accepting as inevitable those forces which they can neither understand nor conquer.

Civilization has meant enlightenment and achievement. In Lightning, Franklin saw a potent giant, which he enslaved for the service of man; in Famine, Burbank discovered a lack of proper adjustment between the soil and the crops—thereupon he produced a wheat or a vetch that would thrive on an annual rainfall of twelve inches; in Pestilence, Pasteur recognized the ravages of an organism which he prepared to study and destroy. Lightning, Famine and Pestilence are, to the primitive man, the threatening of a wrathful God; to the progressive thinker they are merely forces which must be utilized or counteracted in the work of human achievement.

As a boy I believed my opportunities to be limited by the chievements of the past. As a man I see in these past achievements not hindrances, but foundation stones laid by the past, and builded upon by the present, in order that the future may erect the perfected structure of a higher civilization. I see all of this clearly, and I see one thing more. In the old days which I had erstwhile envied, one event of world import might have been chronicled for each decade, but in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, such an event may be chronicled for each year, or month or even for each day. The past was an age of uncertain, hesitating advance; the present is an age of dynamic achievement, leading on into the future of human development. Because the past has built, the present is building—building in order that the future may stand higher in its realization of potential life.

SCOTT NEARING.

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TRUE LITTLE TALES OF MINOR REFORMERS.

6th and Last. The Librarian.

For The Public.

The young school-teacher seemed to himself a failure that Winter. He had been taking too many things for granted; there were many, too many, people, also, who knew about his foolish little affairs. His formerly delightful school had somehow ceased to be very interesting. Chiefly, he was much in debt, because he had gone in partnership with a poor neighbor (who was a much poorer farmer) and the badly put in wheat crop had only given half a yield which the school-teacher had turned over to the poor farmer's large family—he was not a pig, he thought, even if he was a stick-in-the-mud, and a draggle-winged gander.

"Bread and butter, butter and bread," he thought to himself, "and stupid, small falsehoods all about a fellow, in an atmosphere of total depression."

Some neighbors in the valley, who cared for the young man, and the old Catholic priest (who never remembered that he was a heretic), and several mothers of children he taught, watched him that Winter with growing anxiety. It was commonly (and untruthfully) reported that a girl in Los Angeles had handed him a large-sized mitten.

"There is something in Carlyle," said the teacher to himself one Friday afternoon: "'Reduce thy desires to zero.' I'll saddle up tomorrow at daybreak and ride over the ridge to the nearest library, and read old grumblers like Carlyle."

Charles Howard Shinn.

So, on Saturday afternoon, he was in a little, old-fashioned town library, built and kept up by local subscriptions. He found an atmosphere of peace, and of something more that he could not just then define.

The Librarian was a small, slender woman, very plainly dressed, and no longer young. She was lame and frail, and he had understood that she supported herself and an invalid husband. She had a very sweet voice and cheerful, far-seeing, motherly eyes, and beautiful, work-worn, transparent hands.

Open to everyone were the book-shelves, which the teacher liked. He took out a volume of Carlyle, and Alton Locke, and Felix Holt. Then he read a little while, but the gray-haired Librarian drew his thoughts. She was writing something, with a troubled and indignant look, but he felt dimly that it was not for herself that she struggled towards expression.

"Perhaps," he guessed, "she is writing a poem for a magazine or a letter to Jim Barry's 'Star'."

The Librarian slipped what she had written under the pad, and began to move around the room. The school-teacher perceived an astonishing and all-including fellowship. In fact, he felt that he was a part of it. In the first place, the Librarian seemed to know every book on the

shelves, and when one was missing she knew who was reading it. In the second place, she made the library seem like her own sitting room, and the books appeared as if they were her own, and she knew all the people there, the children, the teamsters, an old Spaniard, a young Japanese, a crippled section-hand from the railroad, an Irish washerwoman from the other side of the town, the spectacled editor who ran the weekly newspaper. In the third place, she evidently gave of her abundance to each and every one of them—the needed suggestion or line of thought, drawing them towards it so deftly that they supposed it was mainly their own achievement. To some of them she brought more books, and from some she smilingly took away a few of those they had. The editor, with redoubled energy, began to bulwark himself around with reference books and jeered gently at her across the barrier after the manner of tried friends.

