

With the Boys and Girls.

The Dainty Dog.

A dainty dog had chance to note
The breakfast of a greedy goat—
Half-rotten grass, a shocking pile.
"Fie!" said the dog, "what wretched
style!"

Good taste demands, you clownish
beast,
A dish to eat from, at the least.
And as for food, that garbage foul
Would even make a camel scowl.
Would make a very buzzard groan.
Would—Here the goat laid bare a
bone.

Which, when our dainty dog had spied,
"Your pardon, friend," the critic cried:
"I'm quite near-sighted, neighbor mine.
I see your meal is fair and fine.
Invite me, pray, with you to dine."

Miss Sally.

She had lived by herself a score or
more of years, in her house on the
 outskirts of the village, and her mod-
est front door bore the following legend:

"Miss Sally Gosse,
Potato Chips,
Meat Tarts,
Crullers."

She was spare in figure, with sharp,
thin features, and spoke rapidly, in a
sharp, thin voice, without a pause,
even of a comma's length, from the
beginning of her talk to its end. She
disliked young people, and young peo-
ple disliked her, but they called upon
her often, for her fare was delicious,
and not high-priced, except to those
unfortunate enough to have offended
her. Certain things were sure to in-
cense Miss Sally. Woe to the person
who rang her shop door-bell with ve-
hementness, or twice in succession, car-
ried a dripping umbrella or muddy
shoes onto her immaculate floor or
presumed to question her about her
business or personal affairs. It was be-
lieved she was hoarding money, for
she drove a thriving trade and spent in
her business only what was sure to
bring a good return, while as to per-
sonal expenses, they must have been
very small, for she wore the same blue
denim gown and calfskin shoes year in
and year out, and never gave a cent
in charity or goodwill in any direction,
but drove sharper bargains and lived
more to herself with each succeeding
year. Among the new pupils at St.
Cuthbert's was Tom Bemis, an adven-
turous and fiery young fellow, who had
heard of Miss Sally's eccentricities
and resolved on making his first call
on his own way. As he said,
"I'll stir up the lion just to hear
her roar!"

He selected a rainy day, and
went stormily to her door, opened it
with a jerk, setting the bell a-peal,
then closed it with a slam, set his drip-
ping umbrella against the counter,
stamped his muddy boots on the floor
and demanded of the irate lady:
"Two pounds of your best chips.
Your best, now! No seconds for me!
And, say, do you use butter or oil—
—oil, but not no further. The in-
dignant woman came swiftly around
her counter, and before he was aware
of her intention, she had taken him
by the shoulders, thrust him out at the
door, and tutted him unmercifully
off the steps.

"Now," said she, "you run right back
to St. Cuthbert's and tell your teacher
I can't read, and more to that. To help
him make a decent man of you. Sec-
onds, chips, with your slamin' and
your drippin', an' your pryin'!" and
the rest of her unpunctuated harangue
must be left unrecorded, for Tom in-
continentally fled.

"Why," said the surprised and dis-
comfited youth, "she's as strong as an
elephant! I can just feel her grip on
my shoulders, not tight, but just
just! I'll be even with her yet!"
Of course, Tom had sympathizers,
for many had cause for disliking the
sharp little shop woman, and none for
loving her. "Tine" was the name
generally known among the pupils
of St. Cuthbert's that Miss Sally's
premises would be visited. Hallowe'en,
and a definite plan of attack was
formulated upon it. It was said
that not less than twenty students,
both boys and girls, would be active
raiders, while nearly all the school
would be active spectators. They
were invited to a party at the house of
the principal on that evening, which
they knew would last until long after
Miss Sally's early bedtime, and the at-
tack was to be made by them on the
breaking up of the party.

The party was profitable as well as
pleasant, for as they passed from the
gracious presence of their beloved
teacher all felt secretly the burning
purpose to attack a lonely and un-
happy woman, even for "fun," and
the farther they went the weaker their
purpose became, until, finally, Tom
Bemis, the ringleader, declared his
conviction that their mischief better
take the form of filling Miss Sally's
window-sills and doorways with
apples, nuts, and candy which the
good professor had insisted on their
accepting from him. With this praise-
worthy intention they emerged from
the elm-shadowed main street of the
village to see Miss Sally's house ablaze.

