WAS THE GREATEST JURIST AMERICA EVER PRODUCED

A Prominent Writer Holds This View of John Marshall, of Virginia.

HIGH TRIBUTE TO HIS WISDOM.

We Are Indebted to Him for the Greatest Judicial Body in the World.

By COL. JOHN J. M'COOK.

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The most important appointment ever made by any one of the Presidents, in civil life, at least, was that of John Marshall to be Chief Justice of the United States by John Adams on February 4, 1801. Thomas Jefferson was then within a month of his first inauguration as Chief Magistrate. The young Republican, or Democratic, party had won its first memorable victory, and federalism tottered on the verge of the political extinction that within the next decade overtook it.

But the principles for which that, in many respects, great and patriotic party contended in the Washington administration and put into execution during the one of Adams were not destined to perish. With Marshall in the chair of the Chief Justiceship, federalism rose triumphant in the judicial department of the Government, and during his thirty-five years' tenure of office became so potent that it gave an interpretation to the organic law which Jefferson never ceased to assert was precisely the reverse of that intended by the framers and supporters of the instrument at the time of its adoption.

THE TWO GREAT VIRGINIANS.

The two great Virginians were bitter antagonists. Each looked at the constitution from opposite poles of political thought. A liberal construction of the fundamental law, so as to make it of vital force and effect, was the ideal object of Marshall. Jefferson was appalled at the idea of centralization of all power in the hands of the Federal authorities. He believed that it would result in the creation of the most corrupt government on earth, and consequently the failure of the experiment whether man is capable of self-government. Marshall, he contended, made the constitution so much waste paper by his construction of it. It was Marshall the third President had in mind when he framed the oft-quoted indictment of the Supreme Court, beginning with the words: "The judiciary of the United States is the subtle corps of sappers and miners constantly working under ground to undermine the foundations of our confederated fabric. They are construing our constitution from a co-ordination of a general and special government to a general and supreme one alone." On another occasion he denounced Marshall as "a crafty chief judge, who sophisticates the law to his mind by the turn of his own reasoning." Again, in 1810, Jefferson, referring to Marshall, wrote to President Madison this bitter sentence: "The rancorous hatred which Marshall bears to the Government of his country and the cunning and sophistry within which he is able to enshroud himself."

A GREAT JURIST.

Impartial history does not agree with Jefferson in his estimate of Marshall. On the contrary, it places Marshall not below that of Jefferson himself as a patriot, while as a jurist, of course, there can be no comparison between them. Which was the greater statesman is an entirely different question. Marshall's decisions and opinions are the glory of American jurisprudence. In these splendid judicial papers the principles on which the government rests are defined with a force of logic and a lucidity of expression that bench and bar during the sixty-five years since his death have almost unanimously agreed in commending. He gave life and soul to the constitution and made it a practicable instrument of government. Indeed, had not this great judge lived, it is difficult to say what the condition of the Union might be to-day, or whether there would be any Union at all! It was he that snapped the fetters in which the strict constructionists would have bound it and that in many grave emergencies might have caused its dissolution. Some of the earlier statesmen of the political school antagonistic to him denounced what they called his encroachments on the authority of the co-ordinate departments of the Government; but nearly all the great principles enunciated by him have, at one time or another since then, proved to be, not usurpations, but measures of the supremest wisdom and conservatism.

MUCH CREDIT DUE HIM.

To him more than to all that were associated with him on the Supreme Bench is due the fact that the splendid court is not only the greatest judicial tribunal in the world, but that it is the chief bulwark of the republic itself. He invested it with a dignity and character that no other body of men on earth possess. True, it is not infallible, but its decisions during more than a century are the most consistent in all history. And it has achieved this lofty place in public esteem because it has followed in almost everything the principles defined by the greatest of all its judges.

IS A TONIC ALL THE YEAR ROUND

A Noted Authority Tells of Great Benefit to Be Derived from Winter Cycling, and Drops Some Valuable Hints.

THE THINGS THAT SHOULD BE AVOIDED SO THAT THE GREATEST GOOD MAY RESULT

By GORDON STABLES, M. D., R. N.

(Author of "Health Upon Wheels," "Leaves from the Log of a Gentleman Gipsy," Etc.)

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"I do not like the old worn roads
That lead where thousands have abodes—
The shorter links worn fine and thin
'Twixt town and town and inn and inn;
Far rather would I turn my face
Toward some newer, stranger place."
—Anon.

