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The Young Man and the World (Part Two)

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THE YOUNG LAWYER AND HIS BEGINNINGS

IT used to be a part of the creed of a certain denomination that a man should not be admitted to the ministry who had not received his "call." It was necessary that he should hear the Voice speaking with his tongue, and saying, "Woe is unto me, if I preach not the Gospel."

This is true of the profession of law. So, at the beginning of your beginnings, do not begin at all unless you see a certainty of misery if you do not. Unless you are convinced that you would rather work, toil, nay, slave for years to secure recognition in the law, than to be honored and enriched in some other occupation, do not enter this profession of supreme ardor.

And above all things, do not enter it if you expect to practise law principally for the purpose of making money. It is not a money-making profession. The same effort, acumen, and enthusiasm expended in almost any other

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occupation will bring you financial returns tremendously out of proportion to your most successful compensation in the law, measured by mere money. The money-making conception of our profession is not only erroneous, but ruinous; for you must remember, to begin with, that you are practising the science of justice.

If possible, get a thorough college education before you touch a law book. If you can get a college education, do not "read law" while you are at college. If you go to college, do not take what is known as the "scientific" course, or "physical" course. Take the classical course. Next to geometry and logarithms and the Bible, the best discipline preparatory to making you a lawyer is the translation of Latin. Latin is the most logical language the world has ever seen, or is likely ever to see.

After you get your college course, then go to a thoroughly first-class law school. After this, spend two or three years in active work in the office of some successful lawyer who has lots of practise, and who will load off on your shoulders as much work as possible.

If you cannot go to a law school, your training in the law office will do you nearly as

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well. You can get along without your law school, but you can never get along without your training in the law office. The way to learn to swim is to swim.

But if you cannot get a college education, do not get discouraged. It is possible that you are an Abraham Lincoln, or a John Marshall, or some person like that; and if you are you will succeed anyhow. Even if you are not so highly gifted you can win in the law without a college education if you are naturally a lawyer *and will work hard enough*. If you have to choose between a law school and a college education, take the latter. But the training afforded by a clerkship in an active lawyer's office is more helpful than either.

If you can be so fortunate as to get the firm or attorney with whom you are studying to let you draft pleadings, take depositions, examine witnesses, make arguments to court and jury, get out transcripts for appeal, write briefs, petitions, motions, and all the rest of that careful and painstaking work which makes the daily life of the lawyer, you will equip yourself for actual practise better than in any other way I know of.

The firm will gladly let you do this work if you show yourself competent. But this

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does not mean that you are merely to sit around the office and say "bright things." There is nothing in "bright things"—there is everything in good judgment and downright hard work.

In active practise never forget that you are a sworn officer of justice quite as much as is the judge on the bench. It is impossible for you to put your ideals of your profession too high or to attach yourself to them too firmly. I am no admirer of the acidulous character of John Adams (not that he was not both great and good, however, for he was—but he was too sour), yet he announced a great thing, and lived up to it, when he declared that he was practising law for the purposes of justice first and a living afterward. (But, then, John Adams announced many great things; and what he announced he lived up to. He was supremely honest.)

"Never take a case," said Horace Mann, "unless you believe your client is right and his cause is just." On the contrary, Lord Brougham declared that "the conscientious lawyer must be at the service of the criminal as well as of the state." And this great lawyer proceeds to argue with characteristic ability that it is as much the duty of the lawyer

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to work for the cause he knows to be wrong as for the cause he knows to be right.

Briefly, the reason is that it is the very essence of justice that every man shall have his day in court; that the attorney is but the trained and educated mouthpiece of his client; and that to refuse the cause of a client in which the attorney does not believe is to relegate all the controversies to the judge in the first instance, which, of course, would render the administration of practical justice impossible.

This is the prevailing practise of our profession, and it is a serious thing to question its correctness. Its ethics are as wide as they are ingenious, and when one beholds them through the medium of the great Englishman's wonderful argument they seem radiant with aggressive truth. Nevertheless, I am almost of opinion that Horace Mann was right. It is certain that in his beginnings the young lawyer ought to lean to that view.

If you consider it your duty to take any side of any case that offers, right or wrong, it is no far cry to considering it your duty to make the cause you have espoused a good one before the court. And when that conception has shot its cancerous roots and filaments

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through your brain and conscience, the suggestion to your unscrupulous client of facts that do not exist, and all the alluring infamies of sharp practise, are possible.

It is said that burglary exercises such a fascination that, once the delirium of its danger is tasted, a man can never put that fatal wine away. An old and distinguished lawyer once told me that one of the most brilliant young lawyers he ever knew said to him, at the conclusion of a legal duel in which he had resorted to the sharpest practise and won, "That was the most delicious experience of my life."

Yes, and it was the most fatal. He became, and is, an attorney of uncommon resource, ability, and success, with many cases and heavy fees; nevertheless his life is a failure, for his profession and even his clients know him for a dealer in tricks. Senator McDonald, an ideal lawyer in the ethics, learning, and practise of his profession, told me that one of the justices of the Supreme Court once said to him of a certain great corporation lawyer of acknowledged power and almost unrivaled learning:

"Mr. ——— would be the greatest lawyer in the world if he were not a scoundrel. As it is, I brace myself to resist him every time he

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appears before me." One of the ablest Circuit Court judges of the Federal bench said almost precisely the same thing to me of the same man.

So you perceive it does not pay to be understood to be capable, or even great, in the wrong. In time it means ruin; and therefore I think, on the whole, that it would be wise for you never to take a cause which, after you have a full statement from your client, you believe to be wrong.

Many of the most excellent men of our profession will dissent from this view. Their argument is usually that of Lord Brougham, summarized above. Also they will declare that a lawyer may be quite wrong in his first impression that his client has not the right of an impending controversy. They will cite you instances where they have entered into the conduct of a case with much doubt in their hearts as to the rightfulness of their client's position; but that this doubt became an affirmative certainty before they were half through with it—they *knew* their client was right.

The answer to this is that any man can work himself into an enthusiastic belief in almost anything if he goes upon the theory that the thing is true, and gives all his energy and abil-

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ity to proving its truthfulness to others and to himself. This is peculiarly the case with the most sincere and genuine men. I repeat, therefore, that upon a point so vital, and about which there are such sharp differences of opinion by equally good and wise men, it is better for you to incline to the stricter view of legal ethics.

So if you believe your client to be in the wrong, frankly tell him so; show him why; induce him to compromise and to settle, if he ought. If he will not because he is obstinate, he will probably lose his case anyhow, and of course blame his lawyer for the loss. So that if you do not have that case you have lost nothing. On the other hand, you have gained. The client will say: "If I had followed his advice I should not have had the expense and humiliation of defeat."

In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the honest client will respect you for your position. If the client persists in his course because he is a scoundrel, then, doubly, you cannot afford to take his unjust case. After a few years of such practise you will have acquired a moral influence with court, jury, and people which will be, even from a money point of view, the most valuable item in your equipment.

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Public confidence is the young man's best asset. And you will be surprised to find how little you will lose, in the way of fees, by this course.

Of course there is a large class of cases in which the correct application of the law is very doubtful, with lines of decisions on both sides; as, for example, in cases of the distribution of funds of an insolvent corporation, constitutional questions, and the relative equities of conflicting interests. These are fair examples of controversies where a lawyer may rightfully and righteously accept a retainer upon any of half-a-dozen sides. But in the ordinary course of practise perhaps it is better to stick to Horace Mann rather than to Lord Brougham, and reject employment in a case you believe to be wrong.

While the law is not a money-making profession, either in theory or practise, the young lawyer should begin by charging every cent his services are worth. It is not only degrading, but reveals a base attitude of mind and character, to charge a little fee in the beginning as a bait for a bigger one in future cases. Maintain the dignity of your effort.

I am assuming that Nature began the work of making you a lawyer before you were born; that you have been preparing yourself, with

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the enthusiasm of the artist and the passion of professional devotion, for the work of your great calling, by years and years of discipline and study such as no other calling requires; that, with your natural qualification and your general equipment, you are bringing to your client's particular case an industry that knows no limit in his immediate service.

This being true, tell him frankly that you propose to give him the best that is in you (and that best is your very life—no less—for you write "victory" at the end of every one of your cases with your heart's blood; or "defeat," if you do not win), and that for this best which is in you you will charge the highest professional fee justified by your services and the magnitude and difficulty of his case.

At the same time, never turn a poor client away from your office door because that client comes with no gold in his hand. When a lawyer is too busy to give counsel without fee and without charge to a poor man or woman, that lawyer has too much business. I know—we all know—of very eminent lawyers constantly engaged in causes involving large interests, who nevertheless find leisure, many times each year, to serve by advice and counsel, and some-

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times even by the active conduct of cases, numbers of the children of poverty, and to serve them without a penny of compensation.

Be very careful of the class of business you accept at first. I knew a young lawyer who had just opened his office, and within a month, by one of those accidents that occur to every attorney, he was offered a case on a contingent fee in which the probability of considerable reward amounted almost to a certainty.

He needed the money—was nearly penniless. He was newly married, had no clients and few acquaintances; but it was not the quality of practise to which he wished to devote his career. He courteously declined the case as though he had been a millionaire, and directed his would-be client to an attorney who would care for it properly.

Out of that case the latter attorney, by a compromise, in two weeks made fifteen hundred dollars. Nevertheless, the young man was right, and acted with a far-seeing wisdom as rare as the courage which accompanied it. Of course, I assume that you are going into the profession for the purpose of becoming a lawyer, and not a mere conductor of legal strifes. If you are, you must deny yourself.

Self-denial is the price of strength, as any

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college athlete will tell you. Self-denial is the road to wealth, as any banker will tell you. Self-denial is the method of all excellencies, as all human experience will tell you. But this is moralizing.

I do not mean that you should decline small cases. By no means. Take a five-dollar case, and work with the same sincerity that you would on a fifty-thousand-dollar case. "Despise not the day of small things." In selecting your business, I refer to the quality, and not the magnitude, of cases. Again, again, and still again, this counsel: Care for your small case with the same painstaking labor you bestow upon a large one.

Never lose sight of the fact that your greatest reward is not your fee, but the doing of a perfect piece of work. The same fervor and ideality should govern your labors in a lawsuit that inspire and control the great artist and inventor. A distinguished sculptor said to me one evening:

"I wish the matter of compensation could be wiped out of my consideration. I must give it attention for obvious reasons, but it is the matter of least moment to me, and has absolutely no influence upon my work."

It is no wonder that that man achieved an

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immortal renown at thirty-seven. Doctor Barker, the recent occupant of the Chair of Anatomy in the University of Chicago, recently elected to an even more notable position in the Johns Hopkins University, who has won for himself a permanent place in the high seats of his profession by his work on neurology, was in a company one evening. Said one of his admirers:

“Why don't you go into practise? You could easily make a great fortune before you are forty.”

Listen to the answer: “Money does not interest me.”

We all remember Agassiz's famous reply to a proposition to deliver one lecture for a large fee: “I must decline, gentlemen; I have no time to make money.” That was why he was Agassiz.

Quite as lofty ideals should inspire the work of those who make their vows to the greatest of all sciences, the science of justice, and the greatest of all arts, the art of adjusting the rights of men. No lawyer can become great who does not resolve, at the beginning of each case, to make his conduct of it a perfect piece of work, regardless of compensation.

John M. Butler, the partner of Senator

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McDonald, and one of the best lawyers the Central Western states ever produced, was so careful of pleadings and briefs that he would not endure a blurred or broken letter, and bad punctuation was a source of real irritation to him. Many times have I, as his clerk, required his printer to take out an indistinct letter. It was Mr. Butler's ideal to achieve perfection as nearly as possible.

The most perfect legal argument I ever heard occupied less than an hour. Not a word was wasted. Not a single digression weakened the force of the reasoning. Not a decision was read from. It was assumed that the learned judges before, whom the cause was being heard knew something of the law and the decisions themselves.

You see the same thing in its highest form in Marshall's decisions. I once advised a class of law students to commit to memory half a dozen of Marshall's greatest opinions. After years of reflection I think I shall stand by that advice.

In making an argument before a court or jury, remember that the most important thing is the statement of your case. A case properly stated is a case nearly won. Beware of digression. It calls attention from your main idea.

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It is a fault, too, which is well-nigh universal. I advise every young lawyer, as a practise in accurate thought, to demonstrate a theorem of geometry every morning.

There is no such remorseless logic as that of logarithms. It will produce a habit of definiteness, directness, and concentration invaluable to you. The young gallants of a century ago used to practise fencing for an hour each morning. Why should not you do the same thing in intellectual fencing—you, the devotee of the noblest swordsmanship known to man, the swordsmanship of the law?

Do not waste too much time quoting precedents to a court; it produces weariness rather than conviction on the part of the judge, who himself is a daily maker of decisions and knows their value. He knows the stifling mass of precedents, and sighs under them. It is rare that more than two cases should be cited in oral argument on any given point. Those cases ought to be the most controlling you can find—not necessarily the latest. They should be cases decided upon reason rather than upon authority. Your true judge likes to syllogize.

Do not, however, go into a court without having thoroughly reviewed and mastered all

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the precedents bearing on every phase of your proposition. It requires desperate labor to do this and will shorten your life; but such is the hard fate of the profession you choose, and such is the condition of our absurd system of multiplying reports.

Do not be what is known as a "case lawyer"—an attorney who does not know the law as a science, but merely looks up precedents and texts concerning a particular case. You may prevail in your "lawsuit," but you will not be a lawyer. Stick close to the elemental Blackstone. You can never get along without Blackstone. Do not read a condensed edition of that great commentator; it is like reading expurgated Shakespeare.

I understand that one of the Justices of the Supreme Court still reads Blackstone once each year. This may be a fable, but I hope it is not. You cannot do a better thing. Thirty minutes each day will give you Blackstone from cover to cover in less than a year, with many holidays. Few modern "text-books" are of permanent value. Pomeroy's "Equity Jurisprudence" is an exception.

But, of course, I cannot give here a list of those books which should be your daily food; any really educated lawyer will mention them

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to you. The great mass of text-books are nothing more than digests. But don't miss the introduction to Stephens' "Pleading," and also the introduction to Stephens' "Digest of the Law of Evidence." Both are classics and give you the reason and the spirit of our law in fascinating form.

Let your reading in the law be mainly upon the general principles of the common law. The study of the civil law will also be helpful—although English jurisprudence developed of and by itself with only moderate help from the Romans. Reading statutes is unprofitable. You should never answer a question or proceed in a case on the presumption that you remember the statute. The rule of Sir Edwin Coke ought to be your rule.

"I should," said Coke, "feel that I ought to be put out of my profession if I could not answer a question in the common law without referring to the books. I should feel that I ought to be put out of my profession if I would answer a question in the statute law without referring to the statute."

Do not confine yourself to law-books. A man who does so is like the farmer who persists in planting the same soil with the same crop; exhaustion, barrenness, and unprofitableness

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are the results in each case. Read generously, widely. It is impossible for a man to be a great lawyer, so far as the learning of his profession is concerned, who has not saturated himself with the Bible. He may be a great practitioner, but not a great lawyer. It illuminates all our law—is the source of much of it. There is no more curious and fascinating study than a comparison of the ordinances of the Hebrews with what we think our modern statutes.

Read deeply in science. Read widely the *great* novelists. They are scientists of human nature, and you are dealing with human nature in your profession. Read profoundly in history. A comprehensive knowledge of history is absolutely indispensable to an understanding of our Constitution. The *Federalist*, the constitutional debates, and all the discussions that preceded and accompanied the adoption of our organic law are bewilderingly full of historical references. If you were to study every decision on constitutional questions made by every court in this country, you could not understand the Constitution.

You must go back to the roots of it. Trace out the growth of our institutions in Holland. Work out the modifications by these upon in-

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stitutions adopted from England. Follow the indigenous development of both of these from the old Crown Charters, and finally up to the Constitution itself.

Then take Bancroft's "History of the United States"; then that great monument of intellectual achievement in the realm of historical criticism, Von Holtz's "Constitutional History of the United States." Books like Douglass Campbell's remarkable production, Fisher's convincing yet novel essay, and other like serious and original works, too numerous to properly mention here, are helpful.

Nothing is more disgusting to an informed court than to hear a surface argument on constitutional law by an advocate who thinks he has mastered that tremendous subject by studying all the decisions upon any given point.

You will say this is a heavy task I am assigning you. It is, indeed. But have you not chosen the profession of the law? And, if so, do you dare to be less than a lawyer? How dare you not shoulder your glorious burden with patience, fortitude, and determination? Do not be as if you were to enlist as a soldier, and end as a camp-follower.

I am told that the leader of the American

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bar has a standing order with his booksellers to send him every new book of approved merit in all the departments of literature. The result is that when he comes before the court his mind is fresh and sparkling with clear ideas and varied knowledge poured into his brain from every mountain-peak of inspiration in all the world of human thought. He brings to the service of his client not only a study of his case and an understanding of the grand science of the law, but the vivifying, vitalizing power of all the great minds in all the realms of intellect.

If you say you have no time for all this, the answer is: If that is true, you have no time to be a great lawyer. You have the time, if you will use it. A little less lingering at the club, an economy of hours here and there—this will give you time, and to spare. Of course if you would rather “loaf” than be great, if you hunger rather after the flesh-pots than the lawyer’s wreaths, this advice is not for you.

Do not use intoxicants. Even beware of coffee; it is one of the most powerful nerve and brain stimulants. The coffee habit is as easily formed, and as remorseless, as the alcohol habit. After a while, if excessively used, it produces its sure result; your faculties have

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been sharpened by this intellectual emery-wheel until the edges begin to crumble. Your mind becomes dull; you pass your hand wearily over your eyes; you don't know what is the matter with you and say so. Overwork, overstimulation, and the worry these produce are what is the matter with you.

There are lawyers in every town who day by day and year by year find that they have to work harder to understand a case or master a precedent than they did the year before. Whereas formerly they could get the point of a precedent by reading it over once, they must now read it over four or five times. You usually find them the victims of ceaseless toil without rest, of that destroying fretfulness which brain-fag brings, and of some flogger of exhausted nerves, such as coffee in excess.

Do not work late at night. It is a fictitious clearness of mind that comes to the midnight toiler. This also grows into a habit. Conform to Nature. Go to bed early. Get up early, and do your fine and original work in the morning. It will be hard for you to form the habit, but after you have done it you will be amazed at the comparatively immense nervous power you possess in the morning hours.

In trying a case before a jury, never be

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trivial. Do not bandy gibes, no matter how witty you may know yourself to be in repartee. The jury, and even the court, may laugh, but they are not impressed, and you have not helped your case; *and you are there to win your case.* As in your argument, so in your examination of witnesses, *keep to the point.*

In arguing a case, no matter what its nature, before a court or jury, never rage or rave. Get to the point. Speak with great earnestness, but not with violence or volume of sound. Remember that even the most terrible emotions of the human heart in their most intense expression are comparatively quiet. Be earnest. Be sincere. Be the master of your case, and the result must be satisfactory.

It sometimes becomes necessary for an attorney to assert his rights and privileges to the judge himself. Do not shrink from it. It is your duty to your client, your profession, and the cause of justice. Never cringe to a court. Never cringe to any one. He will despise you for it, and properly so. Remember the dignity of your profession. Erskine, in his first case, rebuked a prejudiced and perhaps an unjust judge with such vigor that England rang with it.

Cultivate lucidity of style. You will do that

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at some risk at first. When a young lawyer is extremely clear, he is apt to be regarded as not deep. Abstruseness in expression is very frequently regarded as an indication of profundity. Nevertheless, persist in a clear and simple style. Make the statement of your case and the argument in support of your propositions so lucid and plain that the judge or jury will say: "Why, of course, that is so. What is the use of the young man stating that?"

The study of Abraham Lincoln's speeches will be very helpful. Two or three of Roscoe Conkling's arguments after he left the Senate are models of perspicuity. Mr. Potter's argument in the legal tender cases is a model—it is Euclid stated in terms of the law. Webster's arguments you will study, of course. Blackstone is one of the clearest writers who ever illustrated the great science to which you and I are devoted. Perhaps as great a logician as ever lived was the Apostle Paul; read him as a master of logical utterance.

Never be ponderous; never be florid. At the same time, never be dry. Be clear; be pointed; be luminous. I remember having heard both sides of a case argued before an eminent Federal Judge. One of the lawyers

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made a long, turgid, "profound"—and musty—argument; proceeding like a draft-horse from mile-post to mile-post, until the alert mind of the judge was almost frantic with impatience.

The lawyer on the other side is one of the most eminent members of our profession. He is as lithe as a panther, physically and mentally, sharp as a serpent's tooth, as lucid as the atmosphere on a cloudless day, and yet as suggestive as a hickory-wood fire in the old home fireplace on a wintry night. He paced the floor in impatience while Mr. Turgidity blew the clouds of dust from precedent after precedent.

When it came his time to reply, he did so with a clearness and wealth of expression, an appropriateness of illustration, and a simplicity of reasoning that made one feel that the other man had committed an impertinence in presenting his side at all. Of course he won his case.

Respect yourself. A man may lose his money, his reputation—may even lose everything; and yet he has not lost everything if he retains his self-respect. Be a gentleman at the outset of your career and forever. Do not move among men like a beggar for favors.

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Do not wear poor clothes. Apparel yourself like a gentleman.

No client worth having respects you for advertising your poverty. Do not fear that your community will not know that you are poor. They know it, and sympathize with you. But every one of our race likes to see a man "game." Therefore, dress well. Bear yourself like a man who has prosperous potentialities if not prosperous assets.

Keep your office in as perfect condition as yourself. Remember that it is your workshop. Put all your extra money into books. There is no adornment of an office equal to a library, just as there is no adornment of a mechanic's shop equal to his tools. You know what you think of a doctor when you find his office equipped with the latest appliances.

Do not permit your office to be a loafing place, even for your fellow lawyers. You cannot afford to cultivate professional courtesy at the expense of the discipline of your office. It is nothing to your client that your friends find your society so charming that they seek the felicity of your conversation even in your office. Or, rather, it *is* something to your client—he wants his case won and he thinks *that* will take all your time. And so it will.

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Be very careful of the places you frequent. Remember that Pericles was never seen except upon the street leading to the Senate House. Don't imitate anybody—be yourself. Still, if you must have the stimulus of imitation, pick out a man like Pericles for your model.

Depend upon yourself; do not call into council another attorney. This is a point on which most lawyers will disagree with me. Nevertheless, if you are not competent to handle your case, you have done wrong to open an independent office. If you call in another attorney, every probability is that you will suggest all the solutions yourself and in reality win the case; but your old and distinguished associate will get all the credit. But you need all the credit for work which you really do.

See well to your evidence before you go into the trial of a cause. Be very cautious on cross-examination. It is the most powerful but most delicate and dangerous instrument known to the surgery of the law. Do not bluster, "bulldoze," or browbeat a witness; there is nothing in it. You only make the jury sympathize with the person abused. Remember that an American loves nothing so much as fair play. When on a jury, he is apt to regard you and

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the witness as adversaries, you the stronger and with immense advantage.

