

"THE GREAT WORLD'S ALTAR STAIRS"

Hugh O. Pentecost, of New York, in an address recently delivered in that city said: "It is a curious fact that while this thing called love is recognized as beautiful, it produces so much misery. I've tried to find out why this is true, and I have reached the conclusion that it is because humanity is divided in two classes—masters and slaves. One class must dominate the other, and it is the domination, the tyranny of love, which has wrecked lives and blasted characters."

It is not the tyranny of love but the tyranny of the forces against which love contends that is responsible for the world's woes. Many have wondered why pain has seemed to be love's inseparable companion; but those who have reached the high peaks of love and have felt the keenest stings of grief know that while "a mighty pain to love it is, 'tis a pain that pain to miss."

That it seems to have been ordained that those who love most must suffer the keenest griefs is one of the mysteries. Mr. Pentecost is not the only man who has been perplexed in the presence of these problems.

We have all tried to discover the why of many things.

Maternity means pain, yet women aspire to it. The mother goes through the very shadow of the valley of death, and yet she does it willingly because it is the fulfillment of the law of her being. But what is all that pain compared with the exquisite joy when "the mother feels for the first time her first born's breath."

With the world's experience before them parents know that children bring responsibility and, perhaps, sorrow. But they long for the responsibility and spend their lives in efforts to avert the sorrow.

The lad knows that when he goes "gathering the myrtle with Mary" love may stroll at his side, and that while after love comes marriage, after marriage comes burdens and finally parting in death. But was ever a lad kept from a "Mary's" side by thoughts like these?

Friendships—pure and holy—between men and between women have grown up in all the history of the world. Every friendship we cultivate means the enlargement of our opportunities for grief; for when we win a friend we take within the holy circle of our thoughtful consideration all his hopes, his struggles, his fortunes—things which need not concern us if we avoid the temptation to cultivate that friendship. But who would avoid these associations even if by doing so they could blot out some of the forces that, in the presence of a friend's woes, tug away at one's heart strings?

We see a little child hungry and cold crying for succor. Why is it that tears come unbidden to our eyes and we hasten to give relief?

We see a man struggling with adversity. Why does he have our sympathy and aid?

We see one woman deserted by a faithless lover, another fighting against poverty, another standing bravely beside a sick or, perhaps, a

debased husband. Why does she command our concern?

We see a brutal man beating a helpless beast, and we protest. Why?

We see sorrow and woe on every hand. We see might grappling with right; the weak struggling against the powerful; and individuals fighting to overcome some great personal temptation. No need to point out the evils nor to say that men's sympathies go—as truly as the needle seeks the pole—to the right side of these contests. Why?

These evils are not the product of love. They are to be conquered or minimized by the power of love which Disraeli described as "the principle of existence and its only end."

"Why is love?" asks Mr. Pentecost. Well, why is life? Why the many unsolved and unsolvable things with which the human being is confronted? And why is death? Aye, let him who would ask "Why is love?" first explain the necessity for death; for while death seems to strike its cruellest blows at those who love the most, those who love the most are able to withstand the sorrows death inflicts upon the living.

"Love's arms were wreathed about the neck of Hope,

And Hope kiss'd Love, and Love drew in her breath

In that close kiss and drank her whisper'd tales. They say that Love would die when Hope was gone.

And Love mourn'd long and sorrow'd after Hope; At last she sought out Memory, and they trod The same old paths where Love had walked with Hope,

And Memory fed the soul of Love with tears."

Every daily newspaper discloses the close companionship between love and sorrow. It is shown that the sins of indifferent or thoughtless men fall heaviest upon the innocent people who love them. If a composite tale could be written of the life stories provided in our penitentiaries, the dramatic interest would not attach to those chapters dealing directly with the crime or the criminal, but rather to the pages that are blotted with the tears and written in the heart's blood of those who suffer for love's sake.

"Oh Shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love!" "It is to be all made of sighs and tears. It is to be all made of faith and service."

Yet who would abandon the faith, who would avoid the sighs, the service and the tears if to do so they must abandon love?

There are some natures so sympathetic that men in grief and trouble turn instinctively to them; and men of such natures walk through life arm in arm with sorrow—perhaps none of it of their own making, but all of it resting heavily upon them. We can not tell why it is that with all of their intimate association with grief these men would not exchange places with those who live far apart from the sorrows of their fellows.

If we would describe the value of love let us imagine what the world would be if dispossessed of that which has been called "the sweetest joy, the wildest woe." Look at the man who living "withdrawn in the place of his self-content" never cultivates a genuine friendship for man, woman or child. There are a few such men, perhaps, in every large community. The sorrows of others do not disturb them. They are not subjects of the so-called "Tyrant" Love, hence are not required to submit to the mysterious burdens that fall upon those who dwell within Love's realm. They avoid many of the shadows of life, but do they ever feel the touch of its real sunshine?

