

# The Ethics of Commerce

By EX-PRESIDENT GROVER CLEVELAND.

COMMERCE has done an immense service to humanity, by enlarging within its wide influence the acceptance of the laws of honest dealing among civilized communities, and by curbing man's besetting sins of selfishness and greed.

We shall thereupon be led to apprehend the especial benefits in a moral sense that have accrued to our own countrymen from the work and example of commercial institutions and organizations. They have brought together a vast number of our citizens and made the American merchant, who, too great to be mean, has, by bold enterprise and brave venture, challenged the admiration of the world; equally as important as this in its moral complexion and significance, they have, by the adoption and enforcement of rules for their government, illustrated to a people apt to chafe under enforced restraint how usefully they themselves may voluntarily restrain and regulate their conduct, and beyond all, they have directly and by example leavened the mass of our citizenship with a love of scrupulous honor, and largely contributed to the preservation of true American devotion to fair play.

Do I exaggerate when I say that all this amounts to the elevation of our national character, and, if I speak within bounds, may we not put to the credit of commerce the gift to our people of a steadying force more than ever needed in these days, if we are to stem the tide of misleading influences and dangerous tendencies?

PRACTICAL BUSINESS ACTIVITY CAN BE MINGLED WITH ENLIGHTENMENT AND SOCIAL BETTERMENT, AND COMMERCIAL ORGANIZATIONS HAVE ALREADY WOVEN THEM TOGETHER. They are estopped from disclaiming their obligation to continue the work. It rests with them not only to enlarge and strengthen by increased enterprise the fabric they have thus produced, but to make it brighter and more beautiful by adding to it a larger infusion of that which touches the welfare of mankind in every moral and social phase and condition.

It may be justly said that commerce, by what it has already done, by what lies yet in its path undone, and by what it is able to do, has created for itself a mission which cannot be fulfilled by increased effort directed solely to gaining mere business advantages. This mission does not exact an abatement of commercial struggle and competition; but it so far fixes their limit as to enjoin that with such struggle and competition there shall also be willing cooperation in an endeavor to promote every beneficial purpose which commerce can draw within its sphere.

Commercialism is a word we often hear in these days when an attempt is made to describe certain political and economic phases of our national tendencies, which are greatly lamented by good people who are solicitous for our country's welfare. It has always seemed to me that the meaning attached to this word lacks definiteness. If it is used to define a desire to accumulate wealth not only for the gratification of individual wishes, but in full recognition of the duties and obligations to others which the possession of wealth imposes, we need not complain of such use.

With our conception of what commerce is and ought to be, we have, however, cause of complaint when the word "commercialism" is used as descriptive of sordid money getting.

# The CHRYSANTHEMUM

By REV. JENKIN LLOYD JONES, Pastor All Souls Church, Chicago.



The chrysanthemum, like the lily, preaches its lesson of simplicity, of modesty, of humanity in regard to Solomon robes, courtly fashions and the multi-colored raiment of men and women that are so coarse, loud and vulgar when compared with the delicacy, radiance and variety of the lilies and the grasses of the field.

The chrysanthemum contains all the sermon of the New Testament with a plus element. IT STANDS FOR THE DIVINE MYSTERY WITH AN ADDED HUMAN INVESTMENT. The chrysanthemum is the divine revelation enlarged, amplified, multiplied by the creative hand of man. The chrysanthemum that God made was a ragged little wayside flower allied to the daisy, much in evidence along the highways and byways of China; a little autumn flower, persistently yellow, which gave it the name of "chrysanthemum," the "golden flower." IT IS MAN THAT HAS TRANSFORMED THAT WAYSIDE FLOWER INTO THIS GORGEOUS PRIDE OF THE FLORIST, the joy of the drawing-room, and sometimes the affectation of the fashionable world.

*Jenkin Lloyd Jones*

# The Vileness of Gum Chewing

By DR. GEORGE F. HALL.