Ask few questions on cross-examination. Employ the Socratic method always. Ask only those questions the logical conclusion of which is irresistible, and *stop there*. Don't press the *conclusion* on the witness. It is your province to show that in your argument.

A timid witness, whom you know to be telling the truth, may often be confused by cross-examination and made to make a false statement; but this you have no right, as an honorable attorney, to make him do. A just judge ought to stop you if you try it. To confuse a witness whom you know to be telling the truth is not skill; it is a trick, and a very miserable trick, whose performance requires neither real ability nor learning.

Think what a tremendous intellectual effort the properly conducted lawsuit is. You must know your case; you must know your evidence; you must know each witness as a person and each item of his testimony; you must know the law applicable to your general proposition, and the general law upon its various ramifications; you must study the witnesses of the other side; and, almost more important than any of these, you must study that

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wonderful combination of intellect, prejudice, and passion called the jury.

When the time comes for you to address that jury you must thoroughly understand each man. This is not that you may influence him, or "play upon" him, or resort to any of the devices of the baser sort. It is that you may know how best to get the truth of your case to him. How to get your theory, your cause, before each juror should be your only concern.

Never try to be "eloquent." Never be funny. Wit may cause laughter, it never produces conviction. A joke may divert, it never persuades. It is unnecessary even to arouse a jury's sympathies. *Forget everything except making the juror understand your case.* The result will be that he will understand your case, and if he understands it, and it is a case you ought to win, his understanding of it means that you will win it.

Take at least one excellent legal periodical. There are four or five "law" magazines published in America, some of them very good indeed. Do not pay any attention to the digests of cases with which some of these periodicals burden their pages, except to see if there is a recent decision on some case you are trying. You cannot remember them, and the

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effort to do so will only confuse. But you will usually find in each number one serious and profitable article, and possibly more, on matters of real interest to the profession. Read such articles very carefully.

The methods of scientific scholarship are now invading the law, and many of these legal essays are superb pieces of work. Now and then you will find a monograph of monumental worth. Such is the remarkable introduction to Stephens' admirable work on "Pleading," to which I have already called your attention.

That author's demonstration of the value of forms, and his comparison of the Roman civil law with the English common law, is the most carefully thought out and learned piece of legal writing I can think of at this moment. It is as great as it is brief.

Take part in politics. I know that it is an ordinary saying that a lawyer should leave politics alone. It is not true. What right have you, a member of the great profession which, more than all other forces combined, has established and defended liberty, to withdraw yourself from active participation in the sacred function of self-government? You have no such right.

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Of course you should not make politics your profession. That is fatal to your success in the profession of the law. It is one profession or the other, one love or the other. But take part in your party's primaries. Make yourself so wise and useful that you will be an indispensable party counselor. By all means be a "factor" in your party.

As you value life itself, do not permit yourself ever to be made a lobbyist under the guise of general employment by a corporation or any other interest concerned in legislation. It is no doubt proper for a lawyer to make a legal argument before a legislative committee in behalf of clients. Nevertheless, I advise you not to do it. It is the first step toward the disreputable form of lobbying. There is, of course, perfectly proper and even necessary lobbying. But then *you* are a lawyer, are you not?

We all know instances of brilliant lawyers and powerful men who have thus sold their birthrights for messes of pottage. No matter how much you need money, never accept a retainer or fee of any kind from any corporation, person, or "interest" which really does not want your active service, but in that manner is purchasing your silence.

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Accept no employment except real, genuine employment for actual, tangible, and honest work. Money obtained from any other kind of employment is a loss to you in every way, even financially.

Think daily of the nobility and dignity of your profession. Remember the great men that have adorned it and established the pillars of its glory. They were gentlemen, men of learning, of breeding, of honor as delicate as a woman's blush. Be you such, or leave the profession.

Keep in mind the lords of the bar. Resolve each morning when you awake that, to the utmost of your efforts, you will strive to be one of them—in learning full and thorough, in courtesy delicate, in courage fearless, in character spotless, in all things and at all seasons the true knight of Justice.

Finally, preserve your health, preserve your health, preserve your health. Work, work, work. Cling to the loftiest ideals of your profession which your mind can conceive. Do these; keep up your nerve; never despair; and success is certain, distinction probable, and greatness possible, according to your natural abilities.

VI

PUBLIC SPEAKING

“AND the common people heard him gladly,” for “he taught them as one having authority.” These sentences reveal the very heart of effective speaking. Considered from the human view-point alone, the Son of Mary was the prince of speakers. He alone has delivered a perfect address—the Sermon on the Mount.

The two other speeches that approach it are Paul’s appeal to the Athenians on Mars Hill, and the speech of Abraham Lincoln at Gettysburg. These have no tricks, no devices, no tinsel gilt. They do not attempt to “split the ears of the groundlings,” and yet they are addressed to the commonest of the world’s common people.

Imagination, reason, and that peculiar human quality in speech which defies analysis as much as the perfume of the rose, but which touches the heart and reaches the mind, are blended in each of these utterances in perfect proportion.

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But, above all, each of these model speeches which the world has thus far produced teaches. They instruct. And, in doing this, they assert. The men who spoke them did not weaken them by suggesting a doubt of what they said. This is common to all great speeches.

Not one immortal utterance can be produced which contains such expressions as, "I may be wrong," or, "In my humble opinion," or, "In my judgment." The great speakers, in their highest moments, have always been so charged with aggressive conviction that they have announced their conclusions as ultimate truths. They have spoken as persons "having authority," and therefore "the common people have heard them gladly."

All of this means that the two indispensable requisites of speaking are, first, to have something to say, and, second, to say it as though you mean it. Of course one cannot have something really to say—a lesson to teach, a message to deliver—every fifteen minutes. Very well, then; until one does have something to say, let one hold one's peace.

Carlyle's idea is correct. He thought that no man has the right to speak until what he has to say is so ripe with meaning, and the season for his saying it is so compelling, that

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what he says will result in a deed—a thing accomplished now or afterwhile. In the prophetic old Scotchman's iron philosophy there was no room for anything but deeds.

If such instruction is needed; if a great movement requires the forming and constructive word to interpret it and give it direction; if a movement in a wrong direction needs halting and turning to its proper course; if a cause needs pleading; if a law needs interpretation; if anything really *needs to be said*—the occasion for the orator, in the large sense of that word, has arrived. Therefore when he speaks "the common people will hear him gladly"; they will hear him because he teaches, and does it "as one having authority."

Whenever a speaker fails to make his audience forget voice, gesture, and even the speaker himself; whenever he fails to make the listeners conscious only of the living truth he utters, he has failed in his speech itself, which then has no other reason for having been delivered than a play or any other form of entertainment.

Very few of the great orators have had loud voices, or, if they did have them, they did not employ them. I am told that Wendell Phillips always spoke in a conversational

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tone, and yet he was able to make an audience of many thousands hear distinctly; and Phillips was one of the greatest speakers America has produced.

It is probable that no man ever lived who had a more sensuous effect upon his hearers than Ingersoll. In a literal and a physical sense he charmed them. I never heard him talk in a loud voice. There was no "bell-like" quality. It was not an "organ-like" voice.

The greatest feat of modern speech, in its immediate effect, was Henry Ward Beecher's speech to the Liverpool mob. A gentleman who heard that speech told me that, notwithstanding the pandemonium that reigned around him, Beecher did not shout, nor speak at the top of his voice, a single time during that terrible four hours.

It is true that Æschines spoke of Demosthenes' delivery of his "Oration on the Crown" as having the ferocity of a wild beast. I do not see how that can be, however, because Demosthenes selected Isæus as his teacher for the reason that Isæus was "business-like" in method.

This, however, is common to the voices of nearly all great speakers; they have a peculiar power of penetration that carries them much

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farther than the shout and halloo of the loudest-voiced person. They have, too, a singularly touching and tender quality, which, in a sensuous way, captivates and holds the hearers. James Whitcomb Riley has this quality in his voice when reciting. Edwin Booth had it. All great actors have it. Every true orator has it. It touches you strangely, thrills you, affects you much as music does.

It is a remarkable thing that there *is neither wit nor humor in any of the immortal speeches* that have fallen from the lips of man. To find a joke in Webster would be an offense. The only things which Ingersoll wrote that will live are his oration at his brother's grave and his famous "The Past Rises before Me like a Dream." But in neither of these productions of this genius of jesters is there a single trace of wit.

There is not a funny sally in all Burke's speeches. Lincoln's Gettysburg address, his first and second inaugurals, his speech beginning the Douglas campaign, and his Cooper Union address in New York, are perhaps the only utterances of his that will endure.

Yet this greatest of story-tellers since Æsop did not deface one of these great deliverances with story or any form of humor.

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The reason for this is found in the whole tendency of human thought and feeling—in the whole melancholy history of the race—where tears and grief, the hard seriousness of life and the terrible and speedy certainty of our common fate of suffering and of death, make somber the master-cord of existence. And the great orator must reflect the deeper soul of his hearers.

So all the immortal things are serious, even sad.

It is so with speech—I mean the speech that affects the convictions and understanding of men. I am excluding now that form of speech which belongs to the same class, though not of so high an order, as the theatrical exhibition.

Excepting only Lincoln, the Middle West has produced no greater man than Oliver P. Morton; and few men in our history have had greater power upon an audience both in the immediate and permanent effect of his speeches than did Indiana's great Senator. It is related of him that while a very young man he made a speech so rich in humor and scintillant of wit that it attracted the attention of the whole commonwealth.

Morton, however, was not pleased or flattered. He was alarmed. He feared that

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what he knew to be his weighty abilities would be held lightly by his fellow citizens. From that time on this Cromwell of the forum never "told a story" or attempted to amuse his hearers in any way.

Of course, if your mental armory is naturally heavily stocked with the various forms of fun, you are not to be blamed for employing the weapons with which Nature has equipped you and which Nature has peculiarly fitted you to use—although Morton deliberately let them rust. But, generally speaking, it is a distinct descent from the high plane of your address to excite the laughter of your audience. When you do so, you confess that you are not able to hold the attention of your hearers by the sustained and unbroken strength of your argument. You admit that you are either so dull in your thought or indifferent in your convictions that you know you are wearying your auditors and must rest them by some mental diversion.

Where there is an earnestness of thought (and earnestness is only another name for seriousness) there will always be the same quality in manner—an impressiveness in bearing and delivery. This is inconsistent with merriment of delivery, which robs speech of a certain

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weight and intrinsic worth. It is also inconsistent with the voice of storm and the hurricane manner.

And men in deadly earnest do not talk loudly. It has been my fortune to see men angry and aroused to the point of killing; they were intense, but quiet. I have also seen that bravado and drunken boisterousness which thought it imitated, and meant to imitate, genuine rage; it was always strident and violent, never dangerous, never sincere. The same thing is true in speech.

There have only been two or three roarers in effective oratory—Mirabeau, by all accounts (though anything can be forgiven a man who can make such speeches as the great Frenchman made), and Demosthenes, if *Æschines* is to be believed, which I think he is not to be in this particular. He was only excusing his own defeat, and he had to attribute it to delivery. (I think any unprejudiced mind will agree that *Æschines* made the better argument.) All the other great speakers have, even in their most intense passages, and in situations where life and death were involved, been comparatively quiet so far as mere volume of sound is concerned.

I remember, as if it were yesterday, the first

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great speaker I ever heard. It was Robert G. Ingersoll, delivering a lecture in Des Moines, Iowa, in 1884. He had an audience which would have inspired eloquence in almost any breast. He came on the stage alone, and was very carefully, even elegantly attired, to the smallest item of his grooming.

His address was in manuscript, and imperfectly committed to memory. He laid it down on a little table at the back of the stage (returning to it occasionally to refresh his memory), and then, in a very natural and matter-of-fact way, walked to the footlights, and, looking the audience frankly in the eyes, began without an instant's hesitation, and in a voice precisely as if he were talking to a friend.

But he was as dramatic at his climaxes as Edwin Booth ever was in Hamlet. His face paled, or seemed to pale; his hands clinched with a desperate energy, and the whole attitude of the man was that of one in awful wrath. Yet his voice was not raised above the common current of the evening's address—if anything, it was lower. While the mature mind cannot endure Ingersoll's rhetoric, it must be acknowledged that his manner of delivery (except when his levity made him

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coarse) was nearly equal to that of Wendell Phillips. Still, in his intense passages Ingersoll was almost fiercely earnest. And Plutarch tells us that Cicero's friends feared he would kill himself by bursting a blood-vessel, with such intense energy did he speak.

Both of these men had that instinctive taste of the great speaker which Shakespeare has described better than any one else in literature, when he makes Hamlet tell the players not to "mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much—your hand thus: but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious, periwig pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise: I could have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you, avoid it."

When I was a very young boy I saw a fist-fight which impressed me as powerfully as any lesson I ever learned at school. An overtall

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and powerful man, about forty years old, had become angry at a medium-sized but very compact man of about the same age. As his passion increased his violence grew, until finally he was shouting his denunciations. The little man stood quietly alert.

Finally, with a great volume of sound, the big man rushed upon the little one with arms swinging in the air, and I looked with interest and curiosity to see the smaller man either run or be demolished. He did neither. His fists were raised quickly but intensely before him, and when the big man was almost upon him, it seemed to me that his right hand did not shoot out farther than ten or twelve inches; but it did shoot out, and the result was as if the big man had been shot, sure enough.

He fell like a slaughtered ox, but rose and came on again, only again to be knocked down. This continued for three or four times, for the giant was "game"; but finally he was "thrashed to a standstill," as the expression has it.

It was a great lesson in life and a great lesson in speaking, which is only a phase of life. The victor came to the point. He did not dissipate his energies. It is so in the manner of speaking. The greatest contrast to the

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perfect method of Ingersoll which I ever beheld in a man of equal eminence was in the delivery of a lecture by Joseph Cook.

He came on the stage with ostentatious impressiveness. He sat some time before he was introduced, seeming vast and overpowering—a very Matterhorn of consequence. After introduction he stood with one hand thrust in the breast of his tightly buttoned frock coat, and looked tremendously all over the audience for perhaps an entire minute. Everybody was awed; he looked so great. We all said to ourselves, “What a mighty man this is!”

And when that effect had been produced upon us, the first and great point of effectiveness had been destroyed: the speaker had made us think about himself, his manner, his appearance, his personality. All the evening we had to wade through that slough, trying to follow his thought. And this reminds me of a saying of one of the most astute politicians and most capable public men of recent development:

“The surest sign that a man is not great is that he strives to look great.”

I think that the best speech I ever heard for obedience to the rules of art was an address of about ten minutes by a young Salva-

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tion Army officer on the streets of Chicago. I listened with amazement. He was perhaps twenty-three years of age, with delicate, clear-cut features, sensitive mouth, and marvelously intelligent eyes. I was just passing the group as he stepped into the circle that always surrounds these noisy but sincere enthusiasts.

He took off his cap, and in a low, perfectly natural, and very sweet voice, speaking exactly as though he were having a conversation with his most confidential friend, he began: "You will admit, my friends, that human happiness is the problem of human life." And from this striking sentence he went on to another equally moving, showing, of course, that happiness could not be secured by traveling any of the usual roads, but only the straight and narrow path which the Master has marked out.

It was as simple as it was sincere. And it was as conversational as it was quiet. Before he had finished, his audience had gathered into itself every pedestrian who passed during his discourse—business man, professional man, working man, or what not.

The fight above described suggests the key to the matter as well as the manner of speaking. The American audience properly demands, above everything else, that the speaker

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get to the point. Our lives are so rapid; the telephone, telegraph, and all the instantaneous agencies of our neurotically swift civilization have made us so quick in seeing through propositions; a hundred years of universal education have produced a mentality so electric in its rapidity, that effective oratory has been revolutionized within a decade.

Burke would not be tolerated now. It is doubtful, even, if Webster would. The public has already tired of the lilt of Ingersoll's redundant rhetoric, pleasing as was its music. The effective speech to-day is a statement of conclusions.

The listeners, with a celerity inconceivable, sum up the argument on either side of the proposition you announce, and accept or reject it by a process of unconscious mental cerebration.

The most successful speech of to-day would be one of Emerson's essays rearranged in logical order—if such a thing were possible. Therefore, in matter, the statement is the form of address now most effective. Recall the opinion of Senator McDonald—the greatest natural lawyer I ever knew—that the best argument in a case always is the statement of the case.

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In form, the sentences should be short; in language, the words should be as largely as possible Anglo-Saxon. These are the words of the people you address, therefore they are most influential with them. Also, therefore, your best method of getting Anglo-Saxon is to mingle with and talk with the common people. The next best method is to read the Bible, the King James translation of which is undoubtedly the purest fountain of English that flows in all the world of our literature.

What nonsense the repeated statement that public speaking has had its day, that the newspaper has taken its place, and all the rest of that kind of talk. Public speaking will never decline until men cease to have ears to hear. How hard it is to read a speech; how delightful to listen!

Speaking is Nature's choicest method of instruction.

It begins with mother to child; it continues with teacher to pupil; it continues still in lecturer or professor to his student (for the universities are all going back to the old oral method of instruction); and it still continues in all the forms of effective human communication.

The newspapers are a marvelous influence,

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but they are not everything, and they do not supply everything. For example, it is commonly supposed that they, absolutely and exclusively, mold and control public opinion. But they do not. When all has been said, the most powerful public opinion, after all, is that from-mouth-to-mouth public opinion—that living, moving opinion—which spreads from neighbor to neighbor, and has fused into it the vitality of the personality of nearly every man—yes, and woman; don't forget that—in the whole community.

And the philosophy which underlies this is what makes public speaking immortal. The Master understood this very well, and that is why He chose to speak by word of mouth rather than by writing epistles. The Saviour never wrote a single epistle—no, not even a single word. He *spoke* His message.

Think of a gospel announced to the world in cold type! Absurd, is it not? It may be repeated in that form, but its initial power must come from the spoken word and vital personality of its author. But Christ's addresses were not "extemporaneous." All His life He had been preparing His few sermons—lessons.

The great speakers to whom I have listened

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have confirmed certain conclusions upon the subject of speaking at which I arrived while in college. It seemed to me that the college method of speaking was wrong because it was irrational—that the studied gestures, the “cultivated” voice, the staccato impressiveness, were all artificial devices to attract the attention of an audience to these things, instead of to the thought of the address.

Analysis of the problem convinced me that an audience is only a larger person—a great collective individuality—and therefore that whatever, in manner and matter, will please, persuade, and convince a person, will have the same effect upon an audience. Hence one readily deduces that a simple, quiet, but direct, earnest address; a straightforward, unartificial honest manner, without tricks of oratory, is the most effective method of lodging truth in the minds of one’s hearers.

Any affectation, any mannerism, detracts from the thought because it calls the attention of the listener to the mannerism or affectation, when his whole attention should be monopolized by the thought. Read Herbert Spencer on the “Philosophy of Style,” and apply his reasoning to the delivery of an address, and you have the rationale of the art of speaking,

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as well as of speech, put with that wonderful thinker's unerringness.

The method commonly employed in preparing speeches is incorrect. That method is, to read all the books one can get on the subject, take all the opinions that can be procured, make exhaustive notes, and then write the speech.

Such a speech is nothing but a compilation. It is merely an arrangement of second-hand thoughts and observations and of other people's ideas. It never has the power of living and original thinking.

The true way is to take the elements of the problem in hand, and, without consulting a book or an opinion, reason out from these very elements of the problem itself your solution of it, and then prepare your speech.

After this, read, read, read—read comprehensively, omnivorously, in order to see whether your solution was not exploded a hundred years ago—aye, a thousand—and, if it was not, to fortify and make accurate your own thought. Read Matthew Arnold on "Literature and Dogma," and you will discover why it is necessary for you to read exhaustively on any subject about which you would think or write or speak.

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But, as you value your independence of mind—yes, even your vigor of mind—do not read other men's opinions upon the subject before you have clearly thought out your own conclusions from the premises of the elemental facts.

As to style, seek only to be clear. Nothing else is important. Never try to be elegant or striking.

Consider the method of the Saviour in His addresses to the people. Next to Him, those perfect specimens of the art of putting things are the speeches and epistles of St. Paul. I know of nothing in literature so clear, convincing, and logical.

The words of the Master astonish one with their absolute unity with all the rules of effective address.

Especially His method of driving home a truth by repeating it, and that, too, in exactly the same words, is noticeable and very effective. He did not fear that He would be tiresome; He was concerned only in being clear. Take the following examples—Matthew vii:

24. Therefore, whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock :

25. And the rain descended, and the floods came,

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and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock.

26. And every one that *heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not*, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand:

27. *And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell: and great was the fall of it.*

Or study this—Matthew v:

29. And if thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell.

30. *And if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off, and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell.*

Or this—Matthew xxv:

34. Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world:

35. For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in:

36. Naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me.

37. Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink?

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38. When saw we thee *a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee?*

39. Or when saw we thee *sick, or in prison, and came unto thee?*

40. And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

41. Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels:

42. For *I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink:*

43. *I was a stranger, and ye took me not in: naked, and ye clothed me not: sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not.*

44. Then shall they also answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee *an hungered, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee?*

45. Then shall he answer them, saying, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me.

Observe the exact repetition of entire sentences. Consider Antony's funeral oration over the dead body of Cæsar, and note the same mastery of the art of repetition.

But, like all powerful weapons, it is dangerous to one who is not a natural speaker. It

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might easily be fatal, for remember that we are advised to "use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do, for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking."

Do not be epigrammatic. Never "coin a phrase." Never make a sentence for the purpose of having the newspaper quote it next day. Usually such sentences are not quoted. Even if they are, these artificial arrangements of words never live. The reason is that they *are* artificial—they do not have the vitality of sincerity. Let your striking expressions come naturally as the climax and flowering of your thought. Then they will live. They will live because they will be truthful—natural. Nothing but the sincere endures.

In political speaking, seldom be harsh, seldom denounce, seldom "pour hot shot into the enemy" as our newspaper head-liners put it. Men in other parties are not your enemies or the country's—they are fellow Americans to whom you are trying to show the truth as you see it. I like to believe that all Americans are patriots, inspired by sincere concern for the common good and the welfare of the Republic.

There is nothing in denunciation—nothing in abuse—nothing but bad taste. "There is no particular argument in slander," exclaimed

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Ingersoll in one of our fervid campaigns. The man who "pours hot shot into the enemy" is using an obsolete method. Don't you use it, young man. *You* be reasonable, considerate, earnest only to show your hearer that you are in the right. This rule is unvarying except, of course, when great crises occur, when treason is afoot, the Nation's honor in danger, and the like. But such seasons of peril are rare.

In all speaking be moderate in statement. Over statement is very dangerous; under statement subtly powerful. Moderation! I know but two words so potent—honor and industry. Honor, industry, moderation! What can prevail against this trinity! And in young men moderation is peculiarly beautiful.

I doubt if any man can be a great speaker who does not have in him the religious element. I do not mean that he shall be good (one may be good and not religious, or religious and not be good, as any professor of mental and moral philosophy will tell you), but that he shall have in him that mysticism, that elemental and instinctive conviction of the higher power and its providence, which makes him in sympathy with the great mass of humanity. I think Ingersoll had this element in him, notwithstanding his attacks upon religion.

