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STRUCTURE AND STYLE

Structure and Style

Readings for the College Composition Course

Selected and Edited by
GERDA OKERLUND *and*
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Illinois State Normal University

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PREFACE

IN PREPARING this collection of readings we have had three aims.

First we have tried to make the book directly useful for the central purpose of the composition course—the development of the student's ability to write. Part I is therefore devoted to essays on the art of writing. We have allowed skilled craftsmen to set forth their tested observations, knowing that students pay more respectful heed to those who practice an art than to those of us who merely preach it. This section may take the place of the customary textbook on rhetoric. In Part II will be found illustrations of various kinds of expository writing. Students who would rather attempt recognized literary forms than meet classroom-born assignments of "themes" may be interested in these as models. In Part III essays by various authors have been brought together for analysis of organization and style. Most of these selections are of today, written in the vigorous manner of today, but a few nineteenth century essays have been included for contrast.

Our second aim has been to reach the student who may have done little reading, but who nevertheless has intellectual interests, even though these may not be literary. The illustrative essays in Part III will acquaint him with some of the cross-currents in modern thought. The selections range widely in degree of difficulty. Some are simple and concrete and therefore easily enjoyed; others demand more thoughtful study. The instructor will know best which material will prove usable with a given class.

Finally we have hoped to make these essays the starting point for independent reading. The notes at the end of the volume have been designed not only as a Who's Who of authors, but also as a guide to books for the student whose curiosity may have been awakened; for we know only too well that the education he seeks for himself in answer to his own questions is the most effective kind of education, even if it interrupts the course in composition. If writing maketh an exact man, it is nevertheless reading that maketh a full man.

It would be ungracious not to acknowledge our debt to previous compilers, from whom we have learned much and through whose books in a few instances we have become acquainted with indispensable essays which we might not have discovered for ourselves. The selection "Two Types of Mind" by H. G. Wells we first read in *Expository Writing* by Maurice G. Fulton (Macmillan), which we have used as a textbook for many years. "Our Fear of Excellence" by Margaret Sherwood we came upon in *Contemporary Essays* edited by Odell Shepard (Scribner's); and the discussion "Labor and Leisure" by L. P. Jacks we found in *Essays of Our Times* compiled by Sharon Brown (Scott, Foresman and Company).

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STRUCTURE AND STYLE

IT'S THE WAY IT'S WRITTEN[1]

HENRY JUSTIN SMITH

TO DO any good writing you have to *care about it tremendously.* This is what leading opera singers, painters, golf-players, poker players do. They care about what they are doing tremendously. They take no account of the flight of time, of exhaustion, of obstacles to perfection. They are so intent upon the perfect note, the exquisite line, the long drive, or the fat pot that excellence comes to them almost without their being aware that they are working hard. One hates to say it, but I am afraid comparatively few people bring to the task of learning to write well the passionate enthusiasm, the tremendous energy that are put into things like music or sport. It is so easy to write passably; so easy to acquire a fluency that serves. You are surrounded, too, nearly everywhere, by the spirit of doing things "just so as to get by." If you are not assailed by it in college you are sure to hear it as soon as you are out of college. "Get by; do just enough; put over a good bluff; don't kill yourself." You'll hear it: the great American invitation to mediocrity. The word mediocre means "indifferent, ordinary." There is also "mediocre," a noun, to which an odd meaning is given in Old English, that of "a young monk who was excused from performing part of a monk's duties." Society will readily excuse you from yours. Society does not especially care whether you rise above mediocrity. It will let you trot along an easy path, if you choose one; and very likely, society being itself mediocre, for the most part, it may pay you well, and even puff you occasionally in its puff-ball organs of publicity. But to the man who really cares it is a bitter fate to be ordinary. Better fail; better fail, drop out, do something else, than be a slack, dull, or slipshod writer. In the end, even if you have a good job, you are likely to hate yourself. I have heard

[1] From an address by the same title. Copyright by the Chicago *Daily News*. Reprinted by permission of Henry Justin Smith.

This advice, though addressed to future journalists, is included here because it applies equally well to all good writing.

of one very popular novelist who has "got by" for years, and now he hates himself so badly that he's trying to reform; writes everything over six or seven times, trying really to write. It's hopeless. Mediocrity has him swamped. He didn't care enough to start with. The same thing goes in the newspaper business. It is full enough right now of white-blooded, faded, lack-lustre and shoddy writers. Yet, generally speaking, there is a lot less bluff, a lot less tolerance of mediocrity in the newspaper business than in most others. You're in a keen-witted crowd; they label you; they see through you. They're not going to excuse you; and even if you don't become a drifter from one newspaper office to another, you'll drop to the class of men who are allowed to stay along because nobody else applies, or because they work cheaply. You've got to care tremendously about newspaper work to learn it; and you've got to put your back into this business of writing before you can master it.

It follows, then, that you'll have to

Work like the devil.

I can't say it any other way and be emphatic enough. If I said "Work hard," I would only give you a picture of a plodder going along at an easy swing and eking out a full eight hours. Working like the devil means gritting your teeth, going to it with a high pulse, tying a wet cloth about your head, burning yourself up on the job. What if you do burn yourself up? It's worth doing for the sake of excellence, of getting out what's really in you, deep buried under layers of commonplaceness, literary conventionalities and perhaps laziness. You don't burn yourself up, though; you get hardened like steel. And your literary style becomes like steel, too; a sharp and unbreakable weapon in your hand. How do reporters get so that they can stay up all night at a national convention, and at five o'clock in the morning be still streaming out terse, pointed sentences with juice in them? They're not supermen. They've simply worked as though they *were* supermen, and now at the crisis the big strain so much resembles their ordinary experience that they don't realize it as anything extraordinary. Stroll into a big newspaper office any time, and you'll see veterans in the service—veterans all of thirty or thirty-five years old, some of them—working under high pressure, but without perspiration, or tearing their hair, or changing the angle of their well-chewed cigars. They are "hard-boiled." Their absorption, their concentration, at the right moments has become so trained that they show no trace. But don't

you think that, some time or other, they had to work furiously on that training?

We'll assume you grant this rather obvious point. But what are you to work at? And how go about it? Well, I should say, the main thing is to

Write; *write "your heads off."*

Write all the time. Write whether you feel like it or not. Write whether you have anything to say or not. During this formative stage, write books if you please; or poems, or plays, or essays. Perhaps not a single piece will be worth offering to a magazine editor. I am not concerned about telling you how to write things that will please magazine editors. I am only urging you to give those literary muscles exercise. I am inviting you to get into the "gym" class, with its literary spring-boards, parallel bars, and running track. Most writers at the start are mentally muscle-bound, badly co-ordinated. There are thoughts in their heads, but when the signal comes to their vocabulary to express these thoughts the result is stiff and self-conscious. The only cure for this is self-massage with one's own pen or typewriter. After you have written about half a million useless words there comes, sometimes suddenly, sometimes slowly, a mastery not only of words, but of sentences and phrases, that makes you a different being. It is like learning to swim or to navigate an aeroplane. You have conquered your element. From then on your personality, whatever that may be, goes onto paper unhampered, and thus exhilarated. Nearly all writers have had to pass this stage. Some reach it more naturally than others, and there are geniuses who—but never mind geniuses. There are also writers —some of them celebrated—who never acquire ease, but have to fight their way through a jungle of words to finish their task.

One thing is pretty certain: If you confine yourself now to the exercises set for you in class, you will not be doing enough writing; and if, after you land that newspaper job, you write only the things the city editor tells you to, you will still be under-exercised. Nobody is going to make a writer of you. Writers are self-made.

Fifteen years ago I walked through the local room of the *Daily News* about half past five in the afternoon. The room was almost deserted; but one desk-light burned, and before it a young man not long past his 'teens sat grinding out sheet after sheet of copy. I knew this chap was not on the late watch. He should have been off duty hours before. I looked at the copy. It was not news; it

wasn't anything recognizable at a glance. There seemed to be bushels of it. So, a bit puzzled by this youth pounding away in the dusk, I asked: "What's it all about?" He looked up smilingly, and answered, "I'm trying to perfect a style."

What I have given you is a glimpse of Paul Scott Mowrer at the outset of his career. Today he is a Paris correspondent. He was one of those who sent home the most vivid stories of the great war; and whose style, whether he employs it upon "human interest" topics or upon analysis of diplomatic tangles, is among the most brilliant, well-poised and flexible media of expression wielded by any journalist.

I have in mind how another young reporter mastered his element. I don't dare mention his name, for he lives in Chicago instead of in Paris. This youngster never got beyond high school. When I first heard of him his newspaper job was somewhere between that of a messenger boy and an assistant exchange editor. He cared tremendously about becoming a writer. He used to hover about when the reporters were talking shop, listening eagerly for any tip they might let fall about the way they wrote things; and he used to ask them how they did it. But none of them could tell him how they did it, and none of them cared much what became of him. So he had to invent his own way of becoming a writer. The first thing was to acquire words; a lot more words. He did this, not only by reading all the books he could, but by making a serious study of news stories and editorials. And whenever he came across a new word he noted it down and looked it up. Not only that, but he wrote sentences, hundreds of sentences, employing these new words in all sorts of ways, until the use of them became instinctive. It was almost like learning a foreign language to him. He grasped the idea that to learn English—or American, if you prefer that—he had literally to learn, just as though he had been acquiring Latin or French. This process went on until suddenly the city editor discovered that he had a cub who could "throw words around like everything"; and the city editor used to let him write little stories, which often astonished the copy desk. Once, he tells me, he was making a special study of the word "jettison," and by way of brightening up a little story of a lake storm he wrote that the passengers "jettisoned their lunch." But the copy-desk was quick to tell him when his mastery of words led him astray; and he listened good-naturedly, and put what he learned in his note-book. As he

progressed, he invented new exercises. He used to take long stories that he found in the paper and rewrite them in condensed form. And he used to sit composing head-lines, although he had no idea of becoming a copy reader. But he knew that the squeezing of a twelve-word idea into sixteen letters was excellent practice in writing "short and snappy." Still another feature of his education was the writing of verse. He did not try to get anyone to print his verse: he simply used the practice to make his style firmer, more pointed, and more sparing of heavy phrases. And at last he had a style he could simply play with. He could sit down at the machine with a rush story in hand and stream off correct and vigorous writing faster than anybody in the office; or, if ordered to write a "freak story," he had the words to do it with. And thus, from being a cub, he advanced to be a reliable cog, and thence to be a "star feature man," which he still is.

I like to think of that youngster, toiling away at his sample sentences, going through his literary calisthenics, long after the rest of the staff had gone home, and there was nobody left but janitors emptying waste-baskets. I cannot help comparing him with other newspaper men I have known, who after twenty years' work cannot put together three sentences correctly; and with still others who say, "I can get the goods, but Lord knows I'm no writer." These so-called go-getters are great, but there is nothing to prevent their being twice as great—except that they won't write, and consequently can't write.

At this point let me drop a hint which I suspect the handbooks have overlooked. It is this:

Hang around writers.

I might have put it more elegantly by saying "associate with writers." But there's a shade of difference in meaning; it's harder to associate with people than to hang around them. I am not suggesting that you pursue writers down the street, or chase them to their homes to read manuscripts to them; nor do I propose that you force your way into an august body like the Society of Midland Authors. Just be crafty, and see if there isn't some writer or group of them that you can hang around. Try to find excuses for loitering near or among newspaper men of the better sort while they are talking shop. Haven't you some friend on a paper who will let you sit on a desk with him after the last edition is made up? Whatever place you can find where you can listen to writing chatter, make

that one of your regular stops. This chatter is rich in suggestion for you. It is better than formal advice; the formal things you read or hear don't stick in your mind half as much as the chance remarks made by fellows "just talking." It is when they gabble among themselves that they reveal their hopes, their likes, their skepticisms. And they do it then in words of one syllable. It's what you soak in from being in the right atmosphere that counts. If there were a newspaper club where reporters like to go I should favor admitting students of schools of journalism. As it is, there are only cigar store talk-fests, and so-called post-mortems in the offices or elsewhere. You'll hear wild and heretical comments on books and on editors: you'll hear strange judgments pronounced upon first page stories. But you needn't believe all your hear. The point is that you listen.

Now I suppose it is necessary to say something about reading. I am in danger here of repeating things you have already heard; or that have been better expressed elsewhere. But I will merely emphasize one or two things.

I want to emphasize volume and variousness of reading. There really isn't any conspicuous stylist who can't give you something. . . . Aside from classical reading, whom should you read? Everybody; everybody who kindles you, not so much by his plots as by his individuality. Everybody who gives you the feeling: "I've struck something new; this fellow makes me see things; this man is strong medicine." The objective, of course, is to enrich you, not merely with words, but with actual essence from those highly developed minds. If you read a book with sympathy you take something from it that makes you more complex and more potent. . . .

I urge you not only to absorb and analyze as many masterful writers as you can, but to study discriminatingly the work of those anonymous reporters whose work comes before you every morning and evening.

Let me read to you a short piece published in the Chicago newspapers awhile ago:

> (On board vessel on the Volga river)—
> There are no boating songs on the Volga this year.
> The balalaika (the Russian guitar-like instrument) is not ringing from the few boats which are floating along this once mighty river. Its shallow waters are affording a poor avenue

of escape from the parched grain fields which mock the peasants to whom they formerly yielded abundant bread.

Pawnbrokers have long since received the balalaikas in exchange for rubles necessary to buy food for the starving families.

Samovars no longer sing merrily on the hearths of the peasant cottages. They, too, have been exchanged for bread.

Together with the family ikons and the bright brass candlesticks that once adorned every mantelpiece, they are exhibited in the second-hand shops of villages and cities while their former owners are huddled together in miserable camps along railways and rivers waiting for somebody to take them to a land of food.

Priests who are as miserable as their parishioners have set up altars in the wayside camps and are burying the dead and praying for the half-dead who kneel submissively before the cross and intone their petitions to heaven at sunrise and sunset.

Fortunately, the sun does not fail them often. The autumn has been dry so far and the glorious Indian summer has made their lot more tolerable than it will be when autumn rains add to the misery of the unsheltered, poorly clothed hundreds of thousands.

A few families are still floating down the river in frail rowboats stacked high with children and battered household utensils.

The conditions are about as bad down the Volga as they are here, but the more restless refugees say they feel better if they keep moving. Here and there a family still has a horse or an ox which has managed to live on parched stubble, and is dragging along behind the rickety wagon until the time when it shall drop dead.

Cemeteries surrounding the churches which line the entire course of the Volga are crowded with refugees.

The drought and the grasshoppers have robbed them of bread. Their prayers have been of little avail. Their priests have not been able to get them food.

Yet they have not utterly lost hope and still devoutly cross themselves and feebly voice petitions as they slowly merge into the dust to which they are so soon to return.

Who wrote that? Oh, nobody in particular! Only an Associated Press correspondent. A faraway, lonely soul floating down the Volga river on a battered steamer. He wrote it as the concen-

trated image of what he had seen. He wrote it without thought of rhetoric, I think; without any vain picture of an audience. There had happened simply this: He had witnessed the tragedy of a nation; his mind had become filled with imperishable visions. And, like a faithful reporter, he wrote down, as simply as one of the chroniclers of olden time, a sketch of what he had seen. And here is this sketch, published for millions of readers, an example of fine newspaper art. Day after day, if you search the papers with keen eye, you can discover pieces of writing as good as this or better; unsigned, sometimes humbly placed. Make the search for them a habit.

Suppose we analyze a bit the qualities of this story I have just read.

For one thing, I find only about twenty adjectives or words used as adjectives in the total of practically 400 words. Think how abstemious this man was. And consider the art necessary to produce vivid pictures without the handy little adjective. One of the maxims of Carl Sandburg is, "think twice before you use an adjective."

Another thing: Notice the small percentage of polysyllabic words and words of Latin origin. This man employs "Anglo-Saxon," the words of our common speech.

His sentences are short; or if he uses a long one here and there he sandwiches it between a couple of short ones.

While painting a broad picture, without a single name of a person or town in it, he succeeds in selecting details so homely, typical and concrete that you feel as though you had actually witnessed a definite place and seen definite things happen. Journalism extraordinary! The work of no jazz journalist.

To show how easily this piece of newspaper writing might have been spoiled I will do a part of it over for you in the style of a jazz journalist:

"On the broad, gleaming bosom of the stupendous Volga as I learn and hereby cable exclusively after unheard-of privations there are no boating songs ringing out as of yore. The gleaming samovars never again will utter their joyous ditties from the broad hearths of the huddled cottages of the once wealthy and prosperous peasants. Once, many months ago, prior to the advance of the grim reaper, these samovars, together with the magnificent family ikons and the gorgeous brass candlesticks, adorned the mantelpieces of all homes in the fashionable residence districts of this the second largest town

of the province of Samara. Now, come to a lowly estate, they are on exhibition in the fly-specked windows of the second-hand stores of the villages and cities, all of which I have recently visited in my capacity of special commissioner. The former owners, men once prominent millionaires, women once flaunting their beauty in a hundred salons, and children once ruddy-cheeked, swarm like flies in miserable camps along the interminable railways and the vast rivers waiting in terror and desperation for the arrival of that succor which shall mean to them transportation to a land of peace and plenty."

And so forth.

The lesson that emerges from all of this is that of self-control. First enrich yourselves, then simplify yourselves. Supposing you have increased your vocabulary by 200 per cent, and can hurl phrases by handfuls, and can beat the entrails out of a typewriter in ten minutes, the next thing is to master your own brilliancy. This is the greatest mastery of all. A great many things that pass for brilliancy are in reality nothing but verbose slop. One seems to see the rabid editor standing over his slave and roaring, "Jazz it up, you goof! Get pep into it. Make 'er smoke." And one sees the slave, with eyes starting from his head, hurling pompous adjectives and threadbare descriptive expressions, and thinking to himself, "By Golly, I'll kill 'em dead with this story"; and one sees, perhaps, the paper issuing with smears of large-faced type, screaming its deadly commonplaces to the world in the guise of brilliant writing, and the thousands of poor gulls who never read anything better gulping all this in as they hang to straps in the elevated.

To belong to the distinguished company of real newspaper writers you must *rein in.* A great tragedy like that of Russia needs no artificial coloring. A story of a lost child or a tramp dying in the county hospital must be simply told. The bigger the story, the more it reaches into the complexities and mysteries of the human soul, the less it needs embroidery.

But I am getting too far into the province of your class-room instructors, and I am robbing some future editors of their privilege of telling cubs when and when not to be funny, and when and when not to be flowery. Let me recapitulate in brief the more or less practical advice I have given, and I shall have finished.

To become a good newspaper writer, then,

First: Care about it tremendously. Get on fire with the idea

that writing is fascinating, thrilling, heart-breaking, better than anything in the world.

Second: Work like the devil. Take hold of this man's-size job, and sweat at it. Forget what you are paid; forget whether you're on daylight saving or central time. Hustle.

Third: Write! Write all the time, any kind of stuff. Never give the pen or typewriter a rest. Fill the campus wastepaper cans with your manuscripts. Prepare for the thousands of words you are to write by writing hundreds of thousands. Later, try to get on the rewrite desk of a paper, with some terrible go-getter shooting names and addresses at you, and the edition just going to press.

Fourth: Hang around the fellow who knows how to write.

Fifth: Read everything that stimulates you. Let the cheap men alone, and don't bank too much on the best-sellers. Don't omit to scan the newspapers for the work of those comrades of yours who will never be best-sellers on their own account, but who do help journalism to be the mighty influence that it is.

And after having soaked in all you can of the power and joy available in this day of immense presses, grasp at the simplicity, dignity, and beautiful reticence that the ablest men of all have attained.