I spoke a parable once in some of my medical papers. It was as follows: A certain man set out to roll a barrel of beer up a hill, promising himself a good drink when he got to the top. But he soon tired and stopped to mop his brow. The barrel took advantage and rolled a good way down again, before he could prevent it. He started once more, and soon stopped again with the same result, and so on half a dozen times, till finally, when almost at the goal, the barrel took entire charge and rushed headlong to destruction. My parable was meant to illustrate the folly of taking tonics and leaving them off in a few days, and by and by beginning again, before the desired result is obtained.

Well, cycling is a tonic. Most of us make a very good use thereof all summer and autumn also, but when winter comes in, when the dark days and murky skies of November commence, the cycle is put away, that is, the healthsome, wholesome tonic is given up. We seek for recreations indoors in stifling rooms, in vilely smelling billiard halls, with their atmosphere of evil breaths, bad tobacco and worse whiskey. Is it any wonder therefore that all the good, or most of it, which our summer touring did us takes wings and flies away, that our muscles become flaccid and our nerves unstrung, and that as we do pull out the dear old machine once again when better weather has come, we feel about as strong as an old horse just off the grass?

WINTER CYCLING.

By what I say above then I give myself away at once. It proves that I do recommend winter cycling. Under certain restrictions, however, and with certain limitations, which in this paper I shall try to explain.

I must say, by way of preface, that I should be sorry to put my opinion before the views of any other physician, though I believe it would coincide with those of nearly all. Whether it does or doesn't I shall hold my own. My experience is not small; I have ridden—though never to make records—for about five and twenty years, and I am not only a medical man, but a student.

I beg even to differ from Dr. Landen Brunton in his disparaging remarks concerning the wheel. I do not suppose he himself cycles, but he tells us that cycling tends to narrow the chest and to cause more or less of a permanent stoop. I do not deny that there is just a grain of truth in this statement, and it is only words of my own repeated, which I wrote years ago condemning the persistent cat-on-a-garden-wall position in the saddle. There are times when this is necessary, as while going up a hill or in racing, as it gives extra power, but an upright position should be maintained whenever possible because it is more healthy. I have never yet, however, known narrowness of the chest caused by cycling. Dr. Brunton is pleased to be theoretical—I prefer experience. If a man were constantly in the saddle evil effects might become apparent, especially if he were very young. That is all.

DRAWBACKS TO WINTER CYCLING.

1. The Weather.—During a heavy snowstorm, and these are very infrequent on the English side of the Tweed, a balloon would be preferable to a bicycle, but I know of no other state of the weather that need hinder a strong young or middle-aged cyclist from taking a spin of a few miles every day just to keep his muscles up to date.

He will hardly be able to go far in the teeth of half a gale of wind, though the thought that it will be all right coming back again, and that he may then carry stunsails, so to speak, ought to sustain him even while battling with Boreas himself. And here is a fact not generally known—fighting the wind, either in riding or walking, is a splendid stimulant to the nervous system and well calculated to dispel low spirits and what are called "the blues." When writing my books, if I am at any time over-brain-tired I feel glad if the wind blows high. My Highland plaid is weather defiant, the breeze to me is most exhilarating, and I return probably perspiring and a little tired, but happy. Of course bodily cold is never felt on a cycle, and the fingers can be protected. The rain is perhaps the worst winter foe a wheelman has to encounter. But if proper measures are taken it cannot hurt. I do not advise any one to go out during heavy rain, but in days of drizzle, why not? The ordinary waterproof is out of the question. It is a most unwholesome garment, as it retains the insensible as well as the sensible perspiration, and sitting about after returning, without having changed the clothing, may, and often does result in serious inflammation of the lungs of pleurae. I myself have a cape to throw over my shoulders. It was built on purpose for me, it is waterproof silk and weighs about five ounces. It is simply perfection, because though it can carry off the heaviest rain, the air gets in beneath and the ventilation is thus perfect. The knees are easily protected and the legs won't hurt.

AS TO ROADS.

2. The Roads.—Well, in winter they most assuredly need some battling against. What should one do? Why battle against them, of course, and if one comes to a patch of stones get down and carry the machine over, or trundle it along the footpath. But there is a danger, on what are called "greasy" roads, or side-slipping, and I have not yet seen the tyre that can protect one from this. In some parts of the country this state of road is worse than in others, and the greasiness, as perhaps the reader knows, is caused by powered mica in the mud. However, there is one thing to be said even in favor of a muddy road. It will ensure a good sweat, even if we ride but slowly, and my advice is, as soon as you get home after a ride like this, go to your room with a can of hot water, strip, and with the best soap you can procure wash all over. Then take a cold sponge bath, while the body is still hot, and rub down with rough towels. Dress leisurely in dry things and you will have enjoyed all the advantages of a Turkish bath without incurring its expense. If now you have a cup of nice coffee and lie down on the sofa with a book or newspaper for a while, you will feel as light as gossamer the whole evening, with an appetite for dinner quite astonishing. If this does not speak well for the practice of winter cycling, I do not know what can.

