

but it is also consistent with aristocracy and with plutocracy.

While we are quite content to let "Raymond's" description of President Roosevelt's conduct pass as an illustration of the genuine spirit of Mr. Roosevelt's democracy—though we should accept it with much greater confidence if there had been democratic manifestations in his attitude toward more important concerns,—our purpose is to consider the subject generally and impersonally.

Conventional manners, however punctilious, do not imply an undemocratic spirit. The man who wears a dress suit at dinner may or may not be a better democrat than he who wears his business clothes, or on occasion keeps on his riding boots. A President who allows attendants to open and close doors for him and acknowledges the service with a "thank you," may or may not be a better democrat than the one who opens and closes doors for himself. These matters of form and etiquette, whether we observe them or defy them, really reveal nothing as to our democracy.

Any man may be indifferent to forms and ceremonies, or even intolerant of them, without being a democrat. Any man may be simple in his modes of life, yet be an aristocrat or a plutocrat of the first water. It was not because Thomas Jefferson rushed the fashions from patrician breeches to plebeian trousers that he was a democrat. Any vain and eccentric patrician might have done the same. Jefferson was a democrat because he believed that all men are born with equal rights. He was a democrat because he was opposed to legal privileges for anybody.

Had he favored legal privileges, he might have worn trousers when breeches were in fashion, or have opened and closed doors for himself when etiquette demanded that they be opened and closed by attendants, and yet never have felt the slightest thrill of genuine democracy.

In slavery days it was not at all uncommon for slave owners to live with Negroes upon terms of intimacy from which many an abolitionist would have recoiled. It has been claimed, and the claim is in large measure true, that slave owners were often

more affectionate toward their slaves and more considerate of their personal comfort and feelings than abolitionists would have been. But that proves nothing except the fact itself.

Abolitionists who could not bring themselves to associate with Negroes, yet accorded them equal legal rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness were democrats; whereas slave owners who lived upon terms of personal intimacy with Negroes yet approved the laws that denied their right to liberty, were not democrats.

It is important to realize that neither condescension, nor boorishness, nor even simplicity of manners however delightful, is democracy. Democracy is a principle of social life, the essential characteristic of which is recognition of equal legal rights. It implies hostility to every legal privilege or advantage for one over another. It means love for all men in the sense of requiring justice for all.

To be true to that principle is to be a democrat, no matter how you dress, and regardless of your personal manners. And no one who rejects or ignores that principle can make himself a true democrat either by patronizing his "inferiors" or by defying rules of etiquette to which his "equals" conform.

Indifference to ceremonial is by no means the equivalent of loyalty to justice. Though the two are sometimes found together, they are oftenest found apart.

THINK OF THE CAUSE OF IT.

Canon Scott Holland, the eloquent English preacher, pleading for "Sunday," in the London Commonwealth, writes as follows concerning the strain of modern industrialism:

Industry makes ever harder demands on our efficiency; and yet this efficiency is under ever more limited conditions. There is less and less of our whole manhood utilized and evoked. We are pinned down under cramping routine. We are fettered in a beggarly monotony of habit. So little of us can be put out; so much is repressed. And that which is required of us calls only upon our poorer self. Business turns round and round, within a squirrel cage. Labor repeats, to dreariness, the same act of physical skill. Where is the heart, the mind, the imagination, in all this? Where has the soul fled?

Under what weight of oppressive burdens it lies buried! And the spirit, with its wings, and its cravings, and its wide horizons, and its heights and depths—how will it survive? And what be the growth of character? And of what founts can it drink deep?

We may, possibly, be gaining the whole world; though that is rather doubtful; but, at least, one thing is quite certain; we are losing our own souls. Under the strain of modern Industrialism, we can know but too bitterly and keenly, what it is in us which is being fatally repressed. Imagination, Home-affection, Reserve, Depth, Peace, Joy. These are what go under. These are our dreadful losses.

Whether or not this analysis of the times be too keen, all of us realize that we are living in a strenuous period; that there is a deal of spume and fret in our doings, nay even in our amusements.

We do not see this only in business. Quieter pursuits feel the same influence.

The churches are as strenuous as the counting-rooms and factories. Listen to the preacher's announcements week by week of meetings of this and that guild, his eager appeals for money, in support of this and that enterprise. The schools have programmes too long for their hours, new practical studies coming in to crowd the old ones, and none to be omitted; so that the teaching is done in a fidgety spirit. The colleges have a thousand and one activities among their students, overshadowing legitimate work—not football alone, but societies and clubs of every description.

Wherever one turns, there is the same uneasy strenuousness. It is in the air. Of course there are quiet souls still, but they are run over. We do not hear of them.

All this applies mainly to life in cities; but those who live in the country feel it in the daily papers, and are as anxious as so many moths to flit into the alluring flame, envying most those who are in the heat of the glare and blaze of city life.

Now what is the cause of this uneasiness and disquietude, in which we seem to surpass all periods that have ever been?

Doubtless there are many causes.