One more thing: It's a long road, and a tough one. Once on somebody's pay-roll you will wonder many times why they let you belong. You will encounter city editors who view your literary children with a cynical eye. You will be at the mercy of copy readers who will blot out your darling phrase, and slay your lovely lead because it hasn't the initial news fact in it. You will go out on a big story with an older man, and when you come into the office he will be told to write the story, and he won't do it as well as you could have done. And you will sit sometimes brooding in the adjacent cigar store wishing that by Gosh you had gone into Uncle Bill's leather business instead of into this deadly grind where you haven't got a chance. But newspaper offices aren't all alike, and every morning sun brings a new day and a fresh page in the assignment book; and if your story is butchered in the noon edition, why, maybe it'll appear in full in the five o'clock.

And just as sure as you keep at it long enough, some day a boy will bring a proof into the local room—a proof of your story—with "fine work" written on the margin in the Old Man's hand. And when you go home that night you'll hear one business man say to

the other on the L: "Say, did you read this story in the Bazoo? It ain't such important news perhaps, but it kind o' gets me. *It's the way it's written.*"

And then you'll feel that after all it was worth while to study journalism.

MACAULAY'S METHOD OF WORK[1]

GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN

THE main secret of Macaulay's success lay in this, that to extraordinary fluency and facility he united patient, minute, and persistent diligence. He well knew, as Chaucer knew before him, that

> There is na workeman
> That can bothe worken wel and hastilie.
> This must be done at leisure parfaitlie.

If his method of composition ever comes into fashion, books probably will be better, and undoubtedly will be shorter. As soon as he had got into his head all the information relating to any particular episode in his *History* (such, for instance, as Argyll's expedition to Scotland, or the attainder of Sir John Fenwick, or the calling in of the clipped coinage), he would sit down and write off the whole story at a headlong pace; sketching in the outlines under the genial and audacious impulse of a first conception; and securing in black and white each idea, and epithet, and turn of phrase, as it flowed straight from his busy brain to his rapid fingers. His manuscript, at this stage, to the eyes of any one but himself, appeared to consist of column after column of dashes and flourishes, in which a straight line, with a half-formed letter at each end and another in the middle, did duty for a word. It was from amidst a chaos of such hieroglyphics that Lady Trevelyan, after her brother's death, deciphered that account of the last days of William which fitly closes the *History*.[2]

As soon as Macaulay had finished his rough draft, he began to fill it in at the rate of six sides of foolscap every morning; written

[1] From *Life and Letters of Macaulay*, 1878, Harper and Brothers and Longmans, Green and Company. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

[2] Lord Carlisle relates how Mr. Prescott, as a brother historian, was much interested by the sight of these manuscript sheets, "in which words are as much abbreviated as 'cle' for 'castle.'"

in so large a hand, and with such a multitude of erasures,[3] that the whole six pages were, on an average, compressed into two pages of print. This portion he called his "task," and he was never quite easy unless he completed it daily. More he seldom sought to accomplish; for he had learned by long experience that this was as much as he could do at his best; and, except when at his best, he never would work at all. "I had no heart to write," he says in his journal of March 6th, 1851. "I am too self-indulgent in this matter, it may be; and yet I attribute much of the success which I have had to my habit of writing only when I am in the humor, and of stopping as soon as the thoughts and words cease to flow fast. There are, therefore, few lees in my wine. It is all the cream of the bottle."[4]

Macaulay never allowed a sentence to pass muster until it was as good as he could make it. He thought little of recasting a chapter in order to obtain a more lucid arrangement, and nothing whatever of reconstructing a paragraph for the sake of one happy stroke or apt illustration. Whatever the worth of his labor, at any rate it was a labor of love.

> Antonio Stradivari has an eye
> That winces at false work, and loves the true.

Leonardo da Vinci would walk the whole length of Milan that he

[3] Mr. Woodrow, in the preface to his collection of the Indian Education minutes, says: "Scarcely five consecutive lines in any of Macaulay's minutes will be found unmarked by blots or correction."

[4] In small things as well as in great, Macaulay held that what was worth doing at all was worth doing well. He had promised to compose an epitaph for his uncle, Mr. Babington. In June, 1851, he writes: "My delay has not arisen from any want of respect or tenderness for my uncle's memory. I loved and honored him most sincerely. But the truth is, that I have not been able to satisfy myself. People who are not accustomed to this sort of literary exercise often imagine that a man can do it as he can work a sum in rule of three, or answer an invitation to dinner. But these short compositions, in which every word ought to tell strongly, and in which there ought to be at once some point and much feeling are not to be produced by mere labor. There must be concurrence of luck with industry. It is natural that those who have not considered the matter should think that a man, who has sometimes written ten or twelve effective pages in a day, must certainly be able to write five lines in less than a year. But it is not so; and if you think over the really good epitaphs which you have read, and consider how small a proportion they bear to the thousands that have been written by clever men, you will own that I am right."

might alter a single tint in his picture of the Last Supper. Napoleon kept the returns of his army under his pillow at night, to refer to in case he was sleepless; and would set himself problems at the opera while the overture was playing: "I have ten thousand men at Strasbourg; fifteen thousand at Magdeburg; twenty thousand at Wurtzburg. By what stages must they march so as to arrive at Ratisbon on three successive days?" What his violins were to Stradivarius, and his fresco to Leonardo, and his campaigns to Napoleon, that was his *History* to Macaulay. How fully it occupied his thoughts did not appear in his conversation; for he steadily and successfully resisted any inclination to that most subtle form of selfishness which often renders the period of literary creation one long penance to all the members of an author's family. But none the less his book was always in his mind; and seldom, indeed, did he pass a day, or turn over a volume, without lighting upon a suggestion which could be turned to useful purpose. In May, 1851, he writes: "I went to the Exhibition and lounged there during some hours. I never knew a sight which extorted from all ages, classes, and nations such unanimous and genuine admiration. I felt a glow of eloquence, or something like it, come on me from the mere effect of the place, and I thought of some touches which will greatly improve my Steinkirk." It is curious to trace whence was derived the fire which sparkles through every line of that terse and animated narrative, which has preserved from unmerited oblivion the story of a defeat more glorious to the British arms than not a few of our victories.

Macaulay deserved the compliment which Cecil paid to Sir Walter Raleigh as the supreme of commendations: "I know that he can labor terribly." One example will serve for many, in order to attest the pains which were ungrudgingly bestowed upon every section of the *History*:

March 21st—To-morrow I must begin upon a difficult and painful subject, Glencoe.

March 23rd—I looked at some books about Glencoe. Then to the Athenaeum and examined the Scotch Acts of Parliament on the same subject. Walked a good way, meditating. I see my line. Home, and wrote a little, but thought and prepared more.

March 25th—Wrote a little. Mr. Lovell Reeve, editor of the *Literary Gazette*, called, and offered to defend me about Penn. I

gave him some memoranda. Then to Glencoe again, and worked all day with energy, pleasure, and, I think, success.

March 26th—Wrote much. I have seldom worked to better purpose than on these three days.

March 27th—After breakfast I wrote a little, and then walked through April weather to Westbourne Terrace, and saw my dear little nieces. Home, and wrote more. I am getting on fast with this most horrible story. It is even worse than I thought. The Master of Stair is a perfect Iago.

March 28th—I went to the Museum and made some extracts about Glencoe.

On the 29th, 30th, and 31st of March, and the 1st and 2nd of April, there is nothing relating to the *History* except the daily entry, "Wrote."

April 3rd—Wrote. This Glencoe business is infernal.

April 4th—Wrote; walked round by London Bridge, and wrote again. To-day I finished the massacre. The episode will, I hope, be interesting.

April 6th—Wrote to good purpose.

April 7th—Wrote and corrected. The account of the massacre is now, I think, finished.

April 8th—I went to the Museum and turned over the *Gazette de Paris*, and the Dutch dispatches of 1692. I learned much from the errors of the French Gazette and from the profound silence of the Dutch ministers on the subject of Glencoe. Home, and wrote.

April 9th—A rainy and disagreeable day. I read a *Life of Romney*, which I picked up uncut in Chancery Lane yesterday: a quarto. That there should be two showy quarto lives of a man who did not deserve a duodecimo! Wrote hard, rewriting Glencoe.

April 10th—Finished *Don Carlos*. I have been long about it; but twenty pages a day in bed while I am waiting for the newspaper will serve to keep up my German. A fine play, with all its faults. Schiller's good and evil genius struggled in it; as Shakespeare's good and evil genius, to compare greater things with smaller, struggled in *Romeo and Juliet*. *Carlos* is half by the author of *The Robbers* and half by the author of *Wallenstein*; as *Romeo and Juliet* is half by the author of *Love's Labour Lost* and half by the author of *Othello*. After *Romeo and Juliet*, Shakespeare never went back, nor Schiller after *Carlos*. Wrote all the

morning, and then to Westbourne Terrace. I chatted, played chess, and dined there.

April 11th—Wrote all the morning. Ellis came to dinner; I read him Glencoe. He did not seem to like it much, which vexed me, though I am not partial to it. It is a good thing to find sincerity.

That author must have had a strong head and no very exaggerated self-esteem, who, while fresh from a literary success which had probably never been equaled, and certainly never surpassed—at a time when the book-sellers were waiting with almost feverish eagerness for any thing that he chose to give them—spent nineteen working days over thirty octavo pages, and ended by humbly acknowledging that the result was not to his mind.

When at length, after repeated revisions, Macaulay had satisfied himself that his writing was as good as he could make it, he would submit it to the severest of all tests, that of being read aloud to others. Though he never ventured on this experiment in the presence of any except his own family and his friend Mr. Ellis, it may well be believed that, even within that restricted circle, he had no difficulty in finding hearers. "I read," he says in December, 1849, "a portion of my *History* to Hannah and Trevelyan with great effect. Hannah cried, and Trevelyan kept awake. I think what I have done as good as any part of the former volumes: and so thinks Ellis."

Whenever one of his books was passing through the press, Macaulay extended his indefatigable industry and his scrupulous precision to the minutest mechanical drudgery of the literary calling. There was no end to the trouble that he devoted to matters which most authors are only too glad to leave to the care and experience of their publisher. He could not rest until the lines were level to a hair's breadth, and the punctuation correct to a comma; until every paragraph concluded with a telling sentence, and every sentence flowed like running water.[5] I remember the pleasure with which he showed us a communication from one of the readers in Mr. Spottiswoode's office, who respectfully informed him that there was one expression, and one only, throughout the two volumes of

[5] Macaulay writes to Mr. Longman about the edition of 1858: "I have no more corrections to make at present. I am inclined to hope that the book will be as nearly faultless, as to typographical execution, as any work of equal extent that is to be found in the world."

which he did not catch the meaning at a glance. And it must be remembered that Macaulay's punctilious attention to details was prompted by an honest wish to increase the enjoyment, and smooth the difficulties, of those who did him the honor to buy his books. His was not the accuracy of those who judge it necessary to keep up a distinction in small matters between the learned and the unlearned. As little of a purist as it is possible for a scholar to be, his distaste for Mr. Grote's exalted standard of orthography interfered sadly with his admiration for the judgment, the power, and the knowledge of that truly great historian. He never could reconcile himself to seeing the friends of his boyhood figure as Kleon, and Alkibiadês, and Poseidôn, and Odysseus; and I tremble to think of the outburst of indignation with which, if he had lived to open some of the more recent editions of the Latin poets, he would have lighted upon the "Dialogue with Lydia," or the "Ode to Lyce," printed with a small letter at the head of each familiar line.

ON STYLE[1]

ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER

IT WOULD generally serve writers in good stead if they would see that, while a man should, if possible, think like a great genius, he should talk the same language as every one else. Authors should use common words to say uncommon things. But they do just the opposite. We find them trying to wrap up trivial ideas in grand words, and to clothe their very ordinary thoughts in the most extraordinary phrases, the most far-fetched, unnatural, and out-of-the-way expressions. Their sentences perpetually stalk about on stilts. They take so much pleasure in bombast, and write in such a high-flown, bloated, affected, hyperbolical and acrobatic style that their prototype is Ancient Pistol, whom his friend Falstaff once impatiently told to say what he had to say, "like a man of this world."[2]

There is no expression in any other language exactly answering to the French *sale empesé*; but the thing itself exists all the more often. When associated with affectation, it is in literature what assumption of dignity, grand airs and primness are in society; and equally intolerable. Dullness of mind is fond of donning this dress; just as in ordinary life it is stupid people who like being demure and formal.

An author who writes in the prim style resembles a man who dresses himself up in order to avoid being confounded or put on the same level with the mob—a risk never run by the gentleman, even in his worst clothes. The plebeian may be known by a certain showiness of attire, and a wish to have everything spick and span; and in the same way, the commonplace person is betrayed by his style.

Nevertheless, an author follows a false aim if he tries to write exactly as he speaks. There is no style of writing but should have a certain trace of kinship with the epigraphic or monumental style, which is, indeed, the ancestor of all styles. For an author to write as he speaks is just as reprehensible as the opposite fault, to speak as

[1] From *Parerga* (1851). Translated by T. Bailey Saunders.
[2] *"King Henry IV,"* Part II, Act v. Sc. 3.

he writes; for this gives a pedantic effect to what he says, and at the same time makes him hardly intelligible.

An obscure and vague manner of expression is always and everywhere a very bad sign. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it comes from vagueness of thought; and this again almost always means that there is something radically wrong and incongruous about the thought itself—in a word, that it is incorrect. When a right thought springs up in the mind, it strives after expression and is not long in reaching it; for clear thought easily finds words to fit it. If a man is capable of thinking anything at all, he is also always able to express it in clear, intelligible, and unambiguous terms. Those writers who construct difficult, obscure, involved, and equivocal sentences, most certainly do not know aright what it is that they want to say: they have only a dull consciousness of it, which is still in the stage of struggle to shape itself as thought. Often, indeed, their desire is to conceal from themselves and others that they really have nothing at all to say. They wish to appear to know what they do not know, to think what they do not think, to say what they do not say. If a man has some real communication to make, which will he choose—an indistinct or a clear way of expressing himself? Even Quintilian remarks that things which are said by a highly educated man are often easier to understand and much clearer: and that the less educated a man is, the more obscurely he will write—*"plerumque accidit ut faciliora sint ad intelligendum et lucidiora multo quæ a doctissimo quoque dicuntur. . . . Erit ergo etiam obscurior quo quisque deterior."*

An author should avoid enigmatical phrases: he should know whether he wants to say a thing or does not want to say it. It is this indecision of style that makes so many writers insipid. The only case that offers an exception to this rule arises when it is necessary to make a remark that is in some way improper.

As exaggeration generally produces an effect the opposite of that aimed at, so words, it is true, serve to make thought intelligible—but only up to a certain point. If words are heaped up beyond it, the thought becomes more and more obscure again. To find where the point lies is the problem of style, and the business of the critical faculty; for a word too much always defeats its purpose. This is what Voltaire means when he says that "the adjective is the enemy of the substantive." But, as we have seen, many people try to conceal their poverty of thought under a flood of verbiage.

Accordingly, let all redundancy be avoided, all stringing together of remarks which have no meaning and are not worth perusal. A writer must make a sparing use of the reader's time, patience and attention; so as to lead him to believe that his author writes what is worth careful study, and will reward the time spent upon it. It is always better to omit something good than to add that which is not worth saying at all. This is the right application of Hesiod's maxim, πλέον ἥμισυ παντος[3]—the half is more than the whole. *Le secret pour être ennuyeux, c'est de tout dire.* Therefore, if possible, the quintessence only! mere leading thoughts! nothing that the reader would think for himself. To use many words to communicate few thoughts is everywhere the unmistakable sign of mediocrity. To gather much thought into few words stamps the man of genius.

Truth is most beautiful undraped; and the impression it makes is deep in proportion as its expression has been simple. This is so, partly because it then takes unobstructed possession of the hearer's whole soul, and leaves him no by-thought to distract him; partly, also, because he feels that here he is not being corrupted or cheated by the arts of rhetoric, but that all the effect of what is said comes from the thing itself. For instance, what declamation on the vanity of human existence could ever be more telling than the words of Job?—"Man that is borne of a woman hath but a short time to live and is full of misery. He cometh up, and is cut down, like a flower; he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay."

For the same reason Goethe's naive poetry is incomparably greater than Schiller's rhetoric. It is this, again, that makes many popular songs so affecting. As in architecture an excess of decoration is to be avoided, so in the art of literature a writer must guard against all rhetorical finery, all useless amplification, and all superfluity of expression in general: in a word, he must strive after chastity of style. Every word that can be spared is hurtful if it remains. The law of simplicity and naïveté holds good of all fine art; for it is quite possible to be at once simple and sublime.

True brevity of expression consists in everywhere saying only what is worth saying, and in avoiding tedious detail about things which every one can supply for himself. This involves correct discrimination between what is necessary and what is superfluous. A

[3] "*Works and Days*," 40.

writer should never be brief at the expense of being clear, to say nothing of being grammatical. It shows lamentable want of judgment to weaken the expression of a thought or to stunt the meaning of a period for the sake of using a few words less. But this is the precise endeavor of that false brevity nowadays so much in vogue, which proceeds by leaving out useful words and even by sacrificing grammar and logic. It is not only that such writers spare a word by making a single verb or adjective do duty for several different periods, so that the reader, as it were, has to grope his way through them in the dark; they also practice, in many other respects, an unseemly economy of speech, in the effort to effect what they foolishly take to be brevity of expression and conciseness of style. By omitting something that might have thrown a light over the whole sentence, they turn it into a conundrum, which the reader tries to solve by going over it again and again.[4]

It is wealth and weight of thought, and nothing else, that gives brevity to style, and makes it concise and pregnant. If a writer's ideas are important, luminous, and generally worth communicating, they will necessarily furnish matter and substance enough to fill out the periods which give them expression, and make these in all their parts both grammatically and verbally complete; and so much will this be the case that no one will ever find them hollow, empty or feeble. The diction will everywhere be brief and pregnant, and allow the thought to find intelligible and easy expression, and even unfold and move about with grace.

Therefore instead of contracting his words and forms of speech, let a writer enlarge his thoughts. If a man has been thinned by illness and finds his clothes too big, it is not by cutting them down, but by recovering his usual bodily condition, that he ought to make them fit him again.

Let me here mention an error of style very prevalent nowadays, and, in the degraded state of literature and the neglect of ancient

[4] *Translator's Note.*—In the original, Schopenhauer here enters upon a lengthy examination of certain common errors in the writing and speaking of German. His remarks are addressed to his own countrymen, and would lose all point, even if they were intelligible, in an English translation. But for those who practice their German by conversing or corresponding with Germans, let me recommend what he there says as a useful corrective to a slipshod style, such as can easily be contracted if it is assumed that the natives of a country always know their own language perfectly.

languages, always on the increase; I mean subjectivity. A writer commits this error when he thinks it enough if he himself knows what he means and wants to say, and takes no thought for the reader, who is left to get at the bottom of it as best he can. This is as though the author were holding a monologue, whereas it ought to be a dialogue; and a dialogue, too, in which he must express himself all the more clearly inasmuch as he cannot hear the questions of his interlocutor.

Style should for this very reason never be subjective, but objective; and it will not be objective unless the words are so set down that they directly force the reader to think precisely the same thing as the author thought when he wrote them. Nor will this result be obtained unless the author has always been careful to remember that thought so far follows the law of gravity that it travels from head to paper much more easily than from paper to head; so that he must assist the latter passage by every means in his power. If he does this, a writer's word will have a purely objective effect, like that of a finished picture in oils; while the subjective style is not much more certain in its working than spots on the wall, which look like figures only to one whose fantasy has been accidentally aroused by them; other people see nothing but spots and blurs. The difference in question applies to literary method as a whole; but it is often established also in particular instances. For example, in a recently published work I found the following sentence: "I have not written in order to increase the number of existing books." This means just the opposite of what the writer wanted to say, and is nonsense as well.

