

is not a science; eugenics is a euphemism; and without euphemisms it cannot endure the day. For example, I once said that some people wanted marriages controlled forcibly by the police. Whereupon some very serious Eugenists actually rose and assured the public that no such strenuous bridal scenes were really in preparation. . . . I know quite well that if I had said precisely the same thing elaborately instead of compactly, no Eugenists would probably have denied it, or even noticed it. Suppose instead of saying "marriages managed forcibly by police" I had said, "The modern state must broaden its functions and so far from abandoning its existing powers should rather employ them positively to the creation of healthy marriages than merely to assault abuses in the existing marriages." Most Eugenists would swallow that like so much milk; so far from thinking it an attack on their idea, they would think it a very temperate plea for it. Yet my longer sentence means the same as my shorter sentence, as inevitably as the longer formula of two plus two plus two means the same as the shorter formula six. It was the mere word "police" that startled these poor people. I mean no harsh insinuation by this phrase. An almost exactly similar case occurred in this paper some days ago. When Mr. Oliver W. F. Lodge wrote his admirable letter about that ridiculous rag, the Feeble-minded Bill, he used, as I did, a phrase that shortened and sharpened the matter, and in that sense, of course, exaggerated it. He said that some people wanted human beings bred "on the principles of the stud farm." Once more a solemn disciple wrote explaining that no responsible Eugenist wanted human beings bred on the principles of the stud farm. Once more, I quite accept the assurance; and once more it does not reassure. Here again all that one really feels is that Eugenists have never pictured men as actually living in stables and being scrubbed down by ostlers. And here again one has this unsatisfying impression for the same reason. Because if Mr. Lodge had put the same thing in long sympathetic words instead of short fighting words, Eugenists would have let them pass. Suppose Mr. Lodge had said, "It will probably be advisable to evolve a higher democracy by a supervision somewhat similar to that which was largely present in the deliberate evolution of the higher aristocracies, which could not however make their schemes of sexual selection so wide and scientific as our own; this principle must not be identified merely with the survival of the fittest as it is in nature, but finds a better analogy in that human selection which has been so successful with the race-culture of the higher animals." That sentence consists of eighty-nine words; and its meaning consists of two words, "stud farm." But if Mr. Lodge said that sentence to a thousand Eugenists towards the end of a Eugenist congress, not one of them would stir in his sleep.



G. K. Chesterton in *The (London) Nation*, June 15.—Eugenics! That we should actually be talking eugenics? Have we no spiritual noses? Are we unaware of such a thing as a spiritual stink? Into what tale have we wandered, and in what sort of nightmare cities do we walk, where secret powers

are given to janissaries for the manufacture of eunuchs? Imagine some man who lived on liberty, Jefferson or Charles Fox, walking suddenly into such a world!

## RELATED THINGS

### CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

#### LOSS AND GAIN.

For The Public.

He lost—and what did he lose?

All that he hoped to gain.

But the query is, Did he wisely choose?

Was the thing that he lost of a higher use  
Than the great things that remain?

The other won—but what did he win?

How can we count the cost

Of all the gains that he gathered in?

Or know if he fain would his life begin

To retain the things he lost?

JOSEPH DANA MILLER.



#### THE COWARDS OF PEACE.

For The Public.

*Patriot*: "How many of your boys, Mr. College President, would enlist in the Army if we got into a war with Germany about the Monroe Doctrine?"

*College President*: "About 80 per cent. of them."

*Patriot*: "Would they be willing to do that if they knew that it really meant some sacrifice? Suppose they knew that they were all going to give up two years of their time, and that one-fifth of them would never get home again. Do you think they would go just the same?"

*College President*: "I am sure they would. Our young men in college and out of it are fine fellows, a brave and patriotic lot, and you will find them ready to make sacrifices for their country in time of need."

*Patriot*: "Now, Mr. President, you know much of history. Tell me, what is it that has most often caused the downfall of nations. Is it foreign armies pounding at their boundaries, or is it graft, injustice, greed and oppression within?"

*College President*: "Much reading of history has convinced me that a nation sound within is in about as much danger from foreign enemies as a healthy man is from the microbes that meet him every hour. Undermine the man's health, and he catches every disease that comes. Fix a nation within so that the plain two-handed man has not a fair show, and you pave the way for the conqueror from without. It is not bayonets that overthrow nations, but graft, injustice, greed and oppression—inequality of opportunity among the people."

