

Dr. Hale spends a great deal of his time in his study and is a hard worker, even to-day at the age of 85.—Copyright 1907 by Underwood & Underwood.

A Day With Edward Everett Hale

By HORACE D. ASHTON.

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It was a dim, old-fashioned study, lined with rows and rows of books. A leg cracked and spluttered in the great open fireplace, casting reflections on

the carved mahogany mantel. The ceiling was high and lost in the shadows and there was an air of restfulness about the room which called up that desire in one for a book, an easy chair

and a fire. It was a place to dream in, to be alone with your thoughts, to be at peace.

From out of the depths of a doorway stepped a shadowy figure. It was that of a tall man, with a large head and long, shaggy silver hair. The face was marked by an almost womanly tenderness and the eyes, looking from under heavy drooping lids, were soft and kind and blue. It was a quaint, yet a commanding figure.

It advanced into the circle of light thrown by the fire and a deep, strong

voice, striking it its pleasing tone, rang out:

"How do you do? I am sorry to have kept you waiting."

I shook off the spell of the old study and grasped the hand of Edward Everett Hale, best loved of men because he loved all mankind.

I muttered a few commonplaces still with my day-dream heavy upon me. I looked at this man of eighty-five and tried to account for the qualities which endow him with the extraordinary fertility of mind, the vitality of his interests and occupations and their variety. I knew that from early manhood he had not only had all kinds of frons in the fire, but had kept them glowing. I knew he had practised several professions in an age in which specialization had become a fad and had succeeded on high lines in them. Then I uttered another commonplace.

"I thought my call might be too early, doctor?"

"Bless you, no," he replied. "I am up and having my coffee at 6 a. m. in summer and seven in winter. I believe that every man should break the backbone of his work before noon and spend as much of the afternoon as possible in recreation. Sleep long—that is, retire early so that you can get plenty of sleep—and arise early."

"And this is the secret of your youthfulness?" I ventured.

He smiled quietly.

"The secret of long life is of course health. No one can have health without living a clean life, plenty of sleep, and life out of doors. If I had to make the rules of life I should say: 'Ride, drive, or walk every day, rain or shine!'"

"A young lady came to me the other day and asked me how to keep from being cross. I told her to help somebody and then she would have no time to be cross—spend her time doing good—have other objects in life than buying peppermint lozenges. Elbow with the crowd—that is meet everyone—help whoever you can. There are plenty who need help."

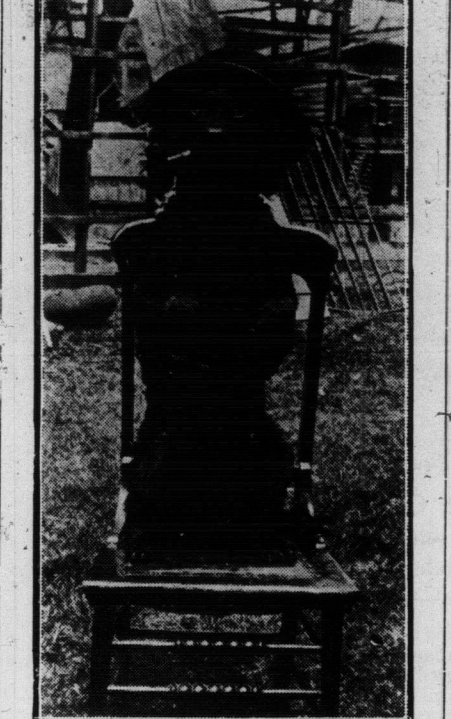
"In that last sentence, doctor," I queried, "you lay open an interesting question to be answered by one who has lived as long as you; that is, are opportunities as great or greater for the young man to-day than they were in former generations?"

"Opportunities!" he repeated. "You make your opportunities. They do not come to the man or woman who sits and waits." Then he moved out of the circle of light towards the door.

"Come," he said, "let us go into the yard. It is a beautiful day."

We walked down the board walk to the rear of the quaint old colonial frame house, with its great wooden pillars. There lay on old lawn a row of petunias from Cape Cod, quite dilapidated, filled with earth and planted with petunias.

