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


A Periodical of Protest.

We have some salt of our youth in us,

—THE MERRY WIVES.

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istines and Published by . . .
Them Monthly. Subscrip-
tion, One Dollar Yearly. ~~Per~~
Single Copies, 10 Cents. . .
June, 1897.   

THE PHILISTINE.

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Address **The Philistine,**
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THE PHILISTINE is supplied to the trade by the AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY and its branches. Foreign agencies, BRENTANO'S, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris; G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, 24 Bedford street, Strand, London.

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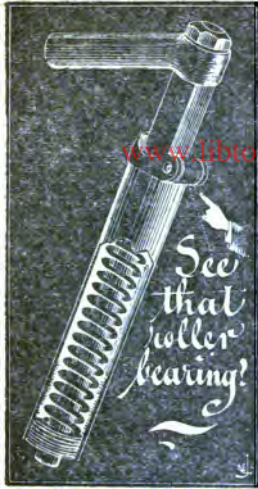
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THE PHILISTINE.

NO. 1.

June 1897.

VOL. 5.

QUATRAINS (ON) AUTHORS.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

A salty breeze of springtime, fresh and strong,
The Western World blows through its Golden Gate,
God's earth is young and fair and nothing wrong
Save when man turns to worship dross and hate.


EMERSON.

He heard the morning stars together sing
God's song of light and joy supernal,
Translated part in language flattering,
Then joined them in their life eternal.

CHARLES P. NETTLETON.

PHILISTINE SERMONS: NO. V.

THE FLAMING SWORD.

 THE gate of the paradise of childhood
stands an angel with a flaming sword that
turns every way. It is the east gate—that
looks out upon the rising sun, inspiring with elusive
visions of life.

A happy dwelling place it was—an Eden of single
aims and simple pleasures. Each day was complete.

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in itself, for care had no part in it, and the night sufficed for rest. In the purposes of the great world the dwellers in this wilderness had no concern. They lived as the flowers live. We say in the contempt of our older wisdom that they vegetated—but who of us all would not steal back again if the guardian would but sheathe for a moment the shining blade that bars retreat?

It is not for us all a long look backward to the time when self-consciousness came into our Eden. But to some who are farther removed from the happy scene a bitterer pang remains. For some of us the first miracle is repeated in our children. Keener than the sting of exile is the pain of loss as they emerge into the world that is all before them, where we have found so little rest. Our babies grow up out of our grudging arms and paradise is lost again.

The guardian at the gate has been called by many names. He is Protean in his radiant identities. He is Knowledge, or Sin, or Possession, or Time, or Vengeance, or even Mercy, according to the point of view. There are those who, seeing all things at long view, call him Change, for it is said, change is the law of creation, and all things progress from the simple to the complex and then back on the reverse semi-circle to the simplicity of rest and dissolution and a new birth.

But this progression which all nature shares is measured by man alone. Only he paces the road that all travel. He it is who suffers the double pang of exile—the sharpness of the thorns and brambles and the crueler edge of the sense of loss. And the endowment that embitters exile is the half-divine faculty of self-consciousness—that untimely fruit for which our parents bartered paradise at the beginning.

The experience which theologues call The Fall is repeated in every life. The yearning to be grown up is in every child's heart. It is the impetus of self-unconscious ambition. With its realization comes exile. "Know thyself" is the form of the tempter's plea to them, and knowledge is forfeiture. The nakedness unguessed before is the spur of all activity thence-forward. Work, not play, is the order of life. We drape ourselves, our thoughts, our dreams, our sorrows, all our days;—all but a few who make a mockery of the sacred reticence of the awakened spirit and hawk their inmost feelings for gain.

There have been teachers in all ages who have sought to cure human egotism with the toxine of itself. These are the homeopaths of the soul. They have taught introspection and meditation. They would make men know their own limits and so learn to worship the Illimitable. But impatient man has contented himself with the view near at hand, and

pride, vain-glory and hypocrisy have increased. The Hindoo gazing at the nave, once the fountain of his life, saw his own wondrous being rather than the greater marvel, and gave himself the glory of much humility. The solitary monk made an end of the means of self-consecration. The sentimental enthusiast of the camp-meeting magnified the good Lord's favor to her soul, as it were a patent of nobility. The Quaker rejoiced in his plainness till the chief poet of his people reminded him that "hearts beat the same under gray coats as blue." The Levite who passed by on the other side was of a race set apart for good works. He had no heart for the sufferings of his kind. But the Master chose his disciples from men of common life, the average men of his day, and sent them to give out, not to withhold the good that was within them. And he bade them be as little children, simple and sincere, for he said :

"Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

The toilsome wandering outside the gate produces such men—and women like them. We have all met them now and then and have wondered at the sweetness of character that won us. We have seen a Jenny Lind, without beauty and with but a single charm, captivate all mankind. We have seen an uncouth Lincoln; and a Moody, harsh-voiced and

narrow and scant of every grace of speech, stir and uplift the hearts of multitudes. We have done honor to a Homer and a Shakespeare because each gave all that was in him, taking no toll of self-praise and seeking no pledge of biographic fame. We have revered simple men and women who could not be dragged alive to the ordeal of the experience meeting but hid the pangs of sorrow for sin far from the proud pillory of the mourners' bench. We feel more than see in the whitening hair of those we love because they first loved us, that no reservation like that of Ananias and Sapphira defrauds the world of what is good in them.

And something as new and as fundamental as the emotion of one of those open-eyed little ones who have not passed the gate, breaks up the rocky fastness of our tears when the pathetic story of Colonel Newcome, simplest of men in the fiction that is the very core and essence of truth, is told. There is a hint of the paradise to be regained in the tremor of the stoutest voice that reads how the old Colonel, dying, answered the roll-call of his school days with his "Adsum!"—

—"And he whose heart was as that of a little child stood in the presence of his Maker."

DR. PHIL.

IN A LIBRARY.

The fading firelight glimmers on the shelves,
 The gilded titles dance like tricky elves,
 I gaze on quartos dull, and "dumpy twelves,"—

I am alone.

The silence holds a faint and grewsome dread,
 A sense of spirits hovering o'er my head.
 I really think it's time to go to bed!

Was that a moan?

Speaks Shakespeare's bust: "And dost thou read
 my book?"

He gazes on me with a fearful look.

My face grows pale; both patent-leathers shook

As I reply:

"Immortal Bard, I've done my level best.

Your plays are fine. But it must be confessed,

That for the Sonnets I have found no zest,

And moments fly."

Then sad-mouthed Milton must thrust in an oar:

"List, pallid creature, I've a question more.

Art thou of those dull clods who find a bore

'Our Mother Eve?'"

I tried to smile. What could a fellow do?

(Suppose the question had been put to you?)

I gently said: "I've read a Book or two,

I do believe."

But Homer spoke (I wished that he *would* nod),

And like some teacher grim with upraised rod,

Who o'er a shrinking urchin rides roughshod,

Asked, "What of me?"

"To tell the truth," my trembling lips exclaim,

"I yield to none in reverence to thy name,
 But as for Greek, I am not in the game,
 And so you see—"

As thus I stammered, lo, another voice broke in,
 And eke Dan Chaucer did at me begin:

"The Canterbury Tales?" Said I, with grin,
 "Whanne that Aprille—"

"Alas!" quoth Chaucer, "that I wrote that line,
 Naught else remains of all those poems of mine.
 What dost thou read," he asked, "what authors shine,
 What scribblers silly?"

"I read—the papers," spoke I, soft and low,
 "The magazines; a modern tale or so,
 For really you old chaps are—dull, you know.

There, now I've said it!
 I take for granted you great bards *are* such;
 You sell well—gad! you never brought so much!
 But as for wading through all your high Dutch
 To say I've read it,

That's different, quite. And I would rather be
 A man who reads the papers. Now, that's me—
 A regular Philistine, as you see.

I hate all culture!"
 At once those busts came tumbling from on high,
 With him of Avon aiming at my eye—
 So ends my nightmare, and I wake in cry
 Like—say, a vulture.

TUDOR JENKS.

THE GREATEST MAN.



IN A second-rate planet there lived some men who Did Things. They cut down great forests and tilled the soil, so that they and their fellows might have food. They dug coal and iron from the earth and with forges and furnaces wrought wondrous machines. They built broad smooth highways; spanned rivers with strong bridges, and tunnelled through high mountains. They led vast armies in battle; sailed huge structures of wood and iron across mighty seas; built million-peopled cities, and published Sunday newspapers with colored supplements. Thus in many ways did they show that they were no mean persons.

And there were also some men who Wrote Things. They in well-phrased sentences described how the men who Did Things worked. They told of the craft of the woodsman, and of the sailor's perils; of the brave men who fought in battle and how the peaceful farmer gathered his harvests. Everything that men did found some one who wrote about it.

Because the people on the second-rate planet were very wise they agreed that the men who wrote about things were far wiser and greater than the men who only did things. Therefore the choicest pleasures of life were given to the writers-about-things.

So in the course of time there grew up men who

wrote only about the writings of the men who wrote about things. And these men were also held in high honor. When finally there was discovered a man who wrote only about the men who wrote about the writers-about-things, a happy planet declared him to be its chief Critic and Greatest Man.

WHIDDEN GRAHAM.

♣
A BALLADE OF ENTREATY.

(PHYLLIS TO DEMOPHOON.)

By what calamitous mischance
Your homeward galley came to keel
Of Sithon's bays the blue expanse
But cold Neptunus can reveal.
Nor he, nor mightier Zeus, can heal
These sapping wounds that yawn apace,
Till you for passionate woe or weal
Come back, my Love, come back to Thrace.

Your hero-sire's deliverance
Though she had compassed with the seal
Of love, no tender sustenance
To Ariadne did he deal
Pang-torn at Naxos, and I feel
Than hers more grievous is my case.
Ere Madness sets me on its seal
Come back, my love, come back to Thrace!

My pleasant shores lie in a trance
Deep as the winters that congeal
The blood, whose poor inheritance

Tenebrious Scythia is. The steel
 Of dolorous skies strikes, till I reel
 The heart you wakened, and this place
 Re-echoes with my vain appeal:
 Come back, my Love, come back to Thrace.

You Zeus made comelier than leal;
 Me, for an almond-tree's embrace
 For aye—like that whereby I kneel—
 Ere you come back, my Love, to Thrace.
 EDWARD W. BARNARD.



THE REASON.

THE Man had said that little girls should not ask questions.

“I am *not* a little girl and I *will* ask questions!” said the Woman. “Why have you not called for all these weeks? Did my husband or I say anything to offend you when last we met?”

“Oh, no!” said the Man, “you could not possibly do that. The reason is that I am one of these fellows who have to be taken in homeopathic doses, very little at one time, or else I wear out my welcome rapidly.”

The Woman shook her head. “You are too conceited to really think that!”

“Thank you!” said the Man.

Then there was a pause, an awkward pause for at least one of them.

"Tell me the reason, won't you?" reiterated the Woman, "for if you do not I must believe that we were guilty of some neglect towards you."

The Man had his hand upon the doorknob and he tightened his grasp to steady himself, but for all that he felt his heart thump against his ribs. "The reason is," he said, "that I am trying to remember the Arabian saying, that he is a strong man who knoweth his weakness. I am a man, a weak, human man—and I know it; while you—well, you are a woman, and a very superior woman." The Man paused a moment, then continued: "You see, if one man showed excellent taste in the selection of a wife, it's only fair to suppose that other men might be endowed with equally as good a judgment."

The Woman had been listening with her eyes cast down, but now her lips moved as if to formulate some words. She began, "I am very sorry,"—but the Man turned the knob of the door and went his way, leaving the Woman standing in the same place. And she heard his footsteps grow fainter with a strange feeling in her heart, made up from Wonder, Pity, Desolation and—Conquest.

VICTOR A. BLES.



WHAT THE DEW IS.

Of sorrowed souls I know the night is made,
 Wraith hearts o'erwhelmed by melancholy fears,
 Bereft of all save eyes that weep dismayed
 At loves abandoned and at wasted years:

And when the purple gloom begins to fade,
 And all East thrills as golden dawn appears,
 Methinks my garden was the couch of shade,
 For every rose I pluck is wet with tears!

HAROLD MACGRATH.

THE NEGATIVE VIRTUE SYSTEM.

KEEP thyself unspotted from the world."

Entirely so?

No, my friend, my pen did *not* slip. I asked the question to answer it.

But first, clear the court-room of children and fools.

"W'y you see, honey," said old Aunt Savannah as she trotted one of us youngsters on her knee, "hit wa' jes dis way. A long, long time 'fo' you gran'daddy or you gran'daddy's gran'daddy or *his* gran'daddy wa' bo'n, dey was mighty few persons in dese parts—wa'n't mo'n' two or fo' families an' dey wa' all white folks. But one day dey was a man rode up to de plantation an' he wa' white'n de oder folks. His haih wa' white an' his eyes wa' white.

An' de man he say he come from 'way, 'way off—somewhars down in de Pennyrile an' he say he cayn't go back so he want to stay on dis plantation. So he stay hyar but he wa' dat outradeous white de folks wa' kind o' skeared ob him, yas 'deed dey was, an' it wa' pow'ful lonesum fo' him. But de young massa he wa' one ob dem ornery no-'counts—jes same as you all gwine t' be—an' he tink he do somepin mighty nice fo' dat man, an' he say one day, ' See hyar, Misteh Whiteman, dars a spring down hyar in de back pashtur wha' we all get our colo'n' matter an' you'd look a pow'ful sight better ef you'd jes go down dar an' rub some ob dat on you.' Well, de man he go down to de back pashtur an' he rubbed some on his haih an' when he come back dey all say, ' My goodness gracious man ! how much nicer you is. But Misteh Whiteman, you want some mo' ob dat stuff, you ain't fru yet.' So dat white man he went down to de spring again and he rubbed some on his eyes ant den dey folks say ' Well, *now* you is nice.' But dat fool white man he feel dat tickled about it dat he keep agoin' an' 'fo' you know dat man was a nigger. An' dat's how dey made de fust nigger."

It is only a tale from the quarters, I know. A lullaby story whose sole mission was to make the youngsters forget the bread and molasses. But somehow, to me, it holds a philosophic truth that

each year's jostling against the world makes plainer. My friend, you'd better teach your boy *how much* coloring matter is required to prevent singularity, for be sure, he will otherwise find it out for himself and the result may be more startling than artistic. Instill the virtue of knowledge with denial. Cry the peace that is by battles won. The heart that would be pure must first burn in the cauldron of sorrow. This may not be solacing theology but it is life and your boy will make the better man for knowing it. Yes, do you teach your son these things—but let mine alone!

PRESTON KENDALL.

✦

THE CYNIC.

She stole into my life—

Like struggling sunbeams through the misty day
Piercing some dismal case. And I did jeer
From out my hollow darkness, and I said
There is no Light or Life, poor foolish ray.
And yet
I would not put her out.

She tarried in my life—

And her sun rose high in my loneliness
A glorious light, that chased back to hell
The grewsome shadows of a cynic's creed;
And still, alas, and still I could not guess—
For why
I could not put her out.

She went out of my life—
 And then, O God, I read my heart aright,
 And in the gloom, forsaken, I shrieked aloud,
 And all unanswered, wept, and thro' my tears—
 My blinding tears—I cried, "Yes there is Light
 And Love,
 And I have put her out!"

THOMAS BICKET.

COMMONPLACE IN PURPLE.

IT WILL be about noon of the 22nd day of the current month that Victoria, Dei Gratia Queen, Empress, Defender, etc., will be driven behind a pair of yellow horses through a few hundred yards of the streets of London, and pull up at the steps of St. Paul's Cathedral. There Her Majesty will sit for twenty minutes while a short devotional service is said and sung in the open air and an address is made by His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, wherein Heaven and Earth will be congratulated because Victoria has ruled Britain these sixty years. Then the yellow cobs will be told to g'lang, and the old lady will be toted through a lane of vari-colored uniforms and a lot of miscellaneous soldiers will parade.

And so will royalty celebrate. And all the world will be expected to hold its breath in awe and then expel it in a whoop of joy. And if the case is cot-

rectly given all will be well. And the sluggish British imagination will be as fully stirred as any other by the whole wooden and perfunctory program.