He who writes carelessly confesses thereby at the very outset that he does not attach much importance to his own thoughts. For it is only where a man is convinced of the truth and importance of his thoughts, that he feels the enthusiasm necessary for an untiring and assiduous effort to find the clearest, finest, and strongest expression for them, just as for sacred relics or priceless works of art there are provided silvern or golden receptacles. It was this feeling that led ancient authors, whose thoughts, expressed in their own words, have lived thousands of years, and therefore bear the honored title of classics, always to write with care. Plato, indeed, is said to have written the introduction to his "Republic" seven times over in different ways.[5]

[5] *Translator's Note.*—It is a fact worth mentioning that the first twelve words of the "Republic" are placed in the exact order which would be natural in English.

As neglect of dress betrays want of respect for the company a man meets, so a hasty, careless, bad style shows an outrageous lack of regard for the reader, who then rightly punishes it by refusing to read the book. It is especially amusing to see reviewers criticising the works of others in their own most careless style—the style of a hireling. It is as though a judge were to come into court in dressing-gown and slippers! If I see a man badly and dirtily dressed, I feel some hesitation, at first, in entering into conversation with him: and when, on taking up a book, I am struck at once by the negligence of its style, I put it away.

Good writing should be governed by the rule that a man can think only one thing clearly at a time; and therefore, that he should not be expected to think two or even more things in one and the same moment. But this is what is done when a writer breaks up his principal sentence into little pieces, for the purpose of pushing into the gaps thus made two or three other thoughts by way of parenthesis; thereby unnecessarily and wantonly confusing the reader. And here it is again my own countrymen who are chiefly in fault. That German lends itself to this way of writing, makes the thing possible, but does not justify it. No prose reads more easily or pleasantly than French, because, as a rule, it is free from the error in question. The Frenchman strings his thoughts together, as far as he can, in the most logical and natural order, and so lays them before his reader one after the other for convenient deliberation, so that every one of them may receive undivided attention. The German, on the other hand, weaves them together into a sentence which he twists and crosses, and crosses and twists again; because he wants to say six things all at once instead of advancing them one by one. His aim should be to attract and hold the reader's attention; but, above and beyond neglect of this aim, he demands from the reader that he shall set the above mentioned rule at defiance, and think three or four different thoughts at one and the same time; or since that is impossible, that his thoughts shall succeed each other as quickly as the vibrations of a cord. In this way an author lays the foundation of his *style empesé,* which is then carried to perfection by the use of high-flown, pompous expressions to communicate the simplest things, and other artifices of the same kind.

In those long sentences rich in involved parentheses, like a box of boxes one within another, and padded out like roast geese stuffed with apples, it is really the memory that is chiefly taxed; while it

is the understanding and the judgment which should be called into play, instead of having their activity thereby actually hindered and weakened.[6] This kind of sentence furnishes the reader with mere half-phrases, which he is then called upon to collect carefully and store up in his memory, as though they were the pieces of a torn letter, afterward to be completed and made sense of by the other halves to which they respectively belong. He is expected to go on reading for a little without exercising any thought, nay, exerting only his memory, in the hope that, when he comes to the end of the sentence, he may see its meaning and so receive something to think about; and he is thus given a great deal to learn by heart before obtaining anything to understand. This is manifestly wrong and an abuse of the reader's patience.

The ordinary writer has an unmistakable preference for this style, because it causes the reader to spend time and trouble in understanding that which he would have understood in a moment without it; and this makes it look as though the writer had more depth and intelligence than the reader. This is, indeed, one of those artifices referred to above, by means of which mediocre authors unconsciously, and as it were by instinct, strive to conceal their poverty of thought and give an appearance of the opposite. Their ingenuity in this respect is really astounding.

It is manifestly against all sound reason to put one thought obliquely on top of another, as though both together formed a wooden cross. But this is what is done where a writer interrupts what he has begun to say, for the purpose of inserting some quite alien matter; thus depositing with the reader a meaningless half-sentence, and bidding him keep it until the completion comes. It is much as though a man were to treat his guests by handing them an empty plate, in the hope of something appearing upon it. And commas used for a similar purpose belong to the same family as notes at the foot of the page and parentheses in the middle of the text; nay, all three differ only in degree. If Demosthenes and Cicero occasionally inserted words by way of parentheses, they would have done better to have refrained.

But this style of writing becomes the height of absurdity when

[6] *Translator's Note.*—This sentence in the original is obviously meant to illustrate the fault of which it speaks. It does so by the use of a construction very common in German, but happily unknown in English; where, however, the fault itself exists none the less, though in a different form.

the parentheses are not even fitted into the frame of the sentence, but wedged in so as directly to shatter it. If, for instance, it is an impertinent thing to interrupt another person when he is speaking, it is no less impertinent to interrupt one's self. But all bad, careless, and hasty authors, who scribble with the bread actually before their eyes, use this style of writing six times on a page, and rejoice in it. It consists in—it is advisable to give rule and example together, wherever it is possible—breaking up one phrase in order to glue in another. Nor is it merely out of laziness that they write thus. They do it out of stupidity; they think there is a charming *légèreté* about it; that it gives life to what they say. No doubt there are a few rare cases where such a form of sentence may be pardonable.

Few write in the way in which an architect builds; who, before he sets to work, sketches out his plan, and thinks it over down to its smallest details. Nay, most people write only as though they were playing dominoes; and as in this game the pieces are arranged half by design, half by chance, so it is with the sequence and connection of their sentences. They only just have an idea of what the general shape of their work will be, and of the aim they set before themselves. Many are ignorant even of this, and write as the coral-insects build; period joints to period, and Lord knows what the author means.

Life nowadays goes at a gallop; and the way in which this affects literature is to make it extremely superficial and slovenly.

PARAGRAPHS[1]

BARRETT WENDELL

How conspicuous the chief places in any paragraph are, a glance at any printed page will show. Trained or untrained, the human eye cannot help dwelling instinctively a little longer on the beginnings and the ends of paragraphs than on any other points in the discourse. Let any one of you take up a book or an article, hitherto strange, and try in a few minutes to get some notion of what it is about. Whoever has tried to do even very little reviewing for the newspapers; whoever has tried to collect authorities for a legal brief,—knows the experience disagreeably well. First, you instinctively look at the beginning of the article or book, then at the end; then, turning over the pages, you skim them,—in other words, you glance at the beginning and at the end of each paragraph, to see whether it is a thing you wish to read more carefully. And if the paragraphs in question be well massed, you are made aware of it by the fact that the process of intelligent skimming is mechanically easy: that you can, apparently by instinct, arrest your attention on those parts which serve your purpose. If, on the other hand, as is more frequently the case, the paragraphs in question be ill massed, you find difficulty in discovering what you want. All this is quite independent of sentence-structure, and of unity, and of coherence. It is a simple question of visible, external outline; and it means, in other words, that the beginning and the end of a paragraph are beyond doubt the fittest places for its chief ideas, and so for its chief words.

[1] From *English Composition,* Charles Scribner's Sons, 1894. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

THE GOLDEN RULE OF WRITING[1]

EDWIN E. SLOSSON

THE beauty and meaning of scientific discoveries can be revealed to the general reader if there is an intermediary who can understand equally the language of the laboratory and of the street. The modern journalist knows that anything can be made interesting to anybody if he takes pains enough with the writing of it. . . .

To the journalist there is something saddening about a great university. He is distressed to see so much good copy going to waste all the time. Here is a great knowledge factory in full blast, turning out books and monographs and well-packed craniums; yet a large part of its profit is lost because there is nobody to gather up the by-products and put them into marketable shape. Every doctor's dissertation contains a good newspaper story concealed in it. A man could make a fair living translating them into English. A single sentence of the thousands of lectures that are daily lavished upon the inattentive ears of college students will suffice, when properly diluted, to provide material for an editorial of average length and consistency. I've done it often.

It is the business of the journalist to build bridges across the chasms that divide humanity—to act as interpreter between those who speak different languages. We have on the one side a public mostly indifferent to the doings of scientific men. We have, on the other, scientific men who too often are indifferent to the public. There is an esoteric tendency in science as in all professional work. I was once, in talking to a distinguished scientist, deploring popular ignorance of modern research. "The public does not know what is being accomplished in the laboratories," I said. "Why should they?" he retorted. "It is none of their business."

This attitude is quite natural. It is no advantage to the investigator to be written up. On the contrary, it usually injures him

[1] From "The Democracy of Knowledge" in *A Preface to the Universe*, edited by Baker Brownell, D. Van Nostrand Company, Inc., 1929. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

in the estimation of his colleagues, without gaining for him the esteem of anyone else. The journalist often destroys a reputation in the attempt to make one. The career of many a promising young man has been ruined through the premature and sensational exploitation of his discoveries. Popular applause is only a disturbance to the investigator if he does not listen to it; and if he does listen to it, so much the worse for him for it alters his aim.

That is one reason why each science develops a language of its own. A technical vocabulary serves the purpose of a private telephone-system, connecting members of the same guild so they can talk to one another anywhere in the world without being overheard and interrupted by outsiders. The sciences that make most progress are those that have the best cryptograms. Mathematicians, physicists, and chemists can pursue their researches for years undisturbed; for the layman, not understanding the language, does not venture to interfere. But psychologists, sociologists, and economists have difficulty in accomplishing anything, because they use much the same language as everybody else, and consequently everybody else thinks he understands what they are talking about and takes part in all of their discussions.

But while we must recognize that a secret language has its advantages in securing freedom for the logical development of a science, yet there is need for the interpreter to bring the results of scientific investigation as quickly as possible to the knowledge of those who are to put them into effect. Such intermediaries the universities ought to turn out in abundance. Unfortunately, the specialization inside the university has been carried so far as to cause a division of labor that is neither efficient nor economical. English has in recent years developed into a department by itself, and as a consequence the other departments are apt to be left without any English. One wing of the faculty devotes itself to form, the other wing to matter. The student who divides his time between them rarely realizes that the two things belong together. It is no wonder; for his instructors in either or both wings often do not realize that the two things belong together. The *littérateur* sneers at the scientist, and the scientist returns the compliment with interest. The more the student concentrates his work, the worse he comes out. If he specializes in languages, he acquires an elegant style, but has nothing much to say with it. If he specializes in science, he will know a great deal, but he will have no style about him.

The result is that the graduating class of a college has come to resemble in mental equipment the natives of that South Sea island, where, the supply of clothing being short, they divided up and appeared at church half of them wearing coats and the other half trousers. This divorce between matter and form, between the idea and its expression, is a serious defect of our educational system. I suggest that it would be well if some university should take as its motto *e pluribus unum* and teach the unity of knowledge, training its graduates to see both sides of the shield. Here perhaps is the function of journalism. For the journalist realizes as no other man that his work is only half done when he has got his facts right. He must then put his facts into such shape that they will produce their full effect upon other people. The journalist no sooner gets something than he wants to give it to somebody else. He is as generous as a schoolboy with the mumps.

In consequence of this unfortunate feud between the literary and scientific wings of the faculty, the great mass of scientific literature remains unassimilated and unutilized. Papers of the highest importance are sometimes quite buried, and may be accidentally unearthed years after the world might have profited by the discoveries therein contained. Many a scientific paper should properly bear the inscription we sometimes see on the title-page of a book, "Printed but not published."

It is, then, not merely because of mental inertia that the average of public opinion lags some ten or twenty years behind scientific thought. It is partly because of lack of opportunity to become acquainted with the recent results of scientific research. Public ignorance has naturally been followed by public indifference. . . .

The popularization of science does not mean falsification, but its translation from technical terms into ordinary language. Popular science need not be incorrect, but has to be somewhat indefinite. It differs from the exact sciences in being inexact. Popular science may be defined as science in round numbers. The scientific mind is set at too sharp a focus for ordinary use.

Since the object of a translation is to carry over the essential idea so that it will, so far as possible, make the same impression upon the reader in its new form as the original was designed to do, a literal translation is often a misleading version. A missionary translating the New Testament into the Eskimo language rendered the

phrase "The Lamb of God" as "God's Baby Seal." This was literally a lie, but essentially a true translation.

To make a true translation requires the ability to "put yourself in his place." It is not sufficient to know what you yourself mean by what you say; you must also know what the other fellow means by what he says.

The professional scientist, like the provincial patriot, is apt to pride himself on saying, "I speak no language but my own"; and since the layman cannot possibly learn the technical vocabularies of all the sciences, he remains for the most part unaffected by scientific thought. This also is the chief cause of the controversies and misconceptions of science prevailing in the world at large.

But I venture to say that the effort to translate pure science into the vernacular would be a useful exercise to the scientists themselves. I have spoken of mathematics as being the most difficult to put into popular language; but a French mathematician, Gergonne, said a hundred years ago, "We cannot flatter ourselves that we have completed a theory until we can explain it in a few words to a man in the street." And Tolstoy holds the same opinion, for he said, "A man could explain Kant to a peasant, if he understood Kant well enough."

Certain scientists seem afraid to get off their own ground. They dare not descend from the platform to the street. They cannot talk unless they hold a piece of chalk in their hand. Now chalk is essential when talking about the cretaceous formation in geology, or about marble in mineralogy, but it is not necessary otherwise. Archimedes could teach a lesson in geometry, and Jesus could teach a lesson in ethics, by drawing on the sand.

After thirty-five years spent in reading contributions to the Press and having to reject most of them, I think I can tell what is mainly the matter with such manuscripts. It is usually not a lack of information or intelligence. It is not lack of training or talent. It is a moral defect—lack of sympathy. The authors have not been able to realize the reader. They have neglected to consider what he wanted to know and how he needed to have it put. They wrote for their own amusement rather than for the profit of others. The good writer is one who thinks more of others than of himself. The poor and uneffective writer is lacking in sympathy, insight, and understanding. He may understand his subject, but still may miss

the mark in failing to understand his readers. But authorship is essentially an altruistic act. It is something done for others, unless one is writing a private diary. So one must be unselfish about it if he is to succeed. The Golden Rule is not only a good guide to life, but also a guide to good writing.

CROSSING THE INTEREST DEAD-LINE[1]

H. A. OVERSTREET

THERE is, in all communication—written or spoken—a certain dead-line of interest. If we can cross that dead-line we have the world with us—temporarily at least. If we cannot cross it, we may as well retire. The world will have none of us.

Note the following initial paragraph of an advertisement:

> People's Popular Monthly has grown in power and influence with its subscribers because of its outstanding editorial strength.

Am I lured on to read more? Five paragraphs follow. I may be hard to please, but I have still to read them. Why? Because there is nothing of particular interest in that initial paragraph. The statements made are quite general and commonplace. Even the phrases are *clichés*: "in power and influence"; "outstanding editorial strength." Thus, there is nothing in the paragraph that arouses my curiosity; nor does the paragraph point ahead to something which promises to be of interest.

The paragraph has hit the interest dead-line!

Note by contrast, the following initial paragraph of another advertisement:

> There are always those who question whether two and two always make four, whether a bird in the hand is actually worth two in the bush, and if a straight line is the shortest distance between two points.

Aha! here is something that has flavor and zest! Do I read on? I do.

> The Missouri-minded we have always with us.

Better still! For I feel that I am being referred to as the

[1] From *Influencing Human Behavior*, W. W. Norton and Company, Inc. 1925. Reprinted by permission of the author and the publishers.

Missouri-minded, and that I am being complimented. And so I read on to find out what is being said about the Missouri-minded.

That advertisement, in short, deftly leaps over the dead-line of interest; pulls us along into the second paragraph and has us following inquiringly to the end!

Note the lure of this initial paragraph:

> It's a huge organization employing thousands of workers. And yet it is controlled by a handful of executives.

Or these two unusual paragraphs:

> I am not interested in making up finished drawings, though I can handle this part of the work if you so desire.
>
> I am interested in giving you a new slant that will help you sell your goods.

Then note this dull initial paragraph:

> If in doubt about the expansion activities of the Gas Industry look for "Construction Items" in any current issue of *Gas Age-Record.*

Compare it with

> Until recently it took an expert operator in our plant a day to turn out 300 inside mortises. This was his maximum production.

What happened after that? I ask myself. And I read on to find out.

Note, now, how a writer of a semi-technical paper can begin an article with a running jump. "Every now and then out of the laboratories of the psychologists comes"—what? The reader inevitably asks himself that question. And so he goes on to read—(he's over the dead-line!)—"comes an indication of a new interest on the part of scientists"—in what? "In the business of advertising."

Well, well, that sounds like something, says the business reader. "They are beginning to take the mechanism of selling apart and look with inquisitive eyes"—at what? "At the springs that make it work." Good! "To be sure, one notes in their findings a certain condescension"—of course, says the business reader, a little set up, college professors; don't we know 'em? But then, what are these scientific chaps discovering about business advertising anyway?

Does not the business reader wish to know? Of course he does; and so he proceeds to find out.

Note in the above introductory sentences how "movement" (recall the kinetic technique) is the major note. "Every now and then"; "out of the laboratories"; "comes" (a mighty word to keep us going!); "they are beginning to take the mechanism of selling apart"; "look with inquisitive eyes"; "at the springs that make it work." Every phrase gives us a sense of moving on to something else.

Note, now, how a dramatist does it. In Ibsen's *John Gabriel Borkman* the scene opens in Mrs. Borkman's drawing-room. Mrs. Borkman sits on the sofa, crocheting. She sits for a time erect and immovable at her crochet. (A dramatic vacuum that cries out to be filled!) Then the bells of a passing sledge are heard.

> Mrs. Borkman (Listens; her eyes sparkle with gladness and she involuntarily whispers). Erhart! At last!
>
> (She rises and draws the curtain a little aside to look out. Appears disappointed, and sits down to her work again, on the sofa. Presently the maid enters from the hall with a visiting card on a small tray.)
>
> Mrs. Borkman (quickly). Has Mr. Erhart come after all?
>
> The Maid. No, madam. But there's a lady ——
>
> Mrs. Borkman (laying aside her crochet). Oh, Mrs. Wilton, I suppose ——
>
> Maid (approaching). No, it's a strange lady ——

Not only are we carried along with expectancy from movement to movement and from word to word (no word is useless), but almost instantly the dramatist gives us the feeling that there is something back of all this. The play is not just beginning. Much of it, we feel, has already been played. What has happened? What is going to happen? Here is the consummate art of the dramatist.

Note how a novelist does it. The first paragraph of Marcel Proust's *Swann's Way* begins as follows. It is a long first paragraph—shudderingly long! But we do not grow tired. And for quite obvious reasons.

> For a long time I used to go to bed early. Sometimes, when I had put out my candle, my eyes would close so quickly that I had not even time to say "I'm going to sleep." And half an hour later the thought that it was time to go to sleep would awaken me and I would try to put away the book

> which, I imagined, was still in my hands, and to blow out the light; I had been thinking all the time, while I was asleep, of what I had just been reading, but my thoughts had run into a channel of their own, until I myself seemed actually to have become the subject of my book. . . .

Compare that with some of the dull opening descriptions in the novels you have read—and liberally skipped in the reading!

Or, finally, note how an essayist does it. The following are the first sentences in H. L. Mencken's *On Being An American*:

> Apparently there are those who begin to find it disagreeable —nay, impossible. Their anguish fills the liberal weeklies, and every ship that puts out from New York carries a groaning cargo of them, bound for Paris, London, Munich, Rome and way points—anywhere to escape the great curses and atrocities that make life intolerable for them at home.

How do these advertisers, novelists, dramatists, essayists do it? Unquestionably, they have a way of luring us on. "Luring" perhaps is not the happiest word to use; but no other seems quite so appropriate. They have the art of stirring us out of our mental sluggishness and carrying us along with them wherever they will.

Obviously, no writer without something of this art can hope to be widely successful. No teacher without it can hope to be anything but dull; no speaker whether on the platform or in the drawing-room, anything but a bore.

In what, precisely, does this art of crossing the interest dead-line consist?

START WITH SITUATIONS

The first thing we note is that in each of the above "luring" paragraphs, we have not just words, abstract ideas, but a *situation.* A man questioning whether two plus two equals four! Whether a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush! A huge organization, thousands of workers, and only a few executives! A man telling you outright that he does not wish to do your finished drawings but will give you ideas.

