

monetary troubles from which we have suffered and are still suffering?

Suppose, further, that there should appear in the present Congress a few men who from the outset should devote themselves intelligently, studiously, and fearlessly to the advocacy of the right side of all great public questions, such as sound finance, a reformed currency, the merit system, forest preservation, and other subjects of a non-partizan sort vitally affecting the happiness and welfare of the whole people, and the true greatness and glory of the country: does anybody doubt that the people would joyfully rally to their support, and that within a few years they would be recognized as national leaders, and would become the leading candidates for the highest offices in the land? There can be no question whatever of this. The people are yearning for leaders, and mourning because they find them not. Why cannot some of our congressmen see their opportunity in this situation, and improve it?

The Craze for Publicity.

It is a strange thing to see how deeply certain people of our time have been smitten with a form of insanity which may be called, for want of a dictionary word, publicomania. The name is rather ugly, and altogether irregular, being of mixed Latin and Greek descent; but then it is no worse than the thing it describes, which is, in fact, a sort of mongrel madness. It has some kinship with the Roman Grandio's passion for celebrity which Seneca satirized, and not a little likeness to the petty ostentation of Beau Tibbs at which Goldsmith laughed kindly in London a century ago. But in our own day the disease has developed a new symptom. It is not enough to be pointed out with the forefinger of notoriety: the finger must be stained with printer's ink. The craving for publicity is not satisfied with anything but a paragraph in the newspapers; then it wants a column; and finally it demands a whole page with illustrations. The delusion consists in the idea that a sufficient quantity of this kind of notoriety amounts to fame.

It is astonishing to observe how much time, energy, ingenuity, money, and life people who are otherwise quite sane will spend for the sake of having their names and unimportant doings chronicled in a form of print which can be preserved only in private and very inconvenient scrap-books. In England, where they have a hereditary aristocracy and a «Court Journal,» the mania seems less difficult to understand. But in this country, where the limits of the «smart» set are confessedly undefined and indefinable, changing with the fluctuations of the stock-market and the rise and fall of real estate, it is impossible to conceive what benefit or satisfaction reasonable beings can derive from a temporary enrolment among the assistants at fashionable weddings, the guests at luxurious banquets, or the mourners at magnificent funerals.

Our wonder increases when we consider that there is hardly a detail of private life, from the cradle to the grave, which is not now regarded as appropriate for publication, provided only the newspapers are persuaded to take an interest in it. The interest of the public is taken for granted. Formerly the intrusion of reporters into such affairs was resented. Now it is their occasional neglect to intrude which causes chagrin.

If we could suppose that all this was only a subtle and highly refined mode of advertisement, it would be comparatively easy to account for it. There would be method in the madness. But why in the world should a man or a woman care to advertise things which are not to be sold—a wedding trousseau, the decorations of a bedroom, a dinner to friends, or the flowers which conceal a coffin? We can see well enough why a dealer in old silver should be pleased at having his wares described in the newspapers. But what interest has Mr. Newman Biggs in having the public made aware of the splendor and solidity of his plate? We can understand why a Circassian father should wish to have his daughter's portrait published, although, if it were like the prints in our daily papers, he would probably be disappointed in its effect on the chances of a good sale. But why should an American father like it or submit to it?

Of course we recognize the fact that there is such a thing as public life. It is natural and reasonable that those who are engaged in it should accept publicity, and even seek it within proper limits, so far as it may be a necessary condition of success in their work. Authors and artists wish to have their books read and their pictures looked at. Statesmen and reformers desire to have their policies and principles discussed, in order that they may be adopted. Benefactors of mankind wish at least to have their schools and hospitals and libraries received with as much attention as may be needed to make them useful. But why the people who are chiefly occupied in eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, should wish to have their lives turned inside out on the news-stands passes comprehension. They subject themselves to all the inconveniences of royalty, being, as Montaigne says, «in all the daily actions of life encircled and hemmed in by an importunate and tedious multitude,» without any of its compensations. They are exposed by their own fantastic choice to what Cowley called «a quotidian ague of frigid impertinences,» and they get nothing for it but the disadvantage of being talked about. The result of their labors and sufferings is simply to bring them to the condition of a certain William Kenrick, LL. D., of whom old Samuel Johnson said, «Sir, he is one of those who have made themselves public without making themselves known.»

But if we are inclined to be scornful of the vagaries of publicomania, this feeling must surely be softened into something milder and more humane when we reflect upon the unhappy state of mind to which it reduces those who are afflicted with it. They are not as other men, to whom life is sweet for its own sake. The feasts to which they are bidden leave them hungry unless their presence is recorded in the «Daily Eavesdropper.» They are restless in their summer rest unless their comings and goings are printed in the chronicle of fashionable intelligence. Their new houses do not please them if the newspaper fails to give sufficient space to the announcement that they are «at home.» It is a miserable condition, and one from which all obscure and happy persons should pray to be delivered.