Mankind long ago gave up the chase of anything like poetry or originality in the dynasty represented by the good woman who will be tired to death for glory on that June day. "J'y suis; j'y reste" might be its motto. The reason for its existence is purely conventional. We do praise the Victorian Age guardedly, and some good things are said of it as an Era in Literature, but rather with wonder at any sort of character in the same. For the soggy atmosphere of the house of Guelph is a depressant all but absolute. In the perfect cameo art of Tennyson is seen the evidence of a nervous force harnessed down to a mincing jog like that of Her Majesty's yellow team. Royalty must not be jolted by a Laureate, and "Locksley Hall" is an experiment not to be repeated. The wedding and birthday odes of an Alfred the Little are sufficient for the purposes of royal verse—and indeed quite a stint with such a family.

Across on the Continent Victoria's grandson, chief of all the Teutons, wages picturesque war on the spirit of the age in behalf of a revival of feudal romance. A little farther away all Europe does police duty in Crete and Armenia, repressing, in the name of commercial peace, the Greek dream of lib-

erty and the hope of the oldest of Christian peoples. But in placid England the daughter of the Georges is canonized municipally and ceremonially because she has kept the beaten track for six decades. For commerce is the measure of Nineteenth Century aspiration, and Victoria is the crowned embodiment of the commonplace.

Let us not quarrel with royalty because it reflects the spirit of the time. If we have no Shakespeare and Bacon and Rare Ben in the period we celebrate this summer, it is not because Victoria is in the place of Elizabeth, and Albert Edward, pattern of fashion, is heir to the throne of James the Maker of Bibles. To reason thus is to transpose cause and effect. Those now regnant are shaped by their times in the freest and most adaptable of the world's monarchies. The social *pas* of birth is unbroken, but it is the aristocracy of Business that rules England.

The New World has its royalty too, and as usual points a moral more acutely than the old. For our royal commonplaces are not to the purple born, but made to order, like Chicago antiques. For a few months past an American princess has been scandalizing two continents by running away with a gipsy fiddler. This might be romantic but for what preceded it. Long before, this American girl had been sold by her mother to the foreign princeling she has

abandoned. She bartered her life and a part of the millions her money-getting father had stored in a score of sordid and brutal years for the sham glory of a meaningless title. She is not alone as the subject of this sort of commerce. An Elite Directory will furnish a list of persons similarly peddled. And we have other noble Fakes. We have car-builders who call themselves "Sir," and washerwomen with foreign coronets, and a President's daughter cursed for life by the snobbery of a brilliant marriage to a brute in boots.

There was a time when the cleavage of American society was intellectual—when the groups of leaders most in the public eye were literary people, more or less. They were mutual admirers, to be sure, but what they admired was talent, and sometimes genius. That was a time when Americans discussed great problems of government, when ideas produced a war of principle, when we helped weak nations fighting for liberty. Now the gauge of importance is a decimal one. Luxury is the one thing worth achieving in personal living and Society. And luxury is enthroned commonplace.

We make a national event of a dance whereat a quarter million or a half million, as the case may be, is spent in unmeaning imitation of dead and gone French courtiers and sycophants. We forget that the

reality must surpass the sham, and while we talk of the progress made in three centuries, not one of the high-castes stops to think how much less attention such a parade of riches would have made in the days we affect to despise.

But we have a literature that is virile and sincere. We have had. We have even had a journalism that intoned the best impulses of the popular heart, with whatever crudities of art it might be burdened. Even now, with all its self-consciousness and the worship of the biggest pile in sight and the catering to empty display, the press of the New World, as the least commonplace of all expressions of modern life, is the most hopeful factor in the making of the future. We have not yet reached the inane level of the *Court Gazette*, and even the New Journalism, in its impatience of precedent, offers a promise of something better than the dry-rot of a purely commercial society—"the cankers of a long-continued peace."

WM. McINTOSH.



A FRAGMENT.



HE was practical—ah! surely so, for was it not her duty to sweep and dust the office every morning, beside cleaning and filling the six lamps which burned merrily from the windows

to advertise the business of the Great White Light Co?

From without could be heard the constant whirl of traffic; while within the office, were only the young woman and her thoughts.

She had just finished reading the chapter upon Longfellow in Annie Fields' most welcome addition to Bookdom—*Authors and Friends*, and her mind went back through dreary years to her own last visit with the great literary chief, and how, joyous and faring forth from private school one day in Boston, she had, with a party of others, made a little visit to Longfellow at Cragie House, and how he in his psychic way, had named her "Blue Flower," which in the Indian language, means "spirit child"—because of some sensitively apropos retort of hers to a question on *The Psalm of Life*. How the scenes shifted from room to room; the library, the half-circled staircase of which Mrs. Fields speaks, coming down which, with gentle dignity she seemed to see the authoress herself.

She opened the book again. On the title page she had posted the ending of a letter signed Annie Fields—a letter whose import had been of vast anguish in her life—yet tenderly cherished; and again she read: "Believe me in fond hope for your future.

Sincerely yours,





ANNIE FIELDS."

"In fond hope for your future," murmured Winifred, "yet the future is but the beginning of a future, and perhaps my apprenticeship in an office as demonstrator of a light which never fails, may yet shed a radiance, and comfort some budding soul in the garden of Life. Mine is but an experience of many. There is knowledge to be found in this rubber band"—and she carelessly twirled it around her finger as she arose to take the mail from the postman.

Her "mood" had ended!

FAITH BIGELOW SAVAGE.



 SIDE TALKS WITH 
 THE PHILISTINES: 
 CONDUCTED BY THE EAST AURORA
 SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY. 

✻The first number of the PHILISTINE was issued two years ago this month. So far as I know, it is the only magazine ever started that has been self-supporting from its first appearance. Its subscription list includes very many of the strongest men and women in America and England whose lives are consecrated to moral and intellectual endeavor. It was started as a joke, with intention to issue only one or two numbers and therein say Some Things;

now it is an institution. I have not endeavored to please any man or any class. I have simply told in brief a few of the things I felt were true, not merely the things I thought it would be nice to say. The individuals I have giped and jeered have often been personal friends and men of many excellent traits; malice has never entered. Few there be who make greater demands on their friends for charity than I; and few indeed who in this earth journey have been more generously treated. No man can hope to grow rich by publishing such a periodical and running a tuppenny printing shop. But I am not yet convinced that it is desirable to be rich, and I surely have all I need; then the words of kindness and appreciation that come to me from people whose faiths are different from mine, whom I have never before known, and whose hands I may never grasp, would surely recompense for much of the world's indifference. So, blest am I; thrice blest!

☛ Not long ago the Right Reverend William Crosswell Doane of Albany paid a visit to the Old Country, and while there registered as "William of Albany." On his return he met Bishop Potter, who had also been to Yurup but got home first, when the latter said: "Too bad, Doane, that you didn't live in Buffalo; in that case you could have registered as Buffalo Bill."

☞When I look around me and see man as he is, it seems to me that Moses was sarcastic when he wrote that the Lord said He made man in the image of Himself!

☞People are always asking you to follow their advice, but they are never willing to tell which way it went.

☞The recipe for perpetual ignorance is: Be satisfied with your opinions and content with your knowledge.

☞I understand that James Whitcomb Riley is about to start a chip-munk magazine. It is to be called *The Gilder*.

☞Considering that a man can't possibly eat more than a dozen Blue Points with comfort, what's the use of being a millionaire anyway.

☞To be famous is to be slandered by people who do not know you.

☞The chief offense of some philosophers is, that the world as it is does not please them. They are like a guest who yawns and scowls and sneers: he is quite determined he will not have a good time, and what is more he will not allow others to.

☞The Princess de Chimay has been weighed in the balance and found wanton.

☛ Li Hung Floyd he gave a Square Meal. Li is known also as Apple Bob and in private life is Col. Robert Mitchell Floyd, Critic and Lover of Beautiful Things. The Dinner was at the restaurant of Loo Foo Gee and Co., 24 Pell St., New York. Forty-six invited guests were present, including Gourmets from Boston, East Aurora, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Wilmington. Those who expected the Dinner to be a test of Innard Grace and gastronomic endurance were happily disappointed. There were twelve courses served with exquisite grace and cleanliness. All the guests stayed in the game to the close and all walked home stepping high, full of good humor and things. The only man in the party who got the wrong cue and had qualms was Mr. John J. Rooney, Poet, who, seeing a beautiful long-necked bottle on a sideboard, thought to sample a Choice Native Wine and was afterward informed that he had taken four fingers of Hair Restorer.

☛ On the evening of April 27th I lectured at the Temple Beth Emeth at Albany to the choicest Four Hundred I ever met. Such an audience is a joy: good humored, alert, receptive and appreciative: not a point lost—they read all that was between the lines. And with the New York *Journal's* sneer in mind, that “things are getting queer when Philistia

is called upon to instruct Israel," I wish to say that if ever I abandon my Philistine faith I intend to go over into the camp of the Chosen People.

☛ Mr. Grover Cleveland was invited to a Dinner. He could not go so he sent Regrets, and among other nice things said, "I will ever remember with ceremonious gratification that I was honored by your generous invitation." Ceremonious gratification is good—it sounds like a sentence by the Shock-headed Youth who lectures on Rhetoric in English A, at Harvard.

☛ "I wish that man would stop staring at me," said Soubrette, with a pretty pout, "I want to look at him!"

☛ It was the Lyceum and the Lyceum Spirit that placed a public library in almost every town of New England. But now the Lyceum Spirit languishes, because there are no winged Mercurys like Emerson, Wendell Phillips and George William Curtis to come and give to us their messages from the gods. Instead we have "entertainers" like Col. Copeland, Col. Bain and Col. Starbottle, who give lectures on Shams, Clams and Jams. No wonder the Lyceum Spirit grew weary and languished. Memorized sophomore sentences—and jokes from *Puck*, tho' illustrated with lantern slides, can never serve as manna for hungry souls. It was Carlyle who said

that when the great ship with her tattered sails and battered hull, drops anchor, our interest in her is keener, knowing that she has circumnavigated the globe, than it is in a trim clipper-built schooner that has merely worked her way from Ramsgate to the Isle of Dogs.

Col. Starbottle with a clove-flavored whiskey breath to fill his sails has worked his way up from Ramsgate, but his cargo is sand. When men with thoughts rare and radiant as jewels from India appear, the Lyceum Spirit will awaken. Until then sleep is best.

☞A transport of power, bursting from pent-up feeling, carries us along on its tide and compensates for a deal of what an Oxford man pointed out to me as "bad taste." Over-culture produces a weak effeminacy; and were it not for these strong, vital, "rude" people that God sends into the world, spiritual life would perish as rose trees perish when the cunning gardener turns pollen to petal. The flower cannot reproduce itself—its reserve has been expended in this one production. Too much culture kills.

☞There used to live a good man, who was not so very good, by the name of Dr. Royal. This was not his real name, but I call him so because he ever seemed to me that kind of a man. Now Doctor

Royal could tell what you were by the shape of your head; at least he said he could. His fee was five dollars. I knew the man very well. The last time I saw him we walked together and talked together, and the good Doctor (who was not too good) confided to me the fact that he did not judge a man's character any more by the shape of his head than by the shape of his shoe. One quick glance at a client from foot to crown and he knew as much about his characteristics as he could possibly know.

"Then why muss his hair and search out his bumps with such a show of minuteness?"

"Only to satisfy him that he is getting his money's worth."

Of course I knew all this before. If a young lady wore shoes run down at the heel and gloves with buttons missing, I did not have to search carefully for her phrenological organ of "Order" to ascertain whether she was dowdy or neat. But Doctor Royal had a psychic sense that hints at mystic possibilities for man so great that we leave them unguessed. What *is* man that thou art mindful of him? asked old Job. And it doth not yet appear what we shall be.

Not only did Dr. Royal take a man's mental measure at a glance, but at the same time he looked down the vista of years and saw his history stretching

away like a shadow. A discerning man meeting a woman of thirty can tell you off hand whether she is married or single. He will very, very rarely fail. But Dr. Royal could do more—he knew the particulars. Under certain conditions, like the record of a lifetime flashing across the inward vision of a drowning man, when a stranger would present himself, the Doctor saw behind the man into his home. He saw his house, his wife, his children, his surrounding. He even knew the books he read, the music he liked, the pictures he admired. He knew the blunders he had made, his secret sins as they are known to the Recording Angel. He saw whither the man was moving, and having a chart of life, and calculating the speed at which the man was moving, he knew where he would probably be at any given time in the future.

But the Doctor could not command this psychic mood. He knew no more about it than you who read this page. It came to him without warning and left without giving notice. He stood a bit in fear of it; the fact of its existence was so sternly true that he never mentioned it except to near and dear friends. He never traded on it nor exhibited it, and would have denied it if accused, stoutly maintaining that he told what you were by the shape of your head. At times he had to guard against telling

his client too much—preferring rather to inform him of the things he liked to hear than of the things he needed to know, for then the five dollars was paid with a better grace.

The Doctor has passed out now. It was some years ago—he promised to communicate with me, but from the Silence no word has come.

☛ If you do good to a man look not for gratitude—expect rather his hatred. For you have discovered his weakness, you know his nothingness and he'll never forgive that. Did you ever stumble upon a fellow when his wig was on the chair-back and his teeth in a glass of water? Forever and a day you are to that man a rogue and a varlet! Men in monarchies who knew secrets were speedily banished.

☛ John Wanamaker does not believe in the Apostolic Succession: he hit that mighty dogma a pretty rap when he announced himself successor to A. T. Stewart.

☛ On reading the *May Bookman* a Good Man dashed off the following:

SEMPER IDEM.

Alas, the Fancy cheats anew,
As She of old was famed to do;
And of her Victims blinder none
Than William Cas'! C. Wilkinson.

☛The Rev. O. P. Gifford of Buffalo has been heading a crusade to stop children from playing on Sunday. To this end he persuaded the police of Buffalo to swoop down and arrest sixteen boys who were playing ball in the public park, with permission of the Park Superintendent. When the case came up for trial, the next day, Judge King discharged the entire lot. "I wish to file an exception," cried a little yellow lawyer. "We don't file exceptions here, and we pay blessed little attention to lawyers. Next!" answered His Honor. But is it not queer when preachers come in the name of morality and try to stop boys from playing? I used to think that stagnation and idleness tended to immorality, but to frolic in the sunshine was essentially moral. Mr. Gifford thinks otherwise. Eight of these boys arrested work in a foundry in the dirt and smoke and soot all the week. Sunday is their one Day of Rest—the only day they can call their own—and of this day the preachers wish to rob them. The cause of religion is growing desperate when it invokes the police. Let us play.

☛I am fully persuaded that the romeike habit is fatal to the development of the highest art.

☛"No man is a hero to his valet." Heroes never have valets.

☛ I have received the following Mejum mahatma, postmarked "Elysium: "

T'other day while sauntering along a pearly street in Paradise, I was accosted by a round faced cherub, (who wore no clothes to speak of) who beseeched me to disengage his kite from a neighboring trolley wire.

Having my walking stick handy I readily responded to his request and would have at once forgotten the incident had I not discovered that the toy was papered with the sheets of a very interesting periodical called "THE PHILISTINE."

Upon my questioning the youth as to how he came into possession of the magazine, he blushed all over and confessed that an angel had given it to him for saying his catechism without stumbling. As I have a fondness for curios of all kinds I gave him a Mexican dollar for the kite, and upon examining it at my leisure was so elated that I hasten to address you, asking permission to act as your correspondent from this school district.

A number of celebrated characters are now sojourning in this locality, and I am confident their daily gossip would be a valuable addition to your highly entertaining columns. Should my proposition meet with your approval kindly advise me in care of Mr. Saint Peter, No. 8 Paradise Lane, Celestial City.

Asking indulgence for this unexpected intrusion, I sign myself,

Your most obedient servant,

JOSEPH ADDISON.

