gives us supreme satisfaction to note that the destruction of slavery and all the social conditions germane to that institution meant the creation of a true Southern literature. It may be said, in broad terms, that, before the war, the South had no true literature. The Southern mind found expression mainly in statesmanship. Perhaps literature was rather looked down upon as a kind of a trade. Since the war it is scarcely too much to say that the South has produced among our younger writers the largest measure of original form of literary power. The late slave states have given us Cable, Harris, "Craddock" and Mark Twain, and the charming author of "Col. Carter." In pure originality—genius, if you will—I think Cable surpasses Howells, while I think Mark Twain stands incontestably at the head af all the younger school. The writer who wears cap and bells always stands at an immense disadvantage in literary comparisons. But his book called "Huckleberry Finn" has been declared by competent English critics to be a masterpiece of genius. In speaking of what we may call the "tendency writing" in modern literature, Dr. Holmes says, quoting approvingly Andrew Lang, "Novels are getting to be largely tracts on church affairs, free love, and other sensational topics. The thrifty plan of giving us politics, sermons, fiction and the like, all served up in one stodgy sandwich, produces no permanent literature; only what amounts to tracts for the times and for the time being." The doctor has spoken a wise and timely word. The modern novel is too often a kind of social dissecting room. You are kept constantly reminded of your moral viscera, so to speak. It may be good for the interest of philanthropy but it is certainly bad for the interest of literature. Both are supremely good, but they cannot be wholesomely mixed. And that nation is to be pitied that neglects its art. It is art that lifts humanity to its mountain peaks of spiritual vision. If all the forces of our national genius should be turned, for one generation, into the channel of philanthropy, it might give the poor better food and shelter and clothes, but it might leave them poorer than it found them. The Bible truly says, "Without a vision the people perish." Men need something to touch the imagination, to arouse the dormant spiritual qualities. And it is in this supreme field of life that art becomes the noblest adjunct of religion. Let us feel, then, that art, like beauty, "is its own excuse for being." Wedded to social philanthropy, its children may lose their charm of immortal beauty.

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The reply of Mr. Pullman to a question concerning the refusal of his company to do a certain thing desired by its employes—"It was simply a matter of business"—is being criticised by some of his enemies as implying that the necessities of business justify the violation of the rules of ordinary justice and morality. He surely did not mean to be understood as asserting the right to perpetrate a wrong in order to maintain his profits or to promote his general interests. The idea that he manifestly intended to convey was that the success of business operations is dependent upon adherence to fixed methods and principles, and that exceptions can not safely be made to suit special cases or circumstances. There are laws in trade that must be strictly observed, or failure will inevitably ensue. Such laws are the result of ages of experience, and their enforcement is essential to the orderly and satisfactory adjustment of industrial and commercial forces. They recognize the right of a man to control his own property and direct his own affairs in such a way as to gain the largest possible degree of prosperity. He is not required to infuse his proceedings with the spirit of philanthropy, or to regulate his plans according to any other than his own view of what is best calculated to conserve and advance his fortunes.

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It is trite to say that there is no sentiment in business, but the fact needs to be often reiterated for the correction of loose thinking upon important subjects. The professional reformer finds it easy to promulgate theories of improvement which promise to reduce the philosophy of trade to a basis of emotional unselfishness; but the application of such theories to actual conditions is impossible. A man who expects to thrive in any financial or commercial enterprise can not afford to put himself at the mercy of his benevolence or his sympathy with human weakness and misfortune. The pressure of competition is such that he must be quick to seize every chance and to make the most of it, regardless of considerations of personal kindness and liberality. "Business is business," as we say in the sense that it does not include those finer feelings which find expression in deeds of charity and self-sacrifice. It is a constant struggle for advantages in which some win and others lose, and in which the only way to be a winner instead of a loser is to put sentiment aside and take account only of the practical aspect of things. This is the secret of all business success, whatever may be said against it by the theorists and dreamers whose personal failure is a standing refutation of their teaching.

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There are times, of course, when a man can obey an influence of generosity without damage to his business; in fact, there are times when his business can thus be benefitted. It is to the credit of human nature, as well as human sagacity, that these opportunities are mostly improved, and that the profit of them is properly distributed. Instances of this kind are familiar in every community. They represent a tendency that is a part of the ethics of business, a proof of the fundamental virtue of the system to which they are related. The manufacturer who reduced the wages of his employees during the panic, and then voluntarily paid them the full amount when his trade turned out to be better than he had expected was under no legal obligation to do such a thing, but it seemed to him right and fair, and he did it in a spirit of regard for the obvious equities of the case. There is no lack of business men who are capable of thus manifesting the right sort of feeling. It is not true, as is frequently asserted, that business has its own code of morals, by which everything is permissable that can be done in avoidance of the law. Our business men are honest men, as a rule, and would not succeed if they were otherwise, since there is nothing more certain than that a course of crookedness defeats itself sooner or later. The laws of commerce are entirely consistent with justice and integrity, and to say of a thing that it is simply a matter of business does not signify that it may be dealt with in a dishonest or questionable manner.

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"Those noble newspapers that make it a business to collect the filth of the world, hold up a high editorial nose whenever the name of Breckenridge is mentioned, and cry faugh! with pious unctousness," says *Town Topics*. "As I look toward Lexington I do not think of Breckenridge and Owens and Settle and McDowell. I do not think of long-haired gentlemen with black felt hats and blacker looks, and knives sudden and quick in quarrel. I think of the blessed reflections that the voters of Henry Clay's old district are getting every day. I think of the peculiar happiness of the small boy in that district. I see and smell the juicy cuts from the barbecued stalled ox. There are pale attempts at barbecues in other state, but the genuine barbecue is found only in Kentucky. Baltimore for terrapin, Philadelphia for catfish and waffles, Rocky Point for clams, Billy Parks's for broiled live lobster, Kentucky for barbecues and heaven for us all. The southward-pointing nose is greeted by another gracious fragrance dissolving all the malodorousness of Breckenridge and politics. In Kentucky there is another boon, exquisite, inimitable—a beatitude to the palate of man. Kentucky is the land of the Burgoo, that