"Fire! Fire!" shouted the young
voices as on toward the burning house
they sped. They forced the door open
and found Miss Sally insensible, be-
ing half-suffocated with smoke. They
carried her out and before they had
come had saved all that could be saved,
which was her cow, some poultry and
several barrels of potatoes, all of
which were left behind in the hall.
The volunteer fire department seated
themselves at a safe distance, and
watched the progress of the flames,
bawling the loss of their source of
toothsome supplies.

"To think of these delicious crul-
lers and chips feeding the greedy
flames instead of us," wailed Nannie
Farker.
"I risked my life for a pan of chick-
en tarts, only to find them smoked and
spoiled," said Bruce Olmstead.
The next morning the students of St.
Cuthbert's had a genuine sensation.
They came to chapel to find the fam-
iliar figure of Miss Sally, dressed in
her blue denim gown (she had been
carried out in the bedclothes, and the
gown was among them), seated on the
platform beside the principal. After
the opening exercises he announced
that Miss Gosse was left entirely de-
stitute. Her savings for years had been
applied towards the maintenance of a
hopelessly insane brother in the private
ward of a hospital, and she had come
to thank the pupils of St. Cuthbert's
for what they had done for her the
night before. Miss Gosse arose and
said very much as follows:

"I've been used to doin' everything
for myself, 'specially my own talkin',
but I allow it's a favor to have your
teachers tell what's been done with my
earnings, for it's something I can't
bear to speak of," and Miss Sally
whisked a tear out of her eye, "beside
being my own business an' nobody
else's, but the thing I come when others
have done for me, an' them others are
you, and but for you I shouldn't be
in the land o' the livin' today, not to
speak of my cow, and potatoes an'
hens, an' I want to thank you each
an' every one, an' to say that if I've

been high-strung I hope you'll forgive
my trespasses as I forgive them that's
trespassed against me, an' some of you
have, an' you know it with your
high an' pryin' into my business. But,
as I said, I desire to thank you, an'
to say that this school is goin' to have
a treat of potato chips just as soon
as I can get a kettle an' some drip-
pings, if it takes the last potato. I've
got an' no knowin' where the next's
comin' from, an' that's all I've got to
say."

The St. Cuthbert choir followed, and
it was given with a will. Then Tom
Bemis, who during Miss Sally's speech
had been quietly busy among his
friends, announced that the students
desired to give Miss Gosse, in token of
their good-will, provisions and utensils
sufficient for her to resume business,
and also to pay in advance the first
quarter's rent of a new house.

Miss Sally did not at once part with
her asperity, but she softened visibly
day by day, until the students of St.
Cuthbert's found her cheerful and
kind, and adopted for their own their
principal's favorite couplet:
"Kindness is wisdom. There is none
in life
But needs it and may learn."

—The Interior.

Aunt Rachel's Four-Poster—A Story From Real Life.

(By Phoebe's Daughter.)

Going to Aunt Rachel's was to little
Puritan Hester and Phoebe as spici-
ly entertaining as the matinee to the
theatricals of the changed of the
nineteenth century. For Aunt Rachel
was, in the mind of old New England
wording, "peculiar," which would cer-
tainly mean "cranky" today. She was
nothing if not original. It was said
she had been a child, a little more
child, of the olden time, and she was
with all the glory of a knight of chivalry.
She had big saddle bags well
stocked with her wares, and sat erect
and forbidding, like inexorable fate,
at the top of this display. And she
was a sharp one in trade, and had
so managed that a comfortable sum
had been put aside—think not, how-
ever, in a savings bank, but in some
safe and mysterious spot in her great
sugar-bee-hive.

As Aunt Rachel, on return from a
successful trip, entered this bedroom
one day late in the winter, she was
closely followed by the two children,
whom she had invited to make her a
little visit for a rough crusty, she was
fond of children in her way.

After taking off their wraps, they
wriggled onto two chairs, one on each
side of a little light stand, and swung
their legs and watched Aunt Rachel
as she took off her things and put
them away, their talk consisting of
the isolated statements that children
are wont to make about people and
things.

"My dress is in the blue-pot, color-
ing," said Hester. "It's going to be
ready so mother can make it before
the quilting, and I shall wear it then."
"Wish we had a red-blue pot," re-
marked Phoebe (with an utter dis-
regard of the fact that the blue-pot was
anything more than a coloring pot).
"Hate all my things blue. Say, Aunt
Rachel, how'd you get your shawl
red?"

"By putting together things that
produce a red color," said Aunt Ra-
chel, primly. "I'll show you some
day."
Aunt Rachel, may we sleep in your
bed?" boldly questioned Hester. Phoebe
was stunned. To sleep in that bed
was a long dreamed of joy, and often
talked of between them; but neither
dared to ask the boon. Sometimes at
home the great question came up.
"You ask her; you're the oldest,"
Phoebe.