"These petunias always remind me



AN INVETERATE SMOKER. This clever dog, named "Nigger," likes to have a quiet hour.

of my schooldays," remarked Dr. Hale. "Longfellow and I used to walk a mile from school and purchase petunias like these from a florist—you know they were new to the country then, having just been brought from Brazil. And that old dory—I have written a poem about that. I used to have a little green house off there in the corner of the yard, but the boys kept breaking the glass by throwing stones, so I had to give it up."

We turned to go back up the little path and I noticed my host's eye wander to each side.

"I wonder where my white cat is?" he remarked. "She is always following me around. No—I am not fond of cats, but she seems to like me so I am always kind to her."

Then I told him of Mark Twain's kittens and his custom of renting them during the summer when the distinguished author is away from New York. He laughed heartily and said, as we walked around to the front of the house:

"We might rent him a dozen or so. I think it would be a paying business."

Near the step of the verandah he was joined by his daughter. He pointed out a stone image about three feet high, partly covered by vines.

"That," he said, "is the god Terminus, brought from Egypt by my brother who was our consular agent there just after the civil war. The god Terminus was used to mark a boundary, and one occupied each of the four corners of an estate there."

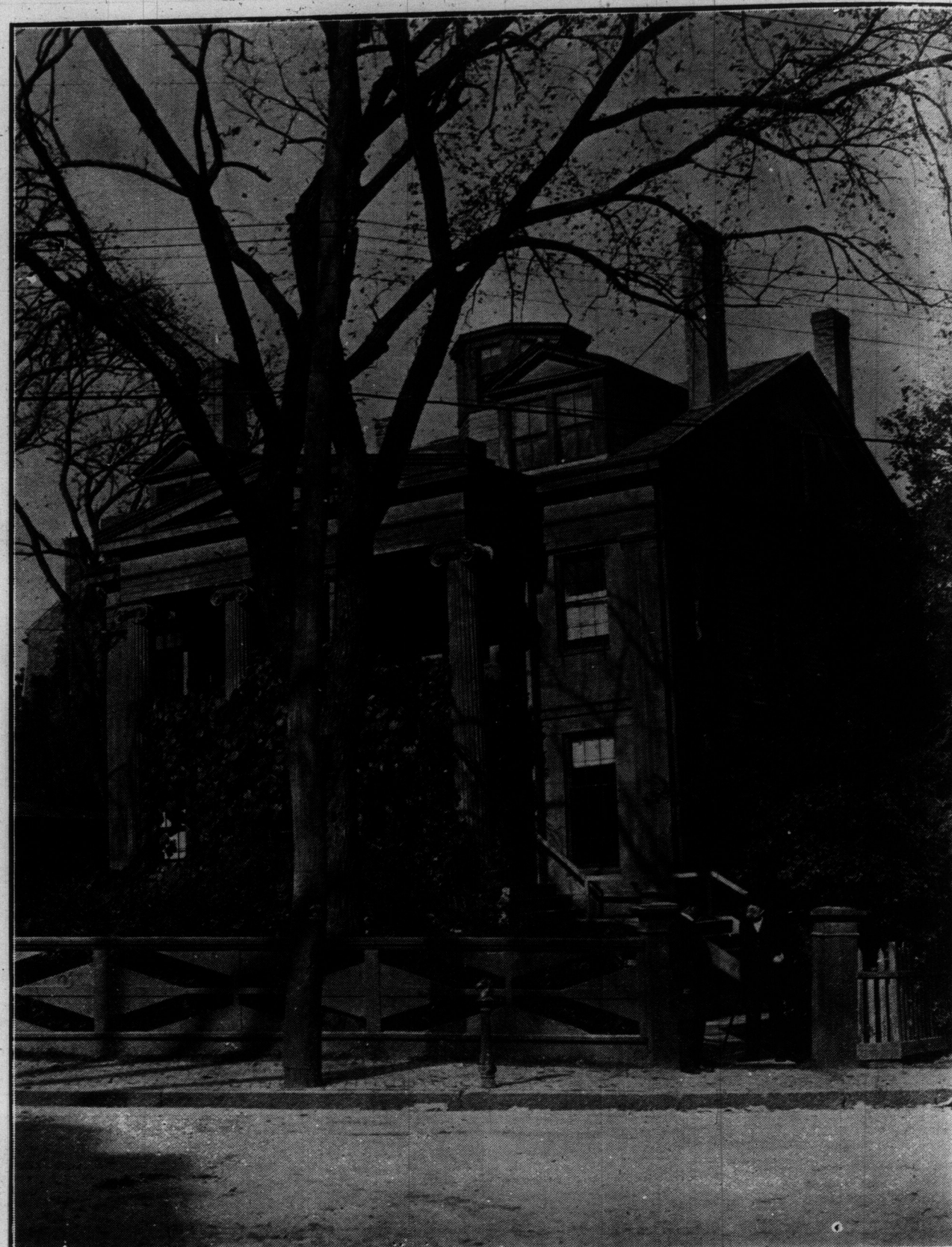
We retired to the house and he showed me a portrait of Beecher, father of Henry Ward Beecher—a very old portrait. We went again into the study with the great shadows and open fireplace. On a table near the chair rested a small book rack containing nine volumes.