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Emerson has pointed out that the great speaker—yes, and the great man—is he who best interprets the common feeling and tendency of the masses.

Very well; the profoundest feeling among the masses, the most influential element in their character, is the religious element. It is as instinctive and elemental as the law of self-preservation. It informs the whole intellect and personality of the people.

Therefore he who would greatly influence the people by uttering their unformed thought must have this great invisible and unanalyzable bond of sympathy with them. I will let your preacher work this out more elaborately for you.

One word more; and to this word listen and hearken and bind it on the tablets of your understanding.

Insincerity cuts the heart out of all oratory.

You may marshal your arguments and concoct your pretty devices of words, and work yourself into a great heat in the speaking of them; but if you do not believe what you say you are only a play-actor after all—a poor mummer reciting your own lines.

You had far better be a professional actor; that will, at least, insure you excellent lines to

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declaim. The dramatic profession is devoted to the interpretation of art in one of its highest forms. A true actor is a true artist—painter and sculptor no more so.

If Polus stands on a lower pedestal than Praxiteles in mankind's esteem it is because his genius was not so brilliant and not because the art of acting is less noble than that of sculpture. Talma was more eminent than David. Bernhardt is as noted and notable as Millet, Irving as distinguished as Millais; while in our own country not more than two men in painting and sculpture deserve places beside Booth and Forrest as high priests of Art.

That your audience applauds you is nothing. The same audience would applaud Paderewski or a great prestidigitator. You see, your audience may applaud you because you have put your thought cleverly, or juggled your words attractively, or thrown over them that magnetic spell which all great personalities have. It may clap its hands because you have entertained it.

But what has all this to do with the truth? And why are you speaking at all, unless it is that you, knowing the truth, are trying to show the truth to others? So do not seek to arouse

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applause for its own sake. If it comes naturally, spontaneously, it is a pleasant tribute to your cause. But if you win it by your art, it is merely a tribute to your powers. And you are not speaking for yourself—you are speaking for your cause.

The wife of one of the most effective of American speakers is reported to have said to him: "I wish you would deliver a speech which no one can possibly applaud." Of course what she meant was that she would like to see him devote himself to getting the truth before the people without resorting to any of the tricks of oratory.

No matter how much a wizard of words Nature may have made him; no matter that he has the dark art of making the worse appear the better reason; no matter that his golden voice is like music, and his very appearance pleasantly thrills you with the strange and subtle magnetism of the man: if he have not sincerity, all these are nothing.

And he cannot affect sincerity and fool the people very long. He may fool them in one speech or in one campaign if he be a political speaker, but ultimately the people will sense his moral quality and he will be discredited.

This very thing happened to a celebrated

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American speaker who may be said to have been endowed with genius. There was no resisting the man while he was speaking. But he never was honestly in earnest. He never really cared for his cause. There was never a moment when he could not have spoken as effectively for the other side.

Finally this got through the consciousness of the people, and his power over their convictions speedily dissolved.

Many years ago a business friend of mine heard this man speak on a notable occasion. His address was on a subject in which the people were deeply interested, and was a masterpiece of mingled argument and pathos; and his audience belonged to him. It had no mind but his, no will but his.

Afterward my friend said to me: "That man will not last; he is not honest. At one climax so pure, so exalted, so tender, that I found tears in my own eyes, I saw him wink at some intimate friends who were sitting in a stage-box at his right. I was between them. They were watching him as they would have watched a friend who was an actor. He, on his part, was showing them what he could do. That wink said: 'See how I did that. Now observe me closely! I will throw still another

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ball of emotion into the air and juggle with it, too.' ”

And sure enough, he did not last. His tropical mind lasted, his chameleon imagination lasted, his compelling personality, his grace, charm, witchery of words—all these lasted; but all these were nothing without that honesty which would make him die rather than speak for a cause in which he did not believe, or be silent when a cause in which he believed was at issue and in peril.

The people went to hear him even after they had ceased to believe in him. They applauded, laughed, or were silent as he pleased. But they were being entertained—nothing more. His art was still perfect, but his power over the minds and souls of men which made men believe and do was gone forever.

Believe what you say, therefore. Say what you believe. Say it simply, earnestly, as though you were pleading for all that is dearest to you on earth. For, after all, that is what you are speaking for—truth. And if the truth for which you are speaking is not dear to you, go about your other business and remain silent.

Let your brother who has “the call” utter that message which your faith is not strong

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enough to voice; for he, having "the call," will "speak as one having authority," and therefore "the common people will hear him gladly."

To effect anything; to achieve a result; to make your words deeds, as the old Scotch thinker declared they should be or else not be uttered, you must teach. And in your teaching you must teach "as one having authority."

To the Master we must go, after all, even for our methods of utterance, and at His feet learn that oratory is the utterance of the truth by one who knows it to be the truth. And so will your words be words of fire, and your speech have weight among your fellow men.

VII

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ALL who do their best, and in doing their best do a good piece of work, deserve equal credit whether the work be little or big. The architect who builds a house has wrought for humanity as truly as the statesman who builds a government. One man can make bricks well and another lead armies to victory; yet each one has fulfilled his destiny if his achievement was what he was fitted for and if he has done his best.

From one point of view all occupations that help one's fellow men are important. Who shall say that the hod-carrier has not done as much for humanity as orator or poet. The cook is as necessary as the philosopher. Compare the blacksmith and the sculptor. The point is, that all useful labor is equally noble. It all has its place. Each of the workers of the world is required in the human cosmos.

It may not be that the worker himself sees that he is essential. It may not be that he understands the outcome of his striving. For that matter we are each and all toiling as

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blindly as the coral insect, and yet our labor is as much a part of a symmetrical structure as is the life and perishing of that polyp.

We are all pouring out our energies day by day without understanding what effect our spent lives will have in the general result of human effort. And some of us get heart-sick, no doubt, and weary; and discouragement whispers, "What's the use," and many another wily phrase of Satan.

Very well; let every man, however humble or conspicuous his place among men, understand that his work *does* count and will become a part of an harmonious whole. "All things work together for good."

No matter that *we* do not know what we are here for. *We* may not understand how our lives are to be woven into the great design of the world's work any more than a single thread of some wonderful and beautiful rug understands the pattern of which it is a part.

No matter, I say. The Master-Weaver understands what we are here for and what we are doing, and that is enough. He has uses for every sound thread and doubtless one is as important as another. Vaunt not yourself O thread of purple, over your fellow-thread of white!

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Asserting then that the man who quarries stone has served humanity as well as he who writes a book, if quarrying stone is what he can do best; asserting the equal value of all things done well and the equal dignity of all sincere and honest work of hand and brain, I shall not be misunderstood when I say that the present day has developed three careers of usefulness which, while not more important, are more continuously prominent than any others.

These are statesmanship, journalism, and the pulpit.

The Pulpit deals with faith. It has to do with religion. Religion makes moral ideals vital. Moral ideals make individual life sweet and satisfying, national life strong and pure. "Righteousness exalteth a nation." The young man and the pulpit are therefore pre-eminent in conspicuity.

The American people at heart are a religious people. They are practical and fearless, too. If you will listen to the chance conversations of the ordinary American you will find that the laymen of the Nation have some very decided views upon the Pulpit, the man who fills it, and the work he ought to do.

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In the breast of the millions there is not only a great need but a great yearning for certain things of the soul which it is for the Pulpit to supply. This paper is an attempt to talk as one of these millions to the young man who is about to mount to this sacred station.

"I have just come from church," said a friend one day, "and I am tired and disappointed. I went to hear a sermon and I listened to a lecture.

"I went to worship and I was merely entertained.

"The preacher was a brilliant man and his address was an intellectual treat; but I did not go to church to hear a professional lecturer. When I want merely to be entertained I will go to the theater.

"But I do not like to hear a preacher principally try to be either orator or artist. I am pleased if he is both; but before everything else I want him to bear *me* the Master's message. I want the minister to preach Christ and Him crucified."

The man who said this was a journalist of ripe years, highly educated, widely experienced, acquainted with men and life. He was world-weary with that weariness which comes

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of the journalist's incessant contact with every phase of human activity, good and bad, great and small.

For no man touches life at so many points and is both so rich in and worn by human experiences as the newspaper man in daily service. And I have found that this expression of the wise old man of the press whom I have quoted fairly reflects a general feeling among men of all other classes.

First, then, young man aspiring to the Pulpit, the world expects you to be above all other things a minister of the Gospel. It does not expect you to be, primarily, a brilliant man, or a learned man, or witty, or eloquent, or any other thing that would put your name on the tongues of men. The world will be glad if you are all of these, of course; but it wants you to be a preacher of the Word before anything else. It expects that all your talents will be consecrated to your sacred calling.

It expects you to speak to the heart, as well as to the understanding, of men and women, of the high things of faith, of the deep things of life and death. The great world of worn and weary humanity wants from the Pulpit that word of helpfulness and power and peace which is spoken only by him who has utterly

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forgotten all things except his holy mission. Therefore merge all of your striking qualities into the divine purpose of which you are the agent. Lose consciousness of yourself in the burning consciousness of your cause.

Very well; but if you do that you must be very sure of your own belief. Any man who assumes to teach the Christian faith, who in his own secret heart questions that faith himself, commits a sacrilege every time he enters the pulpit.

Can it be that the lack of living interest in certain church services is caused by a sort of subconscious knowledge of the people, that the minister himself is speaking from the head rather than from the heart; that what he says comes from his intellect and not as the "spirit gives him utterance"; and, to put it bluntly, that he himself "no more than half believes what he says."

"The man spoke as if he were bored with endless repetition of sermons," said a close observer of a weary parson.

Certain it is that even in political speaking the man who believes what he says has power over his audience out of all comparison with a far more eloquent man whom his hearers know to be speaking perfunctorily.

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No matter how much the latter kind of speaker polishes his periods, no matter how fruitful in thought his address, no matter how perfect the art of his delivery, he fails in the ultimate effect wrought by a much inferior speaker whose words are charged with conviction.

He is like the chemist's grain of wheat, perfect in all its constituent elements except the mysterious spark of life, without which the wheat grain will not grow.

If then you do not believe what you say and believe it with all your soul, believe it in your heart of hearts, do not try to get other men to believe it. You will not be honest if you do. The world expects you to be sure of yourself. How do you expect to make other people sure of themselves if you are not sure of yourself?

“And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?”

“Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, let me pull out the mote out of thine eye; and, behold, a beam is in thine own eye?”

“Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye.”

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The world is hungry for faith. Do not doubt this for a moment. More men and women to-day would rather believe in the few fundamentals of the Christian religion than have any other gift that lavish fortune could bestow upon them.

But these millions want to *believe*; they do not want to argue or be argued at.

They want to believe so utterly that their faith amounts to knowledge. Doubtings are disquieting; pros and cons are monotonous. We want certainty, we laymen.

For years I have made it a point to get the opinion of the ablest and most widely experienced men and women I met on the subject of immortality. In all cases I found that the subject in which they were more deeply interested than in all other subjects put together.

“I would rather be sure that when a man dies he will live again with his conscious identity, than to have all the wealth of the United States, or to occupy any position of honor or power the world could possibly give,” said a man whose name is known to the railroad world as one of the ablest transportation men in the United States.

“Do you know when I am by myself I think about a lot of strange things. Is the

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soul immortal and what is the soul anyhow?" It is a politician who is talking now, and a ward politician at that, a man whom few would suspect of thinking upon these subjects at all.

So you see, young man, you who are being measured for the Cloth, that all manner and conditions of men are thinking about the great problems of which you are the expounder, and longing for the answer to those problems which it is your business to give them. That is the condition of the mind of the millions.

Very well! What is the condition of the mind of the young minister? A few years ago a certain man, with good opportunities for the investigation and a probability of sincere answers, asked every young preacher whom he met during a summer vacation these questions:

"First, Yes or no, do you believe in God, the Father; God a person, God a definite and tangible intelligence—not a congeries of laws floating like a fog through the universe; but God a person in whose image you were made? Don't argue; don't explain; but is your mind in a condition where you can answer yes or no?"

Not a man answered "Yes." Each man wanted to explain that the Deity might be a definite intelligence or might not; that the

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“latest thought” was much confused upon the matter, and so forth and so on.

“Second, Yes or no, do you believe that Christ was the son of the living God, sent by Him to save the world? I am not asking whether you believe that He was inspired in the sense that the great moral teachers are inspired—nobody has any difficulty about that. But do you believe that Christ was God’s very Son, with a divinely appointed and definite mission, dying on the cross and raised from the dead—yes or no?”

Again not a single answer with an unequivocal, earnest “Yes.” But again explanations were offered and in at least half the instances the sum of most of the answers was that Christ was the most perfect man that the world had seen and humanity’s greatest moral teacher.

“Third, Do you believe that when you die you will live again as a conscious intelligence, knowing who you are and who other people are?”

Again, not one answer was unconditionally affirmative. “Of course they were not sure as a matter of knowledge.” “Of course that could not be *known* positively.” “On the whole, they were inclined to think so, but there

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were very stubborn objections," and so forth and so on.

The men to whom these questions were put were particularly high-grade ministers. One of them had already won a distinguished reputation in New York and the New England states for his eloquence and piety. Every one of them had had unusual successes with fashionable congregations.

But every one of them had noted an absence of real influence upon the *hearts* of their hearers and all thought that this same condition is spreading throughout the modern pulpit.

Yet not one of them suspected that the profound cause of what they called "the decay of faith" was, not in the world of men and women, but in themselves. How could such priests of ice warm the souls of men? How could such apostles of interrogation convert a world?

These were not examples, however; they were exceptions. Most preachers believe that they actually know the truths they teach. By and large, the twentieth century Christian ministry is sound and sure. The missionary fire still burns in consecrated breasts.

And that is a lucky thing for the Christian

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world. We Westerners—we of America and Europe—would go all to pieces otherwise. You see we Occidentals have not eons of fatalistic paganism to fall back on as have the sons of the East. They endure without our religion. But we—what would happen to us if Christianity did not unite, purify, and exalt us.

From the view-point of the layman then, yes and even far more from your own view-point, be sure of your faith, preparer for the pulpit. Faith is only another word for power.

We see it in the small things of life. Note the influence on his fellow citizens of a man who asserts something positively and heartily believes what he asserts, even though that thing be untrue and unwise.

We see it in the great things of history. Witness the inferior mentality but the burning ardor of a Peter the Hermit, moving all Europe to the most extraordinary war the world has seen. Consider Napoleon crossing the Alps—an achievement all men said was impossible. Impossible! That word is found only in the dictionary of superstition.

But your faith, young man, you who are about to go into the Pulpit, does not deal with little things. It is not interested even in the

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large affairs of statesmanship, as such. Yet it embraces all matters. It involves concerns more important than all history.

Limitless eternity is its field. Everlasting life is its subject. The Ancient of Days is its awful familiar. It has to do with the righteous conduct of individual men and women here on earth and of their eternal felicity in the world to come. The Ineffable One whose crucifixion has made the cross a symbol of all good and the emblem of our highest hope is its divine and inspiring author.

How noble the attitude of that intellect which is uplifted by a belief so glorious. No wonder that he who possesses this faith works miracles in human character more astounding than the dazzling wonders which science wrings from reluctant matter. No, not he who *possesses* this faith, but him whom this *faith* POSSESSES. The faith is the reality—you are but the instrument through which that faith works out the winning of the world. Look to your faith then, you who seek to save the souls of men.

For now as ever mankind awaits the magic voice of him whose faith in God the Father, in Christ His son and in the life eternal is strong as knowledge itself. Think of John

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Wesley, think of Ignatius Loyola, think of the inspired young man who this very year has lifted all Wales to spiritual heights as elevated as those to which Savonarola led beautiful and dissolute Florence, and the fire of whose revival promises to spread over the United Kingdom, purifying all it touches.

What said they of the Master? "For He spake as one having authority and the common people heard Him gladly." It was true of Him, too. And it has been true of each of those princes of faith who, during two thousand years, have followed the directions of their thorn-crowned Lord.

He declared to his disciples: "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you."

If you have not an undoubting belief, you may carve out your sentences as curiously as you will; deliver them with the voice of music, and yet be nothing but an entertainer. Speaking as one of the "men of the street," as one of the millions, I think that the best thing for you to attend to is this question of faith.

I have no respect for a lawyer who does not know certain fundamental definitions by

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heart; and I have less respect for the preacher who cannot repeat the eleventh chapter of Hebrews offhand.

Get your faith into your blood; the brain is the place for your reasonings and argumentations.

You say that you are a soldier of heaven, battling with the world—meaning that you represent righteousness as opposed to evil. That is your attitude—your conception of your mission. Very well, the secret of your strength has never been so well stated as in the words of the Apostle, “*This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.*”

Four of the most extraordinary doers of God's work in the world were Luther, Loyola, Wesley, and Savonarola. Each of this company of practical and militant Christianity has life instruction for you. But in the art of preaching, as such, Savonarola has more than either of the others, although Wesley is nearly his equal, and, as an organizer, vastly his superior. He perfectly illustrates the miraculous power of conviction in mere oratory.

I would advise every young man who intends to enter the pulpit to read carefully the best life of this wonderful preacher, reformer, and statesman. And supplement your study

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of him and his methods by reading George Eliot's historical novel, "Romola."

The great Dominican was a Lombard, of harsh accent and strange face, come to live in the most cultured city in the world. Florence was then in the full flowering of literature and art; and in her overripe perfections the poison was distilling of greed and cruelty and lubricity and all loathsomeness.

Over this capital of learning, genius, and sin ruled "The Magnificent" Medici, sitting with easy power on his splendid throne and wielding his scepter with the accurate skill of a perfect craft and the strong decision of a fearless heart.

But you know the story. It was not an inviting field for a preacher who burned to utter the Word and at the same time hoped to enjoy the smiles and favors of the great. It was not an encouraging prospect for any one who wanted to restore the reign of righteousness, even though he were willing to pay the price of martyrdom.

But Savonarola accomplished all this and more; for he crowned the renaissance of letters and art with the renaissance of Christian morals and religion whose pure and beautiful influence reaches even unto our day.

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And he did it by faith more than by all other things put together—a faith so rapt that, to our less passionate natures, it seems to have been the very insanity of fanaticism. But it did the work; and that is the thing after all.

His sermons do not seem to be more remarkable when you read them than those of many another pulpiteer, although they are full of thought. We are told, however, that his voice had in it a terrible earnestness, and his manner was so impassioned that he sometimes seemed to forget himself.

But all agree that the magic with which he wrought his wonders from the pulpit was the feeling that everybody had that Fra Girolamo *believed what he said, knew what he said, meant what he said.*

The immediate effect was astonishing—(the after effect still thrills the world). Mrs. Oliphant quotes Burlamacchi's description of Savonarola's influence over the people thus: "The people got up in the middle of the night to get places for the sermon. They came to the door of the cathedral waiting outside until it should be opened, making no account of the inconvenience, neither of the cold nor the wind nor the standing in winter with their feet on the marble."

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I emphasize the point that this effect was not exclusively oratorical, nor merely magnetic. Chiefly it was what the world has always seen and always will see when it beholds a strong man in deadly earnest for a righteous cause.

We know that this is so because "The Magnificent" induced the most cultivated pulpiteer in all Italy to preach sermons in Florence so as to divert attention from Savonarola; and this master of the pulpit, whom Lorenzo won to his purpose, was better liked and more greatly admired by the people of Florence than any other orator.

His name was Fra Mariano, and it was admitted that he was a far better speaker than Savonarola. Yet he failed utterly, unaccountably. He had better elocution, a richer voice, more "magnetism," more attractive qualities every way than Savonarola, and as much learning; *but he did not have as much faith.*

I am dwelling upon this because I am quite sure that the people are more interested in acquiring faith than they are in all your oratoricals; and because, too, I am quite sure that it is the only certain method of your effectiveness.

Faith is infectious. James Whitcomb Riley,

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whose sweetness of character and upliftedness of soul equal his genius, gave me the best recipe for faith in God, Christ, and Immortality I have ever heard:

“Just believe,” said he; “don’t argue about it; don’t question it; simply say, ‘I believe.’ Next day you will find yourself believing a little less feebly, and finally your faith will be absolute, certain, and established.”

And why not—you of the schools who split hairs and dispute and come to nothing in the end, and whose knowledge, after all, as Savonarola so well said, comes to nothing—why not? For if you cannot *prove* God and Christ and Immortality, it is very sure you cannot *disprove* them; and it is safe—yes, and splendid—to believe in these three marvelous realities; or conceptions, if you like that word better.

The doctrine of *noblesse oblige* was one of the most beautiful of human conventions. It was based upon the proposition that a man being noble and the son of a nobleman could not do a mean thing—it was not good form.

But if a man gets it into his consciousness that he is the child, not of a nobleman, not of an earthly ruler, not of a great statesman, warrior, scientist, or financier, *but of the living*

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God who presides over the universe, how large, how generous, how exalted, and how fine his attitude toward life and all his conduct needs must be.

Savonarola was not alone in the vast crowds he drew by the simple method he followed. He was not original in that method either. Do we not read that when "Philip went down to the city of Samaria and *preached Christ* unto them, the people . . . *gave heed* unto those things which Philip spake."

Of course they gave heed, just as they did to Savonarola. Recall the expression of the old journalist at the beginning of this paper. He would never have been bored by Philip or by the Lombard priest.

Paul got the attention even of the *blasé* Athenians, who would not listen to anybody or anything very long, "because he preached unto them of Jesus and the resurrection."

And you will remember the Master's experience at Capernaum: "And straightway many were gathered together, *insomuch that there was no room to receive them, no, not so much as about the door*: and he PREACHED THE WORD unto them."

That reads a good deal like the description of Savonarola's congregations, or of Wesley's,

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or of the young revivalist in Wales. No difficulty about *their* audiences—or congregations, if you insist on being technical.

Of course, everybody understands that preaching and faith and all that is not everything that the young minister must do for his fellow man. "Faith without works is dead." Everybody who has read the Bible understands that.

But this paper is on "The Young Man and the Pulpit"—an attempt to give him an idea of how the people he is going to preach to look at this matter, how they regard him, and, above all else, what the people to whom his life work is devoted really need and really want above everything else in this world.

Don't preach woe, punishment, and all mournfulness to the people all the time. Where you find sin, go ahead and denounce it mercilessly; but do it crisply, cuttingly, not dully and innocuously. Speak to kill. Do not forget that the Master told the people of His day that they "were a generation of vipers."

But that was not the burden of His appeal. He knew that there were other things in the world and human nature besides sin. Mostly He spoke of "things lovely and of good

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report." Remember that His coming was announced as a bringing of "good tidings of great joy."

The Sermon on the Mount is the perfection of thought, feeling, and expression. Make it your example. You will recall that it begins: "Blessed are the poor in spirit." It is full of "blessed" and blessings, of consolations and encouragements and loving promises of beautiful certainties. "Ye are the light of the world," He said. The Sermon on the Mount radiates sense and kindness and prayer.