CLOTHING FOR WINTER CYCLING.

As regards outer garments, one need not be over particular so long as they are warm without being heavy. Irish frieze or Scottish tweed are the best material, and if a man has a leg only a trifle thicker than a drum-stick, he ought to wear knickerbockers. These are the handiest and most wholesome nether garments we have, but spats I condemn wholesale. They are excellent articles for weakening the ankles and rendering one subject to gout and rheumatism in after-life. The shoes should be thicker than those worn in summer, and the cap one that sticks close to the head, and will not easily blow off. Linen or cotton shirts should on no account be worn; only the thinnest and finest of wool.

REFRESHMENTS ON THE ROAD.

I am glad to have an opportunity of saying a word or two to my readers on this subject. I have well studied it, and I have had considerable experience also. While riding, say with a companion on a cold winter's day, a cosy little country inn lying well back from the road, maybe with a spreading tree and a bench in front of the house and an old-fashioned sign, suddenly heaves in sight, and with one impulse you and your companion port your helms and alight. What is the best drink to have? Unless you are very tired and not far from home you could not do a worse thing than take spirits. Soda water and milk is good but cold and soulless. A big cup of fragrant coffee, or even two, beat any other drink on the road. For cold weather it is not to be excelled, and for hot weather it is excellent. In the terribly severe Arctic climate, I myself and other officers used to drink as many as twenty cups a day, because we found that spirits warmed us just for a few moments, then rendered us cold and sleepy. I have drunk coffee in India and Africa, and in the far southern seas as well, and I never yet knew it fail in its good effects.

But of course if you cannot get coffee, then you may take a glass of good ale with, if possible, a beaten-up egg in it. If warm and sweetened, so much the better. This would be "flip." Then mount and go. Don't have another.

Chocolate menier is an excellent thing to take on the road with one. It refreshes the whole system.

WHAT TO AVOID.

Even in summer cyclists should avoid talking much on the road. Loud talking invariably congests the brain and undoes all the good the glorious exercise is doing one. This is more especially true if the cyclist be suffering from nervousness in any form, or is in any way below par. If in this state of body it would be better for him to ride alone.

A shut mouth catches no flies in summer.

A shut mouth catches no colds in winter.

By all means avoid breathing through the mouth. The nose was served out to men and women to breathe through, for in that organ the coldest air gets warmed, or in summer, if we use it for its legitimate purpose, we are less liable to suffer from the microbe-laden clouds of dust we pass through on the road.

Avoid in winter the slightest approach to spurting. It is bad enough to defy hills in summer when the roads are good. The fool spurts in fine weather. He is not a fool but a maniac who does so in winter. Let me tell you why, if you do not know already. Man is the most delicately and intricately constructed machine in the world. God is the maker, and He made it strong enough to defy anything save extraordinary and continued violence, but if it is put out of order, it is often almost impossible to repair it. You may not feel the harm that spurting is doing at the time. It may simply weaken some valve of the heart, or cells of the lungs, but years after, when older, that particular portion of the body may be determined to and you may find yourself suffering from some form of heart complaint, or emphysema, or even asthma.

CLIMBING HILLS.

If a hill puffs a rider so that he must stop to take breath after getting up, harm has been done and the health is in danger.

My reasons then for recommending winter cycling are, first, because it is so excellent a tonic, and keeps the body and the mind as well in proper form, in which they will remain all the year round. Nature does not like to be up one month and down the next. She likes to sail upon an even keel, and cycling assists her in doing this; secondly, because it saves doctors' bills; thirdly, because it keeps one away from billiard rooms and unwholesome music halls, and all that may follow visits thereto. If we want to sustain the manhood of Britain we must have out-door recreations.

The ailments which cycling can remedy or entirely banish are very numerous, indeed, including of course chronic rheumatism and stiff joints, incipient gout, obesity, irregularities of bowels, etc., with constipation and many forms of nervousness.

Well, cycling in summer and autumn is as natural as eating or drinking, but if one wishes to continue the good the wheel is doing one must cycle a bit in winter also.