☛ That is a very promising movement begun in New

York a few days ago to unify Presbyterian worship. No doubt the committee has a job on its hands, but in this case, if a quotation from un-Presbyterian authority may be allowed, the end justifies the means. The Briggs experience, I take it, rather discouraged attempts to unify doctrines, but to conform ceremony is easier and just as useful. There may be wide difference as to probation after death and the inerrancy of Scripture translators and proof readers, but it seems to be agreed that some ways are more effective than others in expressing reverence and gratitude in worship. My Presbyterian friends in the big cities even now intone prayers and "confessions," and chant responses and sing Te Deum and Jubilate, and the novel language of devotion seems to fit their needs. I shall not be surprised to see a full fledged liturgy grow out of the present movement. That is the road to Christian unity—no, I didn't say Church unity. Good folks, like bad ones, will quarrel over constitutions while the world wags, I suppose; but whom custom joins together doctrine will not divorce. We get our religious nutriment mostly from the atmosphere, like the trees. It is a process of induction mainly, and that, if Mr. Stephen Crane really wants to know, is why men go into church and stay so long there. The closet would suffice for their devotions otherwise.



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THE SUN AND THE STAR.

Said the Sun to the North Star: "Shall I
lend

Part of my splendor—lest thou be for-
got?"

"Ho!" cried the North Star, "Where and
whither, friend?—

For I see thee not!"

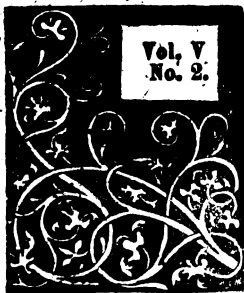
JOHN JEROME ROONEY.

The hilistine

A Periodical of Protest.

Thou art not able to go against this Philistine.
—First Samuel, 17th Chapter, 33d Verse.

28 28



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THE PHILISTINE

Contents for July. www.libtool.com

1. Quatrain,
Fred. W. Claus.
2. Philistine Sermon No. VI:
The Master Passion,
Dr. Phil.
3. A Book-Lover's Apologia,
Harriette C. S. Buckham.

4. Side Talks:

Wherein are Various Things the Pastor has long desired to say—feeling they should be said for the good of the Flock and mankind at large. Up to this point modesty has restrained him from expressing these Things, but he now trusts they will be taken in that spirit of meekness so becoming to the true Philistine. Let each for himself prick the Magazine for a Message.



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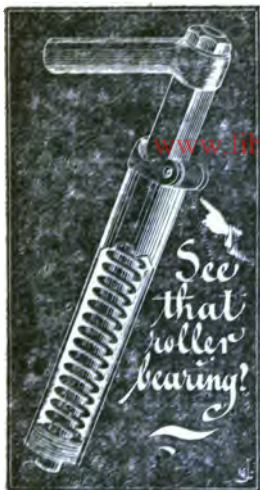
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Secretary.

THE PHILISTINE.

NO. 2.

July 1897.

VOL. 5.


QUATRAIN.

Break thy bonds, oh, timid man; come forth,
Thy fear is chains and unused strength a jail.
Hast thou ambitious hopes yet feel'st them vain,
Then know it is thy fear would make thee fail.

FRED. W. CLAUS.

PHILISTINE SERMONS: NO. VI.

THE MASTER PASSION.

 FILE of shrunken veterans in faded uniforms stand uncovered, with thin locks flying in a chilling breeze, before a grassy mound, and cover it with flowers.

A woman sits by a treasure chest and tenderly caresses and stores away the toys that a pair of forgotten baby hands shall play with no more.

An anemone by a sheltering wall, warned by the earliest frost of the autumn, hastens to put forth its blossoms in the bleak air of November.

A pallid artist labors through the night to put his conception of the sublime in imperishable marble.

What have these in common?

But one possible interest—the perpetuation of a purpose of their living. The old soldiers seek to keep alive a tradition of heroism and sacrifice. The mother would make her child live on for her in the poor memorials she cherishes. The flower, obeying nature's first command, would mature its seed and continue its kind. The artist's dream is his achievement of the sort of immortality he feels close to his touch. All obey the prompting of a passionate craving for conquest over the destruction of perpetual change. Each in its way strives to immortalize the best it has—the love, the beauty, the heroism, the intellectual power that hints at kinship to the Divine.

In the last century, when poets wrote philosophy, the Essayist on Man ciphered down all human nature to the operation of two forces which he described as

“Self-love to urge, and reason to restrain.”

It was not long before the casuists of his time saw that this would make a supreme virtue of inertia. Behind the mask of “Bickerstaff” Richard Steele evolved in *The Tatler* a triple order of motive. He divided life into periods governed in turn by Love, Ambition and Avarice. The ruling passions of youth, maturity and age were grouped in a new order later by Henry Drummond and reappeared as the

Struggle for Life and the Struggle for the Life of Others. I am credibly informed that some good people actually believe the clever Scotsman has done very well by the altruism of the New Testament in this division.

A gross view of humankind was that of the essayist who partitioned off its aspirations into periods defined by the limitations of growth, matured power and the fear-born acquisitiveness of senile decay. But underlying his triple guage lay one motive which in its paradox gives the highest meaning to human purpose, blindly acted out but ever tending to the noblest destiny. For the chief expression of instinct, in this view, is the promise of a permanence that measures all good.

Our first parents were tenants at will in the Garden. Blindly they sought something:—not the gratifications of sense, for these they had; nor the betterment of any material condition, for to them all the world was normal. The temptation was the promise of knowledge which should be power. They would be as gods; and the penalty was the defeat of their aspirations for the infinitude of life.

The world was old, even by the measurement of tradition, which always telescopes events, when the aspiration for immortality first took definite form in David's cry, "Thou shalt not leave my soul in hell."

It was another thousand years before the Pharisees taught the resurrection of the body, enshrining in the materialism of that doctrine the idea of permanent personal living. But in all the centuries men had built great temples and monuments that were to last forever. They had treasured the best that was in them in philosophy and song and tradition, in the building of states and families. They had reached out toward the divinity revealed and guessed and the forms of nature that seemed to share the power to defy the wear of their own petty lives, and sought to attach themselves to the infinite. In grosser or clearer development every worship had in it the aspiration for eternal life. The savages in the groves would not have fallen down to Baal in our day, for science has told us that the generous sun is not immortal. Its benison on all that lives is the dissipation of its own vital power. We are the dying sun's legatees.

Philosophy tells us that beauty is use. The blossom is radiant with color that the bees may visit it and carry the fertilizing pollen that perpetuates flower and tree. Human beauty and majesty of intellect serve the mutual attraction of the sexes. Virtue economizes life. Worship calms the soul. Thought cures the wear of existence. Even spiritual teachers like Henry Drummond find the service of

these material ends in the things that stir the soul and elevate the senses.

But beyond this service, the outreach for what passes not away has its ceaseless expression in them all. Love outlives its visible purpose. It survives beauty and the manifest harmonies of character and temper. Its constant craving is for perpetuation in another world, down to the bitter separation of death. Art outlives its imitative forms and speaks the aspirations of its creators for something that shall endure. The craving of ages of the people of the Nile stands confessed in the Pyramids. The cathedrals of Europe tell of a hunger for the immortal expressed in glorious visions in stone. On the historic slopes of every approach to the shrine of the Crusader's faith are monuments of a hope stronger than death. In every churchyard the crumbling memorials that were placed there to last forever challenge the form of human aspiration for permanency but testify to its deathless power.

In all and under all human purpose, limited in its achievement by universal law that bars man from the infinite, is the aspiration that whispers a perpetual promise. Blindly we follow it. In our works and in our lives we proclaim an undying faith in what lives eternally. The grind of care and labor wastes our forces. The unceasing operation of change goes

on while we sleep. But mankind ever seeks the permanent; and in a thousand forms of petition the cry goes up from human souls that stand balked at the last barrier:

“ Change and decay in all around I see,
Oh, Thou who changest not, abide with me! ”

DR. PHIL.

A BOOK-LOVER'S APOLOGIA.

Temptation lurks in every leaf
Of printed page or cover,
When e'er I haunt the bookshops old,
Their treasures rare discover;
Or when, in choicest catalogues,
Among which I'm a rover,
My heart leaps up their names to see—
For am I not their lover?





I linger o'er each dainty page,
With loving touch and tender,
But find their sweet, seductive charms
Soon call me to surrender.
Brave fight, 'twixt heart and my lean purse,
My loved books' strong defender!
More precious for the valiant strife
That love is called to render!

But when, in Bibliopolis
Their dear forms round me cluster,
While rank on rank and file on file,
In gathering numbers muster,

Think you, I mind the sordid tongues
That soulless talk and bluster,
Or weight, against their priceless worth,
The golden dollar's lustre?

Ah, no! since there are drink and food
For which the soul has longings,
And in its daily, upward strife,
Finds both in such belongings;
Dear books! Loved friends, full meet ye are
To greet the earliest dawns
Of all the happiest days in life,
Of all its brightest mornings!!

HARRIETTE C. S. BUCKHAM.

 SIDE TALKS WITH 
THE PHILISTINES: 
CONDUCTED BY THE EAST AURORA
SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY. 

At the last nothing is very serious. Mortals give things an importance quite beyond their gravity. We shall slide out of this life into another, and the day of our death like the day of our birth will be shrouded in forgetfulness. And if we do remember any of our trials and troubles it will only be to smile that they should ever have caused us a pang.

I have received a copy of the *Globe Review* published by one W. H. Thorne. Mr. Thorne is very

proud of his magazine, but doesn't like it because people don't pay up subscriptions; so in big red letters he says on the cover "If you have not yet paid your subscription please do so at once without delay." "At once without delay" proves Brother Thorne to be the Genuine Stuff in a literary way, but should it be doubted, he says on page 102, "This Magazine is far and away the ablest and best magazine in America."

Then on page 112 of this best magazine in America Mr. Thorne says: "Though I may not press my claim on all delinquent subscribers their moral obligator is still the same, nor is it any the less scoundrelly in those who have promised to pay me and don't. * * * The subscription price is \$2.00 a year, but I hope two hundred subscribers will send me \$5.00 each on receipt of this number of the *Globe*." I'm not sure, but I think Mr. Thorne is intent only on pulling the leg of Plutus.

There is not a smile in Mr. Thorne's magazine from cover to cover. It is all written with the bicycle face. Mr. Thorne tells only one interesting thing in his whole globe repository of useful knowledge; and that is about a woman who left her husband to go and nurse cancer patients. Mr. Thorne is very much incensed at this woman. He grows purple-blue in the face and shrieks in falsetto, "Sap-

pose all women should leave their husbands whenever they chose!" He accuses the women of a "sinful" indifference to her marriage vow and asks her the indelicate question, "Did you not agree to live with this man until death parted you?"

Will the jury please note that Mr. Thorne considers the woman guilty of "sin" because she prefers celibacy to cuckoldom. Goodness gracious! where is that pile of cobble stones!!

Mr. Thorne makes the flat assertion that a woman's duty is to live with a man. Of course Mr. Thorne means well, but he is a belated beadle and should go back into the 14th Century where he belongs.

But the gallant Thorne has precedent. On England's statute books is a law providing that if a woman leaves her husband, the lonely husband can invoke the law and a constable shall bring the woman back; further than this the husband shall have the right to "correct" her, whatever that is. But now be it known that recently a man applied to Mr. Justice Mitchell in London to have his wife apprehended and returned to him all as ordained and provided. The Justice refused the application, admitting the request was technically proper and correct, but adding: "This Court renognizes no property rights in women. When a wife finds life intolerable with

her husband she has a moral right to leave him, and I will not subjugate her by enforcing an inhuman law." www.libtool.com.cn

Justice Mitchell's name has been placed on the PHILISTINE free list.

☛ Adam Smith lived a hundred years ago, and Buckle declares his *Wealth of Nations* has had a greater influence on mankind than any book ever written, that's what Henry Thomas Buckles says. Now there is one thing that the Greatest of the Smiths makes very plain, and that is that unproductive labor is labor lost. Suppose that I hired a man to curl my whiskers, lay out my nighties, put on my socks and rush my growler—in other words, suppose like Richard Harding Davis I had "a man" and I paid the man \$15.00 a week, would I be the benefactor of mankind because I gave this man work? The *Boston Post* says yes, and writes a long editorial to prove it. The simple fact is that if I hire a man to do that which I could and should do myself, I take that man from the army of producers and fasten him on to a burdened world as a non-producing consumer, and the world out of its wealth has to feed and clothe him. I fear Adam Smith lived in vain.

☛ The heroic man does not pose: he leaves that for the man who wishes to be thought heroic.

PERHAPS.—If there is any rhetorical fault that roils me up more than another, it is the misuse of “perhaps.” (If I were not a consummate rhetorician I should have said “perhaps it is the misuse,” etc., and that would have illustrated my idea.) Writers and speakers who are not sure of their opinions, guard themselves under the shield of “perhaps,” and it is very easy to utter the most axiomatic and the most obvious statements, and get great credit for wisdom and profundity by putting “perhaps” before them. For example: Edward Everett was perhaps the most correct and classical of all American orators; or Mark Twain is perhaps the funniest of American humorists. Why, of course. Any fool knows that. Nobody can deny it. But then again, perhaps not. It is perfectly easy in this way to utter the most astounding misstatements without fear of successful contradiction. For example: Bob Ingersoll is perhaps the most humble and devout Christian in the United States; or George Alfred Townsend is perhaps the most truthful man since George Washington; or Chauncey M. Depew is perhaps the teller of the freshest and most original stories that ever was in the habit of inviting himself out to public dinners. Just so: perhaps, and perhaps not. You see this sort of assertion does not assert. It does not carry any weight. It argues a despicable timidity.

If any man is not sure enough of his opinions to state them without qualification perhaps he would better leave them unstated. I am tired of reading the tributes awarded by the newspapers worded thus: "The PHILISTINE perhaps is the best of all small magazines." Let them be declared unreservedly, for no sensible person can think of contradicting or detracting from them.

☞ I am fully convinced that the world is growing better; but I am also fully convinced that the progress has not been made that many think. Any man who believes that God is everywhere, that a certain Divinity is in all men and that Diety manifests Himself to-day as much as ever He did, is still hailed by many as infidel. Too much faith receives the same punishment at the hands of the mob as none at all.

☞ Irving Browne says that as a literary product *Excelsior* is only fit for packing.

☞ Yes, Faith, you are right. When one reaches the so-called jumping-off place of despair, he discovers that, by God's providence, the world is round.

☞ INQUIRING BURGLAR.—No, I wouldn't do it. If it were really for your advantage to open the safe, you'd be a banker and be taught the combination. As things are, you'll lose more than you gain by blowing it open after banking-hours.

Charles Lamb was once seated next a barberdasher and the worthy haberdasher remarked, "I consider Shakespeare one of the greatest writers that ever lived," and Mr. C. Lamb said, "Sir, allow me to examine your phrenological development." Years ago when I took boxing lessons, the Professor used to say there was a counter for every strike. But when a man coughs and says, "Shakespeare was the greatest poet who ever was," or, "Next to the Bible Shakespeare is the greatest book ever written," he has knocked the audience out—there is nothing can be either said or done. He has given the fatal jab.

And now they have a new society out west for Political Reform, to which none but unselfish persons are invited. Incumbents of the society's chief office must turn into the treasury their whole fortune above one hundred thousand dollars—a test of altruism that few of us could bear. Why not get Mr. Rockefeller and Russell Sage to join and have a friendly contest for the place, or fill it in turn? A sense of duty done would sustain Mr. Rockefeller against the reproaches of his natural heirs and the University of Chicago; and a hearty fulfillment of the test proposed might so ease Uncle Russell's conscience that he wouldn't use the nearest clerk as a shield next time a bomb is thrown at him.

☛ When Edward Wirepuller Bosh flashes a kodak on the interior of artistic homes for the benefit of those exalted minds now hungering and thirsting after facts he is feeding the flock full rations of pie. There are ideas and ideas in the brain of the inventor of the hum-journal and in the future evolution of Bosh we shall experience as a supplement to these inner views of houses the X rays of wisdom flashed on the souls of their owners. The Literary world is certainly buzzing;—Bosh thinks to the right, but if he has used the left-handed monkey-wrench unadvisedly its wobble will some day show a loose screw.

☛ My friend, Rev. T. Nelson Ayres of New Orleans, writes me thus: "The March PHILISTINE with its damnation of Bryan's literary efforts, suggests that the following has been omitted from its Quatrains on Authors: "

WILLIAM J. BRYAN.