The One understood that most glorious truth of all truths—that there is some good in each of us, and that if that good only could be recognized and encouraged it would overcome the bad in us. You will remember the saying: "A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump."

So don't be an orator of melancholy. There is enough sadness in the world without your adding to it by either visage, conduct, or sermon. Besides, it is not what you are directed to do. The people would be very glad if you could say with Isaiah that

"The Lord hath anointed me to preach *good tidings* unto the meek; . . . he hath sent me to *proclaim liberty* to the captives, and

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the opening of the prison to them that are bound; to proclaim *the acceptable year* of the Lord . . . to *comfort* all that mourn . . . to give unto them *beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.*"

That is the kind of talk that will cheer the people, and it is the kind of talk that will do the people good. There is nothing "blue" about that. And it is what the Book bids you tell the people. The people want it, too, and need it—they *need* "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

Ah! yes, indeed, that is worth while. Your pews will never be empty if such be the fruit of your lips and the ripeness of your spirit. The people want to hear about something better than they know or have known.

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings."

Nobody likes a scold. Of course, when it is necessary to scold, go ahead and scold. But don't make scolding a practise. Your congregation will not stand being abused; they will not stand it unless they actually need it, and then they will stand it. Unconsciously they will know that the stripes you lay upon

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them are medicine after all, and for their healing.

But ordinarily everybody has such a hard time that they would like to hear about "a good time coming." Ordinarily everybody is so tired that they would like to hear something like this: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

The religion which you preach owes its vitality to the glorious hopefulness of it. The people want to know that if they do well here joy awaits them hereafter, and here, too, if possible. They want to hear about the "Father's house" that has "many mansions," and about Him who has "gone to prepare a place" for them.

They demand happiness in some form, if only in talk. If they do not get it in the assurances of religion, who can blame them if they say: "Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die." For sure enough they *do* die to-morrow, so far as their world goes.

If you do not believe that religion means happiness, quit the pulpit and raise potatoes. Potatoes feed the body at least. But unfaithful words or speech of needless despair feed nothing at all. It is "east wind." Put

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beauty, hope, joy, into your preaching, therefore. Make your listeners thrill with gladness that they are Christians. Even the men of the world have wisdom enough to make things profane as attractive as possible.

Note, for example, that most successful books are hopeful books that tell of the beautiful things of human life and character. Especially is this true of novels, the most widely read of all books of transient modern literature. The hero always wins—virtue always triumphs. There are remarkable exceptions no doubt—but they are exceptions. Now and then there are remarkable novels which scourge with the whips of the Furies, as indeed most of Savonarola's sermons flagellated.

With all your faith and the fervor of it, be full of thought. Merely to believe burningly is not enough. Nobody will listen to you declaim the confession and then declaim it over and over again and nothing more. Even pious monotony palls. Bread is the staff of life; and yet too much bread eaten at one time will kill. Food, taken in excess, becomes poison.

I have emphasized the necessity for faith because it will always be the very soul of your influence over your audience. It is the power behind your ideas. Faith is the dynamics of

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truth. But do not forget that you have got to *have* ideas. You have got to *have* truth.

In every word you utter you must be a teacher.

After all, teaching is the only oratory. Luke says of the Master that "he *taught* the people." In reporting the Sermon on the Mount, Matthew says that "he opened his mouth and *taught* them." Time and again I have heard hard-headed business men and sturdy farmers say of a particularly instructive sermon: "I like to hear that preacher; I always *learn* something from him."

And let your discourse be full of "sweet reasonableness." Peter tells you "to be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason for the hope that is within you," although Peter himself seldom gave a reason for anything.

You cannot do this without study. "After you have shot off a gun you have got to load it before you can shoot it off again," said a wise old preacher who retained the hold of his youth upon his congregations. Never cease to renew yourself from every possible source of thought and knowledge.

Books, society, solitude, the woods, the crowded streets—all things in this varied

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universe have in them replenishings for your mind. Don't become burnt powder. Keep young. That is your problem and life's. For mind and soul that is no hard problem, after all.

Don't repeat your sermons if you can help it. That is hard advice, I know; but to repeat your sermons is a phase of arrested development and a method of bringing it about. It is unfortunate for you that things are so ordered that you must preach a new sermon every Sunday.

The Saviour did not do it, nor did any of his personal followers. They taught when "the spirit moved them." I think none of the great preachers ever spoke with machine-like periodicity—certainly Savonarola did not. He preached only when occasion demanded it.

But that is neither here nor there. Preaching every Sunday is our custom and therefore preach every Sunday you must. I repeat that it is hard on you, and we sympathize with you; but, as a practical matter, it is all the more reason why you should ceaselessly fertilize your intellect. Your audience will pity you, but they are not going to listen to any twice-told tales, pity or no pity.

The practise of having short sermons helps

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you out. I beseech you, as you wish to hold your hearers, observe this practise. Please remember that this is America and everybody is in a hurry. They ought not to be, but they are. Make thirty minutes the limit of your time. Twenty minutes is long enough.

It was a very good sermon Paul preached on Mars Hill before the most critical and cultured audience in the world. And still, allowing for all deliberation of delivery and for portions of his speech which are not reported, it could not have taken him longer than fifteen minutes.

Even the Master, when expounding the whole of the Christian religion in the Sermon on the Mount, could not have occupied more than half or three-quarters of an hour; yet he was covering a multitude of subjects, whereas Paul covered but one. Indeed, the Saviour also made it a practise to speak upon only one subject at a time.

The same is true of all great orators except, of course, political stump speakers, who necessarily must cover all the "issues." The political speaker is sorry enough that this is true—but there is no help for it; "the questions of the day" must all be answered. But you, Mr. Preacher, need not be so encyclo-

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pedic; and you ought to be illuminating and uplifting on *one* subject in half an hour—and no longer. That light is brightest which is condensed.

The Christian religion is a livable creed, is it not? It is a day-by-day religion; a here-and-now religion. True, it comprehends eternity, and its perfect flower is immortal life and peace. But that is for the hereafter. This side of the grave, Christianity is a code of conduct. So, peculiarly human subjects for your sermons are endless—subjects of present interest.

Think of the intimate and personal subjects of Christ's teachings. He spoke of prayer and the fulfilment of the law, of master and servant and of practical charity, of marriage, divorce, and the relation of children to parents; of manners, serenity, and battlings; of working and food and prophecy; of trade and usury, of sin and righteousness, of repentance and salvation. Yet by means of all this he made noble the daily living of our earthly lives and gloriously triumphant the ending of them.

Speak helpfully therefore. Remember that the great problem with each of us is how to live day by day; and that is no easy task, say what you will. This human talking with

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human beings is not only consistent with the preaching of your religion—it *is* the preaching of your religion. Christ came to save sinners, but how? By faith? Yes. By repentance? Yes. By these and by many other things; *but by conduct also.*

I do not think the ordinary layman cares to hear you preach about some new thing. The common man prefers to hear the old truths retold. Indeed, there can be nothing new in morals. "Our task," said a clear-headed minister, "is to state the old truths in terms of the present day." That is admirably put. In science progress means change; in morals progress means stability. No man can be said to have uttered the final word in science; but the Master uttered the final word in morals.

Many people greatly debate whether the minister of the Gospel should "mix up in politics." There is a protest against ministers using their pulpits to express views on our civic and National life.

I have no sympathy with such views. Of course the preaching of his holy religion is the minister's high calling; of course the spiritual life practically applied should receive his exclusive attention. But does not that include righteousness in the affairs of our popular

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government? Does it not involve uprightness in public life?

It seems to me that the Master took a considerable part in public affairs. Did he not even scourge the money-changers from the Temple? And John Knox, Wesley, and other great teachers of the Word profoundly influenced the political life and movements of their time. Savonarola, to whom I have so often referred, was a skilled politician, though of so high a grade that he may be justly called a statesman.

Upon this subject the views of the ordinary laymen of the country are these: Whenever a civic *evil* is to be eliminated it is not only appropriate, but it is the office of the minister to help eliminate it. Whenever the cause of light is struggling with the powers of darkness the place of the Christian minister is in the ranks.

But as a general proposition he can do most good by merely preaching individual righteousness day after day without definitely interfering with things political. For there is always the danger that if he takes part in many political agitations he will become so monotonous that all his power for good will be dissipated.

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But after all is said and done the millions want from the modern pulpit the fruitful teaching of the Christian religion. They want the fundamentals. They want decision and certainty. Their minds are to be convinced, yes, but even more their hearts.

This is the task that awaits you, young man, who, from that spiritual tribune called the Pulpit, are soon to speak to us who sit beneath you that Word which is for "the healing of the nations." How exalted beyond understanding is this high place to which you are going. What a hearing you will have if only you will utter words of power and light. Believe me, the world with eagerness awaits your message. But be sure it *is* a message in very truth—no, not *a* message but **THE** message.

VIII

GREAT THINGS YET TO BE DONE

SOME four years ago a young man of uncommon ability, but lacking the imagination of hope, said to me that it seemed to him as if everything great had already been done.

“Great battles,” said he, “have been fought; there will be no more wars of magnitude. The great principles of the law have all been announced and applied to every conceivable form of human rights and controversy. For example, in our own country there will be no more new and great constitutional arguments. Everything, from now on, will be only an application of what has already been said and decided.

“In invention, there may be some improvements on old and present devices, but there will be no more Edisons, no more Marconis. In medicine, we are about at the top of the mountain. In literature, the creative and fundamental things have all been done. There will be no more Shakespeares, no Miltons,

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no Dantes, no Goethes. Even Hugo is dead. From now on books will be mere second-hand talk.

“In statesmanship, nothing is left except that common housekeeping which we call administering government. In diplomacy, the same old lies will continue to be told, and so on.”

This young man's profoundly melancholy view of life is that which I have found crushing the *élan* out of many young men; and particularly college students. In their hearts they feel that progress is finished, so far as individual effort *by them* is concerned. They feel that *for them* there is nothing but to eat, sleep, laugh, grieve and go to their graves. They feel that *for them* there is no such thing as leaving behind them a monument of their own constructive effort. Talk to most young men in college or school, and you will find this feeling, like a pathetic minor chord, running through their highest and most daring boasts.

Is not our college training responsible for some of this melancholy negativeness of life? However it happens, the truth is that too few young men come out of our great universities with the greater part of the boldness of youth left in them. Somehow or other those fine,

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and, if you will, absurd enthusiasms which nobody but young men and geniuses are blessed with, have been educated out of the graduate. How many seniors in our historic American universities would not have sneered John Bunyan out of existence, or have told the young and unripe Bonaparte how presumptuous he was to think of fighting the trained generals of Europe?

“Yes,” says a certain type of young man, “all the great things have been done. Nothing is left for me but the commonplaces.” This is not true.

The great things have not all been done; scarcely have they been commenced. “There is more before us than there is behind us,” said my old forest “guide,” wise with the wisdom of the woods and their thoughtful silences. And the purpose of this paper is to point out the infinite number of practical possibilities immediately at hand; to awaken each young man who reads these words to some one of the million voices which from all the fields of human endeavor is calling him; and so, by showing him things to do, make him a doer of things, if he will.

Let us take the law—that entrancing subject which exercises such an empire over the

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minds of most young men. Our own constitutional law is only a part of that universal body of jurisprudence with which all real lawyers must deal. Very well; we have only begun the discussion and settlement of our great constitutional questions. Marshall and Hamilton, it is true, when they formulated the doctrine of implied powers, seemed to unlock the door of all constitutional difficulties, leaving nothing for future lawyers and jurists to do but to find their way through the channels and passages thus opened.

But it was only one great field to which they laid down the bars. Others equally large—yes, larger—lie beyond it. It is generally admitted now by all thorough students of the Constitution that there is such a thing as constitutional progress—constitutional development. The Constitution does and will grow as the American people grow.

Half a dozen questions are now in the public mind that measure, in importance, up to the level of Marshall's elementary decisions. Beyond these is still the application of institutional law to the interpretation of the Constitution. There is no book so much needed in the present, or that will be so much needed in the future, as a great work on our institu-

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tional law—such a work as the world sees once in a century.

Consider this one phase of jurisprudence for only a moment, young man, just to see what a world of thought it opens to the mind. Institutional law is older, deeper, and even more vital than constitutional law. Our Constitution is one of the concrete manifestations of our institutions; our statutes are another; the decisions of our courts are another; our habits, methods, and customs as a people and a race are still another.

Our institutional law is like the atmosphere—impalpable, imperceptible, but all-pervading, and the source of life itself. Most leading decisions of our courts of last resort, involving great constitutional questions, refer to the spirit of our institutions as interpreting our Constitution. It is our institutional law which, flowing like our blood through the written Constitution, gives that instrument vitality and power of development.

Institutional law existed before the Constitution. Our institutions had their beginnings well-nigh with the beginning of time. They have developed through the ages. Magna Charta only marked a period in their growth; the assertion of the rights of the Commons

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marked another; our Revolution marked another; the adoption of our Constitution marked another still.

I have no respect for constitutional learning which deals alone with the written words of the Constitution, or even with the intention of its framers, and ignores the sources and spirit of that great instrument. The Constitution did not give us free institutions; free institutions gave us our Constitution. All our progress toward liberty and popular government, made since the adoption of the Constitution, has been the spirit of our institutions working out its sure results, through the Constitution when possible, modifying it when necessary.

Jefferson wrote in the Declaration of Independence a denunciation of slavery, and called it an "execrable commerce." It was stricken out at the request of Georgia and South Carolina, and years afterward slavery was recognized in our Constitution.

But slavery was opposed to the spirit of our institutions, and while legalized by our Constitution and defended by armies as brave as ever marched to battle, constitutional slavery went down before institutional liberty; and Appomattox was the capitulation of the word of death in our Constitution to the spirit of

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life in our institutions. Every amendment of our Constitution marks the progress of our institutions.

The Constitution contemplated and provided for the election of Presidents by electors, who should select the best man to preside over the Republic, irrespective of the people's choice. That was the intention of the fathers. But in that they did not correctly interpret the spirit and tendency of our institutions, which is toward getting the Government as close to the people as possible.

And so, in spite of the Constitution, in spite of the intention of the fathers, in spite of the fact that this plan was pursued for several elections, the spirit of our institutions prevailed over our Constitution, and no presidential elector now dare cast his ballot against the candidate for whom the people instruct him to vote.

Even outside of the doctrine of implied powers by which our written Constitution has been made to meet many of the emergencies of our history, there are important things in our National life that have all the force of organic law which are unprovided for by the Constitution. For example, the Constitution does not say that a congressman must live in the dis-

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trict which he represents. So far as constitutional law is concerned, he might live anywhere. But no matter—our institutional law settles that. The theory of local self-government requires the representative of a locality to live in that locality.

Wherever our Constitution has been weak and insufficient in its apparent expressed powers, the spirit of our institutions has given it life. Read Marshall's opinions; read most of our great constitutional decisions; read the whole history of American constitutional progress, if you would know the beneficent influence of our institutions on our Constitution.

Thus we see that our institutions are the preservers of our Constitution. The doctrine of implied powers, which has saved the country and the Constitution too, has been made possible only by reading our Constitution by the light of our institutions, as Hamilton and Marshall did.

And so our security is not in the written word of the Constitution alone; it is there, of course, but it is in our institutions also which are the spirit of the Constitution, which illumine and emphasize the meaning of that noble instrument. England has no written consti-

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tution; certain other countries have had and have now ideal written constitutions.

And yet England has steady and continuous liberty and law, while those others, even with written constitutions, frequently have had bureaucracy and military absolutism. They had the *forms* of liberty and popular government in these written constitutions, but they did not have free institutions, which alone make formal constitutions living and vital things.

England, without a written constitution, is almost as free a government as ours. Law reigns supreme. The poorest gatherer of rags has equal rights before the bar of justice with belted earl or millionaire, and those equal rights are impartially enforced. Neither wealth nor title are favored more than poverty or humble rank in the courts of England; and even royalty appears as witness, the same as his meanest subject.

The Government itself is subject to the will of the people; and no ministry remains in power in face of an adverse majority, or forces into law an act of which the people disapprove. The English Parliament goes to the people as often as the Government, in any of its proposed measures, fails of a majority. The suffrage is constantly enlarging, and the rights

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of labor are almost as carefully guarded by the laws of England as by ours.

England's treatment of Ireland has been harsh, severe, unjust; and yet even there the spirit of a larger liberty in the interest of the Irish tenant, approaching state socialism, compels the landlord to sell his land whether he wants to or not, at a price fixed by others than himself, and enables the tenant to buy the land by the payment of his rent. Tolerance, justice, and individual liberty are daily developing throughout the British Empire, instead of diminishing.

And yet England has no written constitution. But she has institutions, free institutions, institutions similar to those we have here in America. It is the free institutions of England that preserve and increase the liberty of Englishmen, and diminish and destroy the authority of the monarch, who is now only the personification of the nation, the emblem of the Empire.

It is England's free institutions that, in Egypt, in Hongkong, in Ceylon, in the Malay states, in India, have given the people of those dark places some of the fruits of liberty to eat for the first time in all the strange history of the oppressed and wasted Orient. And

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it is our free institutions, as well as our Constitution, that in America make kings impossible, and have, for a hundred years, wrought for a larger liberty and a more popular government.

And it is the spirit of our institutions, as well as our Constitution, that will prevent the abuse of power by American authority in Porto Rico, Hawaii, the Philippines, or any other spot blessed by the protection of our flag. It is our free institutions, working now by one method and now by another, after the fashion of our practical race, that are establishing order, equal laws, free speech, unpurchasable justice, and "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" throughout our ocean possessions.

It is our institutional law, therefore, of which men should inquire who would know the meaning and the life of our constitutional law. We have heard from lawyer and orator of "the Constitution," "the letter of the Constitution," etc.; we have listened for "our institutions," and in vain. And yet, is it not written that "the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life"?

Is it not written that "man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that pro-

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ceedeth out of the mouth of God"? I respect not the expounders of constitutional law who have not learned the history of our institutions, of which the Constitution is the richest fruit, until that history is a part of their being.

I respect not that constitutional charlatanism that fastens its eye on the printed page alone, disdains our institutions as interpreting it, and refuses to consider the sources of that Constitution—the development of our present form of government for a century and a half from the old crown charters; the English struggle for the rights of man, regulated by equal laws which preceded that; the spirit of Dutch independence, Dutch federation, and Dutch institutions working upon that, and still back to the counsels of our Teuton fathers in the German forests in the dim light of a far distant time.

If a people adopt a written instrument, you must understand that *people* and their *institutions* before you understand the writing. You cannot separate a people and their history from a written constitution which is only a part of that history. The same words by one people may have a different meaning used by another people. Any writing can only be an index to the institutions of a people.

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A people's *institutions* are the soul of the written and unwritten law. You must understand the French people, their history, and their institutions, before you can understand their written constitution. You must understand the American people, our history, and our institutions, before you can understand our Constitution.

I have thus enlarged upon our institutional law to give young men a hint of its possibilities. Before this century closes, the greatest law book in all the literature of jurisprudence will be produced upon the subject of our institutional law. The materials are as plentiful as the history of our race, the demand as insistent as our daily life.

Great law books all written! Nonsense. As yet we have had only the turgid descriptions of the toilsome and halting progress of justice through the ages—that is all we have had, compared with the noble volume that will be written, giving mankind the high, clear, and simple thinking of a greater Blackstone and a wiser Kent. It may be that this generation will produce this immortal judicial author; it may be that you, young man, are he. At least one thing is sure—the work is there waiting for the workman.

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But if you do not feel equipped for this monumental effort, there are other phases of the law more imminent, if not so comprehensive, in each of which there is opportunity and demand for original work.

For example, it is clear to all that the laws of marriage and divorce must be made rational and uniform throughout the Nation; that the laws respecting corporations are inappropriate, inadequate, and unjust, both to corporations and to the public—that they do not measure up to the present complex conditions; that the laws respecting commercial paper need to be systematized.

It is absurd, too, that a farmer living on one side of an imaginary state line which separates his farm and the state in which it is located from that of his neighbor living on the other side of the imaginary line in another state, should have to deal with his neighbor as if he were a foreigner in a foreign land and under foreign laws.

Again, the multiplication of decisions on all subjects has reached a point where practice by precedent, to be exhaustive and thorough, has become practically impossible; and so the problem that confronted the Roman emperors; and terminated in the Pandects of

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Justinian, is now demanding immediate solution at the hands of American legislators, lawyers, and jurists.

So, you see, my ambitious young friend, that by no means all has been done in the law, and that what has been done is so bulky, unorganized, and confused, that even to reduce, rationalize, and systematize it is the greatest task of all. The trouble will therefore be with yourself, and not with conditions, if you remain an underling in this great profession.

Take literature—take imaginative literature. More can be said on its possibilities than on those of the law—and I enlarged upon the unexplored fields of the law merely to outline the immensity of the great things yet to be done in the law's domain. Is it not plain that the great novel of modern society is yet to be written? The contest between human nature and the complex machinery of our industrial system, and the mastery of human nature over the latter, present a theme such as Homer, or Vergil, or Dante never had.

The world awaits this genius! If you are not he, but talented in that direction, there are a thousand phases of American life that are of permanent historic value, which are

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rapidly passing away forever, and need to be perpetuated by literature and art.

In poetry, the master singer of modern days has not yet appeared. There have been faint signs of him, a suggestion of him, an indistinct prophecy of him, in nearly all of the world's singers for a hundred years. Some day he will come. It may be soon, and then he will sound that note which shall again thrill the hearts and again turn heavenward the eyes of men all round the world.

The point I am making is that the great things in poetry have not all been done. On the contrary, it is the same old cry the world has heard since Homer. Until Shakespeare wrote, it appeared, to those who had no vision, that the immortal things in literature had all been done. But these immortal things and things not immortal, things permanent and things temporary, were only food and material for Shakespeare.

Literature, then, has only been furnishing the materials—the timber—for the structure that is yet to be built. But the timber is noble in dimension, and they must be giants who use it. If you are a giant, your task awaits you.

“It is nonsense to talk of any great war

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in which this country will ever be engaged," said a wise and experienced public man to me one day, in discussing our future. "There is no place in the world for distinguished service by an American soldier. He can wear his uniform; he can study his tactics; he can be a warrior of the ball-room; but, after all, he is only a kind of policeman."

This conversation occurred some years ago. The fallacy of this conservative (shall we not say short-sighted, for sometimes they are mistaken for one another) man's conclusion has been revealed by recent events. And these events are only an index of similar possibilities. Not that we want war; not that it is desirable; not that it should not be avoided, if possible; but that the movement of the pawns by Events on the great chess-board of the world and history may force us to war, no matter how unwillingly.

It may be that in the ultimate outcome, to use a double superlative, "a parliament of man and federation of the world" will be established which shall divide and distribute commerce as railroads are now said to agree on division of business and equality of rates.

But before such a noble condition arises there will surely be vast and destructive con-

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flicts, unless the temper, nature, and attitude of men and nations change; and, if they do occur, no one but a fanatic of reaction imagines for one instant that we shall be able to keep out of them.