"No, I shan't," she scowls at me,
and you know she likes you better.
You ask her; now do."

But so many visits had been made
and the favor never craved, that now
it came like a thunder clap.
"Please, Aunt Rachel, may we? We
will be real quiet," they clamored.

"Well, if you behave well, and don't
kick up my mats, I'll see,"—which was
a virtual assent.

Night came, and bedtime, and the de-
lightful ascent (by four steps, kept for
the purpose of those days in moun-
tain high beds) into the billowy soft
pans of Aunt Rachel's feather bed.
"How awful high it is, Phoebe!" whis-
pered Hester.

"Yes, mother says she props it up on
bricks; let's look in the morning," re-
joined Phoebe.
Aunt Rachel had a tiny side room
and a smaller bed, which she occupied
on this occasion.

When the children waked in the
morning the first thing that greeted
them was like jumping in a hay mow,
or dancing up and down in the surf,
to rise and flounder and topple down
and struggle up again, and this, with
smothered squeals of ecstasy, Phoebe
and Hester did again and again, until,
breathless, they fell back to rest a
minute. Then they discussed the look-
ing glasses, one of Aunt Rachel's hob-
bies, there being four in the room,
one exactly in the middle of the bed,
and the other three in the corners.

"What do you suppose she has put
four hung up to?" asked Phoebe.
"Perhaps she looks in this one" (point-
ing to the one over the head of the
bed, before she gets up). O Hester,
if she sat in the middle of the bed,
and had eyes all round, she'd see four
of her, wouldn't she? Let's try it,
and see how many of us we can see."

So they bounced into that part
of the bed which was just in the
middle of the room, and tried to see in
all four looking-glasses. This was
wildly exciting.

"Hester, Hester, I can see two of
you and two of me in two of 'em, and
part o' your n' cap out o' the corner
o' my eyes in the other ones."
"And I see you, Phoebe, and oh, see
our cap frills bob! There's sort o' dance
up and down, and I'll seem like a
whole party of Phoebes and Hesters."

So, aided by the vivid childish im-
agination, the great bedroom became
a maddening whirl of courtesying dan-
cers whose heads bobbed faster and
faster. But as the fun waxed, the
big bed, though a thing not easily
moved (as one knows who has
ever tried to move one of like make),
began to feel the jerks more and more,
till with one great flop of the white
figures the head posts came down off
the bricks (which Aunt Rachel really
had placed under all four legs of her
bed with a solid thud. Here was dire
calamity!

"What'll we do?" breathed Hester in
an agony.

Phoebe was the one quick in re-
sources. They were good children,
and knew that to go straight and tell
Aunt Rachel, who had long since gone
down to help about the breakfast, was

the honest way. But the dread of the
inquisition that would follow, and per-
haps a dark closet as a penalty, weak-
ened the biddings of conscience.
Phoebe's bed angel was at hand.
"I tell you, let's go at it again and
jiggle it off the other two, and then
she won't notice it; it's only a little
higher, and we'll throw away the
bricks."

The fun was changed to labor. With
the energy born of a guilty hope, they
danced a second time, but if one had
looked into the mirror, flushed, excited
faces would have been seen instead
of the smiling, dimpled and blushing
ones. "Oh—excused; is it coming off?"
jerked Hester, after a minute.

"Wait, let's lean over and look,"
said Phoebe, and she craned out over
the pillow's crest, and drew back, re-
marking encouragingly, "Yes, the castor
is most off the edge; go this side."

So they swayed and bobbed and
jerked till the deed was done, and a
second thud, half welcome and half
dread, came, and they lay still, and
it would be heard, betokened success.

Then, to dress, to put the bed to air,
to open the windows—all these were
the work of a few minutes. But Phoebe
and Hester had been so long at it, and
in those few minutes each child had
become utterly miserable. Break-
fast was the rack and torture of the
Middle Ages; they ate little, and look-
ed decidedly red and heated. Aunt
Rachel, with whom Aunt Rachel lived,
remarked upon this.

"Yes'm," said Hester, "we hurried
and jumped around to keep us warm
when we were dressing."

Poor Phoebe was mutely wretched.
Owing to remark could she frame, so
filled with her mind was one idea, and
that remark was almost a disaster.

