



GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

421 to 427 Arch Street

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1901

\$1.00 the Year by Subscription  
5 Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

**ARBITRATION** always appears to be a most alluring proposition to the under dog.

**CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW** says that they are just beginning to understand the Monroe Doctrine in Europe. Had the Senator gone to Spain he would have found people who had taken a post-graduate course in understanding it.

**EUROPE** has to come to us for wheat when the crop is short and for harvesting machinery when the crop is bountiful. In the game of working both ends and the middle also Uncle Sam appears to have taken a few simple, easy lessons.

**ABLE** men on both sides of the ocean are making a constant effort to extend the principle of arbitration. Enlisted in this movement are boards of trade, chambers of commerce, legislatures and organizations of capital and of labor.

Sentiment rules the world. For centuries the war fever has been bred into our minds and dispositions, and national prejudices have time and again been too strong for the common-sense of the people. The movement for arbitration is comparatively recent. At best it was one of those chimerical ideas which people accepted as good in its way, but impracticable in the case of international differences. But steadily the faithful friends of the cause have made their appeals, and already they have won the spoken indorsements of nearly every nation of the world. Furthermore, they have convinced the people that war is a bad thing. Of course, we must not expect war to cease altogether any more than we may look for the immediate regeneration of the human race; but arbitration is making it less frequent and is bringing the peoples into that state of mind which more readily accepts the decision of an umpire.

#### American Humorists as Trade-Winners

**THE** author of a recent book on the future of India, Mr. Meredith Townsend, in a passage on the possibilities of an "American Invasion" of that country, says: "The suave and humorous American will possibly become the most popular of white men with Asiatics, and may be able to convey to them ideas more acceptably than any other. Nevertheless, the American will not rule the Asiatic."

To such Americans as may especially long to rule Asiatics this will possibly be disheartening. But to most of us it brings a very interesting suggestion. We have never thought of our suavity and our humor as more than merely ornamental qualities. At any rate, so far as foreign trade is concerned, we have scarcely counted them as assets. We have thought it sufficient to send plenty of traveling men to display our goods to the benighted heathen, and to furnish to savages green calico with yellow spots when the savages happened to want that color combination, instead of insisting, as the British trader often does, that they should buy magenta speckled with blue. Ordinary business cleverness, provided, of course, that it was greater than that of our rivals, we have thought sufficient. But it is well worth considering that because we are suave and humorous we can be popular.

The matter is more far-reaching than mere trade questions. Whether we want to sell calicoes, to govern the Filipinos, or to introduce Christianity into China, it will aid us enormously to be popular. Being popular will give us an advantage over every other nation.

And we, being the great compound nation, ought, if any nation ever could, to be able to put ourselves in sympathy with every kind of man. We are made up of a little of everything; we should be able to understand a little of everything. The American is adaptable by right of birth. As to Europe, we have long understood this. We have something of the Puritanism of England, something of the nervous sensitiveness of France, something of the childish gayety of Italy, something of the perseverance of Germany. Out of our many-sided personality we ought to find something to put us in touch with Asia.

—H. G. RHODES.

*We hear considerable from time to time about the dignity of labor, but the laborer does not last long who tries to hold his job on dignity.*

#### The Wife as Business-Head of the Family

**THE** partnership of marriage is often a failure because the husband does not succeed in business.

It is a real failure, although perhaps not always a dismal failure. The affection stays, all the obligations are met, and there may continue a loving serenity. Nevertheless, the ghost of failure is shut up with the two people who are bound together and who never dream of ceasing to love. For when hopes are declining because the promise of youth has not met its opportunity, or because a misfit seems to clothe every endeavor, two ambitious partners in marriage cannot be thoroughly happy.

The young man makes his great essay in life; the young woman who has tied her faith to him looks on, encourages and spurs. But she can do little more than that.

If she sees him constantly gaining ground, then gratification and complacency are at the bottom of her consciousness, and ease of life keeps her face charming. It is not because he is able to give her more things, though such things may be one-fourth of life, but because he brings true her dreams of achievement, because he opens the door of life wider and she shares his sense of power.

But if affairs go the other way, if the man fails to grasp here and to combine there, or if his all-together cannot get its place, then begins for them both, and for her in particular, an ordeal of adjustment to a less hopeful outlook on the future. Here is a deadening of hopes, a dying of longings, which is written on the faces of multitudes of women who smile and yet cannot smile it off.

The pathos of this situation raises a practical question.

Is the situation unalterable? If the man, for reasons beyond help, fails habitually in his undertakings, is there any harm to love or to loyalty for the woman to acknowledge the fact openly and early to herself? From such an honest admission she can take a new view of their united fortunes.

What can she do? The chances are even that she may have in herself that talent for succeeding which her husband lacks. In other words, the family should be exploited for success, as a business firm would be amid similar circumstances. In a business concern that member comes to the front who by native force can make the business flourishing.

The woman sometimes is this effectual member of the matrimonial firm. It is lucky if she finds it out in time and determines to take up the problem rationally as her own, undeterred by false pride or by foolish fondness.

But a wife usually waits too long before she acknowledges the probability of her husband's eventual failure. She waits until her own day for doing things is past, or until she is called upon to do, but is not able to do, the creative kind of work which she might have done five or ten years earlier. Sentimentality for a vanished expectation has narrowed her idea of herself. She has let discouragement eat out her heart—that essence of discouragement which is distilled through another's loss of spirit.

How much simpler it would have been had she shifted the responsibility of creative work to her own shoulders as soon as there was reason to suspect that she was fitted to bear it the better and more lightly of the two. A certain pride unquestionably would have suffered; but the family might have been a business success; her own place in the world might have been saved; and the children might have had their rightful chance.