I HAVE almost as little patience with a female who habitually chews gum as I have with a male who everlastingly chews tobacco. Both are nasty and expensive habits. When I see a woman mouthing gum in public I feel like shouting: "If those women must chew let them take to the basement!" To-day on street cars, in theaters, at ball games and races, in the parlor and everywhere it is a common sight to see girls and women of mature years chewing gum.

IT IS A HABIT WHICH HAS SCARCELY A REDEEMING FEATURE, and I for one wish to use all the influence I have in discouraging the same. It distorts the face, induces excessive saliva and gives the breath a sickening, drug-store-like perfume. While I cannot say that it is particularly injurious (unless one accidentally swallows a chunk, as a girl did recently in the east, and died), I CAN MOST ASSUREDLY SAY THAT IN PUBLIC AT LEAST GUM-CHEWING IS INDECENT. A bevy of waxtwisters always suggests to me insipidity in conversation and rudeness of manners.

# FUNNY FOLKS

## Had No Use for It.

"Now, here is a showcase," said the dealer, pointing to a peculiar-looking specimen of his wares, "that is bound to become popular. It magnifies everything put in it to double its natural size."

"Can't use it in my business," replied the prospective customer. "What I want is a case that will seemingly reduce the actual size of its contents fully one-half."

"What is your line?" asked the dealer.

"My speciality is ladies' shoes," replied the other, with a half-suppressed grin.—Tit-Bits.

## His One Weakness.

"I see, by the Weekly Plaindealer," said old Uncle Timrod, a trifle acidly, "that the absconding cashier of the Allegash bank had always been a model of propriety and rectitude. He didn't drink, smoke or gamble; never used profanity, or wore a shirt waist, or played golf, or admitted grass-widders, or was the east bit frisky in any way. And—Waal, in fact, he don't seem to have but one fault, and that was that he would steal."—Puck.

## His Bitter Experience.

"I tell you, my friend, people can't be too careful about the care of the eyes."

"You speak as if you had had some experience along that line."

"You bet I've had my experience! If my Aunt Jane had worn glasses for her nearsightedness she wouldn't have married a designing fellow who dyed his hair. And if she hadn't married him I wouldn't be knocking 'round here with nothin' to do and nothin' to eat."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## A Complicated Transaction.

"Did Billings borrow five dollars from you?"

"Yes."

"That's too bad!"

"Don't you think he will be able to pay me?"

"Oh, yes. He'll be able to pay. I bet him ten dollars that he couldn't coax the loan out of you."—Washington Star.

## A Queer Thing.

Oh, trouble is a thing which many people borrow.

And the flight of time gives other folks some sorrow.

And it is a fact, my dear,

Which to me seems very clear,

That to-day will be yesterday, to-morrow.

—Lotus Fritelle, in St. Nicholas.

## TIP FOR HIM TO GO HOME.



Edith Hintz—You must not play with Mr. Borem's new hat, Willie.

Willie—Why not?

Edith Hintz—You might hurt it or lose it, and he'll want it in a few minutes.—Chicago Journal.

## The Philosopher Crow.

A crow is not a pretty bird.

Yet he's all right, because

He never quarrels with his fate

Or fortune, without caws.

—N. Y. Herald.

## A Bargain at \$49.70.

"When it comes to singing," exclaimed the nightingale, sneeringly, "you're of no use. You couldn't touch a high note in your life."

"In my life? No," replied the bird of paradise, "but I'll be embalmed upon a bonnet some days, and then I'll make a \$50 note look like 30 cents."—Philadelphia Press.

## Why It Was All Right.

"You needn't be at all afraid to speak to papa, George. I am sure it will be all right."

"What makes you think so?"

"He asked me last night what your business is, and when I said you were a retired coal dealer he smiled and said he guessed that settled it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Going at It Right.

Subbub—I'm sick and tired of visiting the employment agencies in search of cooks, so I'm going to advertise; there's the ad.