Note by contrast the dull paragraph about the "power and influence" and "outstanding editorial strength" of the *People's Popular*

Monthly. No situation, there: only words about something general and quite uninteresting.

Note again, how the skilled dramatist, instantly, at the rise of curtain creates a situation. Note how one situation passes swiftly into another and another. The outstanding weakness of amateur dramatists—particularly those who write "dramas of ideas"—is that they are wordy. They let their characters make long speeches or engage in supposedly witty dialogues while the action halts precariously at the dead-line. Words, to have dramatic quality in a drama, should serve one of two purposes: either to carry the play from situation to situation—always, in brief, pointing forward (unless a backward reference is necessary in order to carry the action forward); or to bring out essential traits of character. In both cases, words must be in the service of what is concrete—an action situation or a character situation.

Note again that our novelist starts, not with general observations, but with a concrete, easily visualized, and interesting situation. Nor is the situation a static one. Each sentence is a situation, which is part of the larger one; and each moves us on to the next.

By a situation we do not necessarily mean something taking place in the outer world. Note the following mental situation portrayed in an opening sentence by John A. Hobson, the British economist: "Nobody really loves the state or its government." There is something arresting about that. Suppose, however, Mr. Hobson had begun his article: "The question whether, in the present day, industry is to be more and more governmentalized, or whether governmental activities are to be increasingly restricted in scope and potency, is one which needs rather profound consideration." Should we not be mildly dozing at the dead-line?

START WITH SOMETHING THAT MAKES A DIFFERENCE

Scientists and philosophers have the reputation of being the most wretched writers in the world. All honor is due them for the keen and rigorous use of their intelligence. One wishes, often, however, that a bit of the artist could be mingled with their scientific and philosophic souls. No doubt science and philosophy would have a less difficult time making their effective entrance into our common life if all scientists had something of the artistic genius of a Huxley, a Pasteur, a Bergson, a William James.

Now the chief literary and dramatic vice of the scientists and philosophers is that they seldom begin at the point of the reader's or hearer's interest. Here, for example, is a book on botany. It begins—heaven save the mark!—with a long account of the history of botany! But what do you or I (poor laymen we!) want to know about the feeble beginnings of botany? We want to know —provided, of course, that we want to be something more than the ladylike botanists who only know the names of flowers—we want to know what the border-land problems of botany are; in what direction botanical research is tending; what difference all this botanical research makes anyway; why it is worth studying.

An introductory chapter in any book on science should begin, then, not by looking backward, but forward. What is in process of happening now? And what difference does it make if it is happening? Therein lay the strength of the article about what was coming out of the laboratories. . . .

BEGIN WITH AN EFFECT NEEDING A CAUSE

If a savage hears a leaf rustle, he is all alert. "What did that?" If we find a large box in our room which was previously not there, we are suddenly aroused. "Who put that there?" "Who was in the room?"

We are essentially causal-minded creatures. Not that we think much of causes and effects in our ordinary life; but let something new enter the range of our experience and our mind leaps instantly to the causal question: "What or who did it?"

A something new, which is at the same time unexplained, acts as an instant whip to our attention. Therein lies the attention-arousing power of the paragraph quoted above about the expert operator who, until recently, turned out only 300 inside mortises a day. It is implied that now he turns out more. As a matter of fact, we find, in the second paragraph, that now he turns out 17,200 a day! Instantly the causal question leaps to our mind: "How does he do it?"

Therein, too, lies the power of Mencken's introductory sentences about the anguished Americans leaving their country for London, Munich, Rome, etc. Why are they leaving? What makes them leave?

Therein lies much of the power of Ibsen's opening. The maid

brings the card. Oh, the usual thing, Mrs. Wilton. No, says the maid, a strange lady. . . . Why, the strange lady? What brought her here?

We have already spoken of situations that are like vacuums which demand filling. Wherever, as in the above cases, an effect is presented without its adequate cause, we have what might be called a dynamic form of vacuum. If we can induce such a dynamic vacuum, the mind of the reader or hearer is at once alert to fill the causal emptiness with adequate explanation.

OR BEGIN WITH A CAUSE IMPLYING AN EFFECT

In the previous section we have noted how the mind, given an unexplained effect, inevitably proceeds backward to the cause. In the same manner, a mind presented with an uncompleted cause inevitably tends to proceed forward to its effect. Therein lay something of the interest of the paragraph quoted about those who are always questioning whether two and two make four, whether a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. Unusual individuals, aren't they? What comes of it? And therein lay something of the luring power in the assertion "I am not interested in making up finished drawings." Well, then, being such an unusual creature, what do you do?

The following are the two opening sentences of a section of an article: "The lady descended upon me after my lecture like a locomotive spurting steam. I edged back from the spray of her words." Here is a cause in full action, implying an effect to follow. Instantly, we want to know what happened. "So *you* are the man who wrote that nasty article about Americans in Mexico?" We have leaped on to the moving platform of cause-effect and we are not satisfied until we have reached the ultimate conclusion of it all.

So the rule is a good one: Present a cause in action. The mind will demand the outcome. . . .

PRESENT A CONFLICT

Fundamental, of course, to all dramatic movement is the presence of conflict. A situation arouses us when two forces are at grips; and when we are unsure of the outcome. That was why, some time ago, we followed the dash to Nome with breathless interest.

It was human grit and dog grit against wild Nature. Most dullness is dull because we are not precipitated into the midst of a fight. We need not be squeamish about this. All life that is at all significant is in some measure at grips with something—science at grips with a disease; a movement at grips with a social evil; progressives at grips with conservatives; enlightenment at grips with ignorance.

To dramatize anything at all means to present it in the form of a conflict.

May the writer refer once again to his own subject of philosophy? Suppose one wishes to make so apparently undramatic a subject dramatic; what must one do? One most successful way is to find the points of sharp conflict, not the conflicts that meant something to people thousands of years ago or that are of a purely theoretical interest, but the conflicts that are real to people now, the outcome of which makes a vital difference to them. Are there any such living conflicts? Certainly to start out with a discussion of Monism *versus* Pluralism means little if anything to most of us. Suppose the world is one, or is many, what of it? In either case we shall go about our human concerns in quite the same way. But suppose we describe a real conflict between two types of mind today: Mind A, eager to improve the human situation; profoundly believing in our power to achieve progress; Mind B, aloof, amused, a little cynical, coolly declaring that we human beings, from our limited point of view, cannot have the faintest notion of what progress means; and that, even if we did have it, we should be unable to achieve anything ourselves, since it is not the human mind that governs but vast impersonal forces beyond our control. The activist and the quietist; the ardent worker and the disillusioned looker-on.

In France, Auguste Comte writes an essay with the title: "A Prospectus of the Scientific Works Required for the Reconstruction of Society." In America, William Graham Sumner writes an essay with the title: "The Absurd Attempt to Make the World Over." A clash of viewpoints! Here, then, is a conflict that has profound significance for all of us, for if the impersonal view of world change is to be taken, there is little need for determined effort on our part; whereas if the contrasted view is held, it may be precisely the determined effort which will turn the trick for human progress.

Philosophy presented from such a point of view leaps over the interest dead-line.

SUMMARY

We get our readers or our hearers over the interest dead-line, then, first of all, by placing before them situations rather than abstract ideas; second, by giving them at the outset the feeling that here is something which really makes a difference. In the third place, we do it by presenting a situation which calls for explanation or from which something is bound to follow. Again, we may shock our hearers or readers by a phrase or an event which interrupts the calm flow of their ordinary consciousness. Finally, dramatic effect is attained through the presentation of conflict.

Most of us, as writers or speakers, have died many deaths at the fatal dead-line of interest. Doubtless many of us have never sought out the causes of our various demises. A very slight analysis should show us, however, that "holding people's interest," "carrying them along with us," "keeping up their expectancy" is not the result of some vague and mystical "dramatic" power possessed by a few fortunate individuals. It is the result of doing one or more of a few very simple things. When we state these simple things they seem to be so obvious as not to bear mentioning. And yet it is precisely because we do not do these very simple things that the interest-quality of what we say or write so often expires even before our audience have had time to settle comfortably into their seats.

These deaths we have died, therefore, are by no means necessary. It is altogether probable that attention to such matters as we have mentioned may quite measurably reduce our mortality average.

THE GOON AND HIS STYLE[1]

FREDERICK L. ALLEN

"BECAUSE the contests in which the university teams take part are attended by such keen excitement, let it not be thought by my readers that the students who play on these teams are the only ones to derive benefit from participation in athletic sports."

Here you have a perfect example of the goonish style. I admit it reluctantly, because I wrote that sentence myself in all seriousness a few days ago; but I admit it positively.

I was writing an article for a foreign periodical about the university with which I am associated. I didn't want to do the article, but I had promised to and had to. It wasn't one of those cases where the author burns to tell his readers the message that throbs in him for utterance, or anything of that sort. It was a case where the author knows that he can't put it off any longer and sits down miserably and grinds it out. Furthermore, it happened in this case that the author knew the article would have to be translated, anyhow, and felt that if he cut loose and wrote in his usual dashing manner the translator would get twisted. He tried very hard to express himself plainly and impeccably. The result was, "Let it not be thought by my readers," and "derive benefit from participation in athletic sports"—sure marks of the goonish style.

A goon is a person with a heavy touch as distinguished from a jigger, who has a light touch. While jiggers look on life with a genial eye, goons take a more stolid and literal view. It is reported that George Washington was a goon, whereas Lincoln was a jigger. Gladstone seems to have been a goon, Disraeli a jigger. Victoria and Prince Albert, as described by Mr. Lytton Strachey, were both goons of the first water; Mr. Strachey himself, on the other hand, is obviously a jigger. Most Germans are goons; most French, jiggers. Mr. Lloyd George is a jigger; the way he squints up his eyes is one of the most jiggerish things in contemporary affairs.

[1] From *Harper's Magazine*, December, 1921. Reprinted by permission of the author and the publishers.

Mr. Harding, on the other hand, friendly and affable though he may be, is revealed as a goon in his messages, the language of which is of incredible specific gravity.

Mind you, it would be misleading to say that goonishness consists of a lack of a sense of humor. I know many goons who have a perfectly good standardized sense of humor. They laugh as hard as anybody at a farce, and when an after-dinner story is told they shout mightily with the rest. What they lack is the playful mind. They regard humor as something embodied normally in jokes or funny stories, which they can see the point of as readily as their neighbors; and sometimes they are a little baffled by a magazine like *Punch* because they find in it pictures accompanied by captions which manifestly are not jokes. How then, thinks the goon, can they be humorous? Sometimes goons become somewhat uneasy as to whether they really have a sense of humor, and resort to a test consisting of a story with a concealed joke in it, which is usually supposed to have baffled some legendary humorless Englishman. The goon sharpens his wits, sees the point, laughs in profound relief, and is satisfied.

A goonish style is one that reads as if it were the work of a goon. It is thick and heavy. It suggests the sort of oatmeal served at lunch counters, lumpy and made with insufficient salt. It is to be found at its best in nature books, railroad folders, college catalogues, and prepared speeches by high public officials. It employs the words "youth" and "lad," likes the exclamation "lo!" says "one may readily perceive" instead of "you can easily see," and speaks—yes, I admit it with shame—of "deriving benefit from participation in athletic sports."

The railroad-folder variety of goonishness sees fit to tell the reader that the hotels and boarding houses along the line "vie with one another in offering amusements and recreations to delight the visitor." Lake George, described by a goonish vendor of railroad publicity as "alert with pristine life," is declared by him to be "worthy of national acceptance as the rich fulfillment of the vacation hopes of every man and woman and child. For loveliness of appearance, healthfulness of fresh mountain breezes, and varied resources of entertainment, no place can boast an advantage over this queen of American lakes."

The goonishness of nature books is usually in inverse ratio to the amount of scientific information which they contain. So long as

the author is content to state facts concerning length of bill, color of fur, and number of eggs usually laid, he gives no offence; but beware of him when his facts run low and he is moved to wash down his pill of fact with a bucketful of rhetoric expressing his love of nature. "The dark swamps," he says, "are made glad by the joyous, wonderful song." Or, "Never shall I forget the bright morning when I first beheld a flock of titmice. The little chaps bubbled over with merriment, and as I watched them hopping from tree to tree, their gladsome songs seemed to me indeed the veritable embodiment of the spirit of the nuptial season."

J. Fenimore Cooper was a mighty goon, and G. A. Henty, his pale shadow, while less mighty was no less goonish. "We will profit by this pause in the discourse," wrote Cooper when he was warming up for a description of two of his major characters, "to give the reader some idea of the appearance of the men, both of whom are destined to enact no insignificant parts in our legend. It would not have been easy to find a more noble specimen of vigorous manhood than was offered in the person of him who called himself Hurry Harry." And thus did Henty set forth a conversation between father and son in a burning blockhouse besieged by Indians:

"I would rather stay and share your fate, father."

"I believe you, Guy; but you will, I know, obey my order. I have faith that you will escape and the hope will lighten my last moments. I have placed a rope at the window above. Take your bow and arrows, your pistols and sword, and tell Shanti to do the same. He is devoted and intelligent, and his companionship will be invaluable. Bid him also shoot himself without hesitation should he fall into the hands of the redskins. Now go, lad; lose no moment; the smoke grows more and more stifling."

The reader finishes this dialogue with the distinct impression that Guy's father must have prepared his informal remarks some days beforehand, and furnished advance copies to the press.

The trouble with the goonish style usually is that its possessor forgets that he is addressing ordinary human beings, and writes for something strange and portentous which he thinks of as a Public. When I committed that sentence about "deriving benefit from athletic sports," I had in mind a vague picture of a European Public, consisting of spectacled worthies with frock coats and a fine aspiration to hear the blameless story of American education. Perhaps President Harding in his messages, utilizing what he conceives to

be presidential language, several sizes larger than ordinary language, writes not to persuade normal people like Doctor Sawyer and Mr. Crissinger and Mr. Christian of Marion, but a dim multitude of self-governing entities called an American Public of One Hundred Millions. The young or inexpert writer frequently achieves goonishness by writing for Posterity, forgetting that the real posterity will consist of a tremendous lot of people more or less like those who live in the next block.

GROWING PAINS[1]

MARGARET JOSLYN

LIKE the girl he left behind him to the boy who's seen Paris is my vocabulary to me. I'm tired of it. I'd like to get rid of it. But after the years of assiduous attentions I've paid it, the jilting process is not so easy. Just when I think I've bid a last farewell to the unspeakably dowdy frump that is my vocabulary, she bobs up again with all her gold teeth showing in a vulgar grin.

Should someone take down verbatim a record of my conversation, it would pass very well as an example of a Bowery Bertha's monologue. The stream of polluted English that flows from my lips often astonishes me. In the full glory of being a college girl, with the right to wear my hat and my head very high, I was crushed one day by the sound of my own voice. I stood there fingering a *Textbook of College English*, speaking to a professor, when the sound of my own words grated against my ears like squeaky chalk against a blackboard. "Gee," I heard myself murmuring in my best, lowest, newest accents. "Well, can you imagine that! For Pete's sake, wouldn't that make you sick!" The knowledge that I can't open my mouth without, like the wicked daughter in the fairy tale, having the toads of slipshod slang leap out often has a paralyzing effect upon me. In such cases I hide behind the rubber screen of such ubiquitous expressions as "You don't say," "Well, what do you know about that," or perhaps, in a rush of temporary courage and refinement, "Oh, my dear, not really."

But, after all, it is not my spoken but my written vocabulary that depresses me with its paucity. The wages of sin are death, and the wages of foolish reading are ineffectualness. I know. All the *Liberty* magazines I gulped, all the airy novels I dallied with, all the bantam-weight articles with which I did not even wrestle, come back on me now. I should like to dress my virgin ideas in fresh, holy garb, and before I can do anything about it they slip

[1] From *Atlantic Monthly College Prize Essays*, 1927. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

into the easy fashions of *Movie Weekly*. Boomerang. I want to put an exalted mood on paper, and the only words I have to use are the gleanings from years of popular fiction. Throwback. I want to be fashionably supercilious about cheap writing, and find material for the mood in the results of my own struggles.

Time and again I see the words that served me faithfully in the eighth grade bobbing up again in my college themes, carrying with them their train of eighth-grade ideas. I used to glut myself with Edna Ferber, and from her I plucked three words that were for years the darlings of my heart. "Drab," "raucous," and "monotony" were the words, and with true maternal devotion I displayed them on every occasion. The recent sight of these words in the syndicated newspaper stories on the women's pages, however, has filled me with a sick shame. It is, to change the relationship, like seeing one's mother come out of a roadhouse.

"Tawdry," from Fanny Hurst, "lurid," from the newspapers, "moth-eaten," "spineless," "backboneless," from Irvin Cobb, are all old nags that will never again hobble across the pages of my themes. "Pugnacious," "glib," "rakish," "syncopating," "rhythmic," have had their day with me. In the first place, they are overworked; in the second place, they are adjectives, and I am beginning to dislike those confessions of an incompetent vocabulary. There are seven words that I hate: "throbbing," "pathos," "gripping," "passion," "intrigue," "thrills," "adventure." For these words I have the same cold contempt that I have for the me that frequented the movies they describe. If I ever use them, may I go where all *True Story* writers go when they die.

Now I shun the endearing words that I love too well. I look with suspicion at the respectable ones that may lose their virtue at any time among the movie subtitles and the Sunday papers. I shy at the cloying ones that stick unconsciously to my mind from my haphazard reading and clog expression. Embarrassed, pained, and very uncomfortable, I stand stripped of my old vocabulary and uncertain of my new. I am afraid of words!

MISTAKEN TEACHINGS ABOUT CERTAIN POINTS IN ENGLISH[1]

CHARLES ALLEN LLOYD

THOSE of you who read the very interesting and usually accurate newspaper feature put out by Mr. Robert L. Ripley under the title of "Believe-It-or-Not" may recall that about a year ago there appeared in his column the remarkable statement that there is no such word in the English language as "unsanitary"; the explanation given the next morning was that the proper form is "insanitary." A letter of protest to Mr. Ripley brought forth a mimeographed reply to the effect that the addition of the prefix "un" to the word "sanitary" *turned it into a verb and that most of the unabridged dictionaries do not list the word "unsanitary" at all.*

Now, the truth of the matter is that the word "unsanitary" is listed in all four of the leading English dictionaries—the *Century, Webster's,* the *Standard,* and the *Oxford*—and, furthermore, that there is nothing in any of them to indicate that it is in any way inferior to "insanitary," which, of course, is also listed. A second and a third letter to Mr. Ripley, pointing out these facts, were answered only by a dignified silence. I have since learned indirectly that on receipt of several hundred protests he submitted the question to a group of scholars and they "decided" that "insanitary" is the preferred form. This may well be true, but, of course, is entirely beside the point, since the original statement was that there was *no such word* as "unsanitary."

My aim in telling you this little story is not to bring out the fallibility of Mr. Ripley or his unwillingness to admit an error; we are all fallible, and none of us likes to admit he was mistaken in a public statement. But I do wish to call your attention to the fact that this notion that the word "unsanitary" is not to be found in the dictionaries is only one of a large number of mistaken ideas

[1] An address delivered before the National Council of Teachers of English in 1932. Reprinted from the *English Journal,* May 1933, by permission of the author and the *English Journal.*

about English that are prevalent in the minds of the general public, including many of our students in schools and colleges. It happens sometimes that our schools are at fault in spreading these pieces of misinformation, and that we teachers are often to blame for accepting them without thought or investigation and passing them on to our pupils.

Many of you are doubtless already aware of the situation, but I wonder if you realize fully the extent, variety, and tenacity of these delusions. May I mention some of the more common ones?