Why, oh, Great Scott, why do we jump on Bryan?
 'Cause with strong man Samson he's humbly vyin'?
 What is Fame worth, 'less'n there's fat for fryin'?
 That's what he's shy in!

☛ In thought and feeling there are no fashions, no national conventionalities, no race distinctions. As Mother-love varies not, save in degree, and the law of gravitation is everywhere the same, so does the heart turn to its friend.

☛ Ugliness, that abides in a crowd, in deformity, most of all, in the places of the domination of cash, seems often and often the real grinning Satan; not queenly, tragic evil is half so sickening. The thing men must shout in the dingy streets, is Beauty! The Glory and the Dream! Only they must labor also, and hard, to build it with their hands.

☛ A Bonnie Brier Bush philosopher in Edinburgh has paid me the highest compliment that has ever been passed my way. He has started a magazine that he calls *The Philistine*: more than this he has notified me of the fact and asks me to exchange.

☛ "Does that awful smell come from the canal?" asked a New York man in Buffalo of a policeman. "No, Cap'n," said the cop as he gave a hitch to his belt. "No, dat smell you smell ain't from de canal—it's dat copy of the *Journal* I see stickin' outer yer coat pocket—g'wan!"

☛ The new editor of *Town Topics* appears to think that literary gabble is town talk. That is not what *Town Topics* is here for. As a rule that has but a few brilliant exceptions, a book is never a town topic.

☛ Hamlin Garland still maintains that literature is a sectional affair, and gives as many reasons as the devil could say in six weeks to seduce a Sunday School Superintendent who was a County Treasurer.

☛ To be gay your life must not be one that suffers surfeit.

☛ The Century Company has just issued a book called *The Stand-Off*, and in the prospectus the explanation is made that "this story is founded on fact," which statement may be a stand-off and it may not. No genuine Critic or Book-lover cares whether a thing really happened or not; the question is, Could it have happened? When I see a story with the explanation that it is founded on fact I assume, on a long experience of reading stories, that it is very poor stuff. If it really is founded on fact the author advertises himself as a man of no imagination. If it is not founded on fact and the author says it is, then he is a plain liar, and in either event he is a man to let alone.

This abject deference to the fact is a sop for those persons in whom yet linger qualms against reading novels. These good souls used to tell me I must not read Dickens because Dickens' novels never happened, but I could read *Sanford and Merton* because they really was.

☛ I am willing to admit that Good Folks love their enemies; but my letter file is accumulating proof that many of them also hate their friends. I probably get more sassy letters (and kindlier ones) than any man in York State.

I like Richard Le Gallienne and I like *The Quest of the Golden Girl*. In that book the author has recorded some of the things that every good man dreams; and Le Gallienne is only a dreamer. Happy is the man who only strays in his sleep, and happy is the man who never strays further than Mr. Gallienne does in his quest. Yes, I like the book and I like it just as well as I did yesterday, before I read Chapter XXIV of *The Man of Feeling*, published in Edinburgh in 1808. For, by a strange coincidence, Henry Mackenzie found that Golden Girl in the Venusburg of Paccadilly a hundred years before Richard Le Gallienne did. It's the same fine, tall girl, pure in heart, and starving to death, too. Both give her a square meal, and the story of her downfall gibes in both cases. Mackenzie makes clear the same point that Le Gallienne does: purity in woman is a matter of soul, and that you know, was Du Maurier's sole cause of offense in *Trilby*. So here's to the Golden Girl! and may the next man who finds her wandering, forsaken, forlorn, treat her as gently and as tenderly as did Henry Mackenzie and Richard Le Gallienne.

When two-thirds of the land in England was owned by the Monasteries there was no poverty. The reason being that the monks considered that they only held the property in trust—every man who

would work found work. When the Barons came into possession of the land vast estates were reserved for parks and game preserves, and the poor began flocking to the cities: no longer could they have an acre to farm for the asking. The monk's name was Pingree and every corner was a garden patch. I'll admit that the monks were not always just what they should have been, but I'm sure their economic scheme was better than that of the British Landlord who says the public be gallyvasted—I want this land to run me bloomin' fox 'ounds over, you know! And now John Bryan of Ohio has founded a Monastery. John's religion is to do good; mankind are his friends. There are nearly five hundred acres connected with his Monastery and it's a home for all who want peace and are willing to work. If I ever leave Sun-Up I'm going to live with John Bryan of Ohio.

☛ *Every Month* is quite a hum-journal itself. In its last issue it has a long article about Mrs. Clara Shortridge Foltz, who is a lawyer. Mrs. Foltz wears a costume patterned after that worn by Ellen Terry when she plays "Portia." Several pictures of the talented lady are shown, and one of them reveals her dictating important legal data to her stenographer. The stenog is a man—a nice young man, and the situation makes me think of Mr. and Mrs. Mayflower, rich and worthy colored people of Philadelphia, who

employ only Irish Servants in their households. I understand that Mrs. Foltz has considerable trouble with her type-writists; one young man having left in a pet because Mrs. Foltz is a married woman: a fact he did not know when he engaged himself. The whole article is well written and we are assured that "while Mrs. Foltz stumps for the Republican party, has a large and lucrative practice, her maternal and social duties are never left to suffer."

"When I wish to see whether I am making head I throw a friend overboard and watch him drift," said the Autocrat who never threw a friend overboard. Friends drift though, and fall so far behind that you cease to hear their call of "Stop!" Now there was my friend John S. C. Abbott who served me in good stead that summer I was seventeen and herded cattle on the Kansas prairie. Yesterday I took up Abbott's life of Napoleon and the stupidity of the thing was diverting and the canting affectation of it all, entertaining. But twenty years ago Abbott's books were selling and selling fast, and any one who dare smile at them was straightway branded by the *Christian Advocate* as a carping heretic. Thank Heaven there is now no market for such rot, and not even Larry Hutton dare praise it in print. The taste of mankind has changed: we desire at least a modicum of intellectual honesty, and the

man who shuffles his opinions in order to match ours is seen through quickly. We want none of him. A good man will ever respect you for an honest conviction; whether he agrees with it or not matters little.

My dear old friend "Fors Clavigera" sends me the following:

I have been informed that various newspapers in The States keep standing an item to the effect that I am losing my mind. When half a stick full of stuff is required to fill blank space they run this in.

Now as proof that my head is all right I will explain that I have canceled my subscriptions to all periodicals except the PHILISTINE. And so having ceased the vain search to find sense in modern magazines, I have had time to glance at a few novels that have been sent me by prominent authors from Your Side.

The first story I will mention is *Belzebub Muzzled*, by Gamlin Geezefield. The book seems nothing but a catalogue of Little Things, some of which are interesting because they are nawsty; and all the characters are filled with Little Emotions, some of which are taking because off color.

The inventory opens with items concerning the Back Bay (in Boston, Conn., I believe,) where a certain building site is being filled in, with intent to

erect a splendid mansion. This is the foundation for the story, so to speak. And here is what Mr. Geeze-field saw :

Along the gashed ground, entirely grassless, where grow not even gourds, is a deep-rutted road. Two-horse dump-carts, painted blue, wallow along this path. As one of the carts unloads its freight I scramble down to see for myself what it was that was unloaded. I found mostly ashes, but mixed in with these I could perceive that saw dust spittoons had lent their aid; there were rags, glass-ware, crockery, door sweepings, floor sweepings, scrapings, bones, tatted off from underwear, funny-business trimmings from petticoats, bustles, hoop-skirts, corsets, cigar stumps, pipe bowls, visiting cards, letters, advertisements, tin pans, Sunday Worlds and all manner of other stinking things.

That's all I read of Mr. Geeze-field's novel. You see I could not remember all the things the gifted author describes and so I've simply labeled the book "The Foundations of Boston" and filed it for future reference. The next book I took up was entitled *Two Flats and a Stone Front* by Madelaine Mouseley. The author, I am told by a newspaper clipping from the Taunton *Jingle* (sent with the book), is the foremost Lady Novelist of the Coast Counties. This novel treats of a rich merchant who lived a Double Life. The merchant has a grown up daughter, "just budding into lovely womanhood." This daughter accidentally finds out the salacious facts

about her father and levies blackmail to the tune of one hundred dollars a week. By and by the lovely daughter marries (there are several other daughters, by the way, all hum-drum). Her husband is considerably older than she and after a year she finds she does not love him. She does not discover this until she meets the Center-rush of the Harvard Second Eleven, whatever that is. She quarrels with her husband and makes up on his promise to allow her to go and stay three days out of each week with her "dear popper and mommer." This lovely daughter then goes to her dear papa and tells the plain unvarnished truth: she loves the Center-Rush and he loves her. They must have a beautiful little flat on Huntington Avenue for their own. Will dear old ducky-dad pay the rent for a year, have Jordan-Marsh furnish it complete, hire a Colored Man to look after it, and fetch her the key?—a duplicate of his own flat on Boylston Street will do!

The old man grumbles, but does all as ordered and fetches the key.

Meantime the mother and the hum-drum daughters do "church work," and attend to home and "social duties." After a year the old man is stricken with severe illness. He sends for his favorite daughter to come to him at once. She has been preparing for several weeks to attend a certain grand ball. The

message reaches her while she is in a tumult of ecstasy putting the last diamond in her hair. She hesitates between the ball and paternal duty. She decides on the ball. That night her father dies.

And having read thus far I stopped and wondered if the old man's house was not built on the very spot where Gamlin Geezefield took his mental inventory!

☛ F. Marion Crawford, finding that he cannot make money by dramatizing his plays as Anthony Hope does, is now going to give lectures about them, after the manner of Ian Maclaren. Why not be original and join a circus?

☛ John L. Sullivan is a subscriber to the Romeike Clipping Bureau. All the clippings he receives he pastes in a big volume that he calls his Scrap-Book.

☛ William Marion Reedy holds the Mirror up to Nature as follows: The sensation of the day in English art is the painting, "The Vampire," exhibited recently at the Gallery in London. It is the work of Philip Burne-Jones, related to Sir Edward Burne-Jones, the pre-Raphaelite mystic, friend of Swinburne and Rossetti, and a generally "beautiful soul." The painting is remarkable in itself for a grewsome power of painting a rather bitter moral that is not new now any more than when Villon, as translated by Henley, sang "Booze and the Blowens Cops the Lot." The picture shows a dead youth, type of a

murdered soul, and over him bends the vampire, with the face of a woman. The cynical, bitter lesson is well pressed home, but there is a certain taint of hashish art about it. The picture is more sensational than meritorious as a creation in paint. More important than the picture itself is the poem written for it by Rudyard Kipling, who is Mr. Philip Burne-Jones' cousin.

The verse and the picture remind one of the story of Whistler and Rossetti. Rossetti one day showed Whistler a painting upon which he was engaged. Some time later Whistler, visiting the author of *The House of Life*, asked about the painting. Rossetti said he had put the painting away uncompleted. "But," said he, "I've written a sonnet on the subject of the painting. Let me read it to you." Whistler submitted. When Rossetti had finished, Jimmy arose and said, "Rossetti, frame the sonnet." And so there are a great many people who will think, with good cause, that the Kipling poem is better than the Burne-Jones picture. The picture is somewhat tawdry. The verses that interpret it are finely bitter and iconoclastic of the gynolatry just now general in the world. The savage spirit of the verse is refreshing. It illustrates again that Kipling is the only living poet, barring Swinburne and Henley, who writes poetry that has in it meat for men.

This poem on "The Vampire" goes to the very source of the real mockery of failure in life and in effort. Woman does not understand. She never did and never will. The man loves something in her beyond herself, and the more he gets of her the surer he is to fail of the attainment of that fuller thing to which she invites and yet bars the way. But here's the poem. It will tell more to those who do "understand" than any amount of commentary:

A fool there was and he made his prayer
 (Even as you and I),
To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair
 (We called her the woman who did not care);
But the fool he called her his lady fair
 (Even as you and I).

Oh, the years we waste, and the tears we waste,
 And the work of our head and hand
Belong to the woman who did not know
 (And now we know that she never could know)
 And did not understand.

A fool there was and his goods he spent
 (Even as you and I),
Honor and faith and a sure intent
 (And it wasn't the least what the lady meant);

But a fool might follow his natural bent
 (Even as you and I).
Oh, the toil we lost and the spoil we lost,
 And the excellent things we planned

Belonged to the woman who didn't know why
(And now we know that she never knew why)
And did not understand.

The fool was stripped to his foolish hide
(Even as you and I),
Which she might have seen when she threw him
aside
(But it isn't on record the lady tried),
So some of him lived, but the most of him died
(Even as you and I).

And it isn't the shame and it isn't the blame
That stings like a white-hot brand;
It's coming to know that she never knew why
(Seeing at last she could never know why),
And never could understand.

Mr. Reedy is right, woman does not understand—
neither does Mr. Reedy; nobody does. Continually
there comes to every thinking man a Voice which
says, Arise and get thee hence for this is not thy rest.
All through life are these way stations where man
says, "There, now I've found it, here will I build
three tabernacles." But soon he hears the Voice and
it is ever on, and on, and on. He came into life
without his choice and is being hurried out of it
against his will, and over the evening of his dreams
steals the final conclusion that he has been used by a
Power, not himself, for unseen ends.

But the novelists, and politicians, and economists,

and poets are continually telling us that man's trouble comes from this or that, and then they name their speciality. They are like catarrh doctors who treat every patient, no matter what the ailment, by nasal douche.

Marriage is only a way-station. Trains may stop two minutes, or twenty minutes for lunch; the place may be an ugly little cross-roads or it may be a beautiful village; possibly it's the end of a division, but egad! dearie, it's not the end of the journey. Very young people think it is, but they find their mistake. It's a nice place, very often, but not the place they thought it was. They bought one thing and when they got home found something else in the package, and nature won't change it. But woman shouldn't be blamed for that—that's God's fault, not her's.

Kipling, Phillip Burne-Jones and Reedy say man is unhappy because woman does not understand, but I'm quite sure that one of the trio knows that the unrest and weariness of life lies deeper. Woman understands man quite as well as man understands woman and I believe a bit better. I have spoken.

I have just read *Margaret Ogilvy* for the second time, and I hold no fellowship with those croakers who howl in stage whiskers, "Oh! Barrie he's making hum-journal copy out of his dead mother!" The

book is sincere, delicate and sweet as music that comes stealing across soft seas. I read it with misty eyes and a lump in my throat. But I must make one point against the canny Scot. On pages 160 and 161 will be found the following:

She pretended that she was well now, and concealed her ailments so craftily that we had to probe for them:

“ I think you are not feeling well to-day, mother ! ”

“ I am perfectly well. ”

“ Where is the pain ? ”

“ I have no pain to speak of. ”

“ Is it at your heart ! ”

“ No. ”

“ Do you feel those sounds in your head again ? ”

“ No, no, I tell you there is nothing the matter with me. ”

“ Have you a pain in your side ? ”

“ Really, it's most provoking, I cannot put my hand to my side without your thinking I have a pain there. ”

“ You have a pain in your side ! ”

“ I might have a pain in my side. ”

“ And you are trying to hide it ! Is it very painful ? ”

“ It's—it's not so bad but what I can bear it. ”

Which of these two gave in first I cannot tell, though to me fell the duty of persuading them. * * *

Fie on you, J. M. Barrie ! Sane as you are on most subjects did you not know better than to badger this dear old woman with the thought of pain ? Are

you forty and yet do not know that the burdens of earth are great enough without forcing them on to poor humanity? My little girl five years old knows better than that. She can coax me out of a headache and lure me into a laugh when the world seems going into bankruptcy. But the love of a man who tells you you are going into a decline is little better than his hate. Talk not of your maladies, Brother, and quit arguing that other folks have consumption, Bright's disease, and cancer. It's bad to have these things, but Lord! it's worse to have you prove it. You can write good books, Barrie, but there is a blot on your 'scutcheon on account of the place you give to asthma and enlargement of the liver. Then you tell us of how often you went for the doctor in the dead of night and threw sand on his window to waken him. For shame Barrie! Why awake a good Doctor who was sleeping peacefully? Did you do it because you had cross-questioned some one into the belief he was sick?