Want-ad. Man (of daily newspaper)—Yes, sir; how many insertions?

Subbub—Why, about twice a week for a year! What's your rock-bottom price?—Brooklyn Life.

## His Case Defined.

"Pa, what's a man of the hour?"

"Generally some chap who is being condemned by one-half of the population for not doing something that he knows the other half will condemn him for if he does it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

## Appropriate.

Mrs. Winks—When is Miss Hardecash to marry the count?

Mrs. Binks—On Monday.

Mrs. Winks—Oh, of course I might have known. Monday is bargain day.

—N. Y. Weekly.

## The Nerve of the Borrower.

"That is what I call downright humiliating," said Mrs. Bliggins.

"What has occurred?" inquired her husband.

"The neighbors who recently moved next door are going to have company, so they sent over to borrow our parlor rug. I let them take it, and in a little while they came back and said they didn't think it was handsome enough to go with their furniture, and would I lend them the money to buy a new one."—Washington Star.

## Not an Admirer.

She was a maiden fair to see,

As on the chair she sat;

But that cut no ice with me—

She was sitting on my hat.

—Chicago Daily News.

## ACCUSTOMED TO IT.



"She told me what she thought of me, right to my face."

"And you took it in good part?"

"Oh, yes; I'm used to it. She's my wife."—N. Y. Times.

## Lavishness.

He is a modern Croesus;

Cost never daunts his soul;

His son is burning money,

And his cook is burning coal.

—Washington Star.

## Reciprocity.

Wife—I've been thinking, dear, ever since you gave me Hugo's works for my birthday, which you said you'd been longing to read, what present I would make you on your birthday. Now what do you say to a pair of opera glasses, like Maud's? They are heavenly, and you know how I long for them every time I go to the theater.—Judge.

## The Hog.

"Mrs. Gushington, who called upon me recently," began the conceited and boorish author, "was pleased to say she thought there was no pen more artistically delightful in all the world than mine."

"She told me," replied Sinnickson, "that she had admired your house, but don't you think it was unkind of her to call it a 'pen'?"—Philadelphia Press.

## The End of the World.

Little Dot—I know something my teacher doesn't know.

Mamma—Indeed! What is that?

"I know when the world is coming to an end, and she doesn't. I asked her, and she said she didn't know."

"Oh, well, who told you?"

"Uncle John. He said the world would come to an end when children stopped asking questions that nobody could answer."—Tit-Bits.

## The Facetious One.

"I notice," remarked the facetious one to the man whose face bore evidences of a poor barber's work, "that you've had a close shave recently."

The victim glared. "Not as close as yours," he finally remarked; "you're the tenth man who's fired the same joke at me, and the rest are in the hospital."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

## Aversa.

O, may I write a verse to you,

The ardent lover cried—

No need; I am averse to you,

The maiden proud replied.

—St. Paul Dispatch.

## HER RULING THOUGHT.



"Did you ever think of marriage, Miss Tiggs?"

"Lor! Wy, I never thinks of nothin' else."—Ally Sloper.

## A Text by the Wayside.

Don't need no wings ter fly wid when dey callin' er you higher—

No railroad on de rocky roaden rough;

Don't want ter go ter glory in a cherryroot er fire—

Kase you sho' ter hit de fire soon enough.

—Atlanta Constitution.

## Softening the Grief.

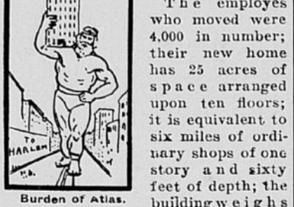
Wilson—I lost that fine silk umbrella that I carried in town to-day.

Mrs. Wilson—Oh, what a pity!

Wilson—Still, there is one consolation. It wasn't mine.—Somerville Journal.