We can not explain why it was ordained that love and sorrow should be such close companions any more than we can explain many other problems of life. But we do know that without love life would not be worth living, and that its attendant sacrifices and sorrows soften the heart and ennoble the character in proportion to the depth of the affections. We do know that no one who has felt the touch of "the divine passion" would retrace his steps even though by doing so he would be permitted to forget the bad as he would be required to forfeit the good.

If Mr. Pentecost would learn of these things let him consult any man who has walked in the sunshine as well as in the shadows of Love's domain. That man would tell him that looking through the vista of years he would not forswear allegiance to Love, the great ruler of the human heart, because the sunshine breaks through all the shadows and with all the dark recollections the blessed memories are supreme. He would tell him that the rosy cheeked girl from whom he snatched a kiss under the mistletoe twenty years or more ago is now the matron of forty; that the roses have been transferred to the cheeks of her girls and her boys, but that she is the same today as she was yesterday and the same yesterday as when

"The golden hours on angel wings
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary."

Since then many shadows have fallen on that home. At that hearthside there may be vacant chairs; in the family archives there may be documents wet with tears. The inmates of that home know what it is to suffer; but they know, also, what it is to love; and they who know of these things can not be convinced that love is a tyrant.

Those who have suffered yet have been strengthened by the very force which made their sorrow keen, can tell Mr. Pentecost that love, rather than being a tyrant, revels in misery, is a relentless foe to tyranny and a faithful minister in affliction. Those who, at love's bidding, have passed under the rod will not find it difficult to believe that that which Mr. Pentecost likens to a tyrant is better described as: "The great world's altar stairs, that slope through darkness up to God."

RICHARD L. METCALFE.

SOME SENATE INCONSISTENCIES

When the senatorial colleague of the late Senator Mitchell was tempted to move an adjournment of the senate out of respect to his late colleague's memory, he was warned by senators who may fairly be charged with "straining at a gnat to swallow a camel" that something unpleasant would occur if such a motion were made. That motion was not offered.

Senator Burton of Kansas was long ago warned that he must not undertake to occupy his seat in the senate until his acquittal of the charges made against him.

Senator Dietrich of Nebraska who, unlike the poverty-stricken Burton and Mitchell was a wealthy man, and who, also unlike Burton and Mitchell, had powerful influences behind him, found it necessary to resort to technicalities in order to avoid indictments brought against him in the federal court. Later he was acquitted by a senate committee, but at no time was he required to submit to the humiliations placed upon his less favored colleagues.

A few days ago Senator Burton, in order that he might draw his mileage, was led to the threshold of the senate, complying technically with the rule requiring that senators drawing mileage must actually be in the senate chamber.

Evidently senators object to Mr. Burton's occupying a seat in the senate and acting as a representative of Kansas, but they seem to be quite willing for him not only to draw pay for

service he did not render but to draw mileage for travel he did not officially make.

Newspaper dispatches recently told us that the same senators who had refused to permit a motion for senate adjournment in honor of Mitchell, and who had made it plain to Mr. Burton that he should not attempt to occupy a seat in the senate, attracted the attention of the galleries in rushing to the seats occupied by Chauncey M. Depew and Thomas C. Platt for the purpose of extending cordial greeting to those eminent defenders of national honor—those faithful champions of republican doctrine.

Yet some senators wonder how it happens that among the intelligent people of America the United States senate is rapidly falling into disrepute.

PAINTED TO LOOK LIKE IRON

District Attorney Jerome spent considerable time in prosecuting Mr. Hapgood, editor of Collier's Weekly on the charge of libel alleged to have been committed against Justice Deuel, who has been shown to have been connected with the publication known as "Town Topics." Many discreditable disclosures have been made concerning the methods employed by "Town Topics." When Mr. Hapgood took the stand he created something of a sensation by declaring that what he had written on "Town Topics" was largely based on information furnished him by Attorney Jerome himself.

The Hapgood-"Town Topics" trial has attracted widespread attention, and it is clear that Collier's Weekly rendered a distinct service to the community when it inserted the probe in "Town Topics" methods. It will occur to a great many people as strange that Mr. Jerome does not employ some of the time on his hands in proceeding against some of the insurance magnates whose embezzlements were exposed during the insurance investigation.

Mr. Jerome's re-election was hailed by men everywhere as a distinct victory for good government; but already many who heretofore admired him are expressing disappointment because of his failure to vindicate the great confidence displayed in him by the people of New York.

Some people are beginning to suspect that, as Bismarck said of Salisbury, Mr. Jerome is "a wooden lath painted to look like iron."

TEXAS TENTH

Texas was omitted in the statement giving relative standing of states in primary pledge plan. It should occupy position number 10, which was accorded to Kansas. This would push Kansas down to eleven and each other state down one notch.

Those "house insurgents" performed a voluminous lot of thundering in their advance notices.