and racing down beside the Embankment.

It was one of two 140 h.p. motor yachts built for the Greek Navy built by Messrs. Thornycroft. The whole boat can be controlled by one man, who has the levers working the engines one on each side of him as he stands in the wheel house.

**MARSH'S PATENT LUNGER**  
MAY'S PATENT

**Divorced Life**  
By Helen Hesson Fawcett

**In Chinatown**

Mrs. Kerr, the boarding house keeper, smiled sagely when she saw Marian and Barker leave together at six o'clock that evening.

"You say you've never been to the Edgewood Club?" asked Barker. "You find it a most delightful place to dine."

"So I've heard. But do you know," said Marian, "I've a wild and uncanny desire to invade Chinatown instead."

"Then Chinatown it shall be," agreed Barker promptly. "I'm glad you've expressed your preference. We'll eat amid less elegance, but more color so for the savory chop suey and the smouldering joss-sticks."

The subway bore them rapidly downtown. As they made their way presently into the heart of the crowded, polygot East Side, Marian gazed for the first time upon that curious summary of strange peoples, initiated for the first time its jumbled smells, its quaint shops, swarming multitudes of aliens, street merchants peddling queer, exotic foods, its outlandish sights and sounds, stimulated Marian as though she were a pilgrim in a foreign land, instead of within a taxi-cab's dash of Broadway and Fifth Avenue.

Her companion's running comments on the streets they traversed betrayed an interesting and finely informed cosmopolitanism. The man from Boston knew his New York quite as well as Jack Meadows had known his Montmartre. "This little trip may help you with your stories," observed Barker. "There's local color in great big gobs down in this end of town."

In her excitement, Marian had well nigh forgotten that she was a writer, so swift and unexpected had been her plunge into the profession. "Oh, I'm sure of it," she replied enthusiastically. "And you're a wonderful guide."

"Hardly," he smiled. "But you're a wonder 'guide,' if I may venture the coinage of a word."

Barker expressed the sentiment with a wealth of fervor. His heart drummed in the presence of the handsome young woman. Marian dismissed the compliment with a smile as radiant that her escort realized then and there that he was on the verge of falling precipitately in love.

Into famous Motz Street they made their way and were soon ascending the stairs of the Mandarin, where yellow-faced, oily-voiced men were luging oriental foods to lovers of the odd fare. The place teemed with color. It glowed in the fantastic lamps, lurked in the weirdly embroidered curtains, slept in the in-lay work of the table. With Frank, her former husband, Marian had occasionally invaded somewhat similar, but less pretentious, Chinese restaurants in their home town. To-night the sights and characteristic odors of the Celestial cafe smote her with dull memories, and carried her back to earlier, unhappier days.

She ordered her favorite dish and frisked frequent eating, tantalizing smiles at her companion. Already the game had laid subtle hold of her interest. What was the harm? She would fall a bit with the sentimental Bostonian bachelor, why not? If she intended to write, she must study human nature wherever possible. Thus she justified herself for the innocent part she was to play in the little drama which she knew was about to begin unfolding itself.

To-morrow—Over Their Chop Suey.

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