—FRANCIS BELLAMY.

*On closer inspection Texas seems to have arrived at the conclusion that the oil octopus is not such a bad fellow after all.*

#### Shelving Young Men of Fifty

**WE** HEAR a great deal in these days about "the dead line" in the ministerial calling. At fifty years of age, or even forty, a preacher is said to have reached this imaginary line, at which he is supposed to be superannuated, although he should be, and commonly is, at the very flood-tide of his power. Churches of all denominations want, therefore, young pastors. If they are but newly fledged from their nests at Andover, Newton or Princeton, so much the better. But can the student who graduated at a theological seminary one, five or ten years ago possibly have the learning, pastoral experience, knowledge of men, wisdom, tact, *ceteris paribus*, which the gray-headed pastor has accumulated by thirty or forty years of study, sermonizing, trial and pastoral toil? Our "slow" forefathers, who lived before the days of steam and electric travel, telephones and short-cut courses of education, thought not. Of course, they knew

well enough that there were exceptional men, a Jonathan Edwards, a Jeremy Taylor, a Nathaniel Emmons—as at a later day there were a Buckminster, a Channing, a Bushnell, a Summerfield, a Starr King—in whom genius could supply the place of years of study and experience. But, for the preacher of average natural gifts, they deemed these prerequisites to success.

"Old" and "young" are purely relative terms. It is not the gray hairs on a man's head, the crow's-feet about his eyes or the wrinkles on his face that prove him old, but the lack of force and fire, of elastic hope and faith, of mental and spiritual power.

When the pastor of the first Congregational Church in Boston died, in 1663, the church resolved to supply his place by a *young man*, and accordingly elected Mr. Davenport, of New Haven, then seventy years old.

There are men of sixty and seventy, and even eighty years, who are brimming with enthusiasm and energy, and there are others but thirty years old who are bankrupt in both. "The dead line," which is supposed to threaten clergymen chiefly, exists as really in every other calling; but it is one which is fixed at no age, but is continually shifting, and is drawn, not by fate or providence, but by each man for himself. The preacher draws it when he is self-satisfied and stops growing mentally and spiritually; when he ceases to keep abreast with the thought, science and improved processes of his time. Chalmers, Robert Hall, Bushnell, Wayland, Edwards Park never reached the line in question. They did not, at any period of their lives, lay down their oars and float with the current. They knew that mentally a man cannot simply mark time; that, like Virgil's boatman, *si brachia forte remisit*—if he relaxes his efforts he is carried backward. They continued to the last alive in every fibre, interested in every new advance of thought; and if they had each lived and studied for a century they never would have thought of tying up at any time their respective stocks of knowledge, and labeling them complete. Many of the liveliest, most energetic, and most receptive clergymen we know—men who keep all the windows of the mind open to new ideas—are past sixty.

Of course, there are languid, spiritless old men in the ministry, as in all other callings; but, in the great majority of cases, old age found them—it did not make them—such. If it was a preacher of this stamp whom a venerable father in Israel is said to have taken by the whiskers and warned: "You had better dye these, for, if you leave your present charge, nobody will call you with such a badge of advanced life," the advice was not the sagest. It was his brains that needed dyeing, not his whiskers.

—WILLIAM MATHEWS.

*The man with a good constitution should be able to recuperate from his summer vacation in at least two weeks.*

#### The Next Problem for Inventors

**HARDLY** any expression is more common in general conversation than that of wonder as to what will be the next step of invention. We have done so much, indeed, that it is not uncommon to hear it declared dogmatically that we have reached the limit, which means generally that we shall never do things—whether the "thing" be the purchase of a spool of cotton or a little journey across the continent—very much quicker than at present. It is quite possible, indeed, that we shall not, and it is doubtful if we shall be very much better off if we discover that we can.

The real problem for inventors, considering the greatest good to the greatest number, is to enable us to move not more quickly but more happily; to diminish, first of all, the noise and the resulting nervous tension with which modern progress has replaced the red Indian at the door of the stockade or the masked robber at the door of the stagecoach. The need of such invention—in other words, a public appreciation of possible flaws in the theory that rapid motion is in itself progress and involves a necessary sacrifice of the pleasures of the eye and the satisfaction of the ear—has here and there become already sufficiently manifest to make gardens of shrubs and flowers an essential part of more than one line of railroad stations, to inaugurate the practice of sprinkling the tracks with oil in order to lay the dust and insure more quiet running, to pave city streets with asphalt in place of cobblestones, to restrict heavy teaming to certain thoroughfares, to legislate against tuneless street music, and to start crusades against the vocal atrocities of those who cry their various wares in public highways.

In Boston, to take a concrete example, a corporation controlling the system of rapid transit recently put in operation, has leaped at once to the position of defendant in a series of lawsuits for depreciation of property owing to the constant thunder of its trains, and has been subject to no little criticism for the celerity which it enforces upon even the best Bostonians in entering and leaving them.

The fact is, the American people stir in a sleep in which they have been dreaming of a material, one-sided progress, and many of them are already awake to the fact that the true touchstone of life is to do a thing not only expeditiously but without either a waste of nervous tissue or an excess of apparent effort.

Let the awakening become general and the corporations—which, when all is said and done, depend upon public opinion and are accustomed rather to approve than to oppose real improvement—will inevitably respond to this very quickening in the conception of material progress. The link between rapid transit and satisfactory transit is the invention which shall make speed comparatively noiseless, and it is safe to say that it would find a ready welcome in the office of any of our important transportation companies.

—R. W. BERGENGREN.