The most widespread and tenacious of all is the notion that it is necessarily bad English to end with a preposition. Although this is not taught now, so far as I know, by any English textbook, and although many of them specifically state the contrary, most people who have any education at all hold it as a sacred article of faith. Not, of course, that they observe it. Surely no native English-speaking person would ask "At what are you laughing?" rather than "What are you laughing at?" But they feel about as O. O. McIntyre put it in his column recently when he wrote: "There I go, ending a sentence with a preposition, but then I never did have any use for grammar." It seems that Dryden is largely responsible for this superstition. He apparently became convinced that, because the word "preposition" means "placed before," one should never be put after its object, and he took the trouble to go over all his works and see that all his prepositions accorded with this imagined rule. It would be difficult to find a sadder example of the failure to appreciate the idiom of one's native tongue. Surely no English teacher needs to be told that the question whether or not a preposition should stand at the end of a sentence is to be decided by taste and one's judgment of the ease or awkwardness of the expression, and that it is not a matter of correctness or incorrectness.

Some time ago in speaking over the radio on the subject of English I made use of the expression "a grammatical error," and shortly afterward received a card, unsigned, but evidently written by a lady of considerable education and intelligence, saying: "Please, isn't it 'error in grammar' rather then 'grammatical error'?" As it happens, some twenty years ago I first heard this point raised and have noted its recurrence at intervals ever since. For the benefit of any who may not be familiar with it I shall explain that those who labor under the delusion that the expression "a grammatical error" is incorrect argue that if an expression is grammatical it

cannot be an error. In other words, they assume that the only meaning of the word "grammatical" is "in accordance with the rules of grammar," whereas reference to any dictionary will show, of course, that "grammatical" also means "pertaining to grammar," and in the *Century Dictionary* the very expression "a grammatical error" is given as an example of its use in this sense. The remarkable thing about the matter is that the point is always raised by persons of intelligence and discrimination, just the sort most likely to consult books of reference, and it is a mystery why it does not occur to them to look in the dictionary to see whether their hypercritical objection is justified.

And now for one of the most astonishing things of all. Are you aware that many elementary teachers and even some high-school instructors in English teach their pupils that it is wrong to begin a sentence with "but" or "and"? I do not know how widespread this delusion is, but I fear that it is more so than most of us think. By inquiry in a summer-school class of mine last year I learned that approximately half of the thirty-three members, coming from about seven different states, had been taught this monstrous doctrine at some time in their school careers. One cannot help wondering if those who teach it ever read any English. Surely, if they do, it is not the King James Version of the Bible, in which sentence after sentence begins with "and" almost to the point of monotony; nor can it be the writings of that master of style, Macaulay, who, with his fondness for antithesis, starts hundreds of sentences with "but." The teaching probably originates in a very laudable desire to prevent pupils from splitting what should be properly a compound sentence into two distinct parts, but the rule laid down is so far from the actual practice of the "best writers and speakers," that it is absurd.

Another very strange delusion that many pupils absorb from teachers somewhere along the line is the notion that "everyone" and "anyone" are preferable to "everybody" and "anybody." In fact, some even think that the last two forms are entirely wrong. Along with these goes the notion that "should" is better than "ought" to express obligation of any kind. Not long ago I tried an interesting experiment on a class of thirty pupils, college Freshmen, most of whom had had at least a fair high-school training and some even a better than average one. On the board I wrote the sentence, "Everybody ought to do their duty," with instructions to the pupils

to copy it on a sheet of paper in correct form, but to make no changes unless they were absolutely essential for the sake of correctness. Sixteen of the thirty properly changed "their" to "his", but only ten of these sixteen made no other change. There were five who changed "ought" to "should" though the latter is clearly inappropriate in such a statement of strong moral obligation, and nine changed "everybody" to "everyone." May I suggest that when you take up your teaching again you try the same experiment? I believe you will get similar results, unless your group is carefully selected.

The work of Lounsbury and others has pretty well established the fact by this time that the expressions "had better" and "had rather" have an ancient and honorable position in the English language. At least one hears little objection to them at present. The same thing is true of "anybody else's." A number of teachers used to spend much energy in a painful effort to make themselves and their pupils say "anybody's else," but this unnatural expression seems to have given way to the natural and proper English desire to put the sign of the possessive at the end of the group of words to which it belongs, as in "the King of England's crown."

But let us leave for a while these questions of grammar and meaning to tread upon the much more uncertain ground of pronunciation. The trouble here is that there are many who fail to recognize that this *is* uncertain ground. They seem to believe that for every English word there is one indisputably correct pronunciation, that certain highly favored persons or dictionaries have been divinely inspired to know just what these "correct" pronunciations are, and that those who do not use them are scholastically and socially beyond the pale. Let us take, for example, the question of the pronunciation of words like "ask," "last," "class," "dance," etc. The usage of the overwhelming majority of Americans favors that pronunciation of these words in which the *a* is sounded as in "am," the so-called flat *a*. There are some who use in them the *a* as in "father," the broad or Italian *a*, as it is called, and others who give the *a* a sound in between the broad and the flat, that is, the intermediate *a*. As a matter of fact, a careful ear can distinguish four or five stages of flatness or broadness in the pronunciation of these words by various individuals.

There is a general belief, however, among teachers and students that the only truly correct sound of the vowel in these words is the

intermediate *a* and that all the dictionaries record this as the proper pronunciation. The fact of the case is that only one of the four great English dictionaries makes any such statement. That one, strange to say, is an American dictionary, *Webster's*. The *Century*, the *Standard*, and even the *Oxford* all state in their introductions that their marking of the *a* in these words is intended to be ambiguous. The *Century* places a dot over the *a* in all these words, but says that this intermediate *a* should be regarded "as pointing out the varying utterance here described (from *a* in 'far' to *a* in 'fat') rather than imperatively prescribing any shade of it." The other two say the same thing in different words.

Surely these three are right, and *Webster's* is wrong in attempting to set up the personal opinion of its editors over the usage of the English-speaking people. It will, of course, be noticed that *Webster's* dictum brands the broad *a* as "incorrect" just as much as the flat *a*, and selects as the one correct pronunciation a sound that millions of English-speaking persons can make only with considerable effort.[2]

But of all the remarkable situations that we find in dealing with the vexed subject of pronunciation the most remarkable to my mind is the very widespread effort on the part of a great number of our English teachers to force American pupils to drop the natural American pronunciation of the word "dictionary" and substitute for it the British utterance, which I can best represent by the spelling "diction'ry," though we sometimes hear in it an obscure vowel sound where I have put the apostrophe. I suppose that no one here would like to question my statement that in the natural American pronunciation of the word "dictionary" there is a slight secondary accent on the penult, but, if you wish better authority for it than your own ears, I can refer you to Jespersen, the great Danish student of our tongue, who calls attention to this American utterance in his monumental work on English grammar. Our own dictionaries are somewhat ambiguous. They do not mark a secondary accent in the word, but they do indicate that the *a* in the penult has the sound either of long *a* or of the *a* in "senate"—not the obscure sound of the British utterance. *Webster's* also speaks in its intro-

[2] *Author's Note:* Readers may be interested to know that the *Second Edition of Webster's New International Dictionary*, which was issued in July, 1934, supports the views expressed in this article concerning the "intermediate *a*" and the pronunciation of the words ending in *-ary*.

ductory pages of the difference between the British and the American pronunciations of words ending in *-ary*. It should be noted too that our dictionaries do not mark any secondary accent for adverbs derived from these *-ary* words, but what American is there who can pronounce "ordinarily" without putting a secondary accent on the antepenult? For the *Century Dictionary*, at least, and perhaps for the others, the failure to mark these secondary accents is explained by the *Century's* statement that it does not mark secondary accents when they come in their natural position, which is two syllables removed from the one which bears the main accent. In the words "decorate" and "operate" for instance, there is clearly a secondary accent on the last syllable, but our dictionaries do not indicate it.

A very strange feature of the whole matter is the fact that most of the teachers who insist that their pupils say "diction'ry" pronounce all or nearly all of the other *-ary* words in the good American fashion. If it is so vitally important to say "dictionry," is it not equally as important to say "ordin'ry," "necess'ry," "second'ry," "milit'ry," "mission'ry," "secret'ry," "liter'ry," "statu'ry," "Janu'ry," "Febru'ry," and so on through the whole list? As a matter of fact, the British do pronounce these words consistently in just that fashion. Not only that, but they likewise consistently say "territ'ry" and "promont'ry." If we are to imitate them, let's do the bally thing up in jolly good style!

Now, of course, I am not questioning the right of any teacher or any other person to adopt the British pronunciation of any or all of these words, if he sees fit. It seems to me that each individual should determine his pronunciation for himself, just as he selects his own clothes. But I do emphatically insist that no teacher has the right to tell an American child that the standard American pronunciation for any word is wrong and to endeavor to force him to utter it in the British fashion. I use the word "force" advisedly, since I know of cases where children were not allowed to consult the dictionary unless they called it a "diction'ry," or to go to the library unless they called it a "libr'ry." And this in the name of "good English"!!

The harm of such teachings as these lies chiefly in the fact that they throw discredit on the cause of good English, since they falsely lead our boys and girls to believe that in order to use good English they must speak in a very unnatural manner. Those of them who

are conscientious about improving their speech strain in a way pitiful to behold to avoid ending a sentence with a preposition and develop inferiority complexes over pronunciations that are natural to the very large majority of intelligent, educated, and cultured Americans. On the other hand, those who are not so docile as to be guided by these teachings that are repulsive to all their normal instincts conceive a distaste for the whole subject of English and refuse to be guided by us even when we teach them what is eminently right and proper. In their minds "good English" comes to mean affectation, or, as they would phrase it, "putting on," and I regret to say that there is much in the teaching of many of us that justifies them in this feeling.

In a burst of confidence a pupil once asked me, "Mr. Lloyd, why are all English teachers crazy?" It was a crude question from a rude boy, and, being an English teacher myself, I was not and am not prepared to admit that we deserve to have such a harsh adjective applied to us. But the question with me is why this boy should have thought of asking such a thing about English teachers. In one of O. Henry's stories he speaks of a certain waitress as being "too anxious to please to please." Is there not such a thing as being "too anxious to be correct to be correct"?

There are many self-constituted authorities who seem to take particular delight in announcing with a great air of confidence that some well-established locution or pronunciation is "bad English." If examined closely, such assertions will usually be found to reveal only the ignorance of those who make them. But the trouble is that too often we do not examine them closely. Their surface plausibility and the confidence with which they are put forward deceive us. We unthinkingly accept them, pass them on to our pupils as the gospel, and they in turn hand them on to theirs. The result is that we turn the study of our language into a travesty, and instead of implanting in the minds of the pupils an instinct and feeling for good English, we instil into them a wholly unnatural and artificial ideal of speech that effectually prevents them from ever attaining a genuine mastery of their noble mother-tongue.

LEARNED WORDS AND POPULAR WORDS[1]

JAMES BRADSTREET GREENOUGH
AND
GEORGE LYMAN KITTREDGE

IN EVERY cultivated language there are two great classes of words which, taken together, comprise the whole vocabulary. First, there are those words with which we become acquainted in ordinary conversation,—which we learn, that is to say, from the members of our own family and from our familiar associates, and which we should know and use even if we could not read or write. They concern the common things of life, and are the stock in trade of all who speak the language. Such words may be called "popular," since they belong to the people at large and are not the exclusive possession of a limited class.

On the other hand, our language includes a multitude of words which are comparatively seldom used in ordinary conversation. Their meanings are known to every educated person, but there is little occasion to employ them at home or in the market-place. Our first acquaintance with them comes not from our mother's lips or from the talk of our schoolmates, but from books that we read, lectures that we hear, or the more formal conversation of highly educated speakers, who are discussing some particular topic in a style appropriately elevated above the habitual level of everyday life. Such words are called "learned," and the distinction between them and "popular" words is of great importance to a right understanding of linguistic process.

The difference between popular and learned words may be easily seen in a few examples. We may describe a girl as "lively" or as "vivacious." In the first case, we are using a native English formation from the familiar noun *life*. In the latter, we are using a Latin derivative which has precisely the same meaning. Yet the

[1] From *Words and Their Ways in English Speech*, The Macmillan Company, 1920. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

atmosphere of the two words is quite different. No one ever got the adjective *lively* out of a book. It is a part of everybody's vocabulary. We cannot remember a time when we did not know it, and we feel sure that we learned it long before we were able to read. On the other hand, we must have passed several years of our lives before learning the word *vivacious*. We may even remember the first time that we saw it in print or heard it from some grown-up friend who was talking over our childish heads. Both *lively* and *vivacious* are good English words, but *lively* is "popular" and *vivacious* is "learned."

From the same point of view we may contrast the following pairs of synonyms[2]: *the same, identical; speech, oration; fire, conflagration; choose, select; brave, valorous; swallowing, deglutition; striking, percussion; building, edifice; shady, umbrageous; puckery, astringent; learned, erudite; secret, cryptic; destroy, annihilate; stiff, rigid; flabby, flaccid; queer, eccentric; behead, decapitate; round, circular; thin, emaciated; fat, corpulent; truthful, veracious; try, endeavor; bit, modicum; piece, fragment; sharp, acute; crazy, maniacal; king, sovereign; book, volume; lying, mendacious; beggar, mendicant; teacher, instructor; play, drama; air, atmosphere; paint, pigment.*

The terms "popular" and "learned," as applied to words, are not absolute definitions. No two persons have the same stock of words, and the same word may be "popular" in one man's vocabulary and "learned" in another's. There are also different grades of "popularity"; indeed there is in reality a continuous gradation from infantile words like *mamma* and *papa* to such erudite derivatives as *concatenation* and *cataclysm*. Still, the division into "learned" and "popular" is convenient and sound. Disputes may arise as to the classification of any particular word, but there can be no difference of opinion about the general principle. We must be careful, however, to avoid misconception. When we call a word "popular," we do not mean that it is a favorite word, but simply that it belongs to the people as a whole,—that is, it is everybody's word, not the possession of a limited number. When we call a word "learned," we do not mean that it is used by scholars alone, but simply that its presence in the English vocabulary is due to books and the culti-

[2] Not all the words are exact synonyms, but that is of no importance in

vation of literature rather than to the actual needs of ordinary conversation.

Here is one of the main differences between a cultivated and an uncultivated language. Both possess a large stock of "popular" words; but the cultivated language is also rich in "learned" words, with which the ruder tongue has not provided itself, simply because it has never felt the need of them.

In English it will usually be found that the so-called learned words are of foreign origin. Most of them are derived from French or Latin, and a considerable number from Greek. The reason is obvious. The development of English literature has not been isolated, but has taken place in close connection with the earnest study of foreign literatures. Thus, in the fourteenth century, when our language was assuming substantially the shape which it now bears, the literary exponent of English life and thought, Geoffrey Chaucer, the first of our great poets, was profoundly influenced by Latin literature as well as by that of France and Italy. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the Greek and Latin classics were vigorously studied by almost every English writer of any consequence, and the great authors of antiquity were regarded as models, not merely of general literary form, but of expression in all its details. These foreign influences have varied much in character and intensity. But it is safe to say that there has been no time since 1350 when English writers of the highest class have not looked to Latin, French, and Italian authors for guidance and inspiration. From 1600 to the present day the direct influence of Greek literature and philosophy has also been enormous,—affecting as it has the finest spirits in a peculiarly pervasive way,—and its indirect influence is quite beyond calculation. Greek civilization, we should remember, has acted upon us, not merely through Greek literature and art, but also through the medium of Latin, since the Romans borrowed their higher culture from Greece.

Now certain facts in the history of our language have made it peculiarly inclined to borrow from French and Latin. The Norman Conquest in the eleventh century made French the language of polite society in England; and, long after the contact between Norman-French and English had ceased to be of direct significance in our linguistic development, the reading and speaking of French and the study of French literature formed an important part of the education of English-speaking men and women. When literary

English was in process of formation in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the authors whose works determined the cultivated vocabulary were almost as familiar with French as with their mother tongue, and it was therefore natural that they should borrow a good many French words. But these same authors were also familiar with Latin, which, though called a dead language, has always been the professional dialect of ecclesiastics and a *lingua franca* for educated men. Thus the borrowing from French and from Latin went on side by side, and it is often impossible to say from which of the two languages a particular English word is taken. The practice of naturalizing French and Latin words was, then, firmly established in the fourteenth century, and when, in the sixteenth century, there was a great revival of Greek studies in England, the close literary relations between Greece and Rome facilitated the adoption of a considerable number of words from the Greek. Linguistic processes are cumulative: one does not stop when another begins. Hence we find all of these influences active in increasing the modern vocabulary. In particular, the language of science has looked to Greece for its terms, as the language of abstract thought has drawn its nomenclature from Latin.

It would, however, be a great mistake to suppose that all our "popular" terms are of native origin, and that all foreign derivatives are "learned." The younger and less cultivated members of a community are naturally inclined to imitate the speech of the older and more cultivated. Hence, as time has passed, a great number of French and Latin words, and even some that are derived from the Greek, have made themselves quite at home in ordinary conversation. Such words, whatever their origin, are as truly popular as if they had been a part of our language from the earliest period.

Examples of such popular words of foreign derivation are the following:——

From French: *army, arrest, bay, card, catch, city, chase, chimney, conveyance, deceive, entry, engine, forge, hour, letter, mantle, mason, merchant, manner, mountain, map, move, navy, prince, pen, pencil, parlor, river, rage, soldier, second, table, veil, village.*

From Latin: *accommodate, act, add, adopt, animal, anxious, applause, arbitrate, auction, agent, calculate, cancer, circus, collapse, collision, column, congress, connect, consequence, contract, contradict, correct, creation, cucumber, curve, centennial, decorate, delicate, dentist, describe, diary, diffident, different, digest, direct, discuss,*

divide, educate, elect, emigrant, equal, erect, expect, extra, fact, genius, genuine, graduate, gratis, horrid, imitate, item, joke, junction, junior, major, magnificent, medicine, medium, miser, obstinate, omit, pagan, pastor, pauper, pedal, pendulum, permit, picture, plague, postpone, premium, prevent, prospect, protect, quiet, recess, recipe, reduce, regular, salute, secure, series, single, species, specimen, splendid, strict, student, subscribe, subtract, suburb, suffocate, suggest, tedious, timid, urge, vaccinate, various, ventilation, vest, veto, victor, vim, vote.

From Greek: *anthracite, apathy, arsenic, aster, athlete, atlas, attic, barometer, biography, calomel, catarrh, catholic, catastrophe, catechism, caustic, chemist, crisis, dialogue, diphtheria, elastic, encyclopedia, hector, homeopathy, iodine, lexicon, microscope, monotonous, myth, neuralgia, panic, panorama, photograph, skeleton, strychnine, tactics, telegraph, tonic, zoölogy.*

No language can borrow extensively from foreign sources without losing a good many words of its own. Hence, if we compare the oldest form of English (Anglo-Saxon) with our modern speech, we shall discover that many words that were common in Anglo-Saxon have gone quite out of use, being replaced by their foreign equivalents. The "learned" word has driven out the "popular" word, and has thereupon, in many cases, become "popular" itself. Thus instead of A.S. *here* we use the French word *army*; instead of *thegn* or *thēow*, the French word *servant*; instead of *scipherë* (a compound of the Anglo-Saxon word for *ship* and that for *army*), we use *navy*; instead of *micel*, we say *large*; instead of *sigë, victory*; instead of *swīthë, very*; instead of *lāf*, we say *remainder* or *remnant*,—and so on.