So that not all the battles have been fought, not all the strategy thought out. And if you are a soldier and mean business, you need not despair of the possibility of winning one of the highest of honors given man to win—the honor of fighting for your country and of dying for your flag.

The Russo-Japanese War has demonstrated that military science is as much more complex and difficult to-day than during our Civil War, as it was then more complicated than in the time of battle-ax and lance. The recent conflict in Asia shows that it is as important to get wounded men cured and back on the firing line as it is to punish the other side. A nation that would now enter into armed conflict without a general staff or some similar body of men would be hurling its soldiers, however brave, to certain death.

And yet Von Moltke, Germany's greatest captain, originated the modern general staff; and the United States, with all of our American progressiveness, had no general staff at all

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until Secretary Root prevailed upon Congress to provide one. These general staffs plan, during the long years of peace, every possible conflict. They map out with absolute accuracy every imaginable field of operations in the country of every possible enemy; they equip the general in the field with information on all subjects, perfect to the smallest detail.

Japan's general staff has been preparing day and night for the present war for every month of every year of an entire decade. Oyama's victories were ripening in the brain of this modern Attila for ten long years. Von Moltke had thought out the conquest of France years before fate blew the trumpet that set the tremendous enginery of his plans in motion. Yes, but these men kept thinking, thinking.

Nobody heard *them* saying that all great wars had been fought. Perhaps they did not know whether all wars had been fought or not; but they knew this: That if any future wars were to be fought, those wars would be bigger than any conflict that had gone before, and that their armies would have to be handled with greater precision, and their tactics would have to be more daring than even those of Napoleon, or Hannibal, or Caesar.

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Very well, the Franco-Prussian War did come. The Russo-Japanese War did come. And when the time for these dread duels between peoples arrived, those men were in the saddle. Battles whose red desperation have made the world's historic combats look small, have within a year taught all men that the art of war requires as much original thinking as it did when the Corsican overwhelmed the muddled military minds of Europe, weakened and palsied by the belief that nothing more was to be learned in warfare.

Manchuria's awful lesson teaches you, young man, that the profession of arms, dreadful as it is honorable, holds out to you all the possibilities by which every great captain of history made his name immortal.

"I think the statesmanship of Joseph Chamberlain is the most comprehensive and instructive since that of Bismarck," said a passenger on an ocean steamer to an Englishman of considerable distinction in the world of letters.

"I fail to see the statesmanship," said the latter; "will you kindly point it out?"

"Why," said the admirer of Chamberlain, "the British Empire needed unifying; it needed to be bound together by ties of sentiment, by all those means which consolidate

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a nation. Its connections were too loose. Chamberlain has, by the Boer War, begun its unification. Canadians have fallen on the same field with England's soldiers.

"Australians have poured out their blood as a common sacrifice for England's flag. The empire has been knit together by a common heroism, a common sacrifice, a common glory, and a common cause. It should not be hard to induce all portions of the empire to unite on a great scheme of parliamentary representation. I call that great statesmanship."

"Yes, indeed it is," said the English litterateur, "but Joseph Chamberlain never had such a thought."

The point of the conversation is that, whether Mr. Chamberlain had this thought or not, the *materials for the thought existed*. The conditions for this really constructive statesmanship were there. They awaited the hand of the master. Conditions of equal magnitude exist in half-a-dozen places in the world. Russian development of Siberia and seizure of Manchuria are one.

It had for several years appeared to me that Manchuria was the point about which the international politics of the world would swirl for the next quarter of a century. So certain

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did this seem, that I hastened to this great future battle-field in the year 1901; and while the diplomats of all the nations, including our own, scoffed at the possibilities of war between Russia and Japan, the certainty of that mighty contest could be read in the very stars that shone above Manchuria, in the very Japanese barracks, on every Japanese drill-ground.

Settlement of this tremendous dispute will call for larger statesmanship than the world has seen for half a century. The movements of all the powers at the present crisis, and, indeed, their entire Oriental policy, are of the most solemn concern to the Republic not only for the immediate moment, but even more for the future.

This is especially true of Japan; for, with cheap labor, rare aptitude for manufacture, and propinquity of position, the Island Empire now becomes the most formidable competitor for the trade of China.

And China is the only—or at least the richest—unexploited market where American factories and farms can, in the future, dispose of their accumulating surplus. England almost monopolized China's coast markets until, recently, Germany began rapidly to overhaul her. But Japan will, in the near future, dis-

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tance both. American interests in the Far East are vital even now; and they are only in their beginning. We cannot longer be indifferent to any statesmanship that involves the commercial development of Asia. Solution of the great problems which the Russo-Japanese war has stated, and the resultant steps thereafter taken, are of keenest interest, and may be of most serious import, to the American people.

It is very possible, as I pointed out in "The Russian Advance," that Japan will attempt the reorganization of China. Indeed, that development is quite probable. That is certainly Japan's plan and ideal. Any one of a half dozen courses may be adopted. And, I repeat it, any one of them may present the gravest of situations to American statesmanship. As I write it is quite sure that Russia is beaten on the field. Think now, young man, of the immensity of the statesmanship required right now, *which five years ago everybody would have declared impossible and absurd.*

Especially will Japanese dominance of the Orient, military and commercial, upon which Japan is determined, bring us Americans face to face with a new set of conditions, requiring the highest order of careful thought, the clear-

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est, firmest announcement of national policy. Do not fear, young man, lest all of this be over before the time has come for you to play your part on the stage of human affairs. The new problems which the whole Orient will propose to the entire world, and particularly to America, will last for a century at least.

Indeed, it is probable that our relations with the East will become and remain one of the leading subjects of American statesmanship as long as the Republic endures. For that matter, you may go further, and say that the great human question of modern times is the meeting face to face of Oriental and Occidental ideals, of the white and yellow theory of life and morals, and the gradual destruction of one by the other, or their mutual modification and adjustment.

But we are getting into deep waters now. That is the point I am making. They show that, dive you ever so deep, young man, present-day statesmanship has depths which not even the plummet of imagination has yet been able to sound. And can we doubt that tomorrow's national and world problems will be deeper still?

There are three or four great international questions for this Republic to solve on this

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Western hemisphere, the working out of any one of which means immortality for the statesman who does it.

Of course, the great industrial and sociological questions are the profoundest of all. The world has been at work on these since men arranged themselves into organized society. But the incredibly swift evolution of modern business itself seems to be hastening the time when some satisfactory solution of these master problems must at least be begun.

So that, if you really have the material of a statesman in you—the stuff that thinks out the answer to great questions—there is a field before you compared with which the opportunities of Hamilton and Washington and Jefferson almost seem small, leviathan as those opportunities were and masterfully as those great men improved them.

The editor of one of our big modern newspapers gave it to me as his opinion that the art of producing a newspaper is as much in its infancy as is the science of electricity. “The yellow journal,” said he, “is an evolution, just as trusts in their deeper significance are an evolution. We have had the didactic editor; he did his work and has passed away. We are now having the editor who deals with facts—

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'cold facts,' as Dickens would say—but, in his turn, he is only a part of the general evolution. There is not an editor in this country, no matter what his own views may be as to his own paper, who does not know, and in his heart admit, that the ideal paper is yet to be produced."

Excellent and even wonderful as the public press of to-day is, the above is the opinion held by the great mass of men; and it is the correct opinion. I mean what I say when I use the words "excellent and wonderful" as applied to newspapers. To me the newspaper is a daily astonishment. What we are all in search of is fresh and vital thought and suggestion; and no one can acquire the *art* of newspaper reading without getting, each day, one or many new points of view on the world and its great human currents.

Each one of our metropolitan papers is at enormous outlay to get strong, capable men—young men with new minds and old men with wise minds. It is simply out of the question for these men, working together, to bring forth a product that does not have in it some remarkable thing—some new point of view, some fact which your most careful research has not disclosed to you.

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I remember an instance in my own experience. There was a subject to which I had given some years of off-and-on study. I felt that at least the facts had been accumulated. All that remained was to deduce the truth from these facts. But an editorial on this subject in a notable daily paper brought out a salient fact which none of the books had mentioned, and yet which, when one's attention was called to it, was so apparent that it really ought to have suggested itself. Yet all the speeches of the specialists on this subject, and all of the volumes, had failed to note it.

Some vigorous young mind on that paper had discovered it in studying the elementary factors of the problem itself. But this is digression. I am simply calling your attention to the fact that there are opportunities for you to be greater in the world of journalism than Greeley, or Raymond, or Bennett, or Bowles, or Dana, or any of the extraordinary men that have illumined the whole science of journalism by their intellect, accomplishments, and character.

Electricity is a mysterious force which excites not only all the speculation but all the mysticism in man. I contemplate its manifestations — equally deadly and vital — with

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feelings of wonder and awe. I always search for an electrician and listen to his stories of the mysterious power with which he deals. One of the greatest of them said to me last year:

“No, we really know nothing about it, after all. We have managed to do a great many things with it. We have learned some of its properties, but it holds fast its inner secrets. The great universe of electrical discovery has hardly been entered.” But electricity is not the only modern mystery.

Take photography, that wizard-like science. The man who, fifty years ago, would have predicted the moving picture which has already become commonplace to us, would have been rejected as a madman. Tele-photography is almost as remarkable as the moving picture. Color-photography will yet be reduced to perfection. The chemists are constantly astounding us with suggestions so remarkable that they are weird.

Luther Burbank creating new species of plant life, Max Standfuss doing the like with insects, make the Arabian Nights commonplace and dull. Think of the Roentgen rays! Think of the achievement of the wonderful young Italian! Marconi's invention seems un-

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canny, so impossible does it appear even when you watch his magic instrument at work.

In the laboratories of Europe and America investigations are this very moment being made into Nature's securest secrets. The mystery of to-day will be to-morrow's accepted and commonplace truth. One seizes one's head and closes one's eyes in bewilderment at the possibilities of science in every direction.

All the great inventions, all the great discoveries, made! How like the egotism of the infinitesimal mind of the human race that thought this!

If all the great inventions and discoveries have been made, man has already mastered all of the laws of God's universe, and applied them practically to all conditions and substances in existence. How absurd!

The field of invention and scientific discovery is like that strange and awful manifestation known as the "Milky Way." We see it with our naked eye—numberless stars and a pale, growing blur around and behind them, and we childishly call it the "Milky Way."

That miracle called the telescope is invented; we look again, and there are more and new stars—but, still farther on in the infinite depths, the blur of light. Higher and

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higher goes the power of telescope after telescope, but all that they reveal is a bewildering infinitude of more new stars—and beyond that again the “Milky Way.”

This is an old and commonplace illustration, I know very well; but it exactly represents the possibilities of new and vast inventions, of strange and priceless discoveries, wherever you turn your eye.

The only question is whether you have the *eye*. The conditions are there to be discovered—*begging* for discovery. If you have vision and do not produce a great invention, the fault is not in the universe about you. Of course, if you haven't vision, do not attempt it. Darius Green and his flying machine are ridiculous always.

What I have said of invention, war, statesmanship, literature, journalism, and the law, may be applied to every conceivable field of human thought. I merely wish to impress upon the great mass of young Americans that not only have all the great things not been done, but that the greatest of great things are yet to come.

If you have greatness in you, do not be discouraged. “It is up to *you*.”

Do not be discouraged, either, at failure and

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rebuke and defeat. If you are going to attempt great things, remember you are starting on a trunk-line. Very well; all continental trunk-lines have tunnels here and there. But these tunnels are black with only temporary gloom.

It is only the short roads that do not run through the mountains. Tunnels—flashes of darkness—are certain to those who travel far. Think of this—you who have troubles, difficulties, discouragements.

But if on finding your limitations, as suggested in the first chapter of this book, you discover neither inclination nor talent for these great ventures in thought or action, do not, as you value happiness, and even life, attempt great things; for your failure has been written before you were born.

Do the thing which is in proportion to yourself; and if that thing is not great, still you have served yourself, your family, your country, and the world, just as much as he who has done a larger thing, and you deserve just as much credit for doing it.

None of us controlled the color of our eyes or the texture of our brain. If we could have done so, perhaps we should have been different from what we are. And we cannot change

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the nature and relations of things now; for "which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature"?

But be your deeds little or big, one thing you *can* do and be: *You can be a man* and do a man's work, heart gentle, and fearless feet on the earth, but eyes on the stars. And to be a MAN, in our American meaning of that word, is glory enough for this earthly life. *Be a man*, be you street-sweeper or the Republic's President, and know that emperor on throne of gold can be no more, and is lucky if he is as much.

IX

NEGATIVE FUNDAMENTALS

AT one of the great official receptions at the White House one night some years ago, a group of two or three gentlemen were observing the swirling throng, with its ambitions, its jealousies, its brief flashes of happiness, its numberless and infinitesimal intrigues, its atmosphere of jaded, blasé, and defeated expectations.

One of the group was perhaps the greatest master of that mere political craft and that management of men for the ordinary uses of politics, as we employ the word, that the country has yet produced. He was a sage of human nature. It was this quality, combined with many other qualities, and the existence of certain conditions, that made him the power that he was. From a practical point of view, what he said about men was always worth while.

"No, I don't consider him effective," said this great politician when asked his opinion of

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a certain very prominent man in public life, who had just entered, and who was chatting and occasionally laughing with some boisterousness. "Really, he talks too much. Not that he betrays his confidences; not even that he annoys, for what he says is always bright; but—he talks too much; that is all."

"It's a pity," said one of the group, who was a famous Washington newspaper correspondent, "that *that* man has never married."

He was talking of another very strong professional and political man who had reached more than forty years of age and was still a bachelor. "He needs the finer sense and restraining influence of woman in his life."

The remark of the first speaker instantly recalled an observation made several years ago by another very astute—even great—politician in the minor and narrow sense of that word. He was at that time a candidate for the nomination for President, and, according to all the tricks of the game of politics, should have won it; but he failed, as, it seems, with two exceptions, all mere politicians have failed in securing that most exalted office in the world.

This political candidate actually knew the leading men in each state, and in each part

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of each state—so careful and thorough had been his purely personal preparation. “How is Mr. —, of —, in your state? I hope he is well. He is a keen and persistent man,” was his inquiry of and comment on a certain man. And he asked questions concerning three or four. Among them he said: “And Mr. —, of your state; how is his health? He is very brilliant, yes, even able, but—he drinks too much.”

Three generalizations may justly be deducted from the above discursive talk. They are practically the ones with which for many years I have been impressed—namely, that that man will be of very little present use, and of no permanent and ultimate value to the world or to himself, who drinks too much, who talks too much, or who thinks he can get along without the ennobling influence of women.

Let us take them one at a time. A young man could hardly do a more fatal thing than to fall into the habit of taking stimulants. This is no temperance lecture. It is merely a summary of suggestions, by observing which the young man may avoid a few of the rocks in his necessarily rugged pathway to success. I emphasized this in two preceding chapters and shall reiterate it again and again; for I

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am trying to say a helpful word to *you*; and all your talents will be folly and all your toil the labor of Sisyphus if you companion with the bottle.

The belief sometimes entertained, that it is necessary to drink in order to impress your sociability upon companions who also drink, is utterly erroneous. One day a dinner was given by one of the great lawyers of this country in honor of another lawyer of distinction, and among those present was a young man of promise who at that time was considerably in the public eye.

The dinner began with a cocktail, and the young man was the only one of the brilliant company who did not drink it. He was not ostentatious in his refusal, but merely lifted the glass to his lips and then set it down with the others. Nor did he take any wine throughout the dinner. The incident was noticed by only a few, and those few chanced to meet at a club the next day. The young man was the topic of their conversation.

“Well,” said the great lawyer, “a young man who has enough self-restraint to deny himself as that young man did, and who at the same time is so scintillating in speech, so genuine and original in thought, and so charm-

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ing in manner, has in him simply tremendous possibilities. I have not been so impressed in a long time as I was by his refraining from drinking."

This incident is related simply to show that a young man loses nothing in the esteem of those who themselves drink by declining to join them.

I repeat, this is no temperance lecture. I know perfectly well that some of the strongest men in business and politics and literary life in this country take wine occasionally at the dinner-table and elsewhere. Nor are they to be condemned for it. But this paper is meant to contain vital suggestions to *young men* with life's possibilities and difficulties before them.

It is so entirely uncertain whether you have the will in you to keep your hands very firmly on the reins of the wild horses of habit. It is so utterly unknown to you whether you may not have inherited from an ancestor, even very remote, an inflammable blood which, once touched by stimulant, is ever after on fire.

You risk too much, and you risk it needlessly. My earnest advice is not to try it. I will leave to the doctors the description of its effect on nerve and brain, and to common observation the universal testimony to the

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peculiar blurring of judgment which stimulant of any kind usually produces. Besides, it is a very bad thing for a young man to get a reputation for.

I have concluded, after very careful observation, that there is a mighty change being wrought in this habit, and that a great majority of the young men who are now the masters of affairs are abstainers. In short, drinking will soon be out of style, and very bad form.

Consider these illustrations: I know a young man who is just forty years of age and who is practically the head of one of the greatest business institutions in the world. He has worked his way to that position by ability, character, and untiring industry, from the very humblest position in his company's service. He is a total abstainer.

I know another, also just forty, who is president of one of the largest banks in America. When I first knew him, very many years ago, he occupied the position of cashier in a comparatively obscure financial house. Merit alone has placed him where he is now. He had no friends when he began, no "influence," hardly an acquaintance. But he had *himself*, clear brained and steady pulsed—and that was

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enough. He, too, does not touch stimulants of any kind.

Or, to get out of that class of occupations—one of the most successful political “bosses” in this country, a man who makes politics his profession, and who, just past forty, is in control of the political machine of one of our great cities, rose to that position, by ability alone, from the occupation of a street-car driver. He also is a total abstainer.

Not only do any of these three young men not drink—also they neither smoke nor swear. And they are types of twentieth century success. The “stein-on-the-table-and-a-good-song-ringing-clear” kind of man is out of date.

You see, so nerve-consuming are all the activities of modern life that only the very highest types of effectiveness succeed. Brain of ice, hand of steel, heart of fire, clear vision, and cold, steady grasp of the lever and masterful, and yet a passionate relentlessness—these are necessary. Stimulants destroy effectiveness; that is the trouble with them. And you need every ounce of your power. Do not let the people who talk “moderation” to you persuade you otherwise. We find many such in what is called “society,” where the taking of wine moderately is universal.

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I repeat that you cannot tell what your powers of resistance are. Unfortunately, many of the world's noblest characters have had nerves so finely wrought and brain so vivid that a single drop of stimulant started a perfect conflagration within them. One of the ablest men this country has ever known, when questioned by a friend as to what had been the greatest pleasure of his life, said: "The greatest 'pleasure' of my life is the delirium of intoxication"; and then he went on to say how sure he was that if the fires of desire had never been lighted in his blood he would have done better work.

All of us can recall such examples in our own experience. Don't risk it, therefore, young man. Why take the chance? for even if you discover no taste for it, you will find that there is nothing in it, after all. Why this hazard of your powers, just to find out whether you can resist? It is a one-sided gamble, is it not? Even fools refuse to play when they know that the dice may be loaded.

Don't think that you have got to be a great public man, or a big politician, or a celebrated scientist, or distinguished in any line, before these practical truths apply to you. You must build your whole life upon them from the very

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beginning. For example, I know a man who for several years has been exercising ever-increasing power in his State. He selects his lieutenants with greatest possible care, consulting with trained advisers about the qualifications of each man to whom any political work is to be trusted.

Very well. The first question asked always is, "Does he drink?" If he does, that fact strikes a black line through his name. He is no longer considered, no matter how capable and energetic he may be otherwise. For, ordinarily, another man just as effective can be found who does not have this defect.

This entire chapter could be taken up with these instances; and the increasing number of them, the remarks I have quoted of that master of worldly wisdom at the White House reception, the observation of the great politician about the strong man of his party in another state, fairly justify, I think, a suggestion to young men that as a practical, worldly, and business matter they had better use no stimulants, either alcoholic or others, for others are just as bad, or worse, than the former. Indeed, alcohol and other various forms of wines and other like stimulants have had a disproportionate amount of abuse

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heaped upon them. Let the young man look out for all kinds of stimulants.

Weariness, exhaustion even, is no excuse. If you are tired, take a rest. If your natural energy is not equal to your task, take a lesser task. There is nothing more melancholy than the spectacle of men, young or old, attempting things out of proportion to themselves. It is hard to gage what is beyond one's natural powers, it is true. But if you feel the need of stimulants to keep you up to the level of your work, that is at least one unfailling test of your limitations. I must repeat, for the third time, that all of this advice—no, let us say suggestion—is made only as a matter of practical help to *young* men trying to get on in the world.

It is the mere business side of the question at which we are looking now, for it is business itself that is working this change. People do not want a lawyer whose brain is not clear, a doctor, dealing with life and death, whose perceptions are not steady and natural. People refuse to ride on trains hauled by engineers who may be drinking, and so on. It is all a matter of cold-blooded business.

The conditions and requirements of modern society are coming to demand greater and greater sobriety from those in responsible

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places, no matter whether at the head of a party or a railway train. The spiritual phase, the medical view, the moral, social, and economic sides of the question I would not, under any circumstances, assume to deal with. On all these there are various views, none of which would I undertake to weigh or judge.

And excessive talking! Don't indulge in that either. Politicians are not the only ones who think interminable talk an indication of weakness. I knew a liveryman who was also a great horse-trader. Said he: "I shy clear across the road when a tonguey man tries to deal with me."

Of course, reserve in speech, particularly in conversation, is so ancient and favorite a subject of the giver of advice that it is now commonplace. Literature is full of it. Shakespeare nearly reaches the crest of it in the advice Polonius gave to his son. But here, as always, the very climax is the Bible.

"Let your communication be Yea, yea; Nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil."

This is not advice to taciturnity. It is not a suggestion that you should be stolid and wooden in manner and speech. The reason of it is to prevent you from making mistakes or

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betraying yourself by foolish and unnecessary utterance. My suggestion to young men that they practise reserve in speech is merely a practical and almost a commercial matter. Do not be "a man full of talk," as Zophar cuttingly puts it.

There is a loss of authority that comes from incessant talking. There is a surrender of dignity, which is one of the most influential things in man's attitude toward and in connection with his fellows. Silence, or rather reserve, gives a kind of emphasis to what you do. To a great many, also, there is an index of your character in the quantity of your speech. It is so refreshing to meet a man from whom you draw the feeling that he is as deep and as full as the seven seas.

This will never be drawn from any man whose talk is continuous, no matter if he is an encyclopedia of information and a battery of brilliancy. A man may be as comprehensive and profound as the oceans; the point is, that other men will not easily be made to believe it. His continued sparkle suggests a champagne bottle with its limitations, rather than the illimitable deep. A good deal of this is unjust, and comes from the universal egotism of mankind. Most men like to feel

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themselves both brilliant and copious; and they want *you* to listen to *them*. Very well—*you* do it; *you* listen to them.

There is a suggestion of wisdom in reserve of speech which may be altogether out of proportion to the facts. Are we not all continually quoting with approval Sir Walter Raleigh's line:

“The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb.”