# The Several Things Which Keep New York a-Gossiping

New York—A shop the other day moved to new quarters. Thus stated, this is not a large item. But—



Burden of Atlas.

The employees who moved were 4,000 in number; their new home has 25 acres of space arranged upon ten floors; it is equivalent to six miles of ordinary shops of one story and sixty feet of depth; the building weighs two billion pounds; it has 42 miles of electric wiring; it has its own glass factories in Germany, its candy factory in this city, its linen plant in Ireland, its bank, where customers can keep their money, pay for goods by check against deposit and draw 4 per cent, upon daily remainders.

This isn't the biggest shop; simply the biggest new one. Half a dozen others of almost equal size are moving up-town with it, and one even greater has just been made by enlarging an old one.

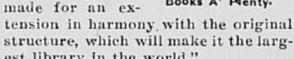
Not one of the great merchants was born in New York. The founder of the new store I have been describing was born in Connecticut. Two of his great rivals came from Chicago; three others were born in Germany; another pair came from Washington. Another, by no means the least—his name John Wanamaker—hails from Philadelphia. It is whispered that he too may join the up-town movement. To fit the rumor with appropriate dramatic scene it is whispered also that he is to acquire the Metropolitan Opera House, built at great expense only a few years ago, and one of the famous theaters of the world, and pull it down to make room for a mammoth shop.

Would this be strange? One of the largest theaters in New York, besides thirty-nine dwellings and shops, large and small, came down to clear the way for the big new shop just opened. Over on Fifth avenue the magnificent Stewart mansion, the finest city house in the world when it was built twenty years ago, and the Progress club, a splendid structure a little over ten years old, are coming down to make room for other buildings. Why should the Metropolitan be sacred?

## The Building of a Library.

New York is familiar with gigantesque building. There is the new library, whose corner stone has just been laid. It is to cover two acres and a half, to take four years in building, to cost \$3,000,000, and to measure 300 feet by 269.

"That will do for the present," says Dr. Billings, the Librarian, but we have plans made for an extension in harmony with the original structure, which will make it the largest library in the world."



Books A' Plenty.

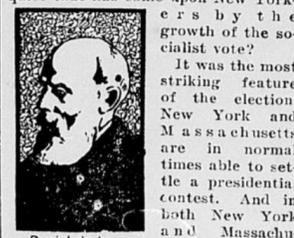
It isn't to be that at once. The Congressional library in Washington is bigger, but much of its space and cost is mere show. The New York library will be practical. It will have a million books at the start, the same as the Congressional. Its ultimate size will accommodate 4,500,000. The British museum has 2,000,000 or so. The Boston Public library is smaller in every way and has fewer books in its main building, more if you count the branches. But as Mr. Carnegie has given \$5,200,000 to build branches for the New York library, it will not be behind Boston in this respect when the parent building is opened.

New York often builds by piecemeal. The Metropolitan museum, vast as it appears to-day, is only two-sevenths of the completed building. The Historical museum grows in a similar fashion. The Historical society is just erecting the central portion only of a palace, which will be when finished 200x125 feet, a beautiful permanent home, which will cost more than \$1,000,000.

New York has been modest in self-dispraise as to libraries and galleries. J. J. Astor founded the great library that bears his name four years before there was any in Boston. The Lenox library, which is now to be joined with it, is one of the richest in the world in rare volumes. The litigation over the will of S. J. Tilden, by which \$2,000,000 comes to the library, is only just ended.

## Growth of Socialism.

Have you heard echoes of the disquiet that has come upon New York by the growth of the socialist vote? It was the most striking feature of the election. New York and Massachusetts are in normal times able to settle a presidential contest. And in both New York and Massachusetts the socialists hold the balance of power. In both they can command a bigger vote than the republican plurality in the late election. In New York they did not command it because there was a split from the "straight" or de Leon socialists. In Connecticut several cit-



Daniel de Leon.