I have only to add that other exercises should be taken as well as cycling, because all and every one of the muscles of the body should be on the same par.

Next week: "Billiards," by Frederick Adye.

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NATURAL ARISTOCRACY AND THE ARTIFICIAL TYPE

The "Real Thing," It Is Claimed, Is Furnished by Nature Herself.

IT IS AS OLD AS THE HILLS.

Reply to President Hadley's Statement That Aristocracy Is a Thing of the Past.

By JULIUS CHAMBERS.

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"Government by Public Opinion" was the title of a recent lecture by the distinguished President of Yale University before the students of the sister university of Princeton. President Hadley in his address laid down the following propositions: "There are three distinct means by which the social activity of large bodies of men can be regulated—political machinery, self-interest and public opinion. Aristocracy being a thing of the past, and self-interest inadequate to do what is expected of it, and over-legislation an evil worse than that which it undertakes to cure, one only recourse is to accept the principles of government by public sentiment."

Putting aside all that President Hadley says about political machinery, by which he means, I presume, government in its concrete form, and self-interest, is it true, as he maintains, that "aristocracy is a thing of the past?"

TWO KINDS OF ARISTOCRACY.

To answer the question intelligently the term "aristocracy" must be precisely defined. From the beginning of civilization there have been among men, no matter under what form of government they lived, two specific forms of aristocracy—the one artificial, the other natural. This division, or distinction, has been made by the ablest writers on the subject. They maintain that it is founded in nature, and, being so founded, that it is immutable. By them the natural aristocracy is further divided into two classes, the aristocracy of virtue and the aristocracy of talent, which may or may not unite in it that of virtue.

Did President Hadley, in his sweeping assertion that aristocracy is a thing of the past, mean to assert that in the progress of our modern development nature herself has been sterilized and that she is no longer able to produce among men what the experience of all the ages proves she has produced—a natural aristocracy?

Why, even in the savage state of mankind nature furnished her aristocrats. The Indian chief of every tribe was a born aristocrat—that is, he was the best of the tribe. He was the bravest in war, the wisest in council, the keenest on the hunt, the most perfect physically of all over whom he was elected to rule. In a preeminent degree he was a natural, not an artificial, aristocrat.

SOME REAL EXAMPLES.

So far from being a thing of the past, as President Hadley asserts, aristocracy that is the aristocracy of talent, the natural aristocracy, was never so powerful as it is at the present time. And never were there so many of these aristocrats as there are in the opening year of the new century. They are to be found at the head of the great institutions of learning; they hold the foremost places in the professions of medicine and law, and they lead in legislation, from a board of aldermen up to a Federal Senate. But, above and beyond all, there are in the front rank of all the mighty industrial enterprises and activities of the most wondrous of all the ages commandants of companies and corporations. These men, all of them, are the natural aristocrats among men, and when the president of Yale says that aristocracy is non-existent he loses sight of a great philosophic fact.

Whether this natural aristocracy among men is using the great trust reposed in it, as it should be used, is another question. Always the artificial aristocracy, the aristocracy of coronets and garters, and ribbons and medals and semi-barbaric titles has selfishly worked for its own interests It is not yet a thing of the past so far as Europe is concerned, but the years are slowly stripping it of prestige and power.

As to the natural aristocracy, the attributes that distinguish it are not hereditary. Nature reclaims her gifts, and in the courses of the ages never fails to work out her eternal principle of equality.

THE SWELL SET IN NEW YORK SOCIETY

A Well-Known Writer Jollies the Americans Along, and Concludes After All That Love Reigns in Palaces as Well as in Huts.

GOSSIP ABOUT CASTELLANE LITIGATION. MISSES GOULD AND ROCKEFELLER WED.

By DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER.

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NEW YORK, January 26.—If I should say the Castellane litigation has given many of us satisfaction I would only be stating what is true. I do not think that that indicates the prevalence of a mean spirit. No one would be more sorry that I to hear misfortune of a serious character had overtaken Annie; but it does make me chuckle to learn she has a little list of debts amounting to $4,000,000. There is something of the old aristocratic flavor in running through a princely income in six years in accumulating tradesmen's reminders to the amount of $4,000,000. I confess I do not like our rich American girls packing up their treasure boxes and sending them off across the seas; but girls will be girls. They like to be duchesses, countesses, and to be addressed as "your grace" and "my lady." It is pleasanter, no doubt, to talk of tenantry than "our road," and more agreeable to speak of "my husband's duties in Parliament" that "my husband's job at the office." When you want to shine in the high social line it may be just as well to shine in the full effulgence of the aristocratic sun, and, as yet, it is not in the zenith of the American heaven.