¶ In England and France during the 12th Century it was the custom to remit the punishment of death to every criminal who could read. They called it "benefit of the clergy"—*beneficium clericorum aut clericorum*. When a prisoner demanded this benefit of the clergy the Chaplain would hand the prisoner a book, "Does he read?" demanded the Judge of

the Chaplain. "He reads like a Clergyman," was the answer. This to us seems a good reason why the sentence should have been carried out, as clergymen are usually atrocious readers. But the law said differently and fellow's neck was saved. Just why favor was thus shown I do not know, but the inference seemed to be that a man who could read was a pretty good fellow and could ill be spared. We, too, place honors at the feet of accomplished people. Men who can write books are great fellows, except in their own homes. And yet I'm sure that the men who write fluently, like men who talk fluently, are often cheap wits. The men who write best do not necessarily think best. I've seen men who could not read, yet who had a good mental grip on many a sublime thought. I've known men who could jabber in four languages and yet had no thought to express in any. And as for memory it is becoming an extinct faculty, so prone are we to fill our pockets with note books (that we are constantly losing). Whenever a fellow who is clever with the pen fails to pay his debts, or does this, that or the other that a man should not do, there goes up a pretty cry, "Oh, he's a genius—he's exempt!" Bless my soul! let's do away with "benefit of the clergy" and mete out the same rules of justice to all—men and women alike.

☛ Once upon a day Commodore Vanderbilt exclaimed,

"I have over a dozen sons and not one of them is worth a dam." It was a heart bursting confession to make, yet it is one that almost every successful man of the world who has sons does make. All the splendid dreams he has for his baby boys vanish one by one—are drowned in tears—and he at last repeats at least the last clause of those agonizing words with which Lawrence Barrett used to pierce us, "I have no wife, I have no friend, I have no son." Is this then the price a man pays for worldly success—that heaven of which Samuel Smiles and Mr. Bok preach? Aye, it is the law. The sons of successful men are a trial and a tribulation, they never help lift the burden. The Hebrew is the only exception: he brings his boys up to carry on the business. So look you fond parents, all the joy your children will supply you is the dreams that never come true—but this is much.

¶A general warning in the form of a hektograph letter has been sent to a large number of students by the Powers at A Big University. The letter is to the effect that the parents or guardians of students who attend chippy dances will be notified. Just why the "parents or guardians will be notified" the notice does not say; perhaps it is so they can attend too. Any way this peculiar letter reveals a rather curious condition of things in an educational way. Emerson said, "You send your boy to school and the boys

educate him." Had he lived now he probably would have put it, "You send your boy to A Big University and the chippies educate him."

In *Scribner's* for May, page 578, I find this blood-curdling information, long breathlessly awaited by a weary world:

A Bank President's room generally looks out on the street; it is rather handsomely and comfortably furnished, with no costly elegance, however. The approach is guarded by sometimes two functionaries who assure themselves that the visitor should be admitted before even taking in his card. Here it is that the consultations take place with the bank's most important customers, about discounts and loans.

I hardly see how we could get along without these popular magazines.

In that English study of republican institutions entitled *Grover Cleveland*, by James Lowry Whittle, reference is made to Mr. Cleveland's marriage as follows:

After the ceremony had ended, no elaborate banquet was served; but the guests, with true democratic simplicity, partook of a little supper sent in from a neighboring tavern, and including the national delicacies of terrapin, canvass-back duck, clams, Indian mush, ice cream and cold buckwheat cakes.

I have good reason for stating that it was Marshall Wilder and Chauncey Depew who got that Englishman off to one side and stuffed him.

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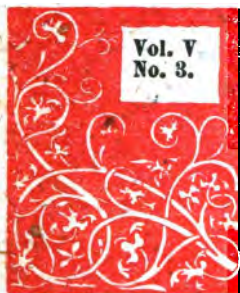
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THE PHILISTINE

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Entered at the Postoffice at East Aurora, New York, for transmission as mail matter of the second class.

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MINDFUL of Emerson's caution, "It is time to be old, to take in sail," and preferring to close up my estate while I am alive rather than leave it to my unbookish heirs," and the lawyers, I am led to offer for sale that portion of my library consisting of extra-illustrated books, of which the following is a list:

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THE PHILISTINE



SO HERE cometh Dr. Phil and preaches for us Philistine Sermon No. Seven: When decalcomanie was a new art & the shop windows were gay with blossoms seeking naturalization, a picture maker more faithful than his kind opened the curious eyes of an impressionable boy to a significant limitation of nature. A great sheet of bright anemones & corcopsis was spread out to lure the passer-by. Every flower lacked a petal or showed one out of proportion with its fellows. The revelation brought a pang to the ignorant young mind eager for ideal perfection in all things, and its boding intimation has never been denied. A canon of taste elaborated by moralists of the Chesterfield school & held even down to the days of our own mathematical Poe, made much of symmetry of parts and equality of cadence as a test of beauty. They reasoned without nature in defining the metes and bounds of a manifestation of nature. For in these days of "science which is measurement" Monsieur Bertillon's system

**THE
PHIL-
ISTINE**

has been applied to normal things as well as to candidates for the Rogue's Gallery, and our inquisitors-general avow that equality of proportion is unknown outside of pentameters and the products of saw mills. Truer artists living under the shadow of Fusi Yama have filled the world with beauty & in all their vivid reproduction of nature there is no balance. The picture is not filled up: the bird or flower stands at its own angle, the individuality of nature shaming the mechanics of art.

As wide a divergence may be noted in the predicates of the two great expressions of moral force. Philosophy rests on a proposition that whatever is is right; preaching begins by assuming that whatever is is wrong. There have been peacemakers who sought to bring about an agreement in this—and they have shared the usual fate of peacemakers. Nevertheless, it may be suggested that the first deals with universal things at long range. Whatever is right, in general plan. This is the telescopic view; the other is microscopic. Whatever is is wrong, in human conduct, because of personal imperfection.

♣ They who want this world made over by rule & find its first plan a wreck dispute not that nature shares with man the limitation and the disturbed balance. They blame man for this, and say he ♣ brought death into the world—and death is the logic of all limitation. But others, and they are Philistines, see in this the promise of life to mankind. For of all imperfect things man alone rebels at imperfection and seeks a higher destiny.

♣ The historian of the Creation tells us that when God had made the earth he pronounced it very good ♣ And again when he made all the things that swim or fly or walk, at the end of each day's labor he passed in survey that which he had made and called it good. But when he had made man he set no specific seal of his approbation on the crowning work. Only when he had completed all he ♣ summed up the product of his creative effort & found it good as a whole—and blessed the organized universe. But the ♣ inequalities of frame, the incomplete flower & leaf, were all there, and at the first experiment in living, man yielded to temptation. Beast and fish and flower fitted their environment ♣ They propo-

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gated & died, each filling its place without friction or worry about the future. But man, made in the divine image, sought a realization of the promise implied. He fell trying for the height that seemed him to achieve—but falling still rose, and ever pressed a little nearer the fulfillment of his deathless hope ❀

Under all purposes & ambitions of men the craving for immortality has smouldered like volcanic fires that warm the heart of the earth, & some philosophers have pointed to the analogies of nature and said “Behold here death and resurrection & be comforted.” But the hunger has not been appeased, for it was seen that this was immortality in kind, and man seeks personal life everlasting. The tree fulfills its law and dies and another takes its place. The brute is perpetuated in its progeny and lives and dies unrepining. But the chief creation fulfills not the law of his creation except in degree. He alone is at war with his conditions. In this is the augury of his triumph. For the Power that created in man the ❀ aspiration to live forever surely placed the prize within final reach. For this is man an alien and a perpetual seeker for

something beyond. He chews no cud of content; he rests in no achievement; infinity ever beckons him on.

THE PHIL- ISTINE

In self-consciousness is the curse and blessing of his life. It is the perpetual source of friction—the perpetual reminder of a greater state to be won. In it is the evidence of transition—the unceasing manifestation of a clash between satisfaction and aspiration that flashes forth the spark of a light that never was on land or sea. And in that light man reads his destiny.



SHOULD you ask me, "Hast any philosophy in thee, Shepherd?" I'd make reply, "Yes, a little: I'll give you a taste of my quality."

Walking through the gallery of statuary at the Luxembourg I saw the white carved nude figure of a man—a man in all the splendid strength of youth. Standing behind him on a higher part of the pedestal was the form of a woman; and this woman was leaning over, her face turned towards him, her lips about to be pressed upon his. I moved closer & to one side, and saw that on the face

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PHIL-
ISTINE**

of the youth was an expression of deathly agony; and then I noted that every muscle of that splendid body was tense with awful pain. And in that one glance I saw that the woman's body was the body of a tigress—that only her face was beautiful—and that the arms ended in claws that were digging deep into the vitals of the man as she drew his face to hers ❀ ❀

Suddenly feeling the need of fresh air I turned and went out on the street. That ❀ piece of statuary gave Philip Burne-Jones the suggestion for his painting, "The Vampire." Now one might suppose from that awful sermon in stone that woman was the cause of man's undoing. But for the benefit of hen-pecked and misunderstood husbands I'll call attention to the fact that the men who have achieved most in literature, music, painting and philosophy are men who knew from sad experience the sharpness of woman's claws: Socrates, Dante, ❀ Shakespeare, Rosseau, Milton, Wagner, Paganini and so many more that were I to name them all the world would not be large enough to contain the books in which they are printed. Of course I'll

admit that the men who have been flayed by women have usually been greatly helped by women, and this sometimes accounts for the flaying. But the point I make is that all experience is good—the Law of Compensation never rests & the stagnation of a dead-level “happy married life” may not be any more to a strong man’s advantage than a long course of stupid misunderstanding. Milton bewailed the fact that he could get freedom from marital woes on no less ignoble grounds than violating his marriage vows. Milton did not get his freedom. His wife sat on him, silent and insensate, & so did her whole family of seven persons. And his sharp cry made him the butt of jibes and jeers innumerable. Milton was an obscure school teacher and clerk; but if any of those great men who sought to humiliate and defeat him are mentioned nowadays in history it is only to say “they lived in The Age of Milton.” “His life ruined by a woman”—Pish! you flatter her; she hasn’t the power. And the end of the whole thing, Brother, is, it doesn’t much matter what your condition in life is: all things are equalized. When the Prophet said, “God is

**THE
PHIL-
ISTINE**

good, and his mercy endureth from everlasting to everlasting," he understood himself.

NR. C. ST. JOHN HOFMAN philosophizes in this way about Anthony Hope, with apologies to Evelyn :

Glittering Anthony Hope seems dead !

Read at his last new book an hour.

That is the story, this its thread,

He penned the tale, but it lacks his power.

Beginning to languish, too, like the rest ;

Much has been changed by his fame I think :

By ravenous publishers opprest,

He drowns his genius in seas of ink.

It is not too late yet, Anthony Hope,

You can redeem yourself, firm and true ;

For good stars meet in your horoscope,

Your earlier characters live and woo,

Flirt, laugh, skirmish—fight as of old,

And bewitch us—this cannot be denied ;

Toward "The Prisoner" and "Dolly" no heart is cold,

They are fellow mortals—naught beside.

We love you, Anthony, all the while !

There are better things yet to come, we hold ;

There is place and to spare for your villain's guile,

And your nonchalant heroes—overbold.

So hush—here's a bit of advice to keep ;

We want your genius fresh from your hand.

There, that is your secret, don't try to reap

Gold for mere trash—you understand !

LAST AURORA has in it three men who have attained perfection. It may be as well for me to shut off the scoffers at once by explaining that I am not one of them. It is not necessary to prove that these three gentlemen have reached perfection: they acknowledge it themselves. As none of these men read the Philistine or ever heard of the Roycroft, there is no danger of hurting their feelings by putting them in our collection of curiosities. And in any event I have no desire to tack their pelts on the barn door of obliquity—rather I would hold them up as bright and shining examples for the young, pointing the possible in the evolution of the genus homo. These men are known in the village, and up the creek as far as Hunsickee's school-house, as Uncle Billy Bushnell, Kerosene Jones and Old Cy Gifford. For the benefit of benighted dwellers in cities I should explain that the term "Uncle" is a mark of esteem often given to a man in rural communities by his neighbors; the name "Kerosene" is derived from the fact that Mr. Jones deals in the article; and the prefix

"Old" to Mr. Gifford's name is simply to distinguish him from Cyrus the Younger ☞ These men mix freely with the common people. They lead in prayer and eloquently exhort at the Wednesday night prayer meeting, and always touch with peculiar modesty upon the fact that they themselves are without sin. They hold their condition quite as a matter of course, so cannot be accused of an over-weening egotism. Each is confident that for himself there is a Paradise of unending bliss in the World to Come; and all are equally sure that ☞ most other folks are going to perdition—still this fact causes them no special uneasiness. In the long winter evenings I often play checkers with Old Cy at Gibson's grocery, and find him very companionable ☞ Once I askt him if he was not distrest when he thought of as how I was doomed to Tophet ☞ He replied with a smile, that was my lookout, not hisn, salvation was free and if I did not see fit to accept, it was my own fault—surely he himself had often warned me ! Our friends take the New York Weekly Tribune and beyond this read very little in way of secular literature. In Art they

show small interest—the houses of each being decorated with pictures of “Garland Stoves” and “McCormick Reapers,” while against the chimney hangs Hostetter’s Almanac. My principal object in mentioning these three sinless men is to silence the sneers that certain scribblers carry in stock for East Aurora. From this on let the place receive the respect that is its due.



MR. RALPH ALTON sends me the following nuggets as proof of his fitness for membership in the East Aurora School of Philosophy. Mr. Alton has

been admitted.

The eyes betray the soul ; the lips, the flesh.

All is not good that’s bitter.

Pain is the greatest educator.

Love is the expression of a soul seeking poise.

When passion dies, love degenerates into a friendship based on memory.

Train a child the way he should go, and when he is old he will regret his lost opportunities.

Whom the gods would destroy, they first make glad.

The Devil usually wins in the contest between heredity and environment.

Riches are the curse of poverty.

Insanity is hysteria of the soul.

Phryne’s fascination lies in her lingerie.



IT WILL be seen from the clipping that follows, taken from the Cape Town Gazette, that there are countries where justice is not dead, and a trick or two still can be played on a husband who strays without reason :

PRO DEO:

In the High Court of the
South African Republic.

Before His Honor, The Chief Justice. In re

May J. Reuner

versus

Herman Reuner.

Pretoria, the 10th of February, 1896.

After having heard the Argument of Mr. Abram Ford of Counsel for the Plaintiff and having read the summons and heard the testimony of various witnesses :

IT IS ORDERED :

That an order be granted and is hereby granted summoning the Defendant, said Herman Reuner, and ordering him to maintain marital relations with the said Plaintiff on or before June 12th, 1896, on penalty.

Signed P. J. KOTZE,
Registrar.

By order of the Court.

Adv.—The detailed catalog of Mr. Irving Browne's Extra-Illustrated Library is now ready. If interested send your name to The Roycroft Shop and a copy will be sent you.

MINNIE McINTYRE sends me this choice moral lesson about a dog : 🍀

Once there was a poor little yellow dog of a man. A typical rover, conscious yet humble, crawling yet assertive; very much in evidence whenever he could get under the barn, and with a belief in himself no one else seemed to share.

And the people trod on him, and kickt him, and pusht him out of the way whenever they came in contact with him. Not that he wasn't clever, for he was a bright little fellow, but because he was a yellow dog, & down in the world. For it is an overweening desire in men always to be kicking something, perhaps in retaliation of similar earlier experiences of their own.

So they beset him on every side, & laught at him and called him foolish, and took no interest in his little tricks, which he always performed before an unappreciative public, & always with a degree of assurance in their welcome, that was quite pathetic. If he ever felt hurt at the treatment he received, he never betrayed it, except by an involuntary wince, or a hunted look in his melancholy eyes. One day when the world had gone very badly, and he had almost made up his mind to be taken by the Poundmaster, or slip beneath the wheels of a moving trolley, he met a girl, who was attracted to him by the look of pathetic defiance she saw in the mendicant eyes that looked into her own, one damp dreary day.