Many a silent man is as shallow as he is silent—but he *may* be as deep also; and because he gives no sign as to whether he is deep or shallow, and because his silence offends no one and is not in the way of those who want to talk, he is given credit for profundity.

We all know the story of the worn-out, world-tired club-man who said he was looking for a man who was really wise, really experienced, and really deep. At last he felt that he had found him in another club-man—very handsome, especially full of forehead and broad between the eyes, perfectly groomed, and silent to the point of stillness. The Searcher for a Wise Man tried to engage him in conversation on a hundred different

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subjects. His attempts met with failure; which made a still deeper impression.

But at a certain dinner one night, where both of these men were guests, the club-man arranged to have the silent one sit next to him. Every attempt was still a failure. Nothing more than "Yes" or "No" could be gotten from the deep one. But when shrimps were brought on, the supposedly great man colored with pleasure, and said: "Hey, shrimps! Them's the dandies!" The illusion dissolved.

I do not know whose story this is, but it illustrates my point so well that I appropriate it. In other words, your permanent attitude, your continuous impression on the world, is one of your assets, just as your ability is, just as your character is; and discretion in speech is a matter of great moment as affecting this impression. I use the term continuous attitude and impression, because it is a small matter what your temporary and transient impression is. If it becomes necessary, talk to any extent required, no matter what the immediate impression may be. But it is the stream and continuity of your life of which I am now speaking.

The three distinguished successes cited a moment ago in financial and political life do

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not drink, smoke, or swear. Mark that latter fact—they do not swear. I repeat again that this is no Sunday-school lecture, but the plainest kind of a talk on practical methods of success. The money you will lay aside in bank, or the property you will accumulate, is one kind of an asset; but the respect of men, the confidence of a community, is an asset also, and a more valuable one. Very well. An oath never yet created respect for any man who used it.

Even men who are habitually profane always feel a contemptuous yet pitying regret when they hear a foul word fall from a mouth they expected to be clean. You want people you live among to believe in you. They are not going to believe in you spontaneously. You are on trial every day of your first few years among them. As you go in and out among them they acquire a confidence in you which finally grows into an unquestioning faith. Beware how you start, in the minds of men whose good-will you must have, a question as to whether their good opinion of you is justified or not. Profanity will create such a question.

I remember having heard the most promising young lawyer in a certain town swear in the presence of a conservative old banker who

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had begun to "take the young man up" and was giving him some business. The gray-bearded man of money made no comment, but I noted a slight lifting of the eyebrows. That young man had unconsciously started a question of himself in the mind of the man whose business friendship he was seeking. How did that question run?

"What's this? An oath! I'm surprised. How does this young fellow happen to swear? Perhaps I do not know as much of him as I ought to. I must look into his antecedents more closely. What kind of training has he had? What other bad habits has he had, and has he now? Yes, certainly I must look into this young man a little more before I trust him further."

That is how the question ran in the old man's mind. And nobody can tell whether he ever did completely trust the young fellow again or not. A subconscious inquiry was doubtless always present whenever that young man's work was mentioned. No matter whether the old banker's caution was justified; no matter whether this sensitiveness to the language which the young man used is reasonable or not—the young man needs all the respect and confidence he can possibly get. It is a good thing

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for him to have the admiration of those among whom he dwells, but their respect and confidence he must have. He cannot get along without that. Let him be clean of speech, therefore.

This growing prejudice against profanity is not unreasonable. Oaths indicate a poverty of language—of ideas. The thief, the burglar, the low-class criminal everywhere, expresses all his emotions by oaths. Are they angry? They swear. Surprised? They swear. Delighted? They swear. Every conception of the mind, every impulse of the blood, is expressed in the narrow and base vocabulary of profanity. So that the first thing an oath indicates is that he who uses it has limited intellectual resources, otherwise he would not employ so commonplace a method of expressing himself.

Then, too, we quite unconsciously connect the swearing man with the class which habitually employs profanity as the staple of its talk; and so he who uses an oath in our presence automatically sinks to a little lower level in our esteem. We cannot help it. We do not reason out the why and wherefore of it, but we know it is so.

Do not justify yourself by talking about

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Washington raging at Monmouth, or Paul Jones boarding the *Serapis*, or Erskine climaxing his greatest effort for justice with an appeal to the Father of the universe. These men all swore, and swore mightily on those occasions, but their oaths were oaths indeed.

Liberty or tyranny, life or death, justice or infamy, hung in the balance, and their oaths were prayers as earnest as ever ascended to the Throne. But that is no example for you, young man. If you will agree never to use an oath until you have the provocation of treason, and your country thereby endangered, as Washington had at Monmouth, there are a million chances to one that the Sacred Name will never pass your lips in vain.

I knew a man in the logging-camps twenty-eight years ago. He there acquired that lurid speech which was the language by which oxen, horses, and men themselves were in those times driven in those rude camps of rugged industry. My friend did not remain a logger. He became a lawyer and achieved some distinction and success, but he could not shake off the habit of swearing. He would find himself "ripping out an oath," as the saying is, on the most surprising occasions—and they were brilliant oaths, splendid, flashing, corus-

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cating oaths. His talk was a very tropic jungle of profanity.

So great were his abilities, so unceasing and intense his energies, and so upright his life, that he succeeded in spite of this defect. But this strong, fine man told me that this low habit of speech delayed his progress constantly. A few years ago, in a great crisis in his life, he was suddenly able to break the spell, and I think he is now prouder of his clean words and that mastery of himself which their use indicates than he is of any single success he has achieved or of any single honor he has won.

But the newspaper correspondent said the truest thing of all when he suggested that the really capable and apparently successful lawyer and politician, observed in the passing throng, had made a mistake in not having had the influence of woman in his life. There is positively nothing of such value to young men—yes, and to old men, too—as the chastening and powerful influence for good which women bring into their lives.

This is the universal opinion, too. All literature voices it. Wilhelm Meister and The Old Cattleman alike declare it. "There is no doubt about it," exclaims the sage of Wolf-

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ville, "woman is a refinin', an ennoblin' influence. * * * She subdooes the reckless, subjoogates the rebellious, sobers the friv'lous, burns the ground from onder the indolent moccasins of that male she's roped up in holy wedlock's bonds an' pints the way to a higher and happier life. And that's whatever!" And The Old Cattleman even includes the raucous "Missis Rucker—as troo a lady as ever baked a biscuit."

I should be the last man in the world to suggest that a young man should keep himself "tied to his mother's apron-strings," as is the saying of the people; and this is not what I mean when I again earnestly suggest that he keep as close to his mother's opinions, teachings, and influence as the circumstances of life will permit.

The same thing, as already pointed out, may be said with reference to a man's wife—even more strongly, if possible. But the conversation and opinion of any good woman are, as a practical matter and a measure of worldly wisdom, simply beyond price. She is wise with that sublimated reason called "woman's instinct."

There is, too, a human quality kept alive and growing in your character by woman's associa-

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tion and influence that, as a matter of business power in meeting the world and its problems, is far and away beyond the value of the craft of the trickiest gamester of affairs, business, or politics who ever lived.

It is a saying of the farmer folks among whom I was raised that such and such a person "has principle," meaning that the person so described is upright, trustworthy, judicious; that such a person's attitude toward God and man and the world is correct.

Women "have principle" in the sense in which that term is used by the country people. They will keep you true to the order of things—to the constitution of the universe. They will do this not so much by preaching at you, as by the influence of their very personality.

The man who has gotten out of touch with womankind is not to be feared. He is to be pitied rather than feared, for he is out of harmony with the world—he is disarmed. No matter how large his mind and great his courage, he is neutralized for all natural, properly proportioned, and therefore enduring, effort.

I know a physician who, still young, has reached the head of his profession in this country. Sundays and the evenings with his wife

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and children are not enough for him; he takes Wednesday also. Precisely this same thing is done by the young captain of finance and affairs whom I described first in this paper as being a total abstainer. This is not done for the rest it gives these men; or, if it is done for that, it is not the greatest benefit they get out of it.

They come back to their work with clearer and stronger conceptions of human character and of truth in the abstract and the concrete, with which all men, no matter what their profession or business may be, must deal. They have a new tenderness, a larger tolerance, a broader vision of life and humanity, and therefore of their business, which is merely a phase of life and affairs.

This particular suggestion would appear to me to be unnecessary were it not for the fact that I see the increasing number of men who think that their business or profession or career is the important thing, and that in these the influence of woman is not essential. They are frightfully wrong who think so. I am trying to give practical suggestions to young men. Therefore I emphasize the practical value of the influence of women.

Remember that most great men have been

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discovered by women, and that nearly all of them have had her for their inspiration.

The value of woman's society on character and intellect is above that of the conversation of the most learned and experienced men. It is the elemental and natural in her that give a perspective of life and its larger purposes that man alone cannot possibly secure.

The sum of practical wisdom for young men is to keep close to the elemental principles. I think Marcus Aurelius says, in his philosophy, "Let your principles be few and elemental." And here again the Bible puts it even better than this glorious old Stoic, directing us "to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God."

Above all things, do not lose your confidence in your fellow men. You are not a very great man if you are not great enough to stand betrayal. You would better have your confidence broken a dozen times a day than to fall into the attitude of universal suspicion.

Keep your sweet faith in our common humanity, do not excite your nerves and intellect by intoxicants, keep close to the saving and elevating influence of women, and then—go ahead and work as hard as you please, be as keen as you choose, fight as savagely as you

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like, and there is no power that can stay your conquest of the world; for the very nature of things themselves and the whole order of the universe are your allies and your servants. But do not get the impression that you are to be maudlinly "good." Oh, no! that is as fatal almost as wickedness.

X

THE YOUNG MAN AND THE NATION

YOU are an American—remember that; and be proud of it, too. It is the noblest circumstance in your life. Think what it means: The greatest people on earth—to be one of that people; the most powerful Nation—to be a member of that Nation; the best and freest institutions among men—to live under those institutions; the richest land under any flag—to know that land for your country and your home; the most fortunate period in human history—to live in such a day. This is a dim and narrow outline of what it means to be an American. Glory in that fact, therefore. Your very being cannot be too highly charged with Americanism. And do not be afraid to assert it.

The world forgives the egotist of patriotism. “We Germans fear God, and nothing else!” thundered Bismarck on closing his greatest speech before the Reichstag. It was the very frenzy of pride of race and country. Yet

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even his enemies applauded. If it was narrow, it was grandly patriotic. It was more: it appealed to the elemental in their breasts.

Love of one's own is a universal and deathless passion, common not only to human beings but also shared by all animate creation. Be an American, therefore, to the uttermost limit of consciousness and feeling. Thank God each day that your lot has fallen beneath the Stars and Stripes. It is a sacred flag. There is only one holier emblem known to man.

You have American conditions about you every day, and so their value and advantage become commonplace and unnoted. To any young man afflicted with the disease of thinking life hard and burdens heavy in this Republic, I know of no remedy equal to a trip abroad. You will find things to admire in France; you will applaud things in Germany; you will see much in other lands that suggests modifications of American methods.

But after you have traveled all over the earth; after you have seen Teutonic system made ten times more perfect in Japan and Slav patience outdone in China—in short, after you circle the globe and sojourn among its peoples, you will come home a living, breathing, thinking Fourth of July.

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Of course I do not mean that we are perfect—we are still crude; or that we have not made mistakes—we have rioted in error; or that other nations cannot teach us something—we can learn greatly from them, and we will. But this is the point as it affects you, young man: Among all the uncounted millions of human beings on this earth, none has the opportunities to make the most of life that the young American has.

No government now existing or described by history gives you such liberty of effort, or scatters before and around you such chances. No soil now occupied by any separate nation is so bountiful or resourceful. No other people have our American unwearied spirit of youth. The composite brain of no other nation yeasts in thought and ideas like the combined intellect of the American millions.

For, look you, our institutions invite every man to do his best. There is positively no position which a man of sufficient mind, energy, and character cannot obtain, no reward he cannot win. Everybody, therefore, is literally "putting in his best licks" in America. In other countries there is in comparison a general atmosphere of "what's the use?"—a comparative slumberousness of activity and effort.

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Then, again, the American people are made up of the world's boldest spirits and the descendants of such. The Puritans, who gave force, direction, and elevation to our national thought and purpose, were the stoutest hearts, the most productive minds of their time. Their characteristics have not disappeared from their children.

The same is true, generally, but of course in an infinitely lesser degree, of most of our immigrants. Usually it is the nery and imaginative men who go to a new country. Our own pioneers were endowed with daring and vision. They had the courage and initiative to leave the scarcely warmed beds of their new-made homes and push farther on into the wilderness.

The blue-eyed, light-haired Swede who, among all in his little Scandinavian village, decides to come to America, the Irishman who does the like, are, for the most part, the hopeful, venturesome, self-reliant members of their communities across the sea. The German who turns his face from the Fatherland, seeking a new home half across the world, brings us some of the most vigorous blood in the Kaiser's Empire. Such men believe in better things—have the will to try to get those better things.

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Thus, the American Republic is an absorbent of the optimism of the world. We attract to ourselves the children of faith and hope among the common people of other nations. And these are the types we are after. They are the most vital, the least exhausted. I should not want "the flower" of other nations to immigrate to our shores. Nature is through with them, and they must be renewed from below. Do not object to human raw material for our citizenship. One or two generations will produce the finished product.

What says Emerson:

"The lord is the peasant that was,
The peasant the lord that shall be.
The lord is hay, the peasant grass,
One dry and one the living tree."

The purpose of our institutions is to manufacture manhood.

Make it impossible for the criminal and diseased, the vicious and the decadent, to come to us; bar out those who seek our country merely because they cannot subsist in their own, and you will find that the remainder of our immigrants are valuable additions to our populations. Don't despise these common people who come to us from other lands.

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Don't despise the common people anywhere on earth. The Master did not go to the "first citizens" for His followers. He selected the humblest. He chose fishermen. A promoter of a financial enterprise does not do this. But the Saviour was not a promoter; He was teacher, reformer, Redeemer.

Then, too, consider our imperial location on the globe. If all the minds of all the statesmen who ever lived were combined into one vast intellect of world-wisdom, and if this great composite brain should take an eternity to plan, it could not devise a land better located for power and world-dominance than the American Republic.

On the east is Europe, with an ocean between. This ocean is a highway for commerce and a fluid fortress for defense, an open gateway of trade and a bulwark of peace.

On the west is the Orient, with its multitude of millions. Between Asia and ourselves is again an ocean. And again this ocean is an invitation to effort and a condition of safety.

The Republic is thus enthroned between the two great oceans of the world. Its seat of power commands both Europe and Cathay.

On the north is slowly building a great people, developing a dominion as imperial as our

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own. The same speech and blood of kinship make certain the ultimate union with our vital brothers across our northern frontier.

To the south is a group of governments over whom the sheer operation of natural forces is already establishing a sort of American oversight and suzerainty.

Mark, now, our harbors. Behold how cunningly the Master Strategist has placed along our coasts great ports from which communication with the ends of earth naturally radiates.

Consider, too, the sweep of the ocean's currents in relation to this country. Observe the direction and effect of the Gulf Stream, and of the great current of the Pacific seas upon our coasts. Follow on your map the direction of our rivers, and see how nicely Nature has designed the tracery of the Republic's waterways.

In short, ponder over the incomparable position of this America of yours—this home and country of yours—on the surface of the globe. When you think of it, not only will your mind be uplifted in pride, but you will sink to your knees in prayerful gratitude that the Father has given you such a land, with such opportunities, for your earthly habitation.

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Attempt now to estimate our resources. Your mathematics are not equal to it. The available productivity of the Mississippi Valley exceeds the supply of all the fertile regions of fable or history. The country watered by the Columbia or the Oregon surpasses in wealth-producing power the valleys of the Nile or the Euphrates in ancient times.

Our deposits of coal and iron already under development are equalled nowhere on earth except perhaps by the unopened mines of China; and greater fields of ore and fuel than those which we are now working are known positively to exist within our dominions. The mere indexing of America's material possibilities well-nigh stuns credulity.

But all these are definite and physical things, things you can measure or weigh. More valuable than all of these combined are our American institutions and our exalted National ideals.

You can meditate all day on the reasons for pride in your Americanism, and each reason you think of will suggest others. The examples I have given are only hints. Be proud of your Americanism, therefore—earnestly, aggressively, fervently proud of your Americanism. I like to see patriotism have a religious

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ardor. It will put you in harmony with the people you are living among, which, I repeat, is the first condition of success.

Also it puts a vigor, manliness, mental productivity into you. Make it a practise, when going to your business or your work each morning, to reflect how blessed a thing it is to be an American, and why it is a blessed thing. Then observe how your backbone stiffens as you think, how your step becomes light and firm, how the very soul of you floods with a kind of sunlight of confidence.

There was a time when each one of that masterful race that lived upon the Tiber's banks in the days of the Eternal City's greatest glory believed that "to be a Roman was greater than to be a king." And the ideals of civic duty were more nearly realized in that golden hour of human history than they had ever been before—or than they have ever been since until now.

Very well, young man. If to be a Roman then was greater than to be a king, what is it to be an American now?

Think of it! To be an American at the beginning of the twentieth century!

Ponder over these eleven words for ten minutes every day. After a while you will begin

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to appreciate your country, its institutions, and the possibilities which both produce.

Realizing, then, that you are an American, and that, after all, this is a richer possession than royal birth, make up your mind that you will be worthy of it, and then go ahead and be worthy of it.

Be a part of our institutions. And understand clearly what our institutions are. They are not a set of written laws. *American institutions are citizens in action.* American institutions are the American people in the tangible and physical process of governing themselves.

A book ought to be written describing how our government actually works. I do not mean the formal machinery of administration and law-making at Washington or at our state capitals. These multitudes of officers and groups of departments, these governors and presidents, these legislatures and congresses, are not the government; they are the instruments of government.

The people are the government. What said Lincoln in his greatest utterance? "A government of the people, for the people, and by the people," are the great American's words. And Lincoln knew.

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The real thing is found at the American fireside. This is the forum of both primary and final discussion. These firesides are the hives whence the voters swarm to the polls. The family is the American political unit. Men and measures, candidates and policies, are there discussed, and their fate and that of the Republic determined. This is the first phase of our government, the first manifestation of our institutions.

Then comes the machinery through which these millions of homes "run the government." I cannot in the limited space of this paper describe this system of the people; the best I can do is to take a type, an example. In every county of every state of the Nation each party has its committee. This committee consists of a man from each precinct in each township of the county. These precinct committeemen are chosen by a process of natural selection. They are men who have an aptitude for marshaling their fellow men.

In the country districts of the Republic they are usually men of good character, good ability, good health, alert, sleepless, strong-willed. They are men who have enough mental vitality to believe in something. When they cease to be effective they are dropped, and

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new men substituted by a sort of common consent. There are nearly two hundred thousand precinct committeemen in the United States.

These men are a part of American institutions in action. They work all the time. They talk politics and think politics in the midst of their business or their labor. Their casual conversation with or about every family within their jurisdiction keeps them constantly and freshly informed of the tendency of public opinion.

They know how each one of their neighbors feels on the subject of protection, or the Philippines, or civil service, or the currency. They know the views of every voter and every voter's wife on public men. They understand whether the people think this man honest and that man a mere pretender. The consensus of judgment of these precinct committeemen indicates with fair accuracy who is the "strongest man" for his party to nominate, and what policies will get the most votes among the people.

This is their preliminary work. When platforms have been formulated and candidates have been chosen, these men develop from the partizan passive to the partizan militant. They

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know those who, in their own party, are "weakening," and by the same token those who are "weakening" in the other party.

They know just what argument will reach each man, just what speaker the people of their respective sections want to hear upon public questions. They keep everybody supplied with the right kind of literature from their party's view-point.

They either take the poll of their precinct or see that it is taken; and that means the putting down in a book the name of each voter, his past political allegiance, his present political inclinations, the probable ballot he will cast, etc.

Not many of these men do this work for money or office. There are too many of them to hope for reward. Primarily they do it because they are naturally Americans, because they have the gift of government, because they like to help "run the show." They are useful elements of our political life, and they are modest. They seldom ask anything for themselves.

They do require, however, that their opinions shall be taken into account as to appointments to office made from their county, and of course they make their opinions felt in

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all nominating conventions. Without these men our "American institutions" would look beautiful on paper but they would work haltingly. They would move sluggishly. They might even rust, and fall to pieces from decay.

This much space has been given to the political precinct committeeman because, as I have said, he is a type. He is the man who sees that the "citizen" does not forget his citizenship. This great body of men, fresh from the people, of the people, living among the people, are perpetually renewed from the ranks of the people.

All this occurs, as has been said, by a process of natural selection. The same process selects from this great company of "workers" county, district, and state committeemen—county, district, and state chairmen. And the process continues until it culminates in our great National committees, headed by masterful captains of popular government, under whose generalship the enormous work of National and state campaigns is conducted.

Very well. If you appreciate your Americanism, young man, show it by being a part of American institutions. Be one of these precinct committeemen, or a county committeeman, or a state committeeman, or a worker

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of some kind. If *you* do not, a bad man will; and that will mean bad politics and bad government.

You see, this whole question of good government is right up to *you*. *You* are the remedy for bad government, young man—*you* and not somebody else, not some theory. So be a committeeman or some sort of a “worker” in real politics. Help run our institutions *yourself*, or, rather, be a part of our institutions yourself.

If you have neither the time nor aptitude for such active work, at least be a citizen. That does not mean merely that you shall go to the polls to vote. It does not even mean that you shall go to the primaries only. It means a great deal more than that.

At the very least be a member of an active political club which is working for your party's success. There are such clubs in most wards of our cities.

They are the power-houses of our political system. Party sentiment finds its first public expression there—often it has its beginnings there in the free conversations which characterize such American political societies. You will find the “leaders” gathering there, too; and in the talks among these men those plans

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gradually take form by which nominations are made and even platforms are formulated.

These "leaders" are men who, in the practical work of politics, develop ability, activity, and effectiveness. There is a great deal of sneering at the lesser political leaders in American politics. They are called "politicians," and the word is used as a term of reproach, and sometimes deservedly. But ordinarily these "leaders," especially in the country districts of the Republic, are men who keep the machinery of free institutions running.

The influence of no boss or political general can *retain* a young man in leadership. Favoritism may give you the place of "local leader"; but nothing but natural qualities can keep you in it. The more we have of honest, high-grade "local leaders," the better.

Whether you, young man, become one or not, you ought at least to be a part of the organization, and work with the other young men who are leaders. But be sure to make one condition to your fealty—require them to be honest.

"I have no time for politics," said a business man; "it takes all my time and strength to attend to my business."

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That means that he has no time for free institutions. It means that this "blood-bought privilege" which we call "the priceless American ballot" is not worth as much to him as the turning of a dollar, or even as the loss of a single moment's personal comfort.

"Come down to the club to-night; we are going to talk over the coming campaign," said one man to another in an American city of moderate size and ideal conditions.

"Excuse me," was the answer; "we have a theater party on hand to-night."