Curiously enough, it sometimes happens that when both the native and the foreign word still have a place in our language, the latter has become the more popular,—the former being relegated to the higher or poetical style. Thus it is more natural for us to say *divide* (from L. *divido*) than *cleave* (from A.S. *clēofan*); *travel* than *fare; river* than *stream; castle* than *burg; residence* than *dwelling; remain* than *abide; expect* than *ween; pupil* or *scholar* than *learner; destruction* than *bale; protect* or *defend* than *shield; immediately* than *straightaway; encourage* than *hearten; present* than *bestow; firm* than *steadfast; direct* than *forthright; impetuous* than *heady; modest* than *shamefaced; prince* than *atheling; noise* or *tumult* or *disturbance* than *din; people* than *folk; prophet* than

soothsayer; fate than *weird; dancer* than *spearman; I intend* than *I am minded; excavate* than *delve; resist* than *withstand; beautiful* than *goodly; gracious* than *kindly*. The very fact that the native words belong to the older stock has made them poetical; for the language of poetry is always more archaic than that of prose.

Frequently we have kept both the native and the foreign word, but in different senses, thus increasing our vocabulary to good purpose. The foreign word may be more emphatic than the native: as in *brilliant, bright: scintillate, sparkle; astonishment, wonder; a conflagration, a fire; devour, eat up; labor, work*. Or the native word may be more emphatic than the foreign: as in *stench, odor; straightforward, direct; dead, deceased; murder, homicide*. Often, however, there is a wide distinction in meaning. Thus *driver* differs from *propellor; child* from *infant; history* from *tale; book* from *volume; forehead* from *front; length* from *longitude; moony* from *lunar; sunny* from *solar; nightly* from *nocturnal; churl* from *villain; wretch* from *miser; poor man* from *pauper; run across* from *occur; run into* from *incur; fight* from *debate*.

From time to time attempts have been made to oust foreign words from our vocabulary and to replace them by native words that have become either obsolete or less usual (that is to say, less popular). Whimsical theorists have even set up the principle that no word of foreign origin should be employed when a native word of the same meaning exists. In English, however, all such efforts are predestined to failure. They result, not in a simpler and more natural style, but in something unfamiliar, fantastic, and affected. Foreign words that have long been in common use are just as much English as if they had been a part of our language from the beginning. There is no rational theory on which they should be shunned. It would be just as reasonable for an Englishman whose ancestors had lived in the island ever since the time of King Alfred, to disown as his countrymen the descendants of a Frenchman or a German who settled there three hundred years ago. The test of the learned or the popular character of a word is not its etymology, but the facts relating to its habitual employment by plain speakers. Nor is there any principle on which, of two expressions, that which is popular should be preferred to that which is learned or less familiar. The sole criterion of choice consists in the appropriateness of one's language to the subject or the occasion. It would be ridiculous to address a crowd of soldiers in the same language that one would

employ in a council of war. It would be no less ridiculous to harangue an assembly of generals as if they were a regiment on the eve of battle. The reaction against the excessive Latinization of English is a wholesome tendency, but it becomes a mere "fad" when it is carried out in a *doctrinaire* manner. As Chaucer declares:

> Ek Plato seith, whoso that can him rede,
> "The wordes mot be cosin to the dede."

Every educated person has at least two ways of speaking his mother tongue. The first is that which he employs in his family, among his familiar friends, and on ordinary occasions. The second is that which he uses in discoursing on more complicated subjects, and in addressing persons with whom he is less intimately acquainted. It is, in short, the language which he employs when he is "on his dignity," as he puts on evening dress when he is going to dine. The difference between these two forms of language consists, in great measure, in a difference of vocabulary. The basis of familiar words must be the same in both, but the vocabulary appropriate to the more formal occasion will include many terms which would be stilted or affected in ordinary talk. There is also considerable difference between familiar and dignified language in the manner of utterance. Contrast the rapid utterance of our everyday dialect, full of contractions and clipped forms, with the more distinct enunciation of the pulpit or the platform. Thus, in conversation, we habitually employ such contractions as *I'll, don't, won't, it's, we'd, he'd,* and the like, which we should never use in public speaking, unless of set purpose, to give a markedly colloquial tinge to what we have to say.

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH TODAY: DIFFERENCES IN USAGE[1]

H. L. MENCKEN

IN HIS business, in his journeys from his home to his office, in his dealings with his family and servants, in his sports and amusements, in his politics and even in his religion the American uses, not only words and phrases, but whole syntactical constructions, that are unintelligible to the Englishman, or intelligible only after laborious consideration. A familiar anecdote offers an example in miniature. It concerns a young American woman living in a region of prolific orchards who is asked by a visiting Englishman what the residents do with so much fruit. Her reply is a pun: "We eat all we can, and what we can't we can." This answer would mystify most Englishmen, for in the first place it involves the use of the flat American *a* in *can't* and in the second place it applies an unfamiliar name to the vessel that the Englishman knows as a *tin,* and then adds to the confusion by deriving a verb from the substantive. There are no such things as *canned-goods* in England; over there they are *tinned.* The *can* that holds them is a *tin; to can* them is *to tin* them. . . . And they are counted, not as *groceries,* but as *stores,* and advertised, not on *bill-boards* but on *hoardings.* And the cook who prepares them for the table is not *Nora* or *Maggie,* but *Cook,* and if she does other work in addition she is not a *girl for general housework,* but a *cook-general,* and not *help,* but a *servant.* And the boarder who eats them is often not a *boarder* at all, but a *paying-guest.* And the grave of the tin, once it is emptied, is not the *ash-can,* but the *dust-bin,* and the man who carries it away is not the *garbage-man* or the *ash-man* or the *white-wings,* but the *dustman.* . . .

An Englishman does not wear *suspenders,* but *braces. Suspenders* are his wife's garters; his own are *sock-suspenders.* The family does not seek sustenance in a *rare tenderloin* but in an *under-*

[1] From *The American Language,* Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. 1921. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

done undercut or *fillet.* It does not eat *beets*, but *beet-roots.* The wine on the table, if white and German, is not *Rhine wine,* but *Hock.* Yellow turnips, in England, are called *Swedes,* and are regarded as fit food for cattle only; when rations were short there, in 1916, the *Saturday Review* made a solemn effort to convince its readers that they were good enough to go upon the table. The English, of late, have learned to eat another vegetable formerly resigned to the lower fauna, to wit, American sweet corn. But they are still having some difficulty about its name, for plain *corn* in England, as we have seen, means all the grains used by man. Some time ago, in the *Sketch,* one C. J. Clive, a gentleman farmer of Worcestershire, was advertising *sweet corn-cobs* as the "most delicious of all vegetables," and offering to sell them at 6s. 6d. a dozen, *carriage-paid. Chicory* is something else that the English are unfamiliar with; they always call it *endive.* By *chicken* they mean any fowl, however ancient. *Broilers* and *friers* are never heard of over there. Neither are *crawfish,* which are always *crayfish.*[2] The classes which, in America, eat *breakfast, dinner* and *supper,* have *breakfast, dinner* and *tea* in England; *supper* always means a meal eaten late in the evening. No Englishman ever wears a *frock-coat* or *Prince Albert,* or lives in a *bungalow;* he wears a *morning-coat* and lives in a *villa* or *cottage.* His wife's maid, if she has one, is not *Ethel,* or *Maggie* but *Robinson,* and the nurse-maid who looks after his children is not *Lizzie* but *Nurse.*[3] So, by the way, is a trained nurse in a hospital, whose full style is not *Miss Jones,* but *Nurse Jones* or *Sister.* And the hospital itself, if private, is not a hospital at all, but a *nursing-home,* and its trained nurses are plain *nurses,* or *hospital nurses,* or maybe *nursing sisters.* And the white-clad young gentlemen who make love to them are not *studying medicine* but *walking the hospitals.* Similarly, an English law student does not *study* law, but *reads the law.*

If an English boy goes to a *public school,* it is not a sign that he is getting his education free, but that his father is paying a good round sum for it and is accepted as a gentleman. A *public school* over there corresponds to our *prep school;* it is a place maintained

[2] The verb *to crawfish,* of course, is also unknown in England.

[3] The differences between the nursery vocabulary in English and American deserve investigation, but are beyond the jurisdiction of a celibate inquirer. I have been told by an Englishman that English babies do not say *choo-choo* to designate a railroad train, but *puff-puff.*

chiefly by endowments, wherein boys of the upper classes are prepared for the universities. What we know as a *public school* is called a *board school* or *council school* in England, not because the pupils are boarded but because it is managed by a school board or county council. The boys in a public (*i.e.*, private) school are divided, not into *classes*, or *grades*, but into *forms*, which are numbered, the lowest being the *first form*. The benches they sit on are also called *forms*. An English boy whose father is unable to pay for his education goes first into a *babies' class* (a *kindergarten* is always a private school) in a *primary* or *infants'* school. He moves thence to *class one, class two, class three* and *class four*, and then into the *junior school* or *public elementary school*, where he enters the *first standard*. Until now boys and girls have sat together in class, but hereafter they are separated, the boy going to a boys' school and the girl to a girls'. He goes up a *standard* a year. At the *third* or *fourth standard*, for the first time, he is put under a male teacher. He reaches the *seventh standard*, if he is bright, at the age of 12, and then goes into what is known as the *ex-seventh*. If he stays at school after this he goes into the *ex-ex-seventh*. But many leave the public elementary school at the *ex-seventh* and go into the *secondary school*, which is what Americans call a *high-school*. "The lowest class in a secondary school," says an English correspondent, "is known as the *third form*. In this class the boy from the public elementary school meets boys from private preparatory schools, who usually have an advantage over him, being armed with the Greek alphabet, the first twenty pages of 'French Without Tears,' the fact that Balbus built a wall, and the fact that lines equal to the same line are equal to one another. But usually the public elementary school boy conquers these disabilities by the end of his first high-school year, and so wins a place in the *upper fourth form*, while his wealthier competitors grovel in the *lower fourth*. In schools where the fagging system prevails the fourth is the lowest form that is fagged. The *lower fifth* is the retreat of the unscholarly. The *sixth form* is the highest. Those who fail in their matriculation for universities or who wish to study for the civil service or pupil teachers' examinations go into a thing called the *remove*, which is less a class than a state of mind. Here are the Brahmins, the contemplative Olympians, the *prefects*, the *lab. monitors*. The term *public elementary school* is recent. It was invented when the old board school system was abolished about

1906. But the term *standard* is ancient." The principal of an English public (*i.e.,* private) school is a *head-master,* or *head-mistress,* but in a council school he or she may be a *principal.* The lower pedagogues used to be *ushers,* but are now *assistant masters* (or *mistresses*). The titular head of a university is a *chancellor* or *rector.*[4] He is always some eminent public man, and a *vice-chancellor* or *vice-rector* performs his duties. The head of a mere college may be a *president, principal, master, warden, rector, dean* or *provost.*

At the universities the students are not divided into *freshmen, sophomores, juniors* and *seniors,* as with us, but are simply *first-year-men, second-year-men,* and so on, though a *first-year-man* is sometimes a *fresher.* Such distinctions, however, are not as important in England as in America; members of the university (they are called *members,* not *students*) do not flock together according to seniority, and there is no regulation forbidding an upper classman, or even a graduate, to be polite to a student just entered. An English university man does not *study;* he *reads.* He knows nothing of *frats, class-days, senior-proms* and such things; save at Cambridge and Dublin he does not even speak of a *commencement.* On the other hand his daily speech is full of terms unintelligible to an American student, for example, *wrangler, tripos, head, pass-degree* and *don.* . . .

The common objects and phenomena of nature are often differently named in England and America. Such Americanisms as *creek* and *run,* for small streams, are practically unknown in England, and the English *moor* and *downs* early disappeared from American. The Englishman knows the meaning of *sound* (*e.g.,* Long Island *Sound*), but he nearly always uses *channel* in place of it. In the same way the American knows the meaning of the English *bog,* but rejects the English distinction between it and *swamp,* and almost always uses *swamp* or *marsh* (often elided to *ma'sh*). The Englishman seldom, if ever, describes a severe storm as a *hurricane,* a *cyclone,* a *tornado,* or a *blizzard.* He never uses *cold-snap, cloud-burst* or *under the weather.* He does not say that the temperature is 29 degrees (Fahrenheit) or that the thermometer or the mercury

[4] This title has been borrowed by some of the American universities, *e.g., Chancellor* Day of Syracuse. But the usual title remains *president.* On the Continent it is *rector.*

is at 29 degrees, but that there are *three degrees of frost.* He calls ice water *iced-water.* . . .

The English have an ecclesiastical vocabulary with which we are almost unacquainted, and it is in daily use, for the church bulks large in public affairs over there. Such terms as *vicar, canon, verger, prebendary, primate, curate, noncomformist, dissenter, convocation, minister, chapter, crypt, living, presentation, glebe, benefice, locum tenens, suffragan, almoner, dean* and *pluralist* are to be met with in the English newspapers constantly, but on this side of the water they are seldom encountered. Nor do we hear much of *matins, lauds, lay-readers, ritualism* and the *liturgy.* The English use of *holy orders* is also strange to us. They do not say that a young man is *studying for the ministry,* but that he is *reading for holy orders.* They do not say that he is *ordained,* but that he *takes orders.* Save he be in the United Free Church of Scotland, he is never a *minister,* though the term appears in the Book of Common Prayer; save he be a nonconformist, he is never a *pastor;* a clergyman of the Establishment is always either a *rector,* a *vicar* or a *curate,* and colloquially a *parson.* . . .

In English usage, to proceed, the word *directly* is always used to signify *immediately;* in American a contingency gets into it, and it may mean no more than *soon.* In England *quite* means "completely, wholly, entirely, altogether, to the utmost extent, nothing short of, in the fullest sense, positively, absolutely"; in America it is conditional, and means only nearly, approximately, substantially, as in "he sings *quite* well." An Englishman does not say "I will pay you *up*" for an injury, but "I will pay you *back.*" He doesn't look *up* a definition in a dictionary; he looks it *out.* He doesn't say, being ill, "I am *getting* on well," but "I am *going* on well." He doesn't use the American "different *from*" or "different *than*"; he uses "different *to.*" He never adds the pronoun in such locutions as "it hurts *me,*" but says simply, "it hurts." He never "*catches up* with you" on the street; he "catches *you up.*" He never says "are you *through?*" but "have you *finished?*" He never uses *to notify* as a transitive verb; an official act may be *notified,* but not a person. He never uses *gotten* as the perfect participle of *get*; he always uses plain *got.*[5] An English servant never washes the *dishes;* she always washes the *dinner* or *tea things.* She doesn't *live out,*

[5] But nevertheless he uses *begotten,* not *begot.*

but *goes into service.* Her beau is not her *fellow,* but her *young man.* She does not *keep company* with him but *walks out* with him. She is never *hired,* but always *engaged;* only inanimate things, such as a hall or cab, are *hired.* When her wages are increased she does not get a *raise,* but a *rise.* When her young man goes into the army he does not *join* it; he *joins up.*

That an Englishman always calls out *"I* say!" and not simply "say!" when he desires to attract a friend's attention or register a protestation of incredulity—this perhaps is too familiar to need notice. His *hear, hear!* and *oh, oh!* are also well known. He is much less prodigal with *good-bye* than the American; he uses *good-day* and *good-afternoon* far more often. A shop-assistant would never say *good-bye* to a customer. To an Englishman it would have a subtly offensive smack; *good-afternoon* would be more respectful. Various very common American phrases are quite unknown to him, for example, *over his signature, on time* and *planted to corn.* The first-named he never uses, and he has no equivalent for it; an Englishman who issues a signed statement simply makes it *in writing.* He knows nothing of our common terms of disparagement, such as *kike, wop, yap* and *rube.* His pet-name for a tiller of the soil is not *Rube* or *Cy,* but *Hodge.* When he goes gunning he does not call it *hunting,* but *shooting; hunting* is reserved for the chase of the fox. When he goes to a dentist he does not have his teeth *filled,* but *stopped.* He knows nothing of *European plan* hotels, or of *day-coaches,* or of *baggage-checks.*

An intelligent Englishwoman, coming to America to live, told me that the two things which most impeded her first communications with untraveled Americans, even above the gross differences between English and American pronunciation and intonation, were the complete absence of the general utility adjective *jolly* from the American vocabulary, and the puzzling omnipresence and versatility of the verb *to fix.* In English colloquial usage *jolly* means almost anything; it intensifies all other adjectives, even including *miserable* and *homesick.* An Englishman is *jolly bored, jolly* hungry or *jolly well* tired; his wife is *jolly* sensible; his dog is *jolly* keen; the prices he pays for things are *jolly dear* (never *steep* or *stiff* or *high*: all Americanisms). But he has no noun to match the American *proposition,* meaning proposal, business, affair, case, consideration, plan, theory, solution and what not: only the German *zug* can be

ranged beside it.[6] And he has no verb in such wide practise as *to fix*. In his speech it means only to make fast or to determine. In American it may mean to repair, as in "the plumber *fixed* the pipe"; to dress, as in "Mary *fixed* her hair"; to prepare, as in "the cook is *fixing* the gravy"; to bribe, as in "the judge was *fixed*"; to settle, as in "the quarrel was *fixed* up"; to heal, as in "the doctor *fixed* his boil"; to finish, as in "Murphy *fixed* Sweeney in the third round"; to be well-to-do, as in "John is "well-*fixed*"; to arrange, as in "I *fixed* up the quarrel"; to be drunk, as in "the whiskey *fixed* him"; to punish, as in "I'll *fix* him"; and to correct, as in "he *fixed* my bad Latin." Moreover, it is used in all its English senses. An Englishman never goes to a dentist to have his teeth *fixed*. He does not *fix* the fire; he *makes it up*, or *mends* it. He is never *well-fixed*, either in money or by liquor.[7] The American use of *to run* is also unfamiliar to Englishmen. They never *run* a hotel, or a railroad; they always *keep* it or *manage* it.

The English use *quite* a great deal more than we do, and, as we have seen, in a different sense. *Quite rich*, in American, means tolerably rich, richer than most; *quite so*, in English, is identical in meaning with *exactly so*. In American *just* is almost equivalent to the English *quite*, as in *just lovely*. Thornton shows that this use of *just* goes back to 1794. The word is also used in place of *exactly* in other ways, as in *just in time, just how many* and *just what do you mean?* Two other adverbs, *right* and *good*, are used in American in senses strange to an Englishman. Thornton shows that the excessive use of *right*, as in *right away, right good* and *right now*, was already widespread in the United States early in the last century; his first example is dated 1818. He believes that the locution

[6] This specimen is from the *Congressional Record* of Dec. 11, 1917: "I do not like to be butting into this *proposition*, but I looked upon this post-office business as a purely business *proposition*." The speaker was "Hon." Homer P. Snyder, of New York. In the *Record* of Jan. 12, 1918, p. 8294, *proposition* is used as a synonym for state of affairs. See also a speech by Senator Norris on Feb. 21, 1921, *Congressional Record*, p. 3741 *et seq.* He uses *proposition* in five or six different senses. See also a speech by Senator Borah, *Congressional Record*, May 13, 1921, p. 1395, col. 1.

[7] Already in 1855 Bristed was protesting that *to fix* was having "more than its legitimate share of work all over the Union." "In English conversation," he said, "the panegyrical adjective of all work is *nice*; in America it is *fine*." This was before the adoption of *jolly* and its analogues, *ripping, stunning, rattling*, etc. Perhaps *to fix* was helped into American by the German word.

was "possibly imported from the southwest of Ireland." Whatever its origin, it quickly attracted the attention of English visitors. Dickens noted *right away* as an almost universal Americanism during his first American tour, in 1842, and poked fun at it in the second chapter of "American Notes." *Right* is used as a synonym for *directly*, as in *right away, right off, right now* and *right on time*; for *moderately*, as in *right well, right smart, right good* and *right often*, and in place of *precisely*, as in *right there*. . . .

It would be easy to pile up words and phrases that are used in both America and England, but with different meanings. I have already alluded to *tariff-reform*. *Open-shop* is another. It means, in England, what an American *union man* (English: *trades-unionist*) calls a *closed-shop*. And *closed-shop*, in England, means what an American calls an *open-shop*! Finally, there is the verb-phrase, *to carry on*. In the United States it means to make a great pother; in England it means to persevere. . . . But the record must have an end.