"This is my attic library," he remarked with a hearty laugh. "Books that I used to read as a boy. Here is Adam's Latin Grammar, which I studied; here is Robinson Crusoe; this thick volume is entitled 'Treasury of Knowledge'; this book, rebound in later years, is 'Sultan Soliman'; and these three books in red are Maria Edgeworth's 'Harry and Lucy'."

"The Boy's Own Book," he continued with a chuckle. "This reminds me of the long ago when I poured over 'Scientific Dialogues' (1824). Who would choose that book for a boy of to-day? This set once occupied the table in my attic bedroom. It was my entire library in those days."

And from their appearance he must have burned many a candle reading and studying them.

"And now," said the good doctor, turning to me. "You ask for my mes-



The home of Dr. Edward Everett Hale, at Roxbury, Mass. Dr. Hale (chaplain of the U.S. senate since 1859) is seen at the gate conversing with a policeman.—Copyright 1907 by Underwood & Underwood.

age to the people. It is simply this, as I have told you before:

"All for each and each for all."

"Every man lift where he stands."

And with that message I left Edward Everett Hale, the man who has harmoniously combined the ethical passion of the religious teacher, the human feelings of the philanthropist, the quick sense of news-interest of the journalist, and the genius for expression of the man of letters.

I could understand now why this man, born in Boston, and a New Englander by all the ties of race and descent, should have a national outlook and interests. I could understand why he has embodied the American spirit, its regard for fine traditions of learning, character, and manners, its keen interest in its own time, its love for education, its passion for helpfulness, and its unshakable belief in the authority and the final triumph of right thinking, right speaking and, right living.

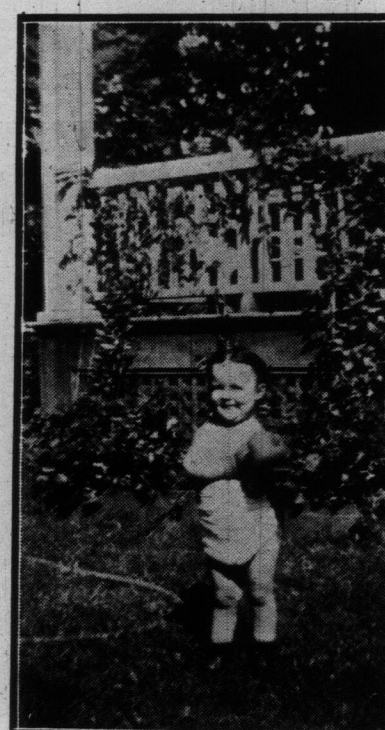
As a figure Edward Everett Hale stand almost alone—yet always with the crowd and part of it. As much as any man he has revered man, and that reverence is the root of his fine attitude of brotherliness. His distinctions have been many; he has won success in different fields. Probably no living American is regarded more highly by the whole nation; but his chief distinction lies in his beautiful illustration of the democratic spirit at its highest, the spirit of universal helpfulness.

To day the author of "A Man Without a Country" occupies editorial positions on several leading periodicals; writes constantly for publications; and retains his position as chaplain of the United States senate.

Of his views and interests and character it is best to let his son, Edward Everett Hale, Jr., speak:

"He likes people, and so is a great believer in human nature. I suppose there is one great reason for his being a Unitarian; not because he would deny the divinity of the Lord Jesus, but because he will not countenance the denial of the divinity of man. The great thing that makes people love him is that he loves them. Men and women are often interesting, but often they are not; they are often very tedious, very exasperating, very disgusting, terrible bores, terrible fools, and terrible wrecks. Still, they have not destroyed his confidence in them, and they never will. He believes in people, as in the people."