There is, however, a great consolation for true lovers of humanity in the thought that the number of people who are afflicted with this insanity in an incurable form is comparatively small. They make a great noise, like

Edmund Burke's company of grasshoppers under a leaf in a field where a thousand cattle are quietly feeding; but, after all, the great silent classes are in the majority. The common sense of mankind agrees with the poet Horace in his excellent praise of the joys of retirement:

Secretum iter, et fallentis semita vitæ.

One of the best antidotes and cures of the craze for publicity is a love of poetry and of the things that belong to poetry—the beauty of nature, the sweetness and splendor of the common human affections, and those high thoughts and unselfish aspirations which are the enduring treasures of the soul. It is good to remember that the finest and most beautiful things that can ever come to us cannot possibly be news to the public. It is good to find the zest of life in that part of it which does not need, and will not bear, to be advertised. It is good to talk with our friends, knowing that they will not report us; and to play with the children, knowing that no one is looking at us; and to eat our meat with gladness and singleness of heart. It is good to recognize that the object of all true civilization is that a man's house, rich or poor, shall be his castle, and not his dime museum. It is good to enter into the spirit of Wordsworth's noble sonnet, and, turning back to «the good old cause,» thank God for those safeguards of the private life which still preserve in so many homes

*Our peace, our fearful innocence,
And pure religion breathing household laws.*

The Ethics of Yachting.

OF the large sports, outside the field of athletics, which have stirred the pulses of men, there is only one which, according to the standards and tastes of the present time, may be called a noble sport. Those that are brutal, like pugilism and bull-fighting, are now generally held to be ignoble, and those that stimulate the gambling passion of the age are more or less degrading; it is only yachting which in the realm of large sport continues to raise men to a sense of self-mastery and a mastery of nature's forces, with no other aim than the crowning of emulation with the laurel of honorable victory.

Yachting is the large sport above all others in which the unquestioned honesty of the contestants is a primary matter of course. With the gambling sports it is different. They are to some extent hedged about by rules made for the purpose of keeping the contestants and their employees within the bounds of fair dealing. It is true that men of the highest sense of honor engage in them, but the majority of the devotees who follow the sport as gamblers are satisfied with what is known as gamblers' honor. With them an imputation of fraud leaves no stain on the sport if the charge cannot be proved.

But in yachting the slightest breath of scandal capsize the pleasure of the contest. Its rules do not assume the liability of a deviation from the ordinary lines of honorable conduct; they provide merely for a basis of measurement by which the relative force of the contestants may be determined, and for a common understanding as to rights of way, so that accidents may be avoided, or, if they occur, may be accurately charged to somebody's account. They provide for a remeasurement

in case an opponent thinks a mistake has been made in the intricate computation, or through negligence. They prescribe that the «trim» shall not be altered, and that certain minor adjustments shall not be made, within a fixed space of time. In effect everything is left to the honorable disposition of the contestants, and in recognition of that fact a winner of a prize makes formal acknowledgment before taking it that he has adhered to the rules. In match contests an owner's representative, with, perhaps, a member of the governing committee, sails on each yacht, not for the purpose of spying a possible propensity to alter ballast or gain an advantage by some ingenious bit of smartness or meanness, but to observe from the point of view of each contending yacht mistakes as to the course, obstacles that may unexpectedly appear, and accidents which from the nature of the sport are always to be apprehended.

In yachting the responsibility for a dishonorable action cannot be shifted from an owner, in charge, to his officers and crew. The latter have it in their power to weaken a stay or a rope, or to do some malicious injury calculated to impair the efficiency of a yacht; but they can do nothing outside the strict performance of their duty which would give their yacht an advantage over a rival. The discipline essential to the successful handling of a great yacht, no less than the mechanical factors involved, precludes the possibility of effective dishonesty by subordinates. So if a greater insult than an imputation of personal dishonesty could be offered to a yacht-owner, it might be conveyed in a vague charge that his officers and crew had assumed the responsibility of cheating in his behalf. That not one man among a large crew would be found willing to safeguard the honor of an employer would be a supposition quite preposterous.

Under the moral conditions which prevail in the sport of yachting an unsportsmanlike suspicion is as much out of place as a dishonorable action. A yachtsman who lodges a suspicion of dishonesty against a contestant is in honor bound to rest from the contest. There could be no true sport in such a match. Somebody must be ruled out—either the accused as a dishonest yachtsman, or the accuser as being in a state of mind inconsistent with honorable competition. If the accuser, from easy notions of other people's sense of honor, should fail to see the impropriety of racing with an imputation of dishonesty in the balance, the regatta committee ought to act instantly and with decision. Investigation might exculpate the accused, but that would not of itself exonerate the accuser; to proceed with a contest under those conditions would be to invite disorder, for a yachtsman capable of an unsportsmanlike suspicion would be prone, in case of defeat, to find other sources of dissatisfaction, and in the end to revive the charge of dishonesty as a cloak for his chagrin. A committee which would allow such an incident in yachting to be smoothed over, either out of mistaken courtesy to a guest or to save a great contest from collapse, would not be equal to its duty, and would merely run the risk of exchanging an unfortunate failure for a disgraceful fiasco.

In a common respect for sportsmanlike honor, international yachting has shed a new luster on the nautical