Yes; but while the elegant gentleman of society enjoys the witty conversation of charming women, and while the business man is attending to his personal affairs and nothing else, the other fellows are determining nominations, and under the direction of able and creative political captains shaping the policies of parties, and in the end the fate of the Nation.

Of course that is all right if that is your conception of American citizenship. But if this is going to be "a government of the people and by the people," *you*, as one of the people, have got to take part in it. That means you have got to take part in it *all the time*.

Occasional spasms of violent civic virtue

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amount to little in their permanent results. They only scare bad men for a day or two. Their very ardor soon burns them out. The citizen has got to do more than that—he has got to take an every-day-and-every-week interest in our civic life. If he does not, our brave and beautiful experiment in self-government will surely fail and we shall be ruled not even by a trained and skilful tyrant, but by a series of coarse and corrupt oligarchies.

In ancient Israel a certain proportion of the year's produce was given to the Temple. In like manner, if popular government means anything to you, you have got to give up a certain portion of your time and money to *being a part* of this popular government.

Just this is the most important matter in our whole National life. Recently there died the greatest master of practical politics America has produced. Firmly he had kept his steel hand upon his state for thirty years. A dozen times were mighty efforts made to break his over-lordship. Each time his resourcefulness, audacity, and genius confounded his enemies. But finally that undefeated conqueror, Death, took this old veteran captive.

He left an able successor in his seat of power, but a man without that prestige of

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invulnerability which a lifetime of political combat and victory had given the deceased leader. "Here," said every one, "is an opportunity to overthrow the machine." Within a few months an election occurred—not a National election, but one in which the "machine" might have been crippled.

But, *mirabile dictu*, the "good people," the "reformers," the "society" and "business" classes, *did not come out to vote*. They not only formed no plans to set up a new order of things, *they did not even go to the polls*. Yet these were the descendants of the men who founded the Nation and who set free institutions in practical operation.

This shows how American institutions, like everything else, have in themselves the seeds of death if they are not properly exercised. When the great body of our citizens become afflicted with civic paralysis, it is the easiest thing in the world for the strong and resourceful "boss," by careful selection of his precinct committeemen and other local workers all over his state, to seize power—legislative, executive, and even judicial. It has been done more than once in certain places in this country.

Where it is successful, *the Republic no longer endures*. The people no longer rule;

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an oligarchy rules in the name of the people. And where this is true, the people deserve their fate. And so, young man, if you do not expect this fate to overtake the entire country, *you* have got to get right into "the mix of things."

You, I say, not some other man, but *you*, *you*, *you*. *You*—you yourself—*you* are the one who is responsible. Quit your aloofness. Get out of any clubs and desert all associations which sneer at active work in ward and precinct. Do not get political locomotor ataxia.

It was a fine thing that was said by a political leader to a singularly brilliant young man from college who, with letters of unlimited indorsement from the presidents of our three greatest universities, asked for a humble place in the diplomatic service. He wanted to make that service his career.

"I like your style," said the man whose favor the young fellow was soliciting. "Your ability is excellent, your recommendations perfect, your character above reproach, your family a guarantee of your moral and mental worth. But you have done nothing yet among real men.

"Go back to your home; get out of the exclusive atmosphere of your perfumed sur-

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roundings; join the hardest working political club of your party in your city; report to the local leader for active work; mingle with those who toil and sweat.

“Do this until you ‘get a standing’ among other young men who are doing things. Thus you will get close to the people whom, after all, you are going to represent. Also this contact with the sharp, keen minds of the most forceful fellows in your town will be the best training you can get for the beginning of your diplomatic career.”

“Now let me tell you this,” said President Roosevelt to this same young man: “You may have a small under-secretaryship; but let me tell you this,” said he; “do not take it just yet. You are only out of college. Take a post-graduate course with the people. Get down to earth. See what kind of beings these Americans are. Find out from personal contact.

“If you belong to exclusive clubs, quit them, and spend the time you would otherwise spend in their cold and unprofitable atmosphere in mingling with the people, the common people, merchants and street-car drivers, bankers and working men.

“Finally, when you get your post, do as John Hay did—resign in a year, or a couple

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of years, and come home to your own country, and again for a year or two get down among your fellow Americans. In short," said he, "be an American, and never stop being an American."

That is it, young man—that is the whole law and the gospel of this subject. Be an American. And do not be an American of imagination. You cannot be an American by seeing visions and dreaming dreams. You cannot be an American by reading about them. Professor Munsterberg's volume will not make you an American any more than a study of tactics out of a book will make you a soldier.

It is the field that makes you a soldier. It is marching shoulder to shoulder with other soldiers that makes you a soldier. It is mingling with other Americans that makes you an American. Our eighty millions will make you American. Keep close to them. The soil will make you American. Keep close to it.

Utilize your enthusiasms. Do not neutralize them by permitting them to be vague and impersonal. Be for men and against men. Be for policies and against policies. And remember always that it is far more important to be for somebody and something than to be against.

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There is an excellent though fortunately a small class of citizens in this and every other country who are never for anybody but always against somebody. Frequently these men are right in their opposition; but their force is dissipated because they are habitually negative.

I know of nothing better for a young man's character than that he should become the admirer and follower of some noted public man. Let your discipleship have fervor. Permit your youth to be natural. But be sure that the political leader to whom you attach yourself is worthy of your devotion.

Usually this will settle itself. Public men will impress you not only by their deeds, words, and general attitude; but also through a sort of psychic sense within you which illumines and interprets all they say and do, and makes you understand them even better than their spoken words.

This subconscious intelligence which the people come to have of a public man is seldom wrong.

Somehow or other the people know instinctively those who really are unselfishly devoted to the Nation's interest. *In the end* they never fail to know the man who is honest.

This instinctive estimate of the qualities

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of mind and soul of public men will probably select for you the captain to whom you are to give your allegiance. Be faithful and earnest in your championship of him. In this way you make your political life personal and human.

You give to the policies in which you believe the warmth and vitality of flesh and blood. And, best of all, you increase within yourself human sympathies and devotions, and thus make yourself more and more one of the people who in due time, in your turn, it may be your duty to lead, if the qualities of leadership are in you.

This matter of leadership among public men is becoming more and more important, because personality in politics is meaning more every day. Obeying generally, then, your instinct as to the public men whom you intend to follow, subject your choice to the corrective of cold and careful analysis.

It is probably true that the greatest danger of our future is the peril of classes, and inseparably connected with classes the menace of demagoguery. The last decade has revealed signs that the demagogue, in the modern meaning of that word, is making his appearance in American civic life.

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Such men always seize the most attractive "cause" as argument to the people for their support. They are quite as willing to pose as the especial apostles of righteousness and purity as they are to enact the character of the divinely appointed tribunes of patriotism. Whatever the political fashion of the day may be, your demagogue will appeal to it. It makes no difference what methods he finds necessary to use, so that he can achieve the power and consequence which is his only purpose.

If the ruling tendency be for honesty, these men will make that serve their purpose, or commercialism, or expansion, or war, or peace, or what not. There is no conviction about them. Sometimes such a man will represent himself as a great conservative. He does this not because he is conservative (sometimes he does not even know what that word really means), but because he thinks by associating his name with this word he can capture the "solid" elements among the people, business men and the like.

These illustrations can be multiplied without limit. They are as numerous as the "issues" which can be used to influence the people. Beware of the demagogue in what-

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ever guise he presents himself. Look out for the play-actor in politics. Whether he wear the cloth of the pulpit, the uniform of the soldier, the garment of the reformer, he is always the same at heart, never for the people, always for himself; never for the Nation and the future, always for power and the present.

Make sure, then, that the captain whom you elect to follow is above all other things sincere. Insist upon his being genuine. See to it that he is intellectually honest. I do not mean that he should be honest in money matters alone, or in telling the truth merely. I mean that he should be square with himself, as well as with you and the world. When a public man is honest and in earnest, you know it—know it without knowing why.

It is safe to follow such a man as this even when you do not agree with all of his public views. You know that he is honest about them; and a man who is honest *within himself* will change his views, no matter how dear they may be to him, when he finds that he is mistaken about them. The first and last essential of the men who are to voice the opinion and enact the purposes of the American people is an honesty so perfect that it is unconscious of itself.

“He does not deserve the least credit for

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being square," said Dr. Albert Shaw, the eminent editor, scholar, and publicist, concerning a public man; "he was born that way. His mind is so upright that he cannot help saying what he thinks. It would be impossible for him to tell you or the people a falsehood. He is truth personified. His honesty works as naturally as his heart beats, quite free from the influences of his will."

That is the kind of a political leader you ought to attach yourself to, while your young days last and your political and civic character is forming. But follow no man who is striving merely to advance his personal interests. What are they to you? Be sure that the man you choose for your chief is trying to do something for the Nation rather than for himself.

Of course you will belong to some political party. That is all right. Be a partizan. And be a hearty partizan while you are about it. But do not be a narrow one. Never forget that parties are only modes of political action. They are not sacred, therefore. So never mistake partizanship for patriotism. Remember always that your only reason for belonging to any particular party is because you find that the best method of being an American.

When your party is fundamentally wrong

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on some absolutely vital question of *principle* which affects the fate of the Republic, do not hesitate to leave it. It has ceased to be of any use to you. Because your political association has been with certain men is no reason at all for continuing it. Or, rather, it is purely a sentimental reason, like that which makes the companionship of friends so dear, or the comradeship of soldiers so lasting.

But do not break away from your party merely because you think it wrong on minor questions. *If you think its general tendency right, stay loyally with it through its common mistakes.* Try to prevent those mistakes within the party. Fight like a man to make your party take the right course on every question, big or little, as you see it.

But when you are unable to convince the majority of your party associates that they are wrong; when they think that you are the person who is wrong, fall in line with them and march in the ranks, battling even more vigorously than you would had you prevailed. If the majority were right and you were wrong, you ought to help execute their views. If the majority were wrong and you were right, the earlier that fact is demonstrated the better for you and everybody.

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So keep step with your rank and file, whether your party does what you think it ought to do or not on matters of passing moment. But I repeat, on large issues which come to your conscience—*on questions which you think affect the destiny of the Nation*, you are a traitor to the Republic if, in spite of your convictions, you stand by your party and against your country.

But to break with your party on minor issues is foolish. A certain class is coming to regard leaving one's party as a smart thing. But it is not a smart thing. Quitting your party does not necessarily mean independence. It may mean that, and then again it may mean stupidity; and still again it may only mean a "sore head," as the political phrase has it.

In a country as old as ours there finally comes to be in politics a fundamental division. There is the constructive and progressive on the one side, and the destructive and reactionary on the other side. These are merely the centripetal and centrifugal forces of nature at work in human society. Usually it is found that one of these parties is naturally the Governing Party, and the other one is naturally the Party of Opposition.

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Not only your judgment but your instincts will tell you, young man, to which one of these forces you belong. Each has its uses. You can well serve your country in either organization. It is merely a question as to whether you are in character and temperament a builder, a doer of things, or a critic of things done and the doing of them. Each is necessary.

I have no quarrel with your partizan creed, no matter what it is. That is your business. But whatever you are, be National. Be broad. Do not be deceived by catchwords. Remember that this is a Nation in the making. When the first railroad was built across the boundaries of states it modified old-time interpretations of our Constitution.

Telegraph and telephone wires, steam and electric railways, all the means of instantaneous communication which this wizard-like age of ours is weaving from ocean to ocean, are consolidating the American people into a single family.

Natural conditions and the ordinary progress of industry and invention are making old methods inadequate and unjust. So keep abreast of the growing Nation in your political thinking. Solve all American problems

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from the view-point of the Nation, and not from the view-point of state or section. Consider the American people *as* a People, and not as a lot of separate and hostile communities. Be National. Be an American. Know but one flag.

Whatever party you belong to, and whatever your views on public questions, you will never make a profound mistake as long as you keep your civic ideals high and pure. Believe in the mission of the American people. Have faith in our destiny. Never question that this Republic is God's handiwork, and that it will surely do His will throughout the earth.

Understand that we are not living for to-day alone. Keep in mind the future—the tasks, opportunities, and rewards of which for the American people will make our large performances of to-day seem like mere suggestions. Strive to make yourself worthy of this Nation of your ideals.

And of all your ideals, let the Nation itself be the noblest. Fear not lest you pitch your thought too high for American realities and possibilities. No single mind can scale the heights the American people will finally conquer. No single imagination can compass the

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American people's combined activity, power, and righteousness even at this present moment.

We have defects and deficiencies; fear not, they will be remedied and supplied. We have perplexities and problems; fear not, they will be untangled and solved. We have burdens, foreign and domestic; fear not, we will bear them to the place appointed, and, at the hands of the Master who gave us those burdens to carry, receive the reward for the well-doing of our work, and, strengthened by our labor, go on to heavier and nobler tasks which He will have ready and waiting for us.

For this Nation of ours is here for a purpose. He did not give us our liberty for nothing, or our location or our physical resources, or any element of our material, intellectual, or spiritual power. No, the Father of Lights has thus highly endowed us that we may do the very things which are at our hands to-day, and those other and greater things which will follow. It is for us Americans to solve the problems that confront us now, and the still harder and deeper ones that we do not yet behold; and we will solve them, never doubt. Live up to this ideal of your Nation's place and purpose in the world, young man. Be an American.

CHAPTER XI

THE WORLD AND THE YOUNG MAN

THERE has been much counseling of the young man respecting the world. But what of counseling the world respecting the young man? Do not men and women riper in years and richer in experience need to have their attention called to the young man and the potentialities of him. He faces the world with vigor, courage, and faith—this stout-hearted, hopeful young fellow with To-morrow and all its possibilities coiled up in his brain and heart.

The young man is the future incarnate. His soul is the abiding-place of uplifting ideals, and the world—that vast collective individuality to which you and I belong—too often dispels those sensitive enthusiasms by its neglect or disapproval. Do we not find in our daily speech a certain cynicism toward youth? Does not our skeptic wisdom paste the label “illusions” over the word “ideals” written on the young man’s brow? Is there not a refusal to

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recognize young manhood's force until it compels recognition by sheer mastery?

If so, it is a fault that the world should remedy. Not that the young man should not prove himself before the world accepts him; not that he should not win his spurs before he is knighted. No one insists that he shall "make good" more than I do. But in the testing of him, let us give him the help of our kindly attention. Let us lend him the encouragement of our applause as he rides into the lists.

Countless young men have been needlessly discouraged by the indifference of the occupied and the sneers of the calloused. Let us not be so chary of our sympathy. Faith in most young men is a much safer hazard than infidelity. For all things strong and pure and helpful to the world *may* be possible of those young fellows who must, in any event, very soon possess the earth.

So let not the frost of the world's unconcern fall upon young manhood's unfolding powers. Let us beware how we extinguish the feeblest of youth's idealisms. Let us check not the onset of his knight-errantry. And the world does these things—not purposely, not even knowingly, but thoughtlessly. Many a

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young man has had his life's work kept back and the ardor of it chilled by rebuff at the beginning.

Many another has had his faith in God and humanity and the effectiveness of the eternal verities in the world's work enfeebled and even shattered by what he felt was the world's disbelief in them. No statistician can collect and classify the instances of young lives impaired by the heedlessness and insensibility of the mature to the beatitudes which glorify all youth.

This attitude of the world toward young men is not caused by any distrust of them or by any undervaluing of the high qualities of the true, the beautiful, and the good which the young man brings to it. Let no young man get the idea that the world of society and affairs is "down on him," to borrow the phrasing of the people again. Let him never for a moment feel that this world of experience and present power does not believe in him.

For the world does believe in you, young man. It is not "down on" you. It is busy, that is all. It is engaged with the numberless and pressing concerns of its from-day-to-day existence. It is forgetful, no doubt, but its apathy does not go deeper than that.

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With this caution to the young man that he may not misunderstand what is here written, I appeal to men and women, in whose faces the years have etched the lines and wrinkles of knowledge and understanding, to give more attention to young men; to encourage the nobilities of them; to reach down a helping hand from your secure station on the heights to him who struggles upward toward you.

It will not hurt you, sir or madam, to closely watch for signs of developing power in the young men of your acquaintance and to cultivate that growing strength by your active and aggressive faith in the young giant whom you have thus discovered.

Men and women there are who search minutely for unknown powers in plant-life, and by infinite pains in the use of that power, when found, evolve newer, higher, and better types of fruit and flower. And this is a good work. Men and women there are who sweep the infinitudes of the skies that they may find a star hitherto unseen, or steal unawares upon a hidden planet or a flying comet swiftly, yet stealthily, emerging upon the field of the telescope's vision.

And that is a good work, too—yet fruitless, for the immensities of the universe will never

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be measured, nor the mysteries of the skies be solved, nor the stars give up their secrets. Most of us are on some quest which requires the very infinitesimalities of patience, quests that are grand and quests that are foolish, searchings that are useful and explorations that are frivolous.

But the noblest of all prospecting is for strength and high purpose and thoroughbred quality among the young manhood of our Nation. For any one who helps some young man to make his life righteously successful has enriched humanity more than he who reveals a Klondike to the uses and the greed of the clans of trade.

Yes; and he or she who, in the search for strong minds and pure hearts among young men, discovers to the world a *great* man has in that achievement wrought immortality for himself and herself, while rendering to mankind a service like that of a Columbus or a Pasteur. For Columbus discovered a new continent; but what of the man or woman who while looking through all the immaturities of his youth "discovers" a Columbus.

Thus would I direct the divining keenness of our men of affairs, so swift and sure to detect advantages in business, to the young

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men who wait at their outer gates for recognition and service. I would invite the world, whose hearing is so sensitive to the material things of commerce, to the exalted and eternal subject of human characters and human destinies as they are developing daily, hourly, all about us. In a word, I ask the ear of the world for its young men.

I read in some sermon—I think it was by Myron Reed—that the most pathetic thing in life is that a man of either thought or action must spend two-thirds of his time getting a hearing. “During this time,” said the preacher, “the man of thought speaks his immortal word; the man of action does his immortal deed; all the time the World is refusing to listen or to heed; but finally, when the fires of genius have burned low, when the great thoughts have been uttered and the great works wrought, then it is willing to give ear and eye to the necessarily feebler acts and thoughts of the great man’s later days.”

It refuses to come near the fire when in full glow; it comes and puts its hands into the ashes after the flame has died out and the ashes themselves are growing cold. Do we not find ourselves worshiping echoes and ghosts in the persons of men who *once* wrought

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splendidly, and denying the real forces of the present hour until they compel recognition by their overwhelmingness; and then, having exhausted themselves, become in their turn ghosts and echoes.

It is all right to honor those who have done big things and are "living on their reputations"; but it is all wrong to deny to those young men who are doing and will do big things, now and in the future, full and glad recognition of their power and possibilities.

The first thing that the world should remember about the young man who is confronting it, asking his daily bread of it, is the inestimable value of the qualities of freshness, of innocence, of faith, of confidence, of high honesty, of Don Quixote courage which the young man brings to it. These are qualities which in human character are worth all the wisdom of the market-place many million times multiplied. They are the qualities which, in spite of itself, keep the world young and tolerable.

The young man comes to the world fresh from his mother's knee. The Lord's Prayer is still in his mind; his mother taught it to him. The glorious fable of Washington and the cherry-tree is still in his heart; his mother

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taught it to him. A beautiful honor that makes him very foolish on the stock exchange and causes the shrewd ones to say, "He will know more after a while"—the splendid honor that makes him throw over what the world calls "advantages"—still glorifies his soul; his mother taught him that honor. The confidence that God is just, and that success is surely his if he will but do right, still beautifies him like the rose-tinted clouds of morning; it is the influence of his mother's teaching.

Let the world understand that these qualities with which the mother labors to endow her child, from the time the blessing of maternity is hers to the time the bright-eyed young fellow steps out from the old home, are more valuable to the world itself than all its gold-mines, all its scientific discoveries, all its electric railroads, all its games of politics, all its commerce. "Il mondo va da sé," said a cynical Italian statesman—"the world goes by itself." But it does not.

If the world were not each year renewed, refreshed, glorified by the magnificent honor and fine expectancies of its young men, it would soon become simply fiendish in its sordidness, selfishness, and baseness. Let the world, then, preserve these fine qualities at which it

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too often idly sneers; not for the young man's sake—no, that is not to be expected—but for its own sake.

Let the world turn to the Master and think of what he said: "Except ye become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." I am pleading for the tolerance of what, by a certain class of men, are called impracticable business defects in youthful character, which in reality are the vital blood by which the world is kept morally alive.

The first attitude that the world ought really to take toward the young man is charity. How parrot-like one is! Charity! "And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity." I defy any man who talks about the practical affairs of this life to get away from the Bible.

Let the world then have charity for the young man. Let it realize that for the particular moment there is nothing conceivable so helpless as he. He is just as helpless as, in time, he will become irresistible. I have already earnestly advised every young man, as a practical matter, to do at least one thing each day not only free from any selfish motive, but from which no possible material benefit could come to himself.

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And now this is the reverse side of that shield. Let the world give to the young man a little start, a little help, a little foothold, a little encouragement. And I repeat that by the world I mean the great mass of men who have ceased to be young men, or who, still young in years, have achieved places of power—those who hold the reins of affairs and business, of industrial and social conditions.

I heard of a banker once who saw to it that at least once each week he hunted up some young man, bravely struggling, bravely fighting, and gave him some little assistance—a piece of business, an opportunity, needful and kindly counsel—something that moistened his parched lips, dry and hot from running the hard race that all youth must run for success. I said to myself: “There is something in reincarnation; the soul of Abou-ben-Adhem is dwelling in that banker’s heart.”

For years the greatest pleasure of my life has been that young boys have come to me from all over my State to talk about how they should proceed in life’s battle. You, too, may have the pleasure of helping young men. But beware how you do this, saying in your heart, “I will help this young man, and when he succeeds I will reap my reward.” Such a

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selfish thought will utterly poison your advice, deflect your moral vision, distort your intellectual perceptions.

That man who advises a young man with the thought that some day he will be able to harvest personal advantage from that young man's success, has probably by that very thought been rendered incapable of giving sound advice or profitable help. Help the young man for his sake, for the sake of the great humanity of which he is a fresh and beautiful part, for the sake of that abstract good which, after all, is the only reward in this life worthy the consideration of a serious man.

I heard not long ago of a brilliant and crafty young politician who was and is an earnest champion and helper of a very successful and highly practical man in public life. He had acquired some unfortunate traits. He was suspicious, distrustful. He feared betrayal here, a Judas there. The caution increased his cunning but was impairing his character. The man to whose fortunes he was attached called him in, in the midst of a great political battle on which the fortunes of that man depended, and said to his young lieutenant:

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“Success in this fight is important to me, but it is not so important as the impairing of your character which I see going on. You are becoming permanently distrustful, suspicious. You think one friend will fail us here, that that friend is untrue, that the other one may be influenced improperly. Very soon you will begin to suspect me, then you will suspect yourself, and then—then, you are utterly lost. Stop it. I would rather lose the fight than see your character become negative.”