COBBLESTONE STYLE[1]

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

Some time since you said in a Sermon on Style in the *Review*, "Modern English is lacking in eloquence," and "Science, having come close to metaphysics, needs a new diction." How I pricked up my ears! For five or six years I have been noticing how poor was the prevalent quality of expository writing, and asking myself would nothing ever be done about it by the critics. At last you—and who better qualified—were speaking to this point of rhetoric. "The priests of the twentieth century babble in a jargon that has lost its vitality (Cheers!) and the prophets are tongue-tied (Hear, hear!) with a language that can say everything but what they most deeply feel and mean." You were too kind. Their "language of the machine" can say scarcely anything. Surely, surely, everyone sensitive to style feels as I do, that the jargon grows steadily worse, that one is bewildered, balked, estopped by the turgid rhetoric that prevails in current American writing.

Here are a few examples—I have been collecting them for two years, and my dossier bulges with choice specimens culled from perfectly reputable publications.

> If there were a uniform condition with reference to the distribution of population it would be necessary to move forward to a recognition of the desirability of such a readjustment.

> The book provides them with a background, and an account of existing reality such as exists nowhere else in readableness, in authority of presentation, and in its underlying warning to civilization.

> The spiritual or esthetic value of the new wants is thus made subordinate to the possibility of their being filled in quantity.

When style is as bad as that we may look for the remedy on an

[1] From *The Saturday Review of Literature*, June 4, 1932. Reprinted by permission of the author and the publishers.

elementary level. Your sermon pleads for "a style made eloquent by spiritual power." Amen and amen. But there again it seems to me you were too kind. You were considering bad writing from the point of view of mind and soul. Considering it from the point of view of grammar I have seen one important defect to be something as simple as rough roads, and the cure something as feasible as cement.

Almost everyone who writes to inform, whether on politics, science, sociology, philosophy, or education—almost everyone nowadays overworks the noun construction. Verbal nouns, abstract nouns, noun clauses introduced by "that" and "the fact that"—these substantives are crowded so closely together that thought cannot move ahead. Sentence after sentence presents such a jam of noun constructions that the ideas are bumped to a standstill or a breakdown. While nouns are overworked, verbs—active verbs with personal subjects—are few and far between. This is the sort of thing: The cause of the deterioration in the quality of the style of the writers of America is the prevalence of their employment of the substantive and their neglect of the use of the verb. Bump, bump, bump—one verb, *is,* and twelve nouns. Cobblestone rhetoric, I call it.

Why is there so much of it? The typewriter? German influence? The jungle of new facts in our modern world? Interesting speculations these, but I am concerned only to set forth one simple proposition—that too many substantives ruin style. Here are more examples, out of their context to be sure, but perfectly typical of what lies all about us.

> The abundance of the next ten years already had its inception in the urgent need for replenishment of automobiles and in construction and equipment wherein necessitous cessation in favor of war works had built up a voluminous peace-time demand.

> The whole question of Anglo-Egyptian relations is bound up in this difference of opinion, which may precipitate the long-expected liquidation of outstanding differences between the two governments.

> Nothing could show more graphically the remarkable gulf

of separation which has sprung up under the Soviet experiment between Russia and all the other nations of the world.

Can a gulf spring up? Or might there be a gulf of union, perhaps?

Mistakes like that are appallingly common. These abstract nouns are dangerous cobblestones. The famous old mixed metaphor of the Irish orator amused us in our school days,—"I smelt a rat, I saw it floating in the air, and I nipped it in the bud," but one could easily get away with this translation of it: "By my efforts I feel that fruition has been denied to the possibilities inherent in a situation whose imminence was perceptible by its suspicious redolence." That sounds quite the usual thing. An eminent philosopher perpetrated this last March—"The introduc*tion* of the idea of muta*tion* marks nothing less than a revolu*tion* in our entire scheme of interpreta*tion*. What also is the no*tion* of emergent evolu*tion* save recogni*tion* of the novel, unexpected, unpredictable?" Why, oh why did he not make the last noun appari*tion*? He must be completely deaf to the music of words.

Of course, egregious blunders, tautologies, verbosities, mistakes of all kinds have always been common and will always need to be fought. And editors and readers should wake up. Cobblestone rhetoric is far too common. Perhaps my dossier of specimens should be printed as an exercise book. Translating a few passages a day is excellent training. And by way of refreshment afterwards I recommend a page or two of William James. There is a style! Even when he is defining philosophical concepts and necessarily carries a boatload of abstractions his good verbs dip and push and swing like well-handled oars.

I have been interested to note that English writing inflicts much less suffering of the sort we are considering than does American. We all know vaguely, uneasily, but very surely that English men and women use the English language a thousand times more skilfully than we do. (Some of us even know why.) Last fall, analyzing two utterances dealing with the present crisis, the one by Walter Lippmann, the other by Ramsay MacDonald, I found that the comparison squared nicely with my grammatical theory. In 500 lines the Englishman used 2 verbal nouns, 97 nouns, 5 substantive clauses, and 41 verbs; the American had 8 verbal nouns, 117 nouns,

10 substantive clauses, and 23 verbs. Mr. MacDonald said: "Fortunately, before the crisis came the new government had launched both an economy bill and a supplementary budget, so that every one knew that the British people were determined to reduce expenditures, stop borrowing, and balance their budget on sound financial principles. That gave confidence and enabled us to meet what was in store for us." Mr. Lippmann put it thus: "We may confidently assume that the specific measures agreed upon are fully adequate to the immediate emergency providing the country believes that unity of action—unity and action—are now agreed upon." Mr. Lippmann writes vigorously, ably, often beautifully, but even with him I swear I have my quarrel just on these four rhetorical points.

So, gentlemen of the pen and typewriter, critics, philosophers and thinkers, I adjure you, purge yourselves of this plague. Pull up the cobblestones, pour in hot tar or flowing cement. There is a royal road of rhetoric. Watch yourselves constantly, rewrite firmly every sentence if necessary. Note the substantive clauses, then cast them out. Excise "the fact that," "the question whether," "the problem of." Avoid those words that end in -tion, -ity, -ment, -ness, -ance. Cut out the noun constructions that are clogging and clotting and curdling your language. Use clauses that begin with *when, if, while, so that. Use active verbs.* Verbs, if they are active, will often be figurative. So much the better for you. Much that you have been saying will remain unsaid. So much the better for us. When you really have something to say, Style may descend upon you from above.

MARJORIE TRUE GREGG

South Tamworth, N. H.

THE RHYTHM OF PROSE[1]

PAULL FRANKLIN BAUM

NO PROSE is without rhythmic curves; but the best prose, that which always keeps in view the best ideals of prose, carefully avoids consecutive repetitions of the same rhythmic patterns. It is the distinction of verse to follow a chosen pattern, with due regard to the artistic principles of variety and uniformity; it is the distinction of prose to accomplish its object, whether artistic or utilitarian, without encroaching on the boundaries of its neighbor. Prose may be as "poetic," as charged with powerful emotion, as possible, but it remains true prose only when it refuses to borrow aids from the characteristic excellences of verse.

To be sure, it is not always easy to avoid regular patterns in writing the most ordinary prose. They come uncalled; they seem to be inherent in the language. Here is, chosen casually, the first sentence of a current news item, written surely without artistic elaboration, and subjected, moreover, to the uncertainties of cable transmission. It was no doubt farthest from the correspondent's intention to write "numerous" prose; but notice how the sentence may be divided into a series of rhythmic groups of two stresses each, with a fairly regular number of accompanying unstressed syllables:

> A general mobilization / in Syria has been ordered / as a reply to the French / ultimatum to King Feisal / that he acquiesce in the French / mandate for Syria, / according to a dispatch / to the *London Times* / from Jerusalem.

No one would read the sentence with a very clear feeling of this definite movement; in fact, to do so rather obscures the meaning. But the potential rhythm is there, and the reader with a keen rhythmic sense will be to some extent aware of it.

Again, there is in the following sentence from Disraeli's Endymion

[1] From *The Principles of English Versification*, Harvard University Press, 1924. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

a latent rhythm which actually affects the purely logical manner of reading it:

She persisted in her dreams of riding upon elephants.

Here one almost inevitably pauses after *dreams* (or prolongs the word beyond its natural length), though there is no logical reason for doing so. Why? Partly, at least, because *persisted in her dreams* and *of riding upon el-* have the same "swing," and the parallelism of mere sound seems to require the pause.

For these reasons, then, among others, the most "natural" spontaneous and straightforward prose is not always the best. Study and careful revision are necessary in order to avoid an awkward and unpleasant monotony of rhythmic repetition, and at the same time obtain a flow of sound which will form a just musical accompaniment to the ideas expressed. Only the great prose masters have done this with complete success. Of the three following examples the first is from Bacon; the second is from Milton, who as a poet might have been expected to fall into metre while writing emotional prose; the third is from Walter Pater—the famous translation into words of the Mona Lisa painted by Leonardo da Vinci. The first is elaborate but unaffected, the second is probably spontaneous, the third highly studied.

> This kind of degenerate learning did chiefly reign amongst the schoolmen: who having sharp and strong wits, and abundance of leisure, and small variety of reading, but their wits being shut up in the cells of a few authors (chiefly Aristotle their dictator) as their persons were shut up in the cells of monasteries and colleges, and knowing little history, either of nature or time, did out of no great quantity of matter and infinite agitation of wit spin out unto us those laborious webs of learning which are extant in their books. For the wit and mind of man, if it work upon matter, which is the contemplation of the creatures of God, worketh according to the stuff and is limited thereby; but if it work upon itself, as the spider worketh his web, then it is endless, and brings forth indeed cobwebs of learning, admirable for the fineness of thread and work, but of no substance or profit.—*Advancement of Learning*, Bk. I, iv. 5.

> Truth indeed came once into the world with her divine Master, and was a perfect shape most glorious to look on;

but when he ascended, and his Apostles after him were laid asleep, then straight arose a wicked race of deceivers, who, as that story goes of the Egyptian Typhon with his conspirators how they dealt with the good Osiris, took the virgin Truth, hewed her lovely form into a thousand pieces, and scattered them to the four winds. From that time ever since, the sad friends of Truth, such as durst appear, imitating the careful search that Isis made for the mangled body of Osiris, went up and down gathering up limb by limb still as they could find them.—*Areopagitica.*

Hers is the head upon which all "the ends of the world are come," and the eyelids are a little weary. It is a beauty wrought from within upon the flesh, the deposit, little cell by cell, of strange thoughts and fantastic reveries and exquisite passions. . . . She is older than the rocks among which she sits; like the vampire, she has been dead many times, and learned the secrets of the grave; and has been a diver in deep seas, and keeps their fallen day about her; and trafficked for strange webs with Eastern merchants: and, as Leda, was the mother of Helen of Troy, and, as Saint Anne, the mother of Mary; and all this has been to her but as the sound of lyres and flutes, and lives only in the delicacy with which it has moulded the changing lineaments, and tinged the eyelids and the hands.—"Leonardo da Vinci," in *The Renaissance.*

Here no continuous patterns are recognizable, yet the whole is felt to be musically and appropriately rhythmic. In the next excerpt, however (from John Donne), and in many passages in the Authorized Version of the Psalms, of Job, of the Prophets, there is a visible balance of phrases and of clauses, a long undulating swing which one perceives at once, though only half consciously, and which approaches, if it does not actually possess, the intentional coincidence of cadenced prose.

If some king of the earth have so large an extent of dominion in north and south as that he hath winter and summer together in his dominions; so large an extent east and west as that he hath day and night together in his dominions, much more hath God mercy and justice together. He brought light out of darkness, not out of a lesser light; He can bring thy summer out of winter though thou have no spring; though in the ways of fortune, or of understanding, or conscience, thou have been benighted till now, wintered and frozen,

smothered and stupefied till now, now God comes to thee, not as in the dawning of the day, not as in the bud of the spring, but as the sun at noon to illustrate all shadows, as the sheaves in harvest to fill all penuries. All occasions invite His mercies, and all times are His seasons.

DIVERGENT THEORIES OF PROSE STYLE[1]

ODELL SHEPARD

IF ONE were to judge from the books and articles about prose style coming from the press in steadily increasing numbers, he would suppose that this form of discourse, which M. Jourdain learned with surprise that he had been using all his days quite naturally and without effort, is almost as difficult to define as poetry has proved to be. The divergency of opinion among those best qualified to speak may be shown most clearly by considering what a few of them have said about the excellencies of style and the ways in which these excellencies may be attained. It will be most expeditious, perhaps, to set down first two sharply opposed opinions and then to attempt a resolution of their differences in the hope that the truth may be found somewhere between them.

We may best begin with Stevenson, who gives us the most familiar example of one extreme. "I was always busy," he says, "on my own private end, which was to learn to write. As I walked, I was busy fitting what I saw with appropriate words; when I sat by the roadside, I would either read, or a pencil and a penny version-book would be in my hand, to note down the features of the scene or commemorate some halting stanzas. Thus I lived with words. And what I thus wrote was for no ulterior use, it was written consciously for practice. Whenever I read a book or a passage that particularly pleased me, in which a thing was said or an effect rendered with propriety, in which there was either some conspicuous force or some happy distinction in the style, I must sit down at once and set myself to ape that quality. I was unsuccessful, and I knew it; and tried again, and was again unsuccessful and always unsuccessful; but at least in these vain bouts, I got some practice in rhythm, in harmony, in construction and the co-ordination of parts. Nor is there anything here that should astonish the considerate.

[1] From the *Christian Science Monitor*, August 26, 1925. Reprinted by permission of the publishers and the author.

Before he can tell what cadences he truly prefers the student should have tried all that are possible; before he can choose and preserve a fitting key of words, he should long have practiced the literary scales; and it is only after years of such gymnastics that he can sit down at last, legions of words swarming to his call, dozens of turns of phrase simultaneously bidding for his choice, and he himself knowing what he wants to do and able to do it."

There is the famous passage which has been quoted in thousands of classrooms as the final authority on learning to write. What we have particularly to notice in it is not the well-known theory of imitation, but the pervading presupposition that style may and should be prepared beforehand—that is, is not provided by the subject, but by the writer himself as something super-added. It was this aspect of Stevenson's theory which drew the fire of Samuel Butler, who serves very well as an exponent of the opposite extreme.

"Men like Newman and R. L. Stevenson," Butler wrote in his Notebooks, "seem to have taken pains to acquire what they called a style as a preliminary measure—as something that they had to form before their writings could be of any value. I should like to put it on record that I never took the smallest pains with my style, have never thought about it, and do not know or want to know whether it is style at all or whether any man can take thought for his style without loss to himself and his readers."

These remarks are likely to seem to most readers nearer the truth than Stevenson's, for the aesthetic excesses of the eighteen-nineties have brought the self-conscious prose stylist at least temporarily into disrepute. Butler's influence has been greatly corroborated, moreover, by that of his disciple, Mr. Bernard Shaw, of whom Mr. Yeats has written that, "he was right to claim Samuel Butler as his master, for Butler was the first Englishman to make the discovery that it is possible to write with great effect without music, without style either good or bad, to eliminate from the mind all emotional implication and to prefer plain water to every vintage." (One had supposed that a man named De Foe made much the same discovery two hundred years ago, but it is never wise to hold poets down to facts.) Mr. Yeats shows us how much he admires this styleless prose of Butler and Shaw by saying that after attending a performance of one of the latter's plays he was pursued for some time

by visions of "a sewing-machine that clicked and shone, but the incredible thing was that the machine smiled, smiled perpetually."

Here, then, are two very sharply opposed theories of prose style. On the one hand is Stevenson's conception of it as something decidedly "precious," patiently and laboriously acquired, and laid away in lavender until needed. On the other hand is the sewing-machine style of Butler and Shaw, brisk, efficient, purely utilitarian, trimmed down remorselessly to the barest needs of the day's work. Now who shall arbitrate?—for surely, between these widely sundered extremes there must be some golden mean.

Every well-trained reader, to say nothing of writers, must feel instinctively that neither Stevenson nor Butler came near stating the truth about prose style. Stevenson's own writing shows that when it came to practice he threw his theory to the winds and let his style grow, as all good style must, out of the subject matter, with the result that his blithe essay on Idlers, for example, seems to come from a pen totally different from that which traced the somber and sumptuous rhythms of *Pulvis et Umbra*. As for Butler, he almost completely cancels the passage quoted above in a paragraph which immediately precedes it in the Note-Books, saying that "a man ought to take a great deal of pains to write clearly, tersely and euphoniously; he will write many a sentence three or four times over . . . he will be at great pains to see that he does not repeat himself, to arrange his matter in the way that shall best enable the reader to master it, to cut out superfluous words and, even more, to eschew irrelevant matter." If this is not "taking pains with style," what shall we call it? Butler's mistake lies in a radical confusion, which he was not the first nor the last to make, between "style" and "rhetoric," by which latter word we properly refer to a writing cadenced, connotative, and highly emotional. Of rhetoric in this high and worthy sense Butler's writing is unfortunately devoid, because he had neither the intensity nor the elevation of feeling which demands that kind of heightened utterance; but style he had abundantly, and he toiled to get it.

The actual practice of Stevenson and Butler alike was far more sound, it is important to observe, than their theories; for in their writing they almost always made the manner conform to the matter, whatever it might be. Butler, who had seldom anything other

than clear thought and information to convey, quite properly used for his purpose a plain pedestrian prose wholly admirable in its straight-grained simplicity. Stevenson, with his far greater range of feeling and of artistic intention, needed and achieved, in addition to this, a cadenced prose which may be called rhetoric, upon which he depended in that large part of his work in which thought and feeling are mingled together. Both of these men must be considered masters of style because their manner is almost always nicely adjusted to their matter.

From the practice of these two conflicting theorists, therefore, we may derive a sound and middle theory of style which makes adequacy, or, as one might say, strict and thoroughgoing honesty, the supreme test of good prose. A main merit of this theory is that it leaves to what we have called "rhetoric" its proper range and scope, as few other theories have done. Much nonsense has been talked and written lately about rhetoric, as though it were always an ostentatious or dishonest kind of writing. Of course it may be that, but it is more to our present purpose to observe that in many a mood, not of all but of some writers, anything short of a heightened and cadenced prose fails in adequacy and is therefore quite as dishonest and bad as a self-conscious and strutting style can ever be. For Stevenson to have written *Pulvis et Umbra* in the plain manner of Butler would have been quite as wrong as for Butler to have borrowed Stevenson's plumes for *Erewhon*. Plainness, in other words, is no more "the only wear" than motley. Sir Thomas Browne would be masquerading in any other than his own gorgeous robes. Fitness is all: plain prose for hodiernal needs, rhetoric for the loftier slopes of experience, and verse for the mountain tops.

ON STYLE[1]

SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH

LOOKING back on a course of lectures which I deemed to be accomplished; correcting them in print; revising them with all the nervousness of a beginner; I have seemed to hear you complain—"He has exhorted us to write accurately, appropriately; to eschew Jargon; to be bold and essay Verse. He has insisted that Literature is a living art, to be practised. But just what we most needed he has not told. At the final doorway to the secret he turned his back and left us. Accuracy, propriety, perspicuity—these we may achieve. But where has he helped us to write with beauty, with charm, with distinction? Where has he given us rules for what is called *Style* in short?—having attained which an author may count himself set up in business."

Thus, Gentlemen, with my mind's ear I heard you reproaching me. I beg you to accept what follows for my apology.

To begin with, let me plead that you have been told of one or two things which Style is *not*; which have little or nothing to do with Style, though sometimes vulgarly mistaken for it. Style, for example, is not—can never be—extraneous Ornament. You remember, may be, the Persian lover whom I quoted to you out of Newman: how to convey his passion he sought a professional letter-writer and purchased a vocabulary charged with ornament, wherewith to attract the fair one as with a basket of jewels. Well, in this extraneous, professional, purchased ornamentation, you have something which Style *is not*: and if you here require a practical rule of me, I will present you with this: "Whenever you feel an impulse to perpetrate a piece of exceptionally fine writing, obey it—whole-heartedly—and delete it before sending your manuscript to press. *Murder your darlings.*" . . .