And she stretched out her hand to him, saying, "even a little yellow bow-wow has rights." And she spoke kindly to him, and smoothed his ruffled

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coat. And he went home with her, where she encouraged him to show off his accomplishments, and was surprised to find them so well done. Practice makes even a dog perfect. And after awhile she became fascinated with her toy, and it soon became a question of "love me, love my dog." And she taught him new tricks, and improved on his old ones, and his name was ever on her lips, until her friends became weary of its repetition.

And by and by he became less miserable, and more assertive than ever, and would even sniff in a sly way at people whose kicks he used to feel. And the girl, after a time, finding him so talented, wisht to show her protege to the world. So he practiced at great length for the event while she devised the ways and means for his debut. An uncle of hers had an influential friend in a great publishing house, and she worked these instruments of her will to such good purpose that in the spring of a certain year, among the books which issued from this autocratic firm, books which the critics pounced upon and were kind enough to call good, was one in a gay green and gold binding, with the dekel edge paper so widely advertised, and the title page bore the name of the—Yellow Dog. And a cousin of the girl's was a great singer, and with wheedling, he sang one of the yellow dog's ballads at a splendid concert, and the people shook the rafters with applause, and went into raptures over the "feeling" and tender melody and a' that.

And so it was, that the royalties began to pile up for the yellow dog from the book and ballad, into which he had put all the pain of the earlier kicks and rebuffs: the longing and hunger, that had been his portion before the girl adopted him. And

now the people were all smiles, and those who had kicthim were the first to come forward with endearing words and caresses. And literary ladies besieged him to perform at their "evenings" and "teas." And the girl could have wept for joy.

Then as is the nature of mongrels, the yellow dog became fat and quarrelsome, indifferent to his chicken, and went snarling at every one's heels.

All of which things were excused him on the strength of the fact that he was such a great genius, a splendid fellow, only peculiar, you know.

And so, having come into what he declared was "rightfully his own," and having more bones in the larder than he could do justice to and plenty of soft cushions for his apoplectic little body, he had no more use for the girl. But, not knowing how to rid himself of her, he married her.

And one day, in a fit of distemper, he bit her.

And love died in great agony.



ONCE upon a day I lectured before a certain Woman's Club that shall be nameless. The lecture was designed to be humorous: not uproariously funny, but mildly mirthful. All went well, the ice was thawed, and nearly all present smiled blandly—not for publication but as a guarantee of good faith. But there was a stout lady, well up in one of the front rows, whose countenance failed to relax. Three set wrinkles

marked her brow, the corners of her mouth turned down, and her chin absolutely refused to be dimpled by a smile. Her stolid stare disconcerted me a bit, and it came over me that my "effort" could not be called a success unless milady laughed. So one by one I called out my stock of quips and quirks that are held in reserve for emergencies. Yet all in vain—the dowager firmly held the wrinkles and the stony stare. But suddenly her face grew purple—I thought she was going to have an apoplectic fit—she swayed in her seat, nervously rolled her lace mitts into a ball, and—arose with two right-angle jerks and waddled out with a waddle like unto the waddle of the old Nurse in Faust.

After the lecture and the hand-shaking I passed out into the lobby and there milady awaited me: she was nervous and apologetic, very apologetic. "I don't know what was the matter with me—I don't know what it was," she said, "but a desire to laugh came over me and I just had to go or titter!"

Adv.—The Roycrofters are always very glad to send their books on approval



BAPTIST clergyman writes me from Auburn, N. Y., thus: "I cannot tolerate the Philistine, a Periodical of Protest, because it preaches a Gospel of Negation." And so this pleasing Protestant who leans heavily on Ten Commandments, eight of which are negative, protests because the Philistine is protestant. Now is not this queer when sinners begin calling the righteous to repentance ♣ ♣

However, we must be generous: the gentleman has allowed himself to be misled by the sub-title on our little magazine: he does not know the meaning of the word "protest" ♣

All that ails our friend is that he has gotten so used to the word "protestant" that he ceases to think of it. Baptist clergymen who think, get out of the denomination; one who stays becomes afflicted with mental strabismus and in time is unable to think at all. This however does not impare his usefulness as a clergyman, for a man's efficacy as an orthodox preacher depends largely on his abstaining from thought. My Auburn friend is pretty nearly a total abstainer.

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And all this is why I have to arise and explain what can be found in any dictionary: The first meaning of the word "protest" is to affirm. "He protests his innocence," "John the Baptist protested truth as he saw it," etc., are among the examples given of the use of the word.

The Philistine is negative only to the extent that I recognize the air brake is as necessary as the throttle valve; and so both are used—but never at the same time, else I'd be a Baptist preacher and done with it, standing in the way of Progress until hoisted by a tail-end collision.

✻ Among the things the Philistine affirms and protests as truth, are :

1. The dignity and honor of men and women working with their hands.
2. The single standard of truth telling.
3. The necessity of a sunny temper, and a lively, generous, sympathetic interest in this world.
4. In simplicity of life, directness of speech, and the importance of getting our pleasures from the thousand unpretentious things that lie within our reach.
5. Courtesy and kindness towards, and companionship with those who are below us in intellect and station as well

as those above, since 'tis not just clear who are above and who below.

6. Cultivating the love of the beautiful as manifest in Nature and the handiwork of Man.

7. Moderating our desires and ambitions, being content to do each day's work as best we can, having faith that the result in this world and the world to come (if there is one) will be Good.



MAJOR POND, just home from Europe, stopped in to see Miss Jeannette Gilder on his way uptown from the steamer. Among other stories the Major told Jeannette was one to the effect that he had been to the Isle of Man, & while he was talking to Mr. Hall Caine, who not only is but owns the Isle, a messenger came in with a cheque for ten thousand pounds, being the weekly royalty on account of Mr. Caine's last book. The Major also declared that before writing "The Christian" Mr. Caine prepared six barrels of notes; and as he said this the Major placed his hand over his solar plexus and declared he had seen the barrels. The Major, needless to

say, is the greatest—impresario in the world. And it is also quite needless to explain that Major Pond is going to place Mr. Hall Caine on exhibition in the principal cities of the United States this coming winter; and this, in the language of Mr. Bryan, is the first gun of the campaign.



DY SHEEP know my voice." * * * * Clothes may deceive, manner may lie and words may be used to conceal your purpose; but the voice—never. The voice is the true index of the soul. People who are vulgar may dress correctly, and speak grammatically, but they continue to either screech or purr. The clear, low, musical modulation belongs only to the men and women who Think and Feel. To possess a beautiful voice you must be Genuine.



THE Peace Congress can cease its labors, for the question of war is gradually solving itself in this country: no man but a janitor will go to war in defense of a flat.



AMERICANITIS is on the increase, the Wise Ones say. Americanitis comes from an intense desire to git thar and an awful fear that you cannot. The ounce of prevention is to cut down your calling list, play tag with the children, and let the old world slide. Remember that your real wants are not many—a few hours work a day will supply your needs—then you are safe from Americanitis and death at the top.

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DR. HARRINGTON of Buffalo, like most other successful physicians, is generous to a fault. At the recent Annual Encampment of the G. A. R. the Doctor invited the survivors of the regiment in which he served during the War to be his personal guests. At the close of the War there were just two hundred and thirty-four men left of the regiment, but the number that mustered on Dr. Harrington's lawn was four hundred and sixty-five—all very hungry & extremely thirsty. The Doctor looked 'em over, counted 'em by ranks and in

the course of a little speech said, "Boys, I once knew all your faces and could call you all by name, but the occasion makes my eyes a little misty, so if I do not recall some faces here I know you will pardon me." A by-stander pointed out twenty "survivors" in one squad all of whom were surely born since 1870, yet the Doctor would not admit he was the victim of a practical joke, but ordered up the rations in allopath quantities and liquid in red, white and blue kegs until gout seemed certain and Bright's Disease probable. And surely the laugh was not on Dr. Harrington.

IN THAT mazy, hazy geographical region known as "Out West" lives a country doctor whom I love very much. He is seventy-eight years old. This doctor got broke up (or down) in 1881 & quit practice to die. But he didn't stay quit, for after a year he again hung out the old sign. Now this doctor has a way of asking me to send him things he needs, and as his wants are simple and few of course I'm glad to comply. Last week a

letter came from him asking for a saddle, explaining that his old one galled his horse, and that when he was called out nights he preferred to go horseback, rather than hitch up to a buggy. I sent him a saddle—and some advice, thus: Don't be a fool and bother with a horse—go get you a wheel!



THERE was once a woman who bought one of those dreamy symphonies in blue called a Tea Gown. The gentlemanly proprietor warranted the garment not to shrink or fade. It did both. It shrank at the very first washing so that thereafter it was only available as a bicycle suit.

But the incident is valuable for symbol. It is like those One, A. M., friendships, where the man you have never before met swears you eternal fidelity. His friendship is good and sincere, but the trouble is it both shrinks and fades. Only the genuine celestial article lasts. Yet even nature deals in shoddy. Very seldom do you find a friendship that is all wool and a yard wide, like the stout lady's jaegers.



HE small boy who wrote the following composition shows all signs of becoming a great historian : King Henry Ate ♣ was the greatest widower that ever was. He were bornd at Annie Domino in the year 1066 ♣ He had 510 wives besides thousands of children. He were first beheaded and afterwards executed. Henry Ate was succeeded to the throne by his great-grand-mother, the beautiful Mary, Queen of Scots, sometimes called Lady of the Lake or the Lay of the Last Ministerial.

[Protestant Episcopal papers please copy.]



IT IS a great disadvantage to get the reputation of being a funnyman ♣ As I give bits of moral and spiritual advice in these pages I see that many people have not that respect and veneration for my opinions that wisdom deserves. They do not have faith in my sanctity of countenance; and seem to doubt that I am inspired or divinely assisted. Melancholy is the fate of the funnyman—alas, alas!

HERE seems ever to have been a tendency on the part of small philosophers to divide humanity up into classes. We are set down as good or bad, great or ordinary, bond or free, learned or illiterate, aristocrat or plebian, handsome or homely, saved or damned. In addition to these classes we have the masses. The masses are the great undissolved residuum—the people who go about their business and neither pray on street corners nor preach from housetops. To them babes are born and the wires flash no news, they visit but the society columns are not burdened with names of their friends; they die and bulletins give no sign. Yet it might be difficult to find a man who at the tribunal of his own heart would confess that he belonged to the masses. We talk glibly about giving a helping hand to the masses, elevating the masses, never once admitting that we, like all others, are but a molecule in God's masses. And a peculiar thing about this is that the men who talk most about "elevating the masses" are often puny little fellows who themselves are merely pensioners on a

patient world. If there is any better way to help the masses than by going quietly about your work and setting us a good example I have not seen it.

♣ Each man thinks his own experience unique, peculiar, distinctive : he belongs to a class of course, but a very small and select class : just as all lovers are sure that such a love as theirs never before existed, except mayhap on the stage, or in a book. And thus adown the centuries from the days of Solomon and his Shulamite shepherdess, lovers have strolled hand in hand, chanting the lovers' litany, "love like ours can never die."

♣ And so we are all labeled and pigeon-holed, done up into bundles, and those that cannot be disposed of handily are dumped into the masses ♣ But if we snatch from Kronos a little leisure and think it over we will find that all things are comparative : there is no standard of goodness, nor of greatness, nor of freedom, nor of beauty, nor of aristocracy, and the man we think is saved is only ♣ partially saved & the fellow whom we chalk-mark "damned" may welcome us in Heaven. Conditions are transient ; life is in a state of flux ; classes are largely

a matter of clothes ; and caste is an idea founded on a false hypothesis and in the world's march has often been toppled by a mob between cock-crow and sun-up. The gradations we seem to see are more apparent than real. On close inspection we find the great man is not so great as we thought, and the stupid man not quite so dull as he appeared.



HERE is a theory that Americans care little for title, that a patent of nobility is nothing to us & that if any among us are of noble lineage we keep the matter quiet. This however is only a barren theory, for the fact is, as a nation, we bow down to pedigree quite as much as the people of England—only we haven't so much pedigree to bow down to as England has. Our pedigree has mostly been lost in the shuffle.

VARIOUS violent efforts have been made in days agoone to show that Washington was of "a noble line," as if the natural nobility of the man needed a reason—forgetful that we are all sons of God & it doth not yet appear what we shall be. But Burke's Peerage

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lends no light and the careful, unprejudiced, patient search of recent years finds only the blue blood of the common people. And for all we know the progenitors of Mary Ball, the mother of George Washington, & Augustine Washington, his father, may have left England for England's good. From the years 1650 to 1776 there were over sixty thousand men and women (rather more women than men—and all these women were regarded as "bad") transported from England to America; and Virginia was practically looked upon as a penal colony. I have climbed many a genealogical tree in trace of curious facts but I never yet knew of a man pointing out that his great-great-grand-mother came over in a prison ship. And another thing, we say a good deal about Plymouth and Jamestown, but blessed little about Castle Garden. Between the dates just named there were ever ships lying at anchor in the Thames slowly loading their human freight of misery & woe—and the destination up to 1776 was always America. After that it was Australia and New Zealand; and in passing I wish to state the fact known to all students of eco-

nomics that the towns and cities of New Zealand made up of the descendents of "the dangerous class" reveal an average of intelligence, industry and sobriety that will be lookt for in vain in the mother country. The world has ever hanged its saviors between thieves and the Old World policy of hunting down the man who did a little thinking on his own account, has no doubt often left at home only the supremely stupid and the sublimely hypocritical.

AT A GUESS and a venture, knowing nothing of the facts, I should say that Mr. Reedy of the St. Louis "Mirror" is a son of Irish parents who were Catholics. He knows the history, the saints, the holy days, the symbolism; and he is touched with the mysticism of the Mother Church as no Protestant ever is. Most of us were brought up in the belief that Catholics are very ignorant and superstitious people and that their priests are impostors. This I find is almost the universal opinion of Protestants. But a man who knows the Catholic Church by being born into it,

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and who then goes out into the world and knows Protestantism and grows to a point where he is neither a Catholic or a Protestant, is, other things being equal, a very superior person. Just as a Jew who has outgrown Judaism, and yet knows Christianity, is superior in mental reach to a man who has received a Christian education, simply viewing Judaism from a distance. A Jew who has renounced Judaism and become a Methodist, or a Catholic who has turned Baptist, has done a preposterous and unnatural thing. And as Lafcadio Hearn says of the Hindoo who professes to be a Presbyterian, "it is only a diplomatic move." Admitting the full potency of the Mourners Bench, there is yet one thing stronger, and that is Race Instinct. And so I say that the man born a Catholic, who has advanced gradually to a point where he leaves the Church behind, yet retains for her his Race Instinct of reverence, immersing himself in Judaism and Protestantism, but being neither Jew nor Protestant, is to use the phrase applied by Walt Whitman to Tennyson, the boss of us all.



MOST people are familiar with the phenomenon of lifting a human body from the floor by simply applying the finger tips of two persons. Many of us, too, saw the remarkable feats in lifting performed by Lulu Hearst: the raising, with two fingers, of a chair on which was seated a man weighing over two hundred pounds being one of her most familiar experiments. Science now admits that under certain conditions the law of gravitation is suspended—what these conditions are, we as yet very imperfectly understand. But a trustworthy man tells me that he recently saw Prof. Dolbear of Tufts College give levity to a mass of stone weighing, probably, five tons. This mass was floated through the air a distance of one hundred yards simply supported or directed by a slender pole. The Professor works by the means of peculiar and powerful electric batteries placed in certain positions and of course strictly in line of natural law. In a year he hopes to apply his methods to commercial purposes for quarrying & the moving of large buildings. The telephone has annihilated space, and the Crookes Tube

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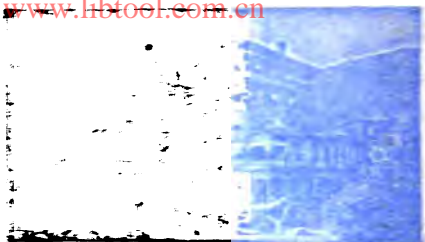
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BIRD-FLIGHT.

They flock upon the hazy air,
Silent of note and purposeful of wing,
Nor gossip of the nesting-time
Disturbs their rhythmic, air-born swing.
Athwart the dying fields light shadows fall,
That for a moments' space, obscure the sun,
Then swift—a graceful troop—they wing
their way,

Pursued in haste by some belated one,
Now all the stubble-land turns twilight-grey,
A-hum with mystic runes and harvest rills,
Above the watching world, a tiny speck
Grows pale, and fades against the southern
hills,

—Elizabeth Alden Curtis.