That man was right, and the attitude he took in his advice to the young man was right. Let the world quit encouraging young men to think that guile succeeds. Let it encourage the faith that nothing but the noble and the good really succeed in the end. Let every one point out to the young man confronting the world that it is not so great a thing after all to be “smart,” not so great a thing after all to be capable with the little tricks of life, but that it is everything to be good and trustful and fearless and constructive.

It will not do for the world to reply that it does, in words, encourage these fine qualities of youth. It does not, except in formal and meaningless utterances—preachments that have not the vitality of individuality in them.

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Words are very little, almost less than nothing; but attitude and action are everything. The young man would not feel that he had to be "slick," or crafty, or cunning, if the world's attitude did not invite him to such a conclusion. It is the nature of young men the world over, and particularly of young Americans, to be open in life, direct in method, lofty in purpose, and fearless in action.

A very successful lawyer once told me the following—it illustrates my point: "I remember," said he, "that when I was a law student one of the most brilliant young men I ever met—one of the most brilliant young or old men I ever met—one day received a client of the firm with a luxury of attention and a sumptuousness of courtesy that deeply aroused my ignorant and rural admiration.

"When the consultation had been finished and the rich client had left the office, this young lawyer, who had bowed him out with a deft compliment which made the client feel that he was the point about which the universe was revolving, turned and said, as he went to his desk, 'There goes the shallowest fool and most stupid rascal in the state.'

"When asked how he could say such a thing after having treated the client with such

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distinction, he turned with a wink of his eye, and said: 'That is the way to work them. You don't know the world yet. Wait till you get on in the world; it will teach you how to handle them.'

"That young man had become thoroughly saturated with the opinion that Ferrers, in "Ernest Maltravers," is the type to be imitated—a character of crafty cunning, playing on the weaknesses of men. He had gotten his opinion from the apparent success of the tricks and sharp practises of the law. He had not seen the broader horizon above which only those who are as good as they are capable ever rise.

"It was a fatal method for *him*. He finally failed. It was a fatal method for at least two young students upon whom his ideals and influences fell with determining power."

Of course; and it is a fatal view of life for any young man to get. The young man who comes out from the ennobling influence of the American mother will not take this view if the world does not compel him to do so. The world, then, should not applaud any feat of smartness or cunning on the part of the young man. It should not wink its eye and pat him on the shoulder and say, "That was very

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‘smooth,’ very ‘smooth’ indeed; I congratulate you.”

The young man confronts the world with mingled courage and timidity. It is so vast. It seems so unconquerable. And yet he has been taught to believe that if he meets it with a high fearlessness he will conquer. That is what his mother taught him. Out of this thought and his nervous timidity combined comes what appears to the world to be a senseless courage, a foolish daring. He is very much afraid; he wants to make the world think he is not afraid; he has been told to put up a bold front—and men think him rash and adventurous. He is not—he is only trying to keep you from seeing how scared he is.

In the campaign of 1898 a young man with all of these qualities, and gifted with considerable oratorical power, was seeking an opportunity to get a little hearing. He had just graduated from college, had opened a law office, had never had the shadow or substance of a client, but he had that fresh confidence and the ability back of it which the world neglects until, finally, it is forced to accept it.

I secured for him an invitation to make some speeches in a neighboring State. He was delighted. He went, but returned wounded

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in spirit by the heedlessness of the State Committee and the indifference of the men of prominence who had refused to notice him. And yet the fine courage that dared take part in the great struggle just beginning was a quality which was more valuable to his party and to the world and to humanity, than all of the schemes of the men who rejected him.

It is this courage constantly injected into the veins of the world which, little by little, is lifting mankind up to a more and still more endurable estate. I shall never be able to perform a higher service than to light again, as I did, the fires of his confidence and young daring.

Let the world not suppose that by encouraging these great qualities of youth which it now heedlessly represses, and only too often kills, it will spoil the young man. The intrinsic difficulties of life are great enough to keep him within bounds, no matter how much encouragement he receives. The very nature of things, and the constitution of society as he comes to examine it in its concrete manifestations, will chasten his illusions.

The rarity of the air as he mounts upward in life will weight his wings at last. The limitations of Nature and of affairs will in

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themselves be all the chastisement he needs to correct abnormal hope, courage, faith, or honor—yes, even more than enough. Let the world, then—the men and women who have won their places in life—let them nourish the enthusiasms and the elemental “illusions” of youth wherever they see them.

After all, they are not illusions; they are the only true things in this universe. The houses that men construct will in time decay. The remorseless elements will rot the noblest trees down to the earth from which they grew. The laws that men make will lose their force and be succeeded by other statutes, equally temporary and futile. Reputations men build will vanish almost before they are made. Civilizations they erect will pass from their flowering into the seeds of future civilizations and be forgotten, too.

But the “illusions” with which the young man confronts the world at the beginning of his career are as everlasting as God’s word: “Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled.” The “illusions” of the young man—of the young American particularly—are the manifestations of that law, the eternal law of the eternal verities.

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“The lyrical dream of the boy is the kingly truth.
The world is a vapor and only the Vision is real—
Yea, nothing can hold against hell but the Winged
Ideal.”

Let the world look to it, then, that the exalted qualities of youth which make it indiscreet, audacious, exhilarant—yes, and spotless, too—be not discouraged, repressed, destroyed; for these qualities are “the salt of the earth; but if the salt have lost its savor, wherewith shall it be salted? it is thenceforth good for nothing but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men.”

Speaking to the world of business and of society, I therefore plead for tolerance of all the fresh, clean, high, and splendid—absurd, if you will—“illusions” of the young man seeking his seat at the table where all men eat, and where all, at the end, must drink the same hemlock cup.

For if these “illusions” are destroyed and replaced with the wisdom of the serpent, Tennyson’s “Locksley Hall” will, sure enough and in sad reality, be replaced by the “Locksley Hall Sixty Years After.” Take the young man, then, by the hand, take him to your heart, and, instead of destroying, catch, if you can,

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some of the glory, the faith, the freshness, the "illusions" of his youth; remembering that Wordsworth uttered an ultimate note when he said:

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting ;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar.
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory, do we come
From God, who is our home."

And it is these clouds of glory that still surround the young man when he stands brave and sweet and full of faith, and with his mother's precious precepts and counsels ringing in his ears, before the great old world, wrinkled by its infinite centuries.

But you, young man, you for whom I am asking the world's helpful regard—when you read this do not go to pitying yourself. That is fatal. Do not get the notion that the world is not giving you your just due. If you have such an idea, thrust it instantly from you. If you think the world has downed you, up and at it again. If, a second time, it knocks you out, still up and at it again. And keep

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smiling. Never whine—you deserve defeat if you do that.

Be a “thoroughbred,” as the expression of the hour has it. After “you conquer and prevail,” you will find that the world has a kindly and even a loving heart. All you have to do is to keep in condition and keep fighting. And that ought to be pleasant to any male creature—what more can he want? Just go right ahead with faith in God, believing in all the virtues and keeping up your nerve. But if you get to pitying yourself, you are lost, and ought to be.

Furthermore, do not succumb to the fiction that there are fewer “chances” for young men now than there used to be. Never was there a period when there were so many opportunities as there are this very day—*high-grade* opportunities. They are for high-grade men—and that is what you are, is it not? If not, why not? The calls for men of fine equipment daily rise from every business, and are never satisfied.

And these calls are for young men, too. Indeed, it is not the young man, but the old and middle-aged man who has the right to complain. The exactions of modern business are discriminating in favor of the man under

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forty. There are calls for all kinds of men. But the fiercest demand is for first-class men. You have only to be a *first-class man* in order to be sought for by scores of firms and corporations—and on your own terms. No! it is not the fact that there are no chances for young men to-day. The chances are all around you.

CHAPTER XII

THE YOUNG MAN'S SECOND WIND; OR FACING THE WORLD AT FIFTY

LIFE has three tragedies: loss of honor, loss of health, and the black conclusion of men past middle life who think they have failed—played the game and lost. The young man starting out in life has my heart; but the man past fifty who feels that he has failed has my heart absolutely and with emphasis. Apparently he has so much to contend against—the on-sweep of the world, the pitying attitude of those of his own age who have succeeded, and, over all, his secret feeling of despair. But the last is the only fatal element in his problem.

As a matter of fact, the man past middle life who has not achieved distinct success very possibly has only been "finding himself," to use Mr. Kipling's expression. Perhaps he has only been growing. Certainly he has been accumulating experience, knowledge, and the effective wisdom which only these can give.

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And if his failure has not been because he is a fraud, and because people found it out—if he has been, and is, genuine—it may be that he has been unconsciously preparing for continuous, enduring, and possibly great success, if he only will.

I should say that the very first thing for this man to do is to see that he does not get soured. That attitude of character is an acid which will destroy all success. Keep yourself sweet, no matter how snail-like your progress has been, no matter how paltry your apparent achievements. If you are already soured on men and the world, change that condition by a persistent habit of optimism. All death shows an acid reaction. Hopefulness is the alkaline in character.

Make "looking on the bright side" a habit. It can be done. Mingle with people as much as possible—especially with the young and buoyant and beautifully hopeful. Be a part of passing events. Read the daily newspapers. Form the habit of picking out the brighter aspects of occurrences. There is an astonishing tonic in the daily newspaper. When you read it, the blood of the world's great vitality is pouring through you.

I know a man who is now a millionaire, but

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who at the age of forty was without a dollar. He is now not over fifty-five. He had spent all those forty years watching for his opportunity—aye, getting ready for it. When it came, his beak was sharpened, his talons keen as needles and strong as steel, and he swooped down upon that opportunity like a bird of prey.

“No,” said he, “I did not get discouraged. I was living, and my wife and children were living; and Vanderbilt was not doing any more than that, after all. I felt all the time that I was getting ready. I worked a good deal harder than I have since I achieved my fortune. Somehow, up to the time it came I had not felt equal to my chance; for I knew that my opportunity would be a large one when it came, and I knew that it would come. It did come.”

Business men said for the first two or three years, “What a change of luck Mr. — has had! But he is not equal to it. He has never accomplished anything heretofore.”

Yes, but he had been getting ready. He had been saving vitality, building up character, indexing and pigeonholing experiences, accumulating and systematizing a long-continued series of observations and all the poten-

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tialities of intellect and personality out of which, when applied to proper conditions, success alone is forged.

And so he gathered to himself great riches, and the poor man of a few years ago is now—of course, of course, and alas! if you like—a member of one of the most powerful trusts in the country.

Get yourself into the current of Circumstance—"in the swim," as the colloquialism has it. A man of large experience and important achievement said to me not long ago: "I am afraid I am getting to be a back number." That was a distinct note of degeneration. If he thought so that thought was the best evidence of the fact.

Do not get it into your head that you are out of step with the times. That in itself will paralyze both intellect and will. It is an admission of permanent failure. No matter whether you think the changed conditions and methods of business, society, and affairs, which almost each day brings, are inferior or superior to the old conditions and methods or not, you must keep abreast of them; take in the spirit of them.

An attitude of protest against the progressive order of things may be heroic, but

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it is not practical or effective. These conditions and methods which make you feel like a "back number" may not be the best; if they are not, try to make them the best, if you will, but do not attempt to perfect them backward by returning to yesterday. The world is very impatient of *apparent* retrogression; it hurts its egotism.

"What! Go back to old conditions?" says the World. "Never! never! Progress, alone, for me!"

But sometimes it means motion, not progress; for true progress might possibly be a return to old and superior methods. No matter, I am speaking of *your* practical, personal, and material success now. I am not speaking to you as a reformer or as a teacher of the elemental truths. *You* are a searcher, past fifty years of age, after the flesh-pots. Very well, then. Do not run amuck of the world. Join in its progress, even if that progress seems to you to be unreal.

At the risk of iteration, I again urge constant mingling with people. It is from them that you must draw your success, after all. A man over fifty who feels that his life is a failure is apt to emphasize the outward manners and inward habits of thought of his earlier

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days, as he would, if he could, stick to the old styles and fashions of apparel of the days of his youth. To do the latter would be to call attention at once to his antiquity; but to retain his old mental attitude is antiquity indeed.

People are quick to see, feel, and know that you are in deed and in truth not of the present day. When they think that, you are discredited and at an unnecessary disadvantage. Therefore mingle with men. Don't withdraw into yourself. Don't be a turtle. Be an active and present part of society, not only that your whole mind and whole conscious being may be kept fresh and growing, but that people may not perceive the contrary.

Growing! Growth! It is only a question of that, after all. No man can ultimately fail who has kept himself alive, and therefore kept himself growing. If you find that you have ceased to grow, start up the process again. Make yourself take an interest in large and constructive things of the present moment in your city, county, state, and country, and in the world.

The mind and character of man are the two great exceptions to the entire constitution of the universe. Decay is the law that controls

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everything else except these; but thought and character need never decay. They may be kept growing as long as life endures. Who shall deny that the philosophers of India are right, and that mind and character may continue to grow throughout illimitable series of existences?

Only two classes of men are hopeless: those who think to prevail by fraud and the contrivances of indirection, and those whose minds and characters have begun to disintegrate, or degenerate, if you like the latter word better. There is every reason why character should each day get a truer bearing, why the mind each day should become more luminous, elevated, and accurate.

The Stoics said that even temperament might be given steadiness and poise by an exercise of philosophy and will, and the lives of many of them seemed to prove it. And if all this is true, your fifty years have given you an arsenal of power that is a considerable advantage over younger men, if you will but use it; and it is to point out some of the methods for its use, and some of the mistakes which I have observed men in your condition make, that this paper is written.

A great and natural desire of men such as

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those to whom this paper is addressed is to move from the places in which they have achieved no success to new locations, where, as they put it, they "can start life afresh." Do not do it. Such a course is, ordinarily, as fatal as it is alluring.

If you have been an upright man—and without this there can be no permanent success of any kind—your long residence in your community has put you to no disadvantage, but precisely the contrary. You have, during these years, secured the confidence of your community. They know you to be loyal, truthful, sober, steadfast, industrious. This popular faith in the elemental qualities of your character is the foundation of success, and usually it requires years to establish that.

You are at no disadvantage because the people do not have for you that admiration which the doing of things compels. The fact that your neighbors do not suspect your potentialities is really an advantage. If you have that righteous and permissible craft which every man should have, and if you take advantage of it, you can begin the work which will bring you success without that envy and competition, that friction of jealousy, which every man of acknowledged power arouses. But if you, a

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man of fifty or over, go into a new environment, you carry with you that heaviest of all burdens, the necessity of making explanations.

“Why have you come among us at your age?” the people ask. “What is the story of your past?” they very properly inquire. “It must be that you are not a man of integrity which commanded the respect and support of your old home,” they will not unnaturally conclude; “either this, or else you were a failure there.”

These are the two necessary and inevitable deductions, and either horn of that cruel dilemma of logic is enough to impale you. If you escape them, you do it because you do not attract notice, and this, in itself, is failure. And in any event, to gain the substantial confidence of the people you must spend several years of right living among them. And you have no time to waste in building up confidence at your period of life. That is an asset which your whole career of unsuccessful probability should have accumulated for you; and it is dissipated if you remove from among those in whose minds that belief in you exists.

I have seen this serious error made so many times, and nearly always with such destroying results, that I give it more space than its rela-

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tive proportion deserves. I have in mind now two men who did precisely this thing. Their success in the two country towns where they had lived had been reasonable, but not considerable. It did not appear to be success at all to them, though.

They were quite sure that they were bigger than their opportunities—yes, that was what was the matter—they needed larger opportunities, “larger fields,” more “scope” for their powers. Each man was about fifty years of age. Each was a man of far more than ordinary talent. Each removed to a city. And in the city which each chose, each miserably, utterly, hopelessly failed.

Had they remained where for years they had been planting the seeds of confidence, respect, and achievement, and had they awaited the slow processes of the harvest, each man would soon have become the leading man in his town, county, and district, and would have remained so until the end of his days; for the harvest was nearly theirs. They did not understand that while it takes a long time to prepare the soil and sow the seed, and let it grow to maturity, the ripening of the harvest comes in a few golden days.

It is true that there are exceptions to the

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above rule—the rule of abiding, of standing fast. But the exception is justified only when you have made so many definite, tangible, and public failures in your old home that there is absolutely no possibility of further hope. Of course, if you are a man of lion heart and lion power, this is another matter. Any place on earth is a fit field for achievement by these savages of enterprise.

I know one of these who won a fortune, and lost it; won another, and again lost; and who, finally, with judgments and executions showering upon him, set his face to a new land and resolved again to conquer fortune or die. He conquered—of course he conquered—and is now worth many millions. But if you look into his kindly but deadly blue eye, and consider the tragic and premature whiteness of his hair, and take in the whole resistless and compelling personality of the man, you will see why *he* succeeded.

We are all familiar with the stirring history of a certain great American master of millions who is now about sixty-five years of age, and has amassed his wealth since he was fifty. He had failed, and failed often, before that time—failed once humiliatingly and irretrievably, so the ordinary man would say. So

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the ordinary man did say, and say hard and often.

The details of his early catastrophes are not worth while here. The point is that they did not affect him except to make him stronger. They were the Thor-like blows with which Fate forged the unconquerableness of this man. For unconquerable he has become.

He has carried through daring plans; he has brought great financial institutions that opposed him to their knees; from the throne of his audacity he has dictated terms to boards of trade, and made the princes of the houses of commercial royalty his servants.

But if you look at his brow of power, at the merciless and yet delicate and sensitive lips, you will become conscious of why he succeeded—why he must eventually have succeeded anywhere. But such a man is no example for you unless you are such a man yourself—and in that case, you need no examples of any kind. You are your own example.

I read with keen interest, the other day, a feature article in one of our great daily newspapers, giving incidents in the careers of fifteen American millionaires who made their fortunes after they were fifty. But all these had the luck of the never-say-die men. They

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were all of the class that Emerson describes as having an excess of arterial circulation.

Every failure to them was simply an access of information. They regarded each loss as another piece of instruction in the game. Fortune always gives the winnings to such as these at last. Fortune loves a daring player; and while she may rebuff him for a while, it is only to gild the refined gold of his ultimate achievements.

Another thing. Go you to church. Use clean linen. Wear good and well-fitting clothing. Take care of your shoes. Look after all the details of your personal grooming. In short, observe all the methods which human experience has devised to keep men from degenerating. There is an unalterable connection between the physical and mental and moral.

The old saying that "cleanliness is next to godliness" has beneath it all the philosophy of civilization.

It is an easy process that produces tramps. A few days' growth of beard, the tolerance of certain personal habits of indolence, and your tramp begins, vaguely, but none the less surely, to appear. This is accompanied by a falling off in clear-cut thought, a blurring of the moralities, and a cessation of definite and

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effective energy. This is itself, of course, an interminable subject upon which several papers might be written; but perhaps I have said enough to make apparent to you its practical application.

The stages of degeneration are as easy as they are fatal, and since to resist them requires courage, force, and alertness, it is only too probable that the man past fifty, who feels that he has failed, is beginning to submit to them. Do not do it. Resort to every possible device to prevent it; for degeneration, in itself, is failure; more, it is death. It is exactly the same force which rots out the heart of the oak, manifesting itself in human character.

Your problem is not to give way to your weaknesses. That is the problem of all of us. "I see two men looking from your eyes," said the Norse seeress, "a young man and an old man. Do not let the old man in you conquer the young man in you." Very well! Barring the loss of health, you can always make the young man in you the victor.

Do not conclude that things are fixed, that conditions are permanent, and that, as there is no apparent place for you as circumstances now exist, there never will be. Fix in your mind this dreadful and glorious paradox, that

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even the most permanent things are transient. Study the clouds, those visible emblems of human experience and institutions. A twist, a curve, a change in the shape and outline, and final disappearance into the universal blue—such is their destiny; and yet each instant they are permanent, apparently, so far as that instant is concerned.

“The rushing metamorphosis
Dissolving all that fixture is,
Melts things that be to things that seem
And solid Nature to a dream.”

It will be useful, also, to consider the political machine. There is nothing which, in its day, is apparently more permanent or powerful; yet it dissolves in obedience to the very laws on which it is built. So, my friend, there is never a time that you can truthfully say that there is not, and never will be, any place for you in the order of society and affairs.

No, indeed; things are not fixed. Recall the story of the Oriental monarch. His wise men with all their wisdom could not produce a single truth that stood the test of time. As the tale runs, the ruler, weary of the falsehoods of so-called learning, called his wise men together and said to them:

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“ I sicken of your daily sagacities which the next day prove to be follies. Tell me one truth—only one. I ask but a single sentence. But let it be a sentence that will be as true next year as this year—a sentence which always has been true and always will be true. I give you one year to formulate one such sentence. If at the end of that time you cannot state an absolute verity, your lives will be forfeited.”

At the end of the year the wise men came to their dread lord and said that they had found one universal truth. “ State it,” said their sovereign. They answered: “ Here is the only sentence our wisdom can construct which is absolutely true: ‘ *And this, too, shall pass away.* ’ ” And so shall your misfortunes, my friend past fifty, pass away. “ It is a long road that has no turning,” declares the maxim of the people. Your road is no exception.

The historic instances of great success past fifty are numerous and inspiring. They begin with Moses, who was forty years of age when “ he slew the Egyptian,” and they come down to our present day; to Bismarck, who, while so brilliant as a young man that he attracted the attention of Europe, was not great till he was past forty-five; to Disraeli, who, though so dazzling in his youth and early prime that

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he astounded Parliament and filled the press with comment, was not constructive or permanent in his success till comparatively late in life.

Think, too, of those historic successes of which there was not the faintest sign until far past middle life—they are not many, to be sure, but they are inspiring. Some of the great headlands that shoulder out into history—Washington, Lincoln, and the like—became visible to the world after forty-five.

Of course, it is true that the immense majority of the world's great achievers—generals, statesmen, poets, philosophers, inventors, builders—have been young men. But the noble exceptions contain sufficient encouragement for you if you still have the heart of purpose.

I like to think of a man fighting his best fight just at the end of life. There has always been something attractive to me about the expression of Western hardihood, "Dying with his boots on," and the attitude of character that it describes.

From my infancy the story of the *Bon Homme Richard* has been like wine to my blood. Be you like that ship, my dear friend past fifty! She had, apparently, failed, but

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she kept in service. She had reached the age of decay, and her timbers scarcely held together; yet she did not go out of commission.

She attacked the *Serapis*, one of the youngest and stanchest and best equipped of the matchless navy of England. She was blown full of holes; still she fought. She was on fire; still she fought. The water poured into her hold and she was sinking; still she fought. Fought, fought, fought, and in the grim, the terrible, and the sublime end she won.

The *Serapis* was captured by the *Bon Homme Richard*, and the victorious old ship's crew established themselves on the decks of the conquered Englishman. The gallant veteran of the waves was kept afloat that night, but at sunrise the next day they ran to her mast-head her glorious, shot-torn battle-flag, and she went to her home in the abysses of the deep with that banner of battle and ultimate triumph flying as she sank beneath the waves.

Be that your end, my friend, and that of all brave hearts. Fight until the last, and let your noblest and most decisive victory be won with the final efforts of your expiring life.

THE END

(5)

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