

Letters to a Débutante

a little frivolity, never unfits people for the serious duties of life : these come soon enough, and remain with us to the end of all things. Therefore be happy while you may ; dance, and sing, and rejoice, for a time will come when it may be asked of you, as Hamlet demanded of Yorick's skull, " Where be your gibes now ? your gambols ? your songs ? your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table in a roar ? " To be happy sweetens one's nature, improves one's temper, adds to one's charm, and indeed " no one has any more right to go about unhappy than he has to go about ill-bred."

To dogmatise on the Art of Happiness is difficult, since each human being has his or her conception of that enviable state. There can, for instance, be no affinity between the realisation of vain ambitions, which is the ideal of happiness to one man, and the perching on one leg on the top of