*Patriot*: "Will your young men sacrifice as much to drive out inequality of opportunity which

is here as they would to beat the Germans who are not here?"

*College President:* "Sir, that is a very direct question. We preach to our young men a great deal; they mean well, they are fine fellows, but most of them will soon be getting salaries and dividends out of Special Privilege—Tories, I fear; and if the truth must be told, they will not fight for the common good within as they would fight the Germans without."

*Patriot:* "Then these are the Cowards of Peace."

J. RUSSELL SMITH.



## LITTLE TALES OF FELLOW TRAVELLERS.

### No. 11. A Man and His Wife.

For The Public.

Now that the chief actors are no longer living, one who is much with the pioneers of San Francisco may occasionally hear an allusion to something which happened in the famous Argonaut saloon, which Colonel Cremony used to call "our own happy-go-lucky Argo."

In those days one went there to meet leading business and professional men, for whom it was almost a club-house. One also met the bonanza miners, the newest authors, the latest lions of society. Original paintings, sketches, and framed manuscripts hung on the walls. Thomas Rowland, the owner of the Argo, had a striking and attractive personality; he collected signed sketches by Nahl and autographed first editions of Californian books. Bret Harte once wrote a little poem to him, never yet published, in which he was called with some truth the "Mæcenas" of local art and literature.



The story really begins with Lucy Metcalf. She was beautiful and intelligent; also, she had the beat of social standing. Then she married James Williston, the young attorney of quite another and a wealthier set.

When the announcement of her engagement was made that famous clergyman, Dr. Stebbins, who had followed Lucy's career since she first entered his Sunday School, somewhat shook his head. "She has an exhaustless interest in life," he said, "and still she seems to have kept the best home-ideals of our mothers. She ought to go far, and straight to the mark. But Williston, though the most brilliant lawyer of his years in San Francisco, drinks a little, gambles a little, leans a little toward machine politics. Lucy will have to fight for those home-ideals."

But they were married, and before long Lucy knew one of her troubles. She knew that her husband's associates, who drank more than he did,

were heedlessly helping him to form a habit which, to one of his ardent and highly social temperament, would be almost impossible to break. She gradually became convinced, too, that whatever might be right for others, he was so constructed that even the after-dinner glass was never safe. For a year she watched the habit growing upon him.

Meanwhile she made herself more and more a part of his life. She knew and studied all his friends; she blossomed out into new realms without in any degree sacrificing her home-interests. Everywhere she was admired and honored; her husband, who loved her exceedingly, grew very proud of her triumphs. She was a thoughtful and attractive woman, in the full flush of her beauty, and very much in love with James Williston.

More than once, Lucy thought herself close to victory, close to having him feel as she did about the dangerous effect upon him of any such artificial excitement. She would not urge him to make a promise which he might break, and so lose self-respect. She studied the abnormal psychology of the subject; she brooded over his one weakness, as a wife, almost as a mother, and sometimes, in the greatness of her longing, it would have seemed to some divine on-looker as if she was his guardian angel, watching, hoping, praying, persuading and inspiring.

"Why can't you urge James to take a total abstinence pledge, Lucy?" said her mother and her old pastor, when they could no longer keep silence, "He may do that, for you."

"Oh," she cried out, "it must go deeper. He must walk among his associates, to many of whom there seems no harm in the use of what are to him intoxicants, and no more take a drink than he would tell a lie."

"But how can you bring this about?" asked Dr. Stebbins. "How can you wake in his nature that deepest response—that Everlasting No?"

She smiled upon her good friend. "Let us not discuss it any more. There is some path up those rocks, and James and I will find it together."

She kept on saying to herself "Together! Together!" for days after that. The word had struck old chords of her life in a new way.

"I wish," she thought, "that everything could once more be crystal clear between us. I shall break down under the strain, some of these days, and then what will become of him? I shall lose my beauty—it is going fast—and my interest in life, and what hold I have on him will lessen—is lessening now, I think. I can't make any more of a home for him; I can't pull him any farther." Such black doubts came over her at times! Such cold fear seized her in the watches of the night!

What did she care for his cases won, his rapid rise to influence in the councils of the great men of the commonwealth, if they were driven apart