The school-teacher appreciated these things. He felt that he was in the presence of a rare and fine personality, tuned to harmonies of which he knew nothing except in rare moments. And then she came to his table, bringing good-will and knowledge with her, and he was greatly surprised to hear her address him by name.

"We know of you over here," she said. "Come to our cottage tomorrow before you leave, and meet my husband, and see some first editions which have come to me."

Then they talked of books; she seemed to know every paragraph that he had been reading since he came in. And somehow he felt as if she was not quite satisfied with his lines of reading. This did not make him angry, but it troubled him more and more that evening and still stirred within him when he went to the Librarian's tiny cottage.

"Yes!" she said to him, as friendship ripened further. "All of those things which have charmed you for many bright years were very much worth while. You have given help and comprehension to others. But now, Friend of a single day, where do you belong, and where are you going?"

The young man, pierced by that keen and refreshing wisdom of insight, cried out in sudden agony of soul: "I do not know. Tell me, dear Librarian; show me the path, for I feel that you are walking there. Help me to relate myself to things which are greater than I am. Once, I thought it was teaching as a life-work, and now I am not sure. Nor does it seem enough to say with that fierce Scotchman: 'Child of Adam, reduce thy desires to zero!' Something cries to me unceasingly: 'Live not in any cave on water-cress; hammer no worth-while desires down to zero; illuminate them all, not from within, but from some great, outside, eternal flame.' But where does one start?"

Divinely shone upon him the face of the small, lame, gray-haired woman. She spoke in that pellucid impersonal way, as if she leaned out of another atmosphere.

"You care for your fellow-men; you are able to make sacrifices, and you can understand them in others. Therefore you are one of those who find it easy to become devoted to Ideas, to Causes, —to Reforms, in short. Your cannot measure the greatness of the gift you have if you keep it clean and free. It will feed you when hungry, and warm you when cold, and carry you through all the deep waters of weariness. But hitherto, as I think, you have but loved in an undirected way, art, beauty, literature, splendid phrases, sudden inspirations, and haphazard devotions. You might go on thus to degenerate at last into a devotee of some isolated man-made and hideous heathen idol of a narrow, unrelated reform. Then the real you would harden, shrivel, perish and blow away!"

"Yes; it is so," the young teacher answered the Librarian.

"Now, there are many great Causes," she went on. "It is everywhere so, in this awakening world. The books inspire, but do not depend on them; do not put the new wine of living and creative ideas into those stiff old goat-skins. Do not quote Latin in your argument—but the vernacular. Look towards New Zealand; study Switzerland; sit in spirit in every assembly of toiling men all over the earth. Carry as your own the daily difficulties of those common folk whom Lincoln loved. Above everything else, get out into the battle. Help to storm some one of those age-enduring Castles of Privilege which still dominate the mountain passes. Find out for yourself, somehow—if it takes fifty years—one or more of the all-essential and foundational Reforms which heroes, saints and martyrs must bring to pass for all the children of earth."

She paused, and her look swept more than one cobweb from his brain.

"Tell me," he cried, "what are these great Reforms? what are yours?"

How young she suddenly looked—this gray-haired Librarian—as she changed her tone, and laughed in his face.

"If I were your fairy godmother," she said, "I should call you a babe in your cradle. Bore through your own mountain to your own river, and water your own field with that. If it should happen to be my own river, there's water enough for the whole earth. But I will admit," she added, "that I like to coördinate all sorts of minor reforms—there are twenty in this one little town."

The teacher shook hands with the Librarian, and told her good-bye. She had a last word for him. "Here's a list of books for you to really study hard. And here's a list of people all over the world who know much more than books, and are right down in the fighting—in what the knights used to call the 'mellay.' You might want to write letters to them now and then. It needs

no introductions; they will answer you. 'And"—she blushed very prettily, this gray-haired Librarian—"here's one of my own books of verses about some of these things, and your name is on the fly-leaf. Now ride off, for it's a long trail over the ridge, eight hours at least, and you will teach but a sleepy school tomorrow."

