

"Oh, I wish they did!" he replied, solemnly. "But why can't they, Myrtle?"

"They don't, Ward, but I think perhaps they could—if their minds weren't so busy——"

"Thinking about themselves," he interpolated. "That's it! The old thing, selfishness. And yet men will go on preaching it. What's war, for instance, but a selfish and exciting pastime that the male craves? And yet the soldier is worshipped, idolized—although he may have damned a hundred lives. But they were only women's lives—women who can't bear arms; so the virile preachers of the other sex may conscientiously go on preaching about Manhood. Bah! it's not manhood they preach: it's Man."

He had released her hands and was gazing over the garden.

"My little son," he went on,—“I often fear for him, Myrtle; and yet I want to see him go into the thick of it so he can win a battle worth while. Still, I often worry about the outcome when I think of the influences I lived among myself. Everywhere I turned there was someone to add his little word about the rights and privileges of our sex. If there was the same force working against a man's selfishness as there is with it, the battle would be hard enough; but to swim against the tide alone, as a fellow who follows his mother's advice — when she gives it — does, means almost certain capsizing. If men would only change their conversation; if somebody would only make good clean subjects and stories popular, the effect would be wonderful. But so long as it's considered manly to sit on the curb and puddle in the gutter, I suppose the world will be about as it is. Oh, well,”—he sighed,