In view of this I am inclined to forgive my dear Countess of Essex, Lily Dowager, Duchess of Marlborough, Consuelo, Duchess of Marlborough, and all my old and young friends who have become naturalized British subjects. Their titles all amount to something, their positions are conceded to be the best, and they reflect a certain sort of progressiveness of the part of Uncle Sam's children. Old ways go out of vogue. The Canutes of Denmark and the Williams of Normandy could not in this century capture the British empire. Their ways, when applied to England, are obsolete. Our way then, emigration of American heiresses, is the best. It is more up to date. But I do not believe in the capture of French or Italian counts. It is costly and amounts to nothing. Even George Gould, with all his vast experience, would not, if he were consulted, allow Miss Helen to marry a French count. I don't believe George is a "bull" on French counts in the matrimonial market. Castellane has furnished the needed object lesson in the kindergarten school of American heiresses.

WILL MISS GOULD WED?

Speaking of Miss Helen Gould reminds me of her lecture in Washington. It was all very admirable. I respect Miss Gould very much. She reminds me of Miss Catherine Wolfe in the sense that both were rich women, feared men and gave much of their time and money to "noble works." I sometimes tell my friends about her, about what a noble little woman she is. But, do you know, I would prefer to tell them that she is going to be married. I am not an advocate of the condition of the Maiden Lady, even though she does lecture learnedly on topics rare and prosaic.

Now, while Miss Helen has been speaking of the benefits bestowed on wounded soldiers her sister-in-law, Mrs Howard Gould, has been going to court to contest a milliner's bill. I don't pretend to know anything about the merits of this particular milliner's bill, but there have been some milliner's bills I believe should have been contested even if the expenses of the action were defrayed by public subscription. Mrs. Gould's claim is that the disputed articles were misfits. Now, in this respect Mrs. Gould should be an authority. Howard wanted a referee appointed, and it was so ordered, but the Supreme Court reversed the order and made it a jury case. This decision establishes a precedent. My friends will never consent to go into court to don their respective toilets in the glare of a State Court.

The Gould dress trial will create a feminine interest greater and deeper than an international complication.

NAMING A RICH BABY.

I confess I cannot state with any certainty what name will be given to the Willie K. Vanderbilt, Jr., baby. I ought to know, but I confess I do not. I saw it the other day. It was a nice baby—that is, I think I saw among the wondrous lace in which it was swaddled what was claimed to be a nice baby. I have seen others that were bigger, but none which promised to possess so large a silver spoon. Outside of its expectations it is a real, little human baby, with the usual relish for food. It made a cry, and its mother said: "She is asking for dinner." I retreated, asking: "What name will you give it?" And mamma replied: "Then, you too; well, honestly, her name sticks me."

I am more than pleased to know the young Duchess of Manchester was at the bedside of the Duke's grandmother, Mrs. Yznaga, during her recent severe sickness. Mrs. Yznaga is one of the mothers who have reared children to find them absent when old age has come on. Consuelo, the young Duke's mother, lives in London, also Natika, Lady Lister Kaye, while Emily, still Miss Yznaga, is on an English yacht, cruising on the Mediterranean. Fernando, the son, is in Wall Street; and although he married twice, his matrimonial barks were launched on troubled seas, and both the ex-wives, now as other men's wives, have other mother-in-laws to attend when age impairs health.

I feel sorry for Mrs. Yznaga, a charming gracious, courteous lady. But England must be conquered, and such are the fortunes of war.

RICH MEN'S ESTATES.

Our millionaires are somewhat distressed over the revelations made in the Surrogate's Court. The appraisers have been guilty of discovering greatly increased values in personal estates. First, the Cornelius Vanderbilt, and now the Ogden Goelet estates prove a value far beyond statement or expectation. This holds out a dismal prospect for them. It is objected to on the ground that a man's wealth is a personal matter and not of interest to the general community. The late Ogden Goelet once told me that he lived on the income of his income. From that I judged he was in perfectly comfortable circumstances, and so it seems he was.

I don't know the Rockefellers, and if the wedding and reception had been on a broad and grand scale I probably would not have been invited. The Rockefellers have never made any demand for social recognition. They could whisper it—that would be enough—but they don't whisper. Miss Rockefeller has her friends, but they are nice, quiet people, which, I am sorry to say, my friends have ceased to be; and her brother has his friends, mostly church members, who attend church sociables, which, I am sorry to say, my friends don't. Miss Rockefeller, instead of marrying a duke or a king—and I guess John could take in any one of the unmarried kings if he wanted to—preferred a Chicago lawyer. I don't know much about Chicago lawyers as a class, but Prentiss, I am told, is a capital fellow, who is out of debt and has 10,000. I hope Prentiss will stay out of debt.