So the school-teacher left the tiny cottage, under the vines, at ten o'clock that Sunday night, and rode on and up through the pine forest, down into the valley, and to the schoolhouse. But he was not sleepy, and the children said to each other: "Our real teacher who tells us stories and plays with us has come back again."

All that, and more besides, for the unselfish life of the small, lame Librarian reformer long shone around him, long steadied his course, long directed his more definite studies.

CHARLES HOWARD SHINN.

THE FENCE OR THE AMBULANCE.

'Twas a dangerous cliff, as they freely confessed,
Though to walk near its crest was so pleasant;
But over its terrible edge there had slipped
A duke and full many a peasant.
So the people said something would have to be done,
But their projects did not at all tally.
Some, "Put a fence around the edge of the cliff,"
Some, "An ambulance down in the valley."

But the cry for the ambulance carried the day,
And it spread through the neighboring city;
A fence may be useful or not, it is true,
But each heart became brimful of pity
For those who slipped over that dangerous cliff.
And the dwellers in highway and alley
Gave pounds or gave pence, not to put up a fence,
But an ambulance down in the valley.

Then an old sage remarked: "It's a marvel to me
That people give far more attention
To repairing results than to stopping the cause,
When they'd better aim at prevention.
Let us stop at its source all this mischief," cried he,
"Come, neighbors and friends, let us rally;
If the cliff we will fence, we might almost dispense
With the ambulance down in the valley."

"Oh, he's a fanatic," the other rejoined;
"Dispense with the ambulance? Never!
He'd dispense with all charities, too; if he could.
No, no, we'll support them forever!
Aren't we picking up folks just as fast as they fall?
And shall this man dictate to us? Shall he?
Why should people of sense stop to put up a fence,
While the ambulance works in the valley?"

—Joseph Malins.

The people cannot be politically equal with those upon whom they are economically dependent. A single privilege like a single leak will founder the ship.—Henry D. Lloyd in "Mazzini, and Other Essays."

BOOKS

THE HUMAN MACHINE.

The Human Machine. By Arnold Bennett. Published by Geo. H. Doran Company, New York.

It is a delightful art to be able to deny stoutly that you are preaching, and yet to preach, and to preach in such a way as to hold the listener. Mr. Bennett has this art. "I am not preaching," he says, "and, even if I were, I think you would have it. I think I can anyhow keep hold of your button for a while, though you pull hard. I am not preaching. I am simply bent on calling your attention," etc. And so he keeps hold of the button, and preaches hard at us through the 120 pages of this little book.

The Human Machine is the brain and the body—chiefly the brain. The author's text is the management of the brain, and he asserts that the first great principle underlying the efficiency of the human machine is that the brain is an instrument, a servant. "The indispensable preparation for brain-discipline," he says, "is to form the habit of regarding one's brain as an instrument exterior to one's self, like a tongue or a foot." Then as to the discipline, there is no dodge about it. It is simply a question of sheer force of will-power. "The beginning of wise living," he says, "lies in the control of the brain by the will."

Sidney Lanier made his violins sing, "We are all for heart." Mr. Bennett is all for brain. "The student of himself," he says, "must necessarily conduct his existence more and more according to the views of his brain. . . . You object. You say it will be a pity when mankind refers everything to reason. You talk about the heart. . . . When the reason and the heart come into conflict the heart is invariably wrong. I do not say that the reason is entirely right, but I do say that it is always less wrong than the heart." Again he says, "The heart hates progress, because the dear old thing always wants to do as has always been done. . . . The brain alone is the enemy of prejudice and precedent." He even claims that the brain is more kind than the heart, that the brain does the difficult, unselfish thing, while the heart does the facile, showy thing. Of course Mr. Bennett professes here to be talking about the results of the "intensive culture" of the brain, and we understand in general what he means, but he does not keep his psychology very clear when he talks of "brain," "reason," "heart," "will," and the "central force of the ego." It may be that the Hebrew philosopher was aiming at the same point which Mr. Bennett is aiming at, when he said, "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life."

But let us not get away from the tremendous