

THOUGHTS OF A RECLUSE

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Thoughts of a Recluse by Austin O'Malley

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AUSTIN O'MALLEY

**THOUGHTS
OF A RECLUSE**

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BY

AUSTIN O'MALLEY, M.D., Ph.D., LL.D.

*"Nec arancarum sane texus ideo melior quia ex se fila gignunt.
nec noster vilior quia ex alienis libanus ut apes."*

JUSTUS LIPSIUS, *Monit. Polit.*



CHICAGO AKRÓN, O. NEW YORK
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SOCIAL LIFE

SOCIAL LIFE

QUONE advantage a democracy has over a monarchy is that there is more wisdom in a hundred fools than in one.

A GENTLEMAN very seldom meets rude persons.

THE people that enjoy the greatest political liberty often suffer from the most abject spiritual slavery.

SOME men are like a church-organ—you can play on them for a lifetime and always find new tunes; others are like a music-box—they have four or five shallow jingles.

WHEN a child has grown tired of a rubber balloon he thrusts a pin into it to hear the explosion. Death will do the same thing with your life, and the explosion will be the obituary notice in your local newspaper. The bigger the balloon the louder the explosion, but it's all a matter of gas.

STERNE well said: "So-and-so is my friend, but Truth is my sister."

* * *

IN THE process of making a gentleman, the last flaw that is ground out of the soul is a tendency toward familiarity with those he loves.

* * *

VANITY is as universal as fingers. When Solomon wrote his dissertation on vanity he would have been deeply grieved if a critic had censured the style of the discourse.

* * *

IF YOU would know a young man's character find out where he builds his air-castles.

* * *

WHY do we use the simile, "blind as a bat," which is not blind, instead of "blind as vanity," which is altogether eyeless?

* * *

WHEN an old man points out to youth that all flowers are weeds, this old man thinks he is citing the authority of experience, but in every case he is really expressing his own feelings in the present. Experience after all is not the best teacher. We grow physically unfit for certain sorts of foolishness, and then we prate about experience and wisdom. Experience is useful only in cases where passion does not enter.

WE ARE very like a dog running in a treadmill. The poor beast strives upward fawning and whining but he never advances, and if he rests he is hurled backward and bruised. While off the mill he snaps at flies till Death snaps at him, and makes of him food to fatten weeds.

THEY often say woman cannot keep a secret, but every woman in the world, like every man, has a hundred secrets in her own soul which she hides from even herself. The more respectable she is the more certain it is the secrets exist.

MANY noble thoughts that are commonly classified as effects of the Sermon on the Mount were known to rational men before the time of our Lord. Plato, in the 'Crito,' makes Socrates say: "We must never retaliate by doing evil for evil; and we must never injure any man, though we may suffer ever so great injury from him." No one, however, heeded these thoughts until our Lord clothed them with light.

A MAN'S life is like a well, not like a snake—it should be measured by its depth, not by its length.

THERE is no incognito so skilfully kept as that of the just woman.

ANY black key on a piano may be a sharp or a flat. Chanon said, "the first sigh of love is the last of wisdom"—*amantes, amentes*. The same west wind that in May flows musically through the oak's new buds, in December snarls across the bare boughs and hisses on the sere leaves; and how different is the same voice of the world in our glorious summer and in the winter of our discontent.

It is an ill wind that blows no good—on the sigh of the orphan is wafted skill to the young surgeon, said a mediæval proverb.

A HUNDRED suns go to redden one poor rose, God's blood to save a slime-dweller's soul; a life's pain and toil are paid for a short flash of honor as valuable as an angry woman's reason, and whole nations have been annihilated because some king's dyspepsia bothered the rascal. We usually pay large prices for cheap commodities despite the chatter of the political economists.

WE SWELL out our breasts and say we are in manly pursuit of glory, when God knows we are puppies chasing our own tails, till Death grows tired of the farce and knaps us o' the coxcombs with his flail, crying, "down, wantons, down!" and the show is ended.