If he were a French Count, I would have serious misgivings; but as he is a Chicago lawyer, I am inspired with confidence.

In spite of all the talk about Miss Althea's ear-drum she was not "deaf to his entreaties," it now seems; so I am inclined to place little reliance in that as being more than a passing infliction. She was "married at home," quietly, the word is, on account of death in the family. It is needless to say that the appointments attending the ceremony were of the richest. John Rockefeller is not a man to stop at cost when his wishes are to prevail, and it was his wish that his girl's wedding should be all that her heart should desire. And so the daughter of the richest man in the world was married.

A REAL LOVE MATCH.

In our gay, brilliant world of fashion, which has become as a stage, trod by big and little people, love has been relegated to the servants' hall. All the splendid, costly luxuries are indulged in save one, the luxury of bestowing a young maid's affection on a man not blessed with fortune. Marriage being the basis of family distinction and social advancement, prudence and worldly wisdom has stepped in to direct and govern matrimonial affairs. Not so long ago the disapproval of the late Cornelius Vanderbilt to the marriage of his son to an estimable and well connected young lady was noisily proclaimed and heralded; it is pleasant, therefore, to find in juxtaposition the daughter of the richest man in the world giving her hand and heart to the man of her own choice. It is as refreshing as a cool breeze at the close of a sultry day, and invigorating to me, who sees so much of marriage de convenance.

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Not a Suitable Reference.

"Of course, you quite understand that I shall call upon Mrs. Whiffler for your character," remarked Mrs. Taggetly to the girl she had just engaged.

"Certainly, m'm," replied the girl, "although I would rather you didn't for Mrs. Whiffler is so eccentric that she is not always to be relied upon."

"In what way is she eccentric?"

"She insists that her husband is quite a model father and husband, and that her children have never caused her a moment's anxiety."

"H'm, not much in that."

"Then she says that she is perfectly content with one new dress and one new hat each season."

"H'm, she is eccentric, then!"

"And, finally, she has never attended a bargain sale and says that the only things sold at them are the women who buy!"

"Oh, the woman's mad! I shan't trouble her for your character; you can come in when you like!"—Cassell's Magazine.

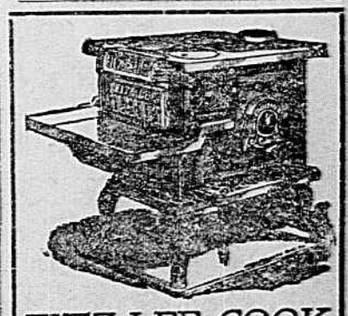
Our Standing Army.

The real reason why our regular army in the past has been kept down to proportions almost microscopic and why it has been neglected and oftentimes ignored in our national legislation has quite another source than fear, writes H. T. P. in the Bookman.

It is based upon the sublime but unwise optimism of our people, who find it very hard to learn the fact that supreme efficiency can only come through discipline and training and long years of preparation. Our national vice in almost everything is a toleration of makeshifts and of amateurishness. The source of this lies in our past, in the days when, by force of necessity, an American had to turn his hand to anything and everything. This bred in us inventiveness and self-reliance and adaptability, which are most admirable traits and which in some days have made our fortune as a people; but, on the other hand, it has led us to an over-confidence that is sometimes ludicrous and that is likely in the future to prove dangerous. If an American falls lamentably as a horse-doctor, he sees no reason why he should not manage to succeed in some other unrelated profession or vocation—as the president of a university, for instance, or as a novelist, a banker, or a legislator. He is perfectly ready to try any or all of these pursuits with a cheerful confidence that is at once delightful and appalling. And, indeed, as some of our extemporised lawyers and bankers and novelists and statesmen have managed to cut a figure that was at last respectable, the successes have been noted and the failures have been forgotten.

Both Rejoice.

Now that the Senate has voted to retain in the army bill the clause which will deal a death blow to the army canteen we shall witness a remarkable celebration. Both the temperance advocates and the liquor dealers who have saloons in the vicinity of Government reservations will be elated at the result. The former because they believe an important step has been taken in the direction of removing a source of temptation from the young men who enter the army, and the latter because they realize that one of their most formidable competitors has been forced out of business.—Newport News Telegram.



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