"Please'm, I'd like a little syrup on
my bricks—oh—fritters. And say, Aunt
Rachel, if it's possible, the sound of
the suspicious word, 'A little syrup
on my fritters, please.'"

"Certainly, my dear," said Aunt Ra-
chel, and she poured on so much that
Phoebe's plate was fairly a lake of
syrup. This was coals of fire too hot,
and the smouldering embers of
conscience caught. Phoebe pushed
back her plate, her lip curled, and soon
the rains descended and the world
collapsed, following in her wake,
and waited the louder of the two.

"We jiggled Aunt Rachel's
bed—down off—the bricks!" came
in, in a fearful exclamation. "We
were so scared, we meant to throw
the bricks away—an' not to—ten!" howled
Hester, determined to do her part.
Aunt Mary and Aunt Rachel looked
at each other, and could not keep
their faces, for Aunt Rachel's crust-
iness gave way before the vision of
"jiggle," and the really slight of-
fense did not weigh much against it.
But discipline must be maintained, and
so there was a little moral lecture
to the children, who bore it meekly,
and then, as the storm of weeping died
away into spasmodic sobs and long-
drawn breaths, Aunt Rachel gave the
final calm to the storm of waters by
saying that Hiram, the hired man,
should help Uncle Henry put it up
again when she wanted.

A little while after, when they were
alone together, Aunt Rachel and Aunt
Mary had a long talk about the
something, Hester said to Phoebe:
"Wasn't that lie dreadful, Phoebe? I
felt after I told it as if somebody was
holding me down and smothering me."
"Yes," said Phoebe, "and I feel
smooth in my conscience now, don't
you?"

"M," said Hester.

WOMEN'S DUTIES.

The Question Whether She Is Invading
Business Too Much.
(The Christian at Work.)

There are some points on which the
advocates of the emancipation of
women are apt to get confused, and to
argue from a wrong premise. One of
them is that the aims of parental
training, in the education of a
child, that is, the sons are trained
away from home duties, and the
daughters for home duties. It is the
old conventional idea that the business
of women is always to make home
a man, and that man's sphere lies al-
ways outside the home, that causes
much of modern woman's discontent
and against which she protests. The
purpose of all training, she insists, is
to put the boy into the world, and
to keep the girl in, and it is from
this inequality and injustice that she
demands emancipation. The view is a
mistaken one, however, the final ob-
ject in the education of both sexes
being the same—to fit them for living
at home. In fact, it is, and always
has been, the conviction of mankind
that the life of both women and men
should be lived at home, and accord-
ingly, the training to prepare them to
perform their duties and daughters to
properly discharge their duties toward
the home. Their desire is to see both
happily settled in homes of their own;
and, by the way, the distance be-
tween the sexes, and the greater share
of responsibility assigned by nature
to the man, they give the boy the
training necessary to enable him to
found and maintain the home, and to
be able to carry on a career.

Another misapprehension of the
modern woman is that the engage-
ment in business of women who have
no real need to work for a living is
a more apparent than real. There is
nothing so unfortunate as the means
of livelihood, and so retarding
the emancipation of all women from
the slavery of home and marriage.

The truth is that the evil complained
of is more apparent than real. There
are many women who are not in
want, and probably never will be,
yet who work for wages in order to
gain extra pin money, or for the as-
surance into which it brings them.
It is admitted, but the desire to
regular work under contract, and
their lack of persistence in it, is quite
certain to prevent any overcrowding
of the market, to the detriment of
those who are in need. It is prob-
able that the mistake arises
through misjudging the large class of
women, who, apparently well provided
for, have yet a pressing need of money,
and must give a part of their time
to earning it. This class is a much
larger one than is generally believed.
It is made up of widows who must
piece out a meager income by outside
work, if they are to live the civilized
life, and must give a part of their time
to earning it. This class is a much
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SAUCE FOR BOTH.

Fond Mother: My darling, it is bed
time. All the little chickens have gone
to bed.
Little Philosopher:—Yes, mamma,
and so has the old hen.—Philadelphia
Call.

With The Poets

Fidelity.

I do not want you when your feet
Or buoyant footsteps tread the air,
And you can smile on all you meet,
And banish care
But when the road is long and cold,
And cruel seem the ways of men,
And you are weary, sad and old—
Come then.

I do not want you when your name
From lip to lip is proudly rolled,
I do not want you when your fame
Has brought you gold.
But when you fight, and strive, and
press,
And no one reads the songs you pen,
And life is all of loneliness—
Come then.