The philistine





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A Periodical of Protest.

I would be loth to cut away my speech: for it is excellently well planned. * * *

—TWELFTH NIGHT.



Printed Every Little While
for The Society of The Phil-
istines and Published by 
Them Monthly. Subscrip-
tion, One Dollar Yearly 
Single Copies, 10 Cents. . .
November, 1897.  



THE PHILISTINE,

Contents for November.

1. Presentiment,
Julia Ditto Young.
2. On Truth-Speaking,
John Morley.
3. Now,
Edward Robinson Taylor.
4. Philistine Sermon—No. 8:
Dr. Phil.
5. A Ballade of Confession,
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Agents for The Philistine: American News Co., New York; Brentano's, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris; G. P. Putnam's Sons, 24 Bedford street, Strand, London.

Entered at the Postoffice at East Aurora, New York, for transmission as mail matter of the second class.

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THE PHILISTINE

NO. 6.

November, 1897.

VOL. 5.

PRESENTIMENT.

From drowned Harriet the crystals dripped,
And fled in fierce revengeful haste away,—
And Shelley shuddered, knowing that they slipped
To keep a wild sea-tryst with him one day.

JULIA DITTO YOUNG.

ON TRUTH-SPEAKING.



ONE REASON why so many persons are really shocked and pained by the avowal of heretical opinions is the very fact that such avowal is uncommon. If unbelievers and doubters were more courageous, believers would be less timorous. It is because they live in an enervating fool's paradise of seeming assent and conformity, that the breath of an honest and outspoken word strikes so eager and nipping on their sensibilities. If they were not encouraged to suppose that all the world is of their own mind, if they were forced out of that atmosphere of self-indulgent silence and hypocritical reserve, which is systematically poured round them, they would acquire a robuster mental habit. They would learn

to take dissents for what they are worth. They would be led either to strengthen or to discard their own opinions, if the dissents happened to be weighty or instructive; either to refute or neglect such dissents as should be ill-founded or insignificant. They will remain valetudinarians, so long as a curtain of compromise shelters them from the real belief of those of their neighbors who have ventured to use their minds with some measure of independence. A very brief contact with people, who, when the occasion comes, do not shrink from saying what they think, is enough to modify that excessive liability to be shocked at truth-speaking, which is only so common because truth-speaking itself is so unfamiliar.

A considerable portion of people, men no less than women, are born invertebrate, and they must get on as they best can. But let us at least bargain that they shall not erect the maxims of their own feebleness into a rule for those who are braver and of stronger principle than themselves. It is a poor saying, that the world is to become void of spiritual sincerity, because Xantippe has a turn for respectable theology.

Now, however great the pain inflicted by the avowal of unbelief, it seems to the present writer that one relationship in life, and one only, justifies us in being silent where otherwise it would be right

to speak. This relationship is that between child and parents. Those parents are wisest who train their sons and daughters in the utmost liberty both of thought and speech; who do not instill dogmas into them, but inculcate upon them the sovereign importance of correct ways of forming opinions; who, while never dissembling the great fact that if one opinion is true, its contradictory cannot be true also, but must be a lie and must partake of all the evil qualities of a lie, yet always set them the example of listening to unwelcome opinions with patience and candor. Still all parents are not wise. They cannot all endure to hear of any religious opinions except their own. Where it would give them sincere and deep pain to hear a son or daughter avow disbelief in the inspiration of the Bible and so forth, then it seems that the younger person is warranted in refraining from saying that he or she does not accept such and such doctrines. This, of course, only where the son or daughter feels a tender and genuine attachment to the parent. Where the parent has not earned this attachment, has been selfish, indifferent, or cruel, the title to the special kind of forbearance of which we are speaking can hardly exist. In an ordinary way, however, a parent has a claim on us which no other person in the world can have, and a man's self-respect ought scarcely to be injured if he

finds himself shrinking from playing the apostle to his own father and mother.

One can indeed imagine circumstances where this would not be true. If you are persuaded that you have had revealed to you a glorious gospel of light and blessedness, it is impossible not to thirst to impart such tidings most eagerly to those who are closest about your heart. We are not in that position. We have as yet no magnificent vision, so definite, so touching, so "clothed with the beauty of a thousand stars," as to make us eager, for the sake of it, to murder all the sweetnesses of filial piety in an aggressive eristic. Thus much one concedes. Yet let us ever remember that those elders are of nobler type who have kept their minds in a generous freedom, and have made themselves strong with that magnanimous confidence in truth, which the Hebrew expressed in old phrase, that if counsel or work be of men it will come to nought, but if it be of God ye cannot overthrow it.

Even in the case of parents, and even though our new creed is but rudimentary, there can be no good reason why we should go further in the way of economy than mere silence. Neither they nor any other human being can possibly have a right to expect us not merely to abstain from the open expression of dissents, but positively to profess unreal and feigned

assents. No fear of giving pain, no wish to soothe the alarms of those to whom we owe much, no respect for the natural clinging of the old to the faith which has accompanied them thro' their honorable lives, can warrant us in saying that we believe to be true what we are convinced is false. The most lax moralist counts a lie wrong, even when the motive is unselfish and springs from the desire to give pleasure to those whom it is our duty to please. A deliberate lie avowedly does not cease to be one because it concerns spiritual things. Nor is it the less wrong because it is uttered by one to whom all spiritual things have become indifferent..

Filial affection is a motive which would, if any motive could, remove some of the taint of meanness with which pious lying, like every other kind of lying, tends to infect character. The motive may no doubt ennoble the act, though the act remains in the category of forbidden things. But the motive of these complaisant assents and false affirmations, taken at their very best, is still comparatively a poor motive. No real elevation of spirit is possible for a man who is willing to subordinate his convictions to his domestic affections, and to bring himself to a habit of viewing falsehood lightly, lest the truth should shock the illegitimate and over exacting sensibilities either of his parents or any one else. We may understand

what is meant by the logic of the feelings, and accept it as the proper corrective for a too intense egotism. But when the logic of the feelings is invoked to substitute the egotism of the family for the slightly narrower egotism of the individual, it can hardly be more than a fine name for self-indulgence and a willful indifference to all the largest human interests.

JOHN MURRAY.

NOW.

Oh, do not wait until in earth I lie
 Before thou givest me my rightful need;
 Oh, do not now in coldness pass me by,
 And then cry praises which I cannot heed.
 If I have helped thee on thy weary way,
 Or lightened in the least thy burden's weight,
 Haste with love's tokens ere another day
 Shall pierce thee with the fatal words, "Too late."
 The present moment is thy time to live;
 The Past is gone, the Future may not be;
 If thou hast treasure of thy heart to give
 To hungry souls, bestow it speedily:—

For sweet Love's sake, let not tomorrow's sun
 Tempt thee to wait before thou see it done.

EDWARD ROBESON TAYLOR.

A.19 — And again it may not be out of place to say that the Roycrofters are very glad to send their books on approval.

PHILISTINE SERMON--NO. VIII.



ONCE it was thought, and it was a predicate in all canvass of human destiny, that there was a direct road to the heights unwon. An air-line to heaven was wished—therefore it was imagined. In childhood we believe what we desire, and men were children then. “You shall be as gods,” the serpent whispered to the man and woman in the Garden. “We shall mount to the skies,” said the builders of Babel.

The paradox of success by failure had not entered their minds. But before the period of definite history began, it had come to be common belief that a contrary force was at work in the world. Men learned that what went up came down in due time; that the best-laid schemes had their limitations; that youth and energy gave way before the persistent battery of the years, they did not conceive as a law. It was against law, they thought. Law was with their aspirations. And so they called it the work of a Malign Power and rendered to that Power the grudging homage of fear.

Then there was a great flood, and later a rain of fire from heaven, and blights and famines came upon the earth, and murrains and leprosy among living things, and these were taken as expressions of the

anger of God, because of failure. Man had sinned and had come short of the purpose in creation and the Almighty repented Him that He had made man. So He once, they said, destroyed the race by a flood and at intervals made the earth or fire swallow up portions of His noble work. But the direct path to the stars still existed in the minds of men, and myriads seeking never found it, because of the alien force which ever balked the Divine purpose.

Those were the days of tradition. In them there was no clear reckoning of anything. The ark that was to float three hundred days was a hundred years in building. The glow of a new creation was on all the earth and the air was luminous with wonder and suggestion. But with hardship and failure came comparison of experience, and as men chafed against the bounds that hedged them they noted that failure was recurrent in events as in the round of nature. Day succeeded day and nation followed nation, and failure and death were at the foot of every springing arch.

They found, too, that faith could indeed move mountains, but it was by labor, and the heights must be climbed. Only imagination and hope could span the valleys. And from the bitter wear of life they came to know that failure was a part of everything the eye could see, and that the men who were swept

away by the flood and swallowed by the earthquake were indeed sinful but only in degree different from others, and one sort or other of destruction had compassed every people on the earth.

And out of this a question came, whether God had failed at all. For it was said if His chief work failed in Noah's time and again in the days of Cæsar, then more or less He had failed in every period of time, for not a nation on the earth had kept the highest law, and all had decayed in due course like things spent and outworn.

And in the latter days were men who were loth to say God had failed in anything, because they said He could not be all-powerful and fail, and He could not be all-good and destroy his people without a purpose.

These were accounted heretics, and they have been mocked in every pillory and hanged on every gallows. But they say only this—that He who made men with power to suffer did it not that they might suffer, and that He who made them to aspire did it not in vain.

The how and the why they do not know. It is beyond them. But they blindly feel, and without presumption hesitate not to say, that there is hope in the record of failure—for it is a law and not an accident. And He who rules the universe by Law rules it for good.

DR. PHIL.

A BALLADE OF CONFESSION.

The dog-eared tomes of ancient sages
 Frown at me from the shelves up there,
 World famous, ay, for many ages,
 Braving the buffets of time and care :
 Yet though they breathe Parnassian air,
 Go hand in hand with Muses nine,
 I pass them all, here's one more rare,—
 The little book that once was thine !

I know that Horace scowls and rages,
 That Homer writbes in vain despair,
 That I should seek those pasturages
 Where mawkish sentiments rave and tear .
 Methinks all Helicon doth stare,
 Forget its hyssop steeped in wine,
 To think that I to read should dare
 The little book that once was thine !

'Tis only one of all the pages,
 The others, Horace, I will swear
 Know nought of me, my pilgrimages ;
 Your ire, dear Homer, please forbear !
 Yon frisky Cupid might declare
 The reason for this choice of mine,
 For Betty, dear, 'twas his affair,
 The little book that once was thine !

L'ENVOY.

You sent it with a lock of hair
 Pinned to the page's sweetest line;
 That makes it far beyond compare,
 The little book that once was thine !

HAROLD MACGRATH

ABOVE THE RABBLE.

HE Eiffel Tower is one thousand feet high; it is the highest structure in the world. Next to this comes the Washington monument, five hundred and fifty-five feet. The Great Pyramid is four hundred and eighty feet; the spire of St. Peter's at Rome is four hundred and thirty-two feet.

There are four elevators that run to the second landing of the Tower—two ascending and two descending. From this point there is one running up and one running down. In order to lessen vibration to the structure and to the vertebræ of passengers, the elevators move at the rate of only one hundred feet a minute; thus it takes ten minutes to make the ascent.

The second landing place is three hundred and seventy feet from the ground, and this is about as far from mother earth as most people care to go. The highest buildings in Chicago are about two hundred feet. From the roofs of these edifices the people below look like pigmies; the rattle of traffic is heard as a faint hum. But from the top of the Eiffel Tower men and women on the ground all look alike; they are mere dots, without height or individuality.

The Eiffel Tower is the greatest scheme for elevating humanity ever conceived. It costs five francs to

make the ascent, but it is worth the money. It will try your nerves, and possibly make you seasick, but the joy you feel on getting back to earth is compensation for all discomfort.

Besides this, change is hygienic, and new sensations, new experiences, new views are tonics. In fact, a specialist in neurotics at Paris takes certain of his patients to the top of the Eiffel Tower in order to arouse them out of their despondency—to animate and compel them to think of new things.

We have all heard of the chronic invalid who was not cured until the house caught afire; but who wants to start a conflagration as treatment for melancholia? Yet the elevators at the Eiffel Tower run every day, and it has happened that when patients who have tried to commit suicide are taken up in the nicely cushioned cage, they have become frightened and begged to be taken down at once.

Let me frankly confess that I was first attracted to the Eiffel Tower thro the advice of a physician. I had overworkt, endeavoring to read all of the chipmunk magazines as fast as they appeared. Nervous prostration set in, and neurasthesia had taken a firm hold on me, and if my actions at this time were slightly peculiar, the gentle reader must be charitable and attribute my eccentricity solely to my physical condition—and the magazinelets.

I made the ascent of the Tower by stages: the first time I was fully satisfied on going to the second landing. The next time to the third, and on the third ascent I reached the summit.

Had I gone but once, it would have been an experience never to be forgotten. Alas! the medicine was so palatable that I wished for a double dose, and on the second trip the Tower was only half as high. I was quite blase.

The work of the great engineer? What of it! He has the earth to build upon, the corners of the world from which to draw material, books that tell him the crushing resistance of his base and the breaking tension of his beams. He digs for his caissons, lays his foundation, places his steel uprights, counts on the force of the wind, computes the exact weight of each piece he will use, bolts and rivets part to part, carrying up columns and girders by elevator, and like the building of a railroad, lays the track for his carriages as he goes. A railway extends iron after iron on the ground; this extends iron after iron into the air. But it is all according to well digested physical laws; it is all geometric. The Tower has four immense corners three hundred feet apart that are mortised into the very crust of the Miocene Period. The pressure on each square centimetre at the base is nine pounds; that at the Washington monument is fifty-

CHAPTER IV

The first thing I noticed when I stepped out of the car was the smell of fresh air. It was a relief after the stuffy atmosphere of the train. I looked around and saw a few people walking towards the station entrance. The sun was shining brightly, and the sky was a clear blue. I felt a sense of freedom and excitement. I had finally reached my destination.

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I had heard so much about the city, and now I was here. The streets were wide and clean, and the buildings were modern. I saw many people, some of whom I recognized from the train. They were all smiling and waving at me. I felt like I was part of a special group. I had been invited to a party, and I was the guest of honor. I was going to have a great time. I was going to have a great time.

"Welcome to the city," said the man in the uniform. "We are glad to have you here. The party is in the main hall."

"Thank you," I said. "I am very excited to be here. I will go to the party now."

"The party is in the main hall," said the man. "It is a very nice place. You will have a great time."

"Thank you," I said. "I will go to the party now. I will have a great time."

"The party is in the main hall," said the man. "It is a very nice place. You will have a great time."

"Thank you," I said. "I will go to the party now. I will have a great time."

then pitied, then embraced—an opportunity to scorn it.

And this is how it happened: In the Paris edition of the New York *Herald* I read an advertisement worded as follows: “Prof. Le Galligar, the celebrated aeronaut, will make an ascension for scientific purposes to-morrow, from the Champ de Mars. Three passengers will be taken at fifty francs each. Apply early at 15 Rue St. Denis.”

An overwhelming desire had come over me to spit down upon the pride of M. Eiffel. Here was the chance. I hastened to the Rue St. Denis, found Prof. La Galligar, a bright youth of about twenty-two, at a little wine shop. He was too young to be celebrated, and did not look scientific, yet I paid him my passage money and took a receipt. He could not understand my English, and to me his French was incomprehensible; but by means of much pantomime it was agreed that I should be on hand at two o'clock the following day.

I slept little that night, and was up betimes the next morning. When I approached the Champ de Mars in the afternoon, I could see the great mud-colored balloon swaying back and forth like an impatient elephant. A large crowd had gathered. On working my way through the jam I found that ropes were stretched in the form of a square to keep people

back. I managed to reach the ropes, dodged under, and was seized by a "John Darm." I shouldered him to one side, and just as he was about to draw his sword, Prof. Le Galligar rushed forward, all in spangled tights. He embraced me, and kisst me on both cheeks. He introduced me to the assemblage, first to the east, then to the north, then to the west, then to the south. The crowd cheered lustily.

