

Lawson's Exposures

Mr. Lawson may be the most prodigious liar that ever put pen on paper. His lies may be like the father that begat them—gross as a mountain. That is not the thing which really signifies. People do not greatly care whether his particular stories are true, whether this and that plunger in the market actually played the infamous part alleged; whether brazen proboters really bought a legislature in the way described; they believe that other stories of the kind are true, if Lawson's are not. He gains the credit of a millionaire turning State's evidence. The impression made is unmistakable as it will be indelible. That there is a class of rich men who carry into enormous operations the methods of the sneak thief and the card sharper; that they rob the widow and take away the portion of the orphan with no more scruple than a burglar; that honor and good faith are as unknown among them as among jail-birds, this is the popular conviction upon which Lawson has so skilfully played. He has heightened it, but he did not create it. Now the existence of such men is the great social menace. They are the blackest embodiment of that spirit of materialism which fears not God and regards not man, and which it is our immense task today to resist and drive from us, if we would not see it drag our whole civilization into the pit.

—[New York Nation.

Optimism vs. Pessimism

If optimism as the disposition to look on the bright side of affairs is capital, if to the worker in any field of employment it is an asset, then pessimism, or the disposition to look on the dark side of everything is a moral and physical incubus, a dead weight, a liability to be overcome.

If any reader of the *News-Letter* is afflicted with the unfortunate habit—for to some extent it is a habit—of looking on the dark side of the world, and has made himself believe society is out of joint, and the human race are all going wrong, we recommend him to carefully read the following brief statement which we clip from "Unity":

A Primer of the Peace Movement

From the Illustrated Exhibit of the American Peace Society at the World's Fair, St. Louis, 1904

Compiled by Lucia Ames Mead

The Practical Program for World Organization

WAR'S DECREASE

"History is the record of the decline of war, but the slow decline."—Emerson.

War was once universal. Now it is exceptional. There were Seven Years' Wars, Thirty Years' Wars, One Hundred Years' Wars. Union of tribes into small states, of these into larger ones, as in ancient France and England, in America and modern Germany and Italy, enlarging the areas in which was peace. This reduced the annoyance of custom houses, different coinage, etc., and transferred many men from destructive to constructive work.

The cruelties of war are lessening. Women and children are no longer slaughtered or sold into slavery; looting has decreased; the hospital service has enormously improved. The United States has just abolished giving prizes to naval men for victories.

Long-range guns firing at unseen enemies lessen the beastly ferocity of old-time hand-to-hand encounters. Plainer uniforms for soldiers, greater opportunity for travel and adventure outside the army, make army life less attractive. More acquaintance and commerce with foreign peoples and a growing trust in arbitration make war seem more senseless and futile. The increased cost, not only of war, but of standing armies and navies, is com-

elling tax-payers to rebel at seeing their hard-earned money needlessly thrown away.

A first-class battleship (\$6,500,000) costs more than the valuation of all the land and the ninety-four buildings of Harvard University, plus all the land and buildings of both the Hampton and Tuskegee Institutes. New inventions force a battleship out of service in thirteen years.

A Timely Suggestion

But there is another ground upon which our sympathies may be appealed to in behalf of home missions, and that is patriotism. We love our country and our country very much needs the dissemination and acceptance of the principles of Christ in all its political and industrial life. Grave questions confront us as a nation. Selfishness lays its mines in the waters of politics and of business, and no one can tell when they will explode or what they will destroy. It is not yet finally settled whether the rich as well as the poor shall obey the laws. How many millions must a man own to be able to trample on the laws of the country with impunity and with the admiration of the Christian citizens of the republic? How many millions in gifts will paralyze the conscience of the American people? Money rules in ordinary politics and dictates the action of city councils and state legislatures, and sometimes even conventions of the people themselves. It is appalling to realize how votes, even of men who have been elected as representatives of the people, can be changed and controlled by liberal offers of personal advantage in which the misrepresented people do not share. It has been said that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. It is true, and it is equally true that eternal vigilance is the price of everything good in a republic. You may sow good seed in your field, but it is while you sleep that an enemy sows tares; and do the best we can, the good seed and the tares will grow together till the harvest.—[Cyrus Northrop, L. L. D., in the Home Missionary, November, 1904.