A Hymn for Good Friday.
O patient Christ! when long ago
O'er old Judea's rugged hills
Thy willing feet went to and fro
To find and comfort human ills—
Did once thy tender, earnest eyes
Look down the gloom of centuries
And see the smallness of our lives

Souls struggling for the victory;
And martyrs finding death and gain;
Souls turning from the Truth and Thee,
And falling deep in sin and pain.
Great heights and depths were surely
seen;
But oh! the dreary waste be-
tween—
Small lives, not base perhaps, but
mean.

Their selfish efforts for the right,
Or cowardice in patient with sin;
Content to only see the height
That nobler souls will toil to win.
Oh, shame to think Thine eyes
Should see
That soul contented just to be,
The lives too small to take in
Thee.

Lord, let this thought awake our
shame,
That blessed shame that stings to
life,
Rouse us to live for Thy dear name,
Arm us with courage for the strife,
And shed the patient with us still;
Dear Christ! remember Calvary's
Hill:
Our little lives with purpose fill!
—Margaret Deland.

Her Treasure.

The whole world once to a mother
To buy her child away;
There were rich and poor, there were
great and small,
There were wise men, old and gray.

Said one: "For your child I'll give you
gold."
But the mother smiled tenderly,
"There is gold enough in my baby's
eyes."
She quietly said, "for me."

"Jewels!" a childless couple cried,
But, smiling again, she said,
"My baby's eyes are my diamonds
bright."
His lips are my rubies red."

"My kingdom!" offered a gray-haired
king,
But strange was the look she gave;
"This is my king, who lies asleep,
And I his adoring slave."

"The world and its treasures, all, will
take?"
Its gold, its castles and lands?"
"The world," she replied, "could pur-
chase not
The touch of my baby's hands."

So the world returned to its wealth
and pride,
To sail its ships on the deep;
But with a happy as she who
sat,
Singing her babe to sleep.
—Daisy M. Wright in Housekeeper.

Is Life Worth Living.

Yes, yes, we say, our lives are worth
All that they cost, whatever befall.
And if the world, unresting earth
And restless poor, mortal days were
Faced all the time by pain and death,
'Tis worth our while to draw our
breath.

If only once we saw the sun
March, like heaven across the sky,
And only once, when day was done,
We watched the fires of sunset die,
These hints of other words could be
Worth all the years to you and me.

But once to see the stars at night,
And once the roses by the door;
To see but once the oceans smite
With awful strength, the quivering
shore.
These things alone would make our
breath
Worth all the pangs of birth and
death.

Is life worth living? Dearest eyes,
That look to ours in weal and woe,
How would ye flash in pained sur-
prise
If false to you we answered "No!"
By all that we can know or guess
Of earth or heaven, we answer—Yes.
—ELLEN M. H. GATES.

The Woe of a Humorist.

For years I'd dwelt upon a thought—
No matter what it be—
'Twas full of wondrous import—or, that
is, it was to me.

I'd ne'er confided to a friend the very
of my greatest hint.
That I had dwelt upon it or had deem-
ed it had much in't.
And after many years had passed I
tried to write it out,
But found it most elusive, for it put my
pen to rout.

I could not do it up in prose or write
it down in verse,
And every effort that I made seemed
than the other worse.

But one day like a rush the words to
give it to the world
Came to me, and a sonnet—yes, a son-
net—came to me.
It ran in stately periods, and when I
had it done
It seemed of all the sonnets quite the
very greatest one.

I read the sonnet to a friend—the best
friend that I had—
And as I finished up the lines his face
looked mortal sad.
"I truly think," said he, and sighed,
"my mind has left me quite."
I cannot truly see the point of what
you've read tonight."

I read it to my wife, and she, sweet-
hearted soul—she said,
"I always like your verses, dear"—
then shook her bonny head—
"But you can do much better work
than this, it seems to me."
You wrote your poems and your time
at writing parody."

A last resource, I tried it on my eldest
little boy
And he received it with a smile that
told me of inner joy.
"It's bully, daddy, dear," said he, and
snuggled to my vest;
"But I must say I like your rinky-
dinky nonsense best."

I sent it to an editor. "He'll under-
stand," said I.
A day, a week, and even a month
brought from him no reply.
But finally the answer came. "Twas
like the serpent's hiss.
"Dear Blank," said he, "I swear I've
tried, but can't find fun in this."
And so it goes. The worst of woes is
all my mortal span.
Has been to find myself set down as
just a funny man—
To find, when I am serious and try to
do my best,
My friends and family opine I'm much
in need of rest.
—Carlyle Smith, in Harper's Maga-
zine for November.