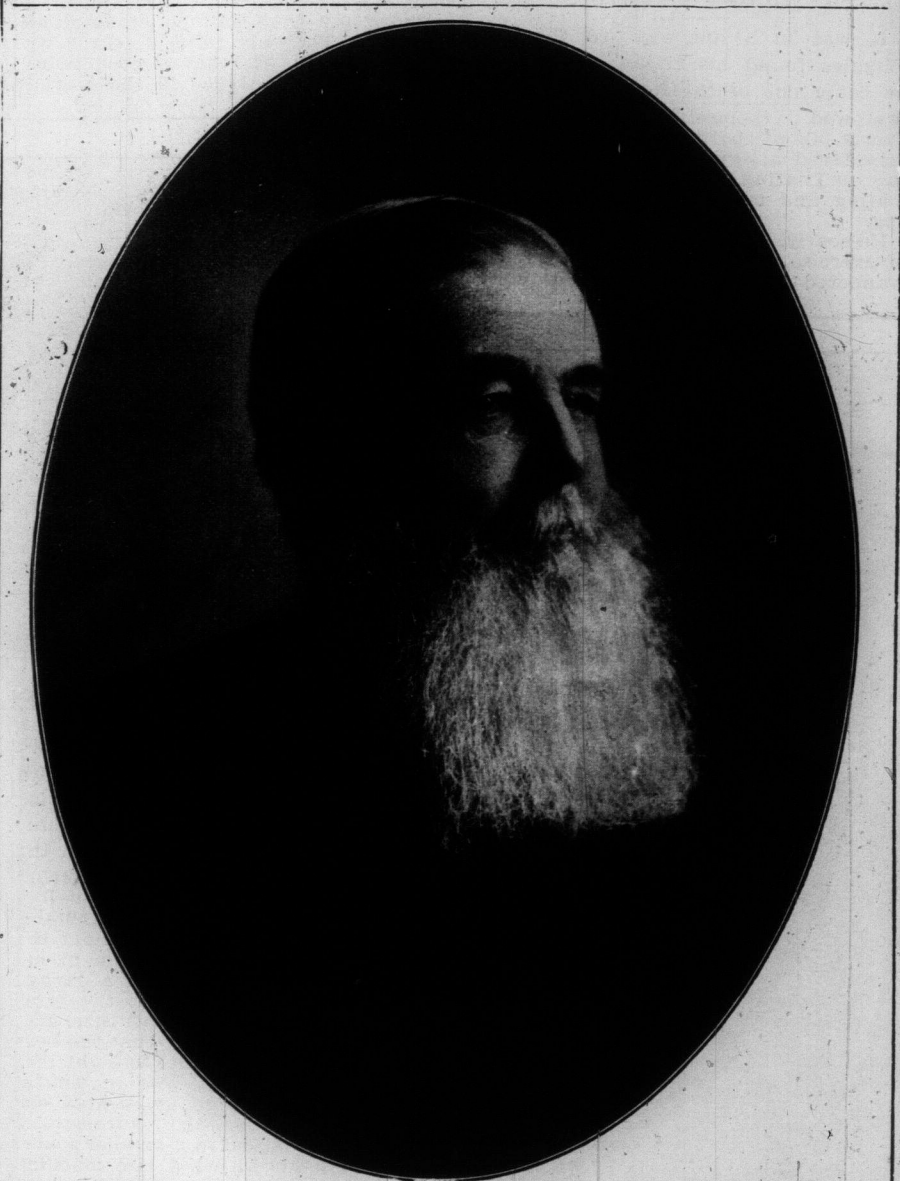
"I suspect that gets to the bottom of it. He likes to be at Washington now, because he sees all sorts of people from all parts of the country and the world, because he touches life at so many sides or surfaces—a great many, of course, but still he does really touch it, and so lives freshly and genuinely. He likes to have the interests of life fresh—fresh and new and strange and unimagined before. He likes all these things. But then he is a realist; he wants things genuine. And they are genuine, as life always has been to him. That is perhaps the reason why at eighty-five he is as young as his sons or grandsons or great-grandsons."



A YOUNG ATHLETE. Little Dorothy Mahoney, aged 2 years 4 months.



He likes to sit on the front porch and rest after his walks, and is here seen with his daughter.—Copyright 1907 by Underwood & Underwood.



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