The New Woman's World

"The enormous growth of women's clubs has consolidated her independence and turned it from a theory into a comfortable reality, says the London Express. There may be some clubs which are centers for gossip and idling, but the clubs which are composed of women of kindred interests open up a new field of camaraderie for women. With this camaraderie women enters into a new realization of her own worth.

"If a man desires woman's society, he is always free to come as a guest to her club, for women are far more hospitable than men, and do not lock their clubs against the intrusion of alien guests. Only in her club the woman reigns. Man is no longer corralled into the precincts as an envied prize. The most luxurious couches, the library, the papers, the quietest and brightest rooms are reserved for 'members only,' and woman has her sanctum in which man is not only undesired, but where his presence would be a positive nuisance.

"Naturally, this is changing the aspect of society a little. I know at least half a dozen men who are openly anxious to get married, who want a companion and a friend in their wife; and I do not know of any of my girl acquaintances who are possessed by the same desire for matrimony. As women become self-sufficing, man naturally wants them more."

Scarcely

THERE is so much bad in the best of us,
And so much good in the worst of us,
That it scarcely behooves any of us,
To talk about the rest of us.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Being Something That You Ain't

AFTER you've been married a little while you're going to find that there are two kinds of happiness you can have—home happiness and fashionable happiness. With the first kind you get a lot of children and with the second a lot of dogs. While dogs mind better and seem more affectionate, because they kiss you with their whole face, I've always preferred to associate with children. Then for the first kind of happiness you keep house for yourself, and for the second you keep house for the neighbors.

You can buy a lot of home happiness with a mighty small salary, but fashionable happiness always costs just a little more than you're making. You can't keep down expenses when you've got to keep up appearances—that is, the appearance of being something that you ain't. You're in the fix of a dog chasing his tail—you can't make ends meet, and if you do it'll give you such a crick in your neck that you won't get any real satisfaction out of your gymnastics. You've got to live on a rump steak basis when you're alone so that you can appear to be on a quail on toast basis when you have company. And while they're eating your quail and betting that they're cold storage birds they'll be whispering to each other that the butcher told their cook that you lived all last week on a soup bone and two pounds of hamburger steak. Your wife must hog it around the house in an old wrapper because she's got to have two or three of those dresses that come high on the bills and low on the shoulders, and when she wears 'em the neighbors are going to wonder how much you're short in your accounts. And if you've been raised a shouting Methodist and been used to hollering your satisfaction in a good hearty "Glory!" or a "Halleluia!" you've got to quit it and go to one of those churches where the right answer to the question, "What is the chief end of man?" is "Dividend," and where they think you're throwing a fit and sick the sexton on to you if you forget yourself and whoop it up a little when your religion gets to working.

Then if you do have any children you can't send them to a plain public school to learn reading, writing and arithmetic, because they've got to go to a fashionable private one to learn hog Latin, hog wash and how much the neighbors are worth. Of course the rich children are going to say that they're pushing little kids, but they've got to learn to push and to shove and to butt right in where they're not wanted if they intend to herd with the real Angora billy goats. They've got to learn how to bow low to every one in front of them and to kick out at every one behind them. It's been my experience that it takes a good four year course in snubbing before you can graduate a first class snob.

Then when you've sweat along at it for a dozen years or so you'll wake up some morning and discover that your appearances haven't deceived any one but yourself. A man who tries that game is a good deal like the fellow who puts on a fancy vest over a dirty shirt—he's the only person in the world who can't see the egg spots under his chin.—From "Old Gorgon Graham."

What He Took

A N old negro was taken ill recently and called him. But the old man did not seem to be in a physician of his race to prescribe for getting any better, and finally a white physician was called.

Soon after arriving Dr. Smith felt the darkey's pulse for a moment and then examined his tongue.

"Did your other doctor take your temperature?" he asked.

"I don't know, sah," he answered feebly—"I ain't missed anything but my watch as yit!"