Are the Youth Decadent?

Not Vanity, But Its Abuse, Which Is
the Sign of Decay.

The Young of Today an Improvement
Upon Those of the Past.

(From the New Age, London.)

Are the youth of today decadent? A
writer in a recent number of the Twen-
tieth Century has discussed the mat-
ter, and has concluded that they are
but in the current Gentlemen's, Syl-
vanus Urban disposes of this judg-
ment upon us in two short common-
sense paragraphs. It is true that the
young man of the time has many
down-grade qualities. Even in this
column we must admit that. But I
am not sure that our critics are very
accurate in applying either their blame
or their commendations. We hear a
great deal, for instance, of the vanity
of modern youth, and are told to believe
that it is at the root of our sin and
decay. But what youth has not been
vain? And how can we have youth
without vanity? That youth should
hold up its head in the world is nat-
ural. That is, in fact, its special func-
tion in the divine order of the uni-
verse. The enthusiasm and faith of
youth keep the world green, and the
aspects of vanity. Vanity is, in-
deed, to youth what scent is to the
rose.

I am not merely apologizing; I am
defending. Of course, some of this
common vanity may produce a dandy
conceit on the one hand or great de-
cadence on the other, as the youth who
thinks something of himself may either
put on clothes as a sign of his appreciation,
or may do something as an exercise
of his powers. He may prefer to be
part of the gaily-clad stage crowd or
may aspire to be one of the leading
actors, but unless he is vain enough
to choose his place and then qualify
himself to fill it, he will not be a
dandy, and dressing, we need not disown
the part in a stage crowd. But, in order
to express the difference between doing
and dressing, we need not disown the
common impulse of both. Our friend
in the Twentieth Century, inasmuch as
the dandy youth may be a hero who
has found no other way of expressing
his self-respect than through his
clothes. That is too serious an in-
cident, for it means that the channels
of heroism are in these days largely
cut by tailors. I will not defend youth
by maligning society, nor play into the
hands of those who believe in social
decadence by allowing that heroism has
nothing for it but to content itself
with a badge of frockcoat and lavender
gloves. That is too great a price to
pay for my faith in the young man
of today.

What decadence there is amongst
us is not in our vanity, but in the
quality of its expression. A youth
of the decadence expresses his vanity
in a dandy. This is the proper basis
of attack on the dandy. We object
to him not because he is vain, but
because he is vulgar. He is brother
to the hero, but is a disgrace to the
fraternity. In the respect, society has
nothing to answer for, and here for a
moment we nod approvingly to the
school of the prophets of the decadent.
Being "well dressed" does not mean
being conventionally, but appropriately
dressed. Every man has his clothes,
and his cut—except the dandy. Mr.
Keir Hardie was one of the best-dressed
members of the House of Commons,
and set an example in good taste to
the Labor members who came from
the bench and mine to fan the lob-
bies of the House with the sweep of their
surtouts. So, in every other aspect,
it is not vanity, but it is abuse that
is a sign of decay in youth, and
that vanity implies abuse, you miss
the real meaning of the word, which
includes the idea of self-restraint
(vanity in self-respect) as well
as of self-assertiveness (vanity in self-
confidence).

Again, the charge that the youth of
the day is losing its manly qualities
may be met by another inquiry into
the real meaning of words. What are
manly qualities? They are generally
understood to be the qualities of the
characteristics of the past genera-
tion or two. The old crusty Tory in
sentimental grumbles that we cannot
bow or talk gallantly to ladies; the
gentleman of the Georges benombed
that many of us are teetotalers, that
the universities are becoming seats of
learning, and that a spring crop of wild
oats is considered bad farming nova-
tions. Mr. Lowther would like us to
master our manliness by joining the
Sporting League and maintain betting;
the Marquis of Queensberry has given
us up because we do not patronise the
prize-ring; men like Mr. Henley would
hardly vote the New Age decadent
because it does not believe in the moral
value of war and hanging. In short,
the manliness of culture and civiliza-
tion passes at this moment as a sign
of decadence.

But why is it that every young gen-
eration has to defend itself against a
charge of decay? Simply because the
vanity of youth has to defend itself
against the vanity of maturity. Most
men live two lives for Gladstones are
exceptional. During our life they look
ahead; during the next they look be-
hind. So, curiously enough, the