Soon the other two passengers appeared. One was a tall, slim man, the other short and stout. They were embraced by the professor, and duly introduced, first to me, then to the crowd, east, north, south and west.

My shipmates were both Frenchmen, and spoke no English. I was neither frightened nor nervous, but still I had prayed hard that at least one of them might speak English. I wished to hear my native tongue before I left the earth.

But there was no time for disappointment. The Professor seized me by the arm, marched me around to the other side of the swaying basket, and pointed to the rope ladder. I consulted my watch; it was just two o'clock. I climbed up, and found that my colleagues had preceded me.

On standing in the basket the top came nearly level with my shoulders. The tall man's head was a foot above mine and the little duodecimo's a foot below—his face deathly pale.

The professor perched airily on the edge of the basket, and gave orders to cast off. Then it was that the little stout man got his hands on the side of the basket and tried frantically to get out—he had changed his mind. The Professor slid down and grasped him by the legs, endeavoring to hold him back. I took a hand, too. We forced him to the floor, while all the time the crowd cheered.

Then there was a silence. I stood on the prostrate form of the fat man and looked over the side to see what this sudden quiet meant. Just then a shrill feminine voice came to my ears: "Why, that's the man who built the Eiffel Tower!"

I looked down and there, to the front of the crowd, was my friend of the day before. She waved her parasol at me, and I was going to shout back an ante-mortem statement but my attention was diverted by seeing that the anchor-ropes, which were held by a dozen men a moment before, were now dangling.

We were off! No, we were not moving at all; the earth was slowly slipping away from us and turning at the same time. The north of Paris was sloughing around to the northeast.

The Eiffel Tower pushed down and away. It slid down until we were at the first landing, the second, we were even with the top; it glided down beneath us a hundred feet. I leaned over the basket and

spat violently. The tall man jabbered in French, shook my hand, and the Professor all the while tumbled out cards, dodgers and sundry advertisements in the interest of science. And still the little man lay in the bottom of the basket, and the great city slowly swirled and slipped away, away, away.

The houses were only painted play-blocks gently rocking up and down, and the horses were surely out of a Noah's Ark collection. We were over the Champs Elysees, approaching the Arc de Triomphe.

The people appeared as black ants might when viewed from a tree top. Some were moving, some evidently had discovered us and were standing still. There they were, three millions of them below us, eating, sleeping, fighting, praying; in houses, on roofs, on ladders, on fences, a few up the Eiffel Tower, but all on earth. Some were in love, some disappointed, some laying plans to get the money of others; black ants working for the applause of black ants; black ants seeking to reform ants blacker than themselves. All born in sin, and therefore deserving damnation. Yet some were to be saved by special enactment. How pick out which were to be saved, and which not? They were all alike. So I damned them all, and then forgave them—electing them to Tuilleries in the skies.

Paris with its long line of white houses was drifting

away. The black ants could no longer be distinguished. The boulevards were reduced to mere threads, and the winding Seine was only a long, crooked chalk mark.

M. Le Galliger had thrown out all of his advertising matter, and was slashing bags of sand and emptying them. The air was cold, and he was slapping his hands; I slapped mine, too. The face of the tall man was pinched and blue.

The earth had given us the slip now; it had faded from sight, and below was only a great, white, spreading cloud. And yet, strange! I could plainly hear human voices. They came as sounds do across a quiet lake.

The Professor consulted his instruments and made notes, then he pulled at a cord. The cloud enveloped us, covering our faces with mist.

The bleating of sheep could be heard—the voices became plainer—the green of the earth came back, but Paris was only a gray bank of clouds on the horizon.

The earth was rising to greet us. Men, women and children were leaving their houses—some running across the fields in our direction.

Two drag ropes were out, one with an anchor. Again the aeronaut pulled at the cord; the earth came nearer.

The basket dashed against a tree and bumped its freight all together. We apologized. Then we hit a stone wall, but shot up again ten feet in the air.

The anchor failed to catch, but fate was kind; an old woman in a rainy-day skirt and wooden shoes was after us. She ran like a sprinter. At last she got the rope in her hands; she yelled "whoa" sturdily and pulled hard, but could not stop us. Other women came, children too, then a man. All lent a hand. The fat passenger was standing, and the instant the basket touched the ground he rolled over the side into the friendly lap of earth. We all climbed out.

The Professor lighted a cigarette, gave a jerk to a small rope, and the great balloon struggled, quivered, sank and died.

A whole peasant village was babbling about us. The Professor was arguing hotly with the fat man; the peasantry too, were taking part. It was all in very rapid Francais.

Suddenly M. Le Galligar received the gift of tongues. He turned and spoke to me in English that was strongly tinctured with a Dublin brogue. He explained that the law of ballooning was, that the first individual to seize the rope of a descending balloon was to have ten francs; this is to be paid by the person who first got out of the basket. He appealed to me as judge: should the fat man pay or not?

I decided he should pay, and he did.

Then we settled for the apples we had knocked from the trees by our dragging anchor, and paid five francs for repairing the stone wall.

As the Professor started to roll up the dead balloon I lookt at my watch. It was just twenty-five minutes after two. We were twelve miles from Eiffel Tower.

ELBERT HUBBARD.



IDE TALKS WITH ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣
THE PHILISTINES: ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣
CONDUCTED BY THE EAST
AURORA SCHOOL OF PHI-
LOSOPHY. ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

♣ Of all the Fuzzy Wuzzy Fads for the improvement of mankind none are so fuzzy wuzzy as the "Society for the Promotion of Christianity among the Jews." This society expends about \$150,000.00 in England and the same amount in America each year; the money being supplied by Nice Men like Mr. Rockefeller. If the average Christian were a better citizen than the average Hebrew I would join hands with the meek and lowly Pefferites who fan the fad and put my Shoulder to the Wheel. But the facts all point the other way. Among the Jews there are

very very few paupers and drunkards; and the only Jew I ever knew who kept a saloon was one who had been christianized. Statistics in penology show that in proportion to population only one fifth as many Jews as Christians are in State Prisons. The Jews comprehend the moral code and obey it in a way that set us all a fairly good pace, and yet the men who raise money for the Society point to Fagin as the true type. And as one thinks on this funny society of well intentioned but awfully serious people, he cannot but wonder how much that man Charles Dickens had to do in forming a belief among Sewing Circles that Jews are wuss than other folks? After Dickens had made Fagin he found he had outdone it a bit, and to hold the average good he fashioned another Jew who was quite too virtuous for any use, but this did not wipe out nor dilute Fagin.

Then there are in America two alleged humorous papers that doubtless have tuppence worth of influence in the formation of popular conceptions. And yet a casual perusal of the pages of *Puck* and *Judge* will reveal to the Discerning Person that the publication of these papers is only possible through political subsidy, cigarette advertisements and whiskey announcements. *Puck and Judge* own in partnership the model of a wooden Jew that they run out every morning and take in at night. The people who buy

Puck and *Judge* are mostly jealous and embittered competitors of Hebrew merchants; and after they are done with their green, blue and yellow literature they mail it to their customers in the country. There it serves as tracts, and the wax-wurx Jew is duly pointed out by zealous Baptists as a fair sample of the kind of men "who crucified our Lord." Goodness me!

☛ One of the Great Poets of America sends me the following: (I'd like to give his name but dare not).

THE WOMAN CYCLIST: PRO AND CON.

PRO.

Quite as great her mastery
 Tho his fame is wider;
 Rider Haggard made a "She"
 She a haggard rider.

CON.

Vain it were indeed to hiss;
 Vainer still to chide her:
 A hit offends her and a miss
 Makes her trousers wider.

☛ That is a most slanderous remark I find in a recent issue of the *New York Tribune*, "In summer most of the citizens of East Aurora drink butter-milk to excess, and in winter nothing much is done but playing checkers and cracking hickory nuts."

Things are getting queer when Kansas farmers buy hand-illumined books; but the other day a man at Emporia, by the name of Meade, sent me one of those things you call a New York draft, and on the back of it was written the following:

Just a haulin' out the stuff
From the plains o' Kansas,
Railroads can't get cars enough
Fur to empty Kansas.
Ort to see the farmers grin
Stroke the lilacs on their chin,
As the cash comes rollin' in,
Over there in Kansas.

Women singin' songs o' glee,
'Bout ol' fruitful Kansas,
Babies crowin' merrily
Everywhere in Kansas.
Purty girls a buyin' clothes,
Toggin' out from head to toes.
Style? You bet your life she goes,
Over there in Kansas.

When the cares o' day is done,
On the plains o' Kansas,
An' the kids began to yawn,
Sleepy like in Kansas
Farmer wipes his glasses blurred,
Reads a chapter o' the Word,
Then kneels down and thanks the Lord
That he lives in Kansas.

☛ We reap as we sow. We hear that quite often, don't we? But it is only a half-truth, for not only do we reap as we sow but we reap as other men have sown. We are heirs to the past—its good and ill, and all the millions on millions of men who have gone before have for us prepared the way. Not only do we reap the ripe grain that others have planted, but our bare and bleeding feet tread the thistles sown by those long dead. I haven't much power, but I have power enough, if I choose, to make several hundred people think this earth is hell. I can make them reap the nettles that I sow.

☛ All men are created free and equal. This is absolutely true leaving out all those who have hare-lip, strabismus, a lupus habit of body, legs that are not mates, wills that do not obey the throttle-valve and passions not under the control of the air-brake; also those born on the East Side and those with parents who work for the Coal Trust at eighty cents a day.

☛ I have received a circular printed on paper the color of a Steve Crane adjective, from a "The Bachelor of Arts." This circular breaks the news to a waiting world that the "Bachelor" is "a monthly," is \$3.00 a year and "is the best gentleman's magazine in America."

Wha't'ell is a gentleman's magazine?

☛ There is a story of the Boston mouse and the Chicago mouse, that fell into adjacent cans of milk. The Boston mouse cried "Help, help!" but the Chicago mouse cried "Hustle, hustle!" At the end of two hours the Boston mouse was dead; but the Chicago mouse was floating 'round on a pat of butter he had made. I do not cite the Chicago mouse's way wholly in approval; but there are times when it is better to call on the universe for help, than to struggle alone. But sometimes not.

☛ A Valued Correspondent—(I like to say "valued;" it is a "coot ort," and does not conclusively express the amount of valuation)—writes to me in commendation of my view of "perhaps," and draws attention to the phrase, "late lamented," which really indicates that the book of lamentations over the deceased has been closed. He also tells of the man who got himself walloped because he said so-and-so went to his office "full every day," when he meant "fully every day." This serves to emphasize the fact that very few of us—none whosoever of me—always speak grammatically. On this topic "there has been so much said, and on the whole so well said," by Irving Browne, in a late address—really in the afternoon—at Buffalo, that I print it here:

If there is any special fault in public instruction, it seems to me to consist in emphasizing means rather

than ends, explaining the machinery rather than the manufactured fabric. For example, take the branch of grammar, on which so much time is spent and stress is laid. I believe that most of the time given to grammatical analysis is wasted. Grammar is not an end; it is only a means. If one goes to study architecture and building, he does not expect to be required to spend very much time on the matter of constructing scaffolds. Grammar is merely a scaffolding. Dogberry said: "To write and read comes by nature." If he had said, "Grammar comes by nature," he would have been more nearly right, and if he had said it come by nurture, he would have been exactly right, for it is the outcome mainly of habit and imitation. An ungrammatical family cannot bring forth a grammatical child, no matter how much he goes to school, and a child of a grammatical family will always use grammar, even if he never goes to school. How little this intricate and abstruse study of grammatical analysis is worth is evidenced by a story told me by a Troy lawyer concerning his days of school-teaching. He had an advanced class of young men and young women in parsing, and in Pope's "Essay on Man" one of the latter took the line, "Die of a rose, in aromatic pain," and parsed "die" as a noun. He corrected her, telling her it is a verb, and explaining the poets' idea of those affected beings so exquisite and frail that they might be snuffed out by the scent of a rose. She said that last winter's teacher told them it was a noun, and he was a great grammarian. He insisted on his opinion, and the next day he was waited on by the district committee of three hayseeds, who took him to task. He maintained his ground with more or less (chiefly more) of

thro the effort of noble women who ascertained that the rich and powerful in America were imitating the "nobility" of England and occasionally turning down with 'igh and vaughly mien the men and women who work with their hands. A few years ago a "lady" could hire a "woman" to come to her house, make a dress and when the dress was complete and the woman asked for her hire, the lady could seek satisfaction for a pricking conscience by flying into a rage and calling the dressmaker a nasty dirty thing, and then slam the door in her face. This is no longer possible: in all large cities are associations of splendid women who see that such bills are collected without expense or humiliation to the toiler.

But the point to which I call attention is that in free America—christianized America, a condition exists that makes this law necessary. Of course there has long been provided a civil process whereby if a man owes a butcher or a grocer or tailor the creditor can collect; but the law says, "beware whom you trust." Then there is another species of debts that the law does not recognize at all. These are curiously called "debts of honor." They are debts contracted by betting or gambling. And here we get an anomaly: the men who scrupulously pay debts of honor, and would feel disgract for life did they not

do so, are the very men who "do" the grocer and the butcher and the tailor whenever possible. The men who wear overalls and carry tin pails are very seldom dead-beats: but men who carry dress suit cases, wear two watch chains, and drive horses with docked tails very often are. In every small town, especially a town that is near a large city, there is a regular little community of these dead-beat aristocrats—folks who draw forty foot of water but never pay cash. East Aurora has one man who thinks he has missed something if not brought "up on saps" at least once a month. He can parry the brightest lawyer for two hours on a stretch and furnish more fun for the natives than a box of monkeys as he explains how he lives like a duke on his wife's money. But there is one thing these dead-beats pay, and that is social obligations; these they defray with a punctiliousness that partakes of religious zeal. Thus they pay only their kind. The butcher or the grocer to them is a foreigner, an alien, an enemy, and they confiscate his goods without ruth.

But we should be gentle with the dead-beat for does he not take advantage of the alien only that he may secure the smiles of his own people? His kind does not ask if the dress is paid for, only does it fit in the back?

And this brings us up to the point that morality is

the thing upon which your friends smile, and immorality is the thing upon which they frown. Thus morality, as Mr. Cleveland says of the tariff, is largely a local issue.

All men recognize in their hearts that they must have the good will of some other men. To be separated from your kind is death and to have their good will is life—and this desire for sympathy and this alone shapes conduct. We are governed by public opinion, and until we regard mankind as our friends and all men as brothers so long will men combine in sects and cliques and keep the millennium of Peace and Good-will a very dim and distant thing.

Having been recently elected an honorary member of the American Philological Society I am showing gratitude to my sponsors by spelling "though" tho, "through" thro and "catalogue" catalog. I am told that when a man is elected to the United States Senate he is not supposed to make a motion until he has been a member for six months. And so after six months have elapsed, and I have worn the creases out of my honors I propose to write to the American Philological Society and ask why in the name of common sense they call it "Philological" instead of plain Filologic. Of course I know that the Greek prefix "Phil" has a certain beauty and a use that is sanctioned by the centuries, but surely a double

adjectival ending is a philologic appendenda vermiformis that has no excuse. The ending of a word in "ic" or "al" implies its adjectival use, but let us not waste ink and breath by using both. Chemic is better than "Chemical," technic is as good as "technical," classic answers as well as "classical," and let us all say philosophic instead of "philosophical," and show our good sense by calling it Philologic, instead of "Philological." Amen.

A man sent me a Dollar Silver Certificate the other day; I've been examining the thing since. I find on one end of the bill, each enclosed in a wreath, the following names: Hawthorne, Grant, Bancroft, Farragut, Emerson. On the other end of the bill are: Cooper, Irving, Lincoln, Sherman, Longfellow. I do not know who it is has the shuffling of Great Names in this way, but I do not think that Emerson should be placed after Farragut—they should be placed 'long side—for when did Farragut ever tow Ralph Waldo! Then why should Cooper precede Lincoln? Cooper is good stuff, no doubt, but he could not write so well as Lincoln. Then Steve Crane should go in somewhere, even if Longfellow has to be left out, and then there is Mr. Cudahy of Chicago—goodness me!

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