You have been told, I daresay often enough, that the business of writing demands *two*—the author and the reader. Add to this

[1] From *On the Art of Writing*, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1916. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

what is equally obvious, that the obligation of courtesy rests first with the author, who invites the séance, and commonly charges for it. What follows, but that in speaking or writing we have an obligation to put ourselves into the hearer's or reader's place? It is *his* comfort, *his* convenience, we have to consult. To *express* ourselves is a very small part of the business: very small and almost unimportant as compared with *impressing* ourselves: the aim of the whole process being to persuade.

All reading demands an effort. The energy, the good-will which a reader brings to the book is, and must be, partly expended in the labour of reading, marking, learning, inwardly digesting what the author means. The more difficulties, then, we authors obtrude on him by obscure or careless writing, the more we blunt the edge of his attention: so that if only in our own interest—though I had rather keep it on the ground of courtesy—we should study to anticipate his comfort.

But let me go a little deeper. You all know that a great part of Lessing's argument in his *Laoköon*, on the essentials of Literature as opposed to Pictorial Art or Sculpture, depends on this—that in Pictorial Art or in Sculpture the eye sees, the mind apprehends, the whole in a moment of time, with the correspondent disadvantage that this moment of time is fixed and stationary; whereas in writing, whether in prose or in verse, we can only produce our effect by a series of successive small impressions, dripping our meaning (so to speak) into the reader's mind—with the correspondent advantage, in point of vivacity, that our picture keeps moving all the while. Now obviously this throws a greater strain on his patience whom we address. Man at the best is a narrow-mouthed bottle. Through the conduit of speech he can utter—as you, my hearers, can receive—only one word at a time. In writing (as my old friend Professor Minto used to say) you are as a commander filing out his battalion through a narrow gate that allows only one man at a time to pass; and your reader, as he receives the troops, has to reform and reconstruct them. No matter how large or how involved the subject, it can be communicated only in that way. You see, then, what an obligation we owe to him of order and arrangement; and why, apart from felicities and curiosities of diction, the old rhetoricians laid such stress upon order and arrangement as duties we owe to those who honour us with their attention. *"La clarté,"* says a French

writer, *"est la politesse."* Χάρισι καίσχφηγέλα Θῦε, recommends Lucian. Pay your sacrifice to the Graces and to σχφήγεια—Clarity—first among the Graces.

What am I urging? "That Style in writing is much the same thing as good manners in other human intercourse?" Well, and why not? At all events we have reached a point where Buffon's often-quoted saying that "Style is the man himself" touches and coincides with William of Wykeham's old motto that "Manners makyth Man"; and before you condemn my doctrine as inadequate listen to this from Coventry Patmore, still bearing in mind that a writer's main object is to *impress* his thought or vision upon his hearer.

"There is nothing comparable *for moral force* to the charm of truly noble manners. . . ."

I grant you, to be sure, that the claim to possess a Style must be conceded to many writers—Carlyle is one—who take no care to put listeners at their ease, but rely rather on native force of genius to shock and astound. Nor will I grudge them your admiration. But I do say that, as more and more you grow to value truth and the modest grace of truth, it is less and less to such writers that you will turn: and I say even more confidently that the qualities of Style we allow them are not the qualities we should seek as a norm, for they one and all offend against Art's true maxim of avoiding excess.

And this brings me to the two great *paradoxes* of Style. For the first (1),—although Style is so curiously personal and individual, and although men are so variously built that no two in the world carry away the same impressions from a show, there is always a norm somewhere; in literature and art, as in morality. Yes, even in man's most terrific, most potent inventions—when, for example, in *Hamlet* or *Lear* Shakespeare seems to be breaking up the solid earth under our feet—there is always some point and standard of sanity—a Kent or an Horatio—to which all enormities and passionate errors may be referred; to which the agitated mind of the spectator settles back as upon its centre of gravity, its pivot of repose.

(2) The second paradox, though it is equally true, you may find a little subtler. Yet it but applies to Art the simple truth of the Gospel, that he who would save his soul must first lose it. Though personality pervades Style and cannot be escaped, the first sin

against Style as against good Manners is to obtrude or exploit personality. The very greatest work in Literature—the *Iliad*, the *Odyssey*, the *Purgatorio*, *The Tempest*, *Paradise Lost*, the *Republic*, *Don Quixote*—is all

Seraphically free
From taint of personality.

And Flaubert, that gladiator among artists, held that, at its highest, literary art could be carried into pure science. "I believe," said he, "that great art is scientific and impersonal. You should by an intellectual effort transport yourself into characters, not draw *them* into *yourself*. That at least is the method." On the other hand, says Goethe, "We should endeavour to use words that correspond as closely as possible with what *we* feel, see, think, imagine, experience, and reason. It is an endeavour we cannot evade and must daily renew." I call Flaubert's the better counsel, even though I have spent a part of this lecture in attempting to prove it impossible. It at least is noble, encouraging us to what is difficult. The shrewder Goethe encourages us to exploit ourselves to the top of our bent. I think Flaubert would have hit the mark if for "impersonal" he had substituted "disinterested."

For—believe me, Gentlemen—so far as Handel stands above Chopin, as Velasquez above Greuze, even so far stand the great masculine objective writers above all who appeal to you by parade of personality or private sentiment.

Mention of these great masculine "objective" writers brings me to my last word: which is, "Steep yourselves in *them*: habitually bring all to the test of *them*: for while you cannot escape the fate of all style, which is to be personal, the more of catholic manhood you inherit from those great loins the more you will assuredly beget."

This then is Style. As technically manifested in Literature it is the power to touch with ease, grace, precision, any note in the gamut of human thought or emotion.

But essentially it resembles good manners. It comes of endeavouring to understand others, of thinking for them rather than for yourself—of thinking, that is, with the heart as well as the head. It gives rather than receives; it is nobly careless of thanks or applause, not being fed by these but rather sustained and continually refreshed by an inward loyalty to the best. Yet, like "character" it

has its altar within; to that retires for counsel, from that fetches its illumination, to ray outwards. Cultivate, Gentlemen, that habit of withdrawing to be advised by the best. So, says Fénelon, "you will find yourself infinitely quieter, your words will be fewer and more effectual; and while you make less ado, what you do will be more profitable."

VOLTAIRE[1]

G. L. STRACHEY

CURIOUSLY enough . . . the work upon which Voltaire's reputation was originally built up has now sunk into almost complete oblivion. It was as a poet, and particularly as a tragic poet, that he won his fame; and it was primarily as a poet that he continued to be known to his contemporaries during the first sixty years of his life (1694-1754). But to-day his poetry—the serious part of it, at least,—is never read, and his tragedies—except for an occasional revival—are never acted. As a dramatist Voltaire is negligible for the very reasons that made him so successful in his own day. It was not his object to write great drama, but to please his audience: he did please them; and, naturally enough, he has not pleased posterity. His plays are melodramas—the melodramas of a very clever man with a great command of language, an acute eye for stage-effect, and a consummate knowledge of the situations and sentiments which would go down with his Parisian public. They are especially remarkable for their wretched psychology. It seems well-nigh incredible that Voltaire's pasteboard imitations of humanity should ever have held a place side by side with the profound presentments of Racine; yet so it was, and Voltaire was acclaimed as the equal—or possibly the triumphant rival of his predecessor. All through the eighteenth century this singular absence of psychological insight may be observed.

The verse of the plays is hardly better than the character-drawing. It is sometimes good rhetoric; it is never poetry. The same may be said of *La Henriade*, the National Epic which placed Voltaire, in the eyes of his admiring countrymen, far above Milton and Dante, and, at least, on a level with Virgil and Homer. The true gifts displayed in this unreadable work were not poetical at all, but historical. The notes and dissertations appended to it showed that Voltaire possessed a real grasp of the principles of historical

[1] From *Landmarks in French Literature,* Henry Holt and Company, *Home University Library,* 1912. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

method—principles which he put to a better use a few years later in his brilliant narrative, based on original research, of the life of Charles XII.

During this earlier period of his activity, Voltaire seems to have been trying—half unconsciously, perhaps—to discover and to express the fundamental quality of his genius. What was that quality? Was he first and foremost a dramatist, or an epic poet, or a writer of light verse, or an historian, or even perhaps a novelist? In all these directions he was working successfully—yet without absolute success. For, in fact, at bottom, he was none of these things: the true nature of his spirit was not revealed in them. When the revelation did come, it came as the result of an accident. At the age of thirty he was obliged, owing to a quarrel with a powerful nobleman, to leave France and take up his residence in England. The three years that he passed there had an immense effect upon his life. In those days England was very little known to Frenchmen; the barrier which had arisen during the long war between the two peoples was only just beginning to be broken down; and when Voltaire arrived, it was almost in the spirit of a discoverer. What he found filled him with astonishment and admiration. Here, in every department of life, were to be seen all the blessings so conspicuously absent in France. Here were wealth, prosperity, a contented people, a cultivated nobility, a mild and just administration, and a bursting energy which manifested itself in a multitude of ways—in literature, in commerce, in politics, in scientific thought. And all this had come into existence in a nation which had curbed the power of the monarchy, done away with priestcraft, established the liberty of the press, set its face against every kind of bigotry and narrow-mindedness, and, through the means of free institutions, taken up the task of governing itself. The inference was obvious: in France also, like causes would lead to like results. When he was allowed to return to his own country, Voltaire published the outcome of his observations and reflections in his *Lettres Philosophiques*, where for the first time his genius displayed itself in its essential form. The book contains an account of England as Voltaire saw it, from the social rather than from the political point of view. English life is described in its actuality, detailed, vivid, and various; we are shown Quakers and members of Parliament, merchants and philosophers; we come in for the burial of Sir Isaac Newton; we go to a performance of *Julius Caesar*; inoculation is explained to

us; we are given elaborate discussions of English literature and English science, of the speculations of Bolingbroke and the theories of Locke. The Letters may still be read with pleasure and instruction; they are written in a delightful style, running over with humour and wit, revealing here and there remarkable powers of narrative, and impregnated through and through with a wonderful mingling of gaiety, irony, and common sense. They are journalism of genius; but they are something more besides. They are informed with a high purpose, and a genuine love of humanity and the truth. The French authorities soon recognised this; they perceived that every page contained a cutting indictment of their system of government; and they adopted their usual method in such a case. The sale of the book was absolutely prohibited throughout France, and a copy of it solemnly burnt by the common hangman.

It was only gradually that the new views, of which Montesquieu and Voltaire were the principal exponents, spread their way among the public; and during the first half of the century many writers remained quite unaffected by them. . . .

As every year passed there were new accessions to . . . the array of writers, who waged their war against ignorance and prejudice with an ever-increasing fury. A war indeed it was. On one side were all the forces of intellect; on the other was all the mass of entrenched and powerful dullness. In reply to the brisk fire of the *Philosophes*—argument, derision, learning, wit—the authorities in State and Church opposed the more serious artillery of censorships, suppressions, imprisonments, and exiles. There was hardly an eminent writer in Paris who was unacquainted with the inside of the Conciergerie or the Bastille. It was only natural, therefore, that the struggle should have become a highly embittered one; and that at times, in the heat of it, the party whose watchword was a hatred of fanaticism, should have grown itself fanatical. But it was clear that the powers of reaction were steadily losing ground; they could only assert themselves spasmodically; their hold upon public opinion was slipping away. Thus the efforts of the band of writers in Paris seemed about to be crowned with success. But this result had not been achieved by their efforts alone. In the midst of the conflict they had received the aid of a powerful auxiliary, who had thrown himself with the utmost vigour into the struggle, and, far as he was from the centre of operations, had assumed supreme command.

It was Voltaire. This great man had now entered upon the final, and by far the most important, period of his astonishing career. It is a curious fact that if Voltaire had died at the age of sixty he would now only be remembered as a writer of talent and versatility, who had given conspicuous evidence, in one or two works, of a liberal and brilliant intelligence, but who had enjoyed a reputation in his own age, as a poet and dramatist, infinitely beyond his deserts. He entered upon the really significant period of his activity at an age when most men have already sought repose. Nor was this all; for, by a singular stroke of fortune, his existence was prolonged far beyond the common span; so that, in spite of the late hour of its beginning, the most fruitful and important epoch of his life extended over a quarter of a century (1754-78). That he ever entered upon this last period of his career seems in itself to have depended as much on accident as his fateful residence in England. After the publication of the *Lettres Philosophiques*, he had done very little to fulfil the promise of that work. He had retired to the country house of Madame du Châtelet, where he had devoted himself to science, play-writing, and the preparation of a universal history. His reputation had increased; for it was in these years that he produced his most popular tragedies—*Zaïre, Mérope, Alzire,* and *Mahomet*—while a correspondence carried on in the most affectionate terms with Frederick the Great yet further added to his prestige; but his essential genius still remained quiescent. Then at last Madame du Châtelet died and Voltaire took the great step of his life. At the invitation of Frederick he left France, and went to live as a pensioner of the Prussian king in the palace at Potsdam. But his stay there did not last long. It seemed as if the two most remarkable men in Europe liked each other so well that they could not remain apart—and so ill that they could not remain together. After a year or two, there was the inevitable explosion. Voltaire fled from Prussia, giving to the world before he did so one of the most amusing *jeux d'esprit* ever written—the celebrated *Diatribe du Docteur Akakia*—and, after some hesitation, settled down near the Lake of Geneva. A few years later he moved into the *château* of Ferney, which became henceforward his permanent abode.

Voltaire was now sixty years of age. His position was an enviable one. His reputation was very great, and he had amassed a considerable fortune, which not only assured him complete inde-

pendence, but enabled him to live in his domains on the large and lavish scale of a country magnate. His residence at Ferney, just on the border of French territory, put him beyond the reach of government interference, while he was yet not too far distant to be out of touch with the capital. Thus the opportunity had at last come for the full display of his powers. And those powers were indeed extraordinary. His character was composed of a strange amalgam of all the most contradictory elements in human nature, and it would be difficult to name a single virtue or a single vice which he did not possess. He was the most egotistical of mortals, and the most disinterested; he was graspingly avaricious, and profusely generous; he was treacherous and mean, yet he was a firm friend and a true benefactor; he was mischievous and frivolous, yet he was profoundly serious and inspired by the noblest enthusiasms. Nature had carried these contradictions even into his physical constitution. His health was so bad that he seemed to pass his whole life on the brink of the grave; nevertheless his vitality has probably never been surpassed in the history of the world. Here, indeed, was the one characteristic which never deserted him: he was always active with an insatiable activity; it was always safe to say of him that, whatever else he was, he was not at rest. His long, gaunt body, frantically gesticulating, his skull-like face, with its mobile features twisted into an eternal grin, its piercing eyes sparkling and darting—all this suggested the appearance of a corpse galvanised into an incredible animation. But in truth it was no dead ghost that inhabited this strange tenement, but the fierce and powerful spirit of an intensely living man.

Some signs had already appeared of the form which his activity was now about to take. During his residence in Prussia he had completed his historical *Essai sur les Moeurs*, which passed over in rapid review the whole development of humanity, and closed with a brilliant sketch of the age of Louis XIV. This work was highly original in many ways. It was the first history which attempted to describe the march of civilisation in its broadest aspects, which included a consideration of the great Eastern peoples, which dealt rather with the progress of the arts and the sciences than with the details of politics and wars. But its chief importance lay in the fact that it was in reality, under its historical trappings, a work of propaganda. It was a counterblast to Bossuet's *Histoire Universelle*. That book had shown the world's history as a part of the

providential order—a grand unfolding of design. Voltaire's view was very different. To him as to Montesquieu, natural causes alone were operative in history; but this was not all; in his eyes there was one influence which, from the earliest ages, had continually retarded the progress of humanity, and that influence was religious belief. Thus his book, though far more brilliant and far more modern than that of Bossuet, was nevertheless almost equall biased. It was history with a thesis, and the gibe of Montesquieu was justifiable. "Voltaire," he said, "writes history to glorify his own convent, like any Benedictine monk." Voltaire's "convent" was the philosophical school in Paris; and his desire to glorify it was soon to appear in other directions.

The *Essai sur les Moeurs* is an exceedingly amusing narrative, but it is a long and learned work filling several volumes, and the fruit of many years of research. Voltaire was determined henceforward to distil its spirit into more compendious and popular forms. He had no more time for elaborate dissertations; he must reach the public by quicker and surer ways. Accordingly there now began to pour into Paris a flood of short, light booklets—essays, plays, poems, romances, letters, tracts—a multitude of writings infinitely varied in form and scope, but all equally irresistible and all equally bearing the unmistakable signs of their origin at Ferney. Voltaire's inimitable style had at last found a medium in which it could display itself in all its charm and all its brilliance. The pointed, cutting, mocking sentences laugh and dance through his pages like light-toed, prick-eared elves. Once seen, and there is no help for it—one must follow, into whatever dangerous and unknown regions those magic imps may lead. The pamphlets were of course forbidden, but without effect; they were sold in thousands, and new cargoes, somehow or other, were always slipping across the frontier from Holland or Geneva. Whenever a particularly outrageous one appeared, Voltaire wrote off to all his friends to assure them that he knew nothing whatever of the production, that it was probably a translation from the work of an English clergyman, and that, in short, everyone would immediately see from the style alone that it was—*not* his. An endless series of absurd pseudonyms intensified the farce. Oh no! Voltaire was certainly not the author of this scandalous book. How could he be? Did not the titlepage plainly show that it was the work of Frère Cucufin, or the uncle of Abbé Bazin, or the Comte de Boulainvilliers, or the Emperor of China?

And so the game proceeded; and so all France laughed; and so a France read.

Two forms of this light literature Voltaire made especially h own. He brought the Dialogue to perfection; for the form suite him exactly, with its opportunities for the rapid exposition of cor trary doctrines, for the humorous stultification of opponents, an for witty repartee. Into this mould he has poured some of his fine materials; and, in such pieces as *Le Dîner du Comte de Boulai villiers* and *Frère Rigolet et l'Empereur de la Chine* one finds th concentrated essence of his whole work. Equally effective an equally characteristic is the *Dictionnaire Philosophique*, which cor tains a great number of very short miscellaneous articles arrange in alphabetical order. This plan gave Voltaire complete freedor both in the choice of subjects and in their manipulation; as th spirit seized him he could fly out into a page of sarcasm or specul tion or criticism or buffoonery, and such liberty was precisely to h taste; so that the book which had first appeared as a pocket dic tionary—"ce diable de portatif," he calls it in a letter proving quit conclusively that *he*, at any rate, was not responsible for th wretched thing—were there not Hebrew quotations in it? and wh could accuse him of knowing Hebrew?—had swollen to six volume before he died.

The subjects of these writings were very various. Ostensibly a least, they were by no means limited to matters of controversy Some were successful tragedies, others were pieces of criticism, oth ers were historical essays, others were frivolous short stories, or *ver de société*. But, in all of them, somewhere or other, the clove hoof was bound to show itself at last. Whatever disguises he migh assume, Voltaire in reality was always writing for his "convent" he was pressing forward, at every possible opportunity, the grea movement against the old régime. His attack covers a wide ground The abuses of the financial system, the defects in the administratio of justice, the futility of the restraints upon trade,—upon these an a hundred similar subjects he poured out an incessant torrent o gay, penetrating, frivolous, and remorseless words. But there wa one theme to which he was perpetually recurring, which forms th subject for his bitterest jests, and which, in fact, dominates th whole of his work. "Écrasez l'infame!" was his constant exclama tion; and the "infamous thing" which he wished to see stampe under foot was nothing less than religion. The extraordinary fur

of his attack on religion has, in the eyes of many, imprinted an indelible stigma upon his name; but the true nature of his position in this matