

century. From his boyhood friendship with the poet Sill at Yale to his contact with the youth of today, Henry Holt has sustained his enthusiasm, his dignity, and his ability to observe mankind with more than tolerant understanding—with real appreciation. Through these pages move Charles Dickens and Mark Twain, Rafael Pumpelly and John Fiske. Here is a philosophy early influenced by Darwinism, working through to a peculiar but profoundly stirring mysticism. It is the record of the life of a cultured, thoughtful, upright, humorous American, who knows that first of all, perhaps, he owes it to mankind to tell just how he has been able to live so long and useful a life—health first, in other words. What a simple rule this one is, and how little followed:

The advice based on my long experience would be: Don't be afraid of night work for spurts, if you'll eat a little when your stomach calls for it, and get sleep enough at other times. But don't cultivate the habit; for, I repeat, it will interfere with your domestic relations, your friendships, and your practical affairs.

A wise admonition this, and what a ripe wisdom it shows:

Don't demand perfection anywhere but in yourself and your work. Cultivate the art of getting happiness from imperfect experiences, and especially from imperfect people. As a rule, happiness eludes direct search; it is mainly a by-product of duty. Next to depending upon love and morals, it depends upon health, but even they too depend largely upon health, and health depends upon temperance, and that is lacking oftener in eating than in drinking.

And how crisp and satisfactory are the chapters on religion!

Wise Reminiscence

IF an autobiography like "Garrulities of an Octogenarian Editor" (Houghton Mifflin) makes itself available once a year, or even once in five years, we may count our stars fortunate. Here is a volume of chatty and wise anecdotes and musings covering practically the entire period of the last

From these sources I have been gradually making up my own religion. I once asked Whitney, the great philologist, what dictionary he relied on, and he answered: "Why, I'm my own dictionary." It took me a little while to think it out. So the ideal seems to me unquestionably that each man should have his own religion. The other day I was astonished to read in Dean Inge: "We cannot make a religion for others, and we ought not to let others make a religion for us." But aren't those things just what the church and the faithful have always been doing?