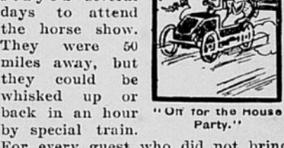
ies have workingmen mayors, claimed as socialists whether they call themselves so or not. And the venerable Lyman Abbott, a conspicuous figure in the ecclesiastical world, has just said to the students in Yale: "I believe the movement toward socialism in this country to be irresistible, and I believe, too, that it ought not to be resisted."

What has caused this sudden upheaval of socialism to the dignity of an issue? In a general way the trusts, shameless stock gambling in Wall street, callous display of vast wealth, the spread of luxury which amazes plain people at every hand—all these things; but more than all of them put together, just here and now, is the situation growing out of the coal strike.

At the beginning of winter, which may be very severe, New York is practically without coal. Men whose families contain sick and suffering people are unable to get it and illness is certainly increased by the chill of unheated houses. Of this there can be no doubt. Personally I have managed thus far by burning the less valuable books in my library in an open grate when wood could not be had, and by burning twice over the cinders sifted from range coal ashes to get along in fair comfort and keep my temper. But there is no illness in the house.

## A Home Party of To-Day.

The kind of luxury at which reformers look askance is illustrated by a house party given by a famous New Yorker at his home on Long Island this week.



"Off for the House Party."

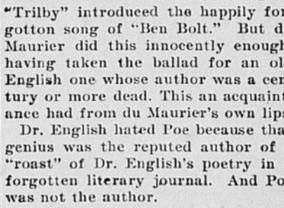
The guests stayed several days to attend the horse show. They were 50 miles away, but they could be whisked up or back in an hour by special train.

For every guest who did not bring one, a valet or lady's maid was provided. For every guest a saddle horse stamped in the stable. A dozen automobiles were ready for parties who wished to sally forth upon the perfect roads which the "native" residents who pay for them may use with skittish horses only at the peril of their lives.

A wine agent paid \$850 for first choice of \$250 boxes at the horse show, just as an advertisement. That's nothing; first choice at Chicago cost \$1,000. But I cannot get over the old foggy feeling that costly ostentation is out of place in a republic, and that those who flaunt their wealth and power before the faces of the far more powerful poor are alone to blame if they are not exactly popular.

## A Curious Literary Discovery.

Poe, ex-congressman, physician, author of "Ben Bolt," the late Thomas Dunn English went to his grave bitterly hating two men who had preceded him in death—George du Maurier and Edgar A. Poe.



Geo. Du Maurier.

He almost boiled over with rage when du Maurier's name was mentioned because that writer had in "Tribly" introduced the happily forgotten song of "Ben Bolt." But du Maurier did this innocently enough, having taken the ballad for an old English one whose author was a century or more dead. This acquaintance had from du Maurier's own lips.

Dr. English hated Poe because that genius was the reputed author of a "roast" of Dr. English's poetry in a forgotten literary journal. And Poe was not the author.

The roast was genuine enough. Under the name of T. D. Brown, which Dr. English then employed, it accused him of the "inexcusable sin of imitation—if this be not too mild a term." It said that he "hooted in a flat." It found him "without the commonest school education, and stated that 'about his appearance there was nothing very remarkable—except that he existed in a perpetual state of vacillation between mustachio and goatee.'" Naturally, Dr. English was grieved.

Prof. Harrison, in his new edition of Poe's works, in which exact scholarship and minute research have the final word, proves that Poe never wrote the article in question! Five among those short sketches commonly printed under the heading of "The Literati" were written by Griswold, the editor, himself. Either Poe was late with his copy—which he was apt to be—or Dr. Griswold did not find sufficiently hot its scolding of his particular enemies. At any rate, the discovery that the cautious doctor was himself the author of some of the bitterest articles attributed to Poe is really curious.

It's so easy, I said, to be beloved, rich or poor. And it's so easy to be hated, guilty or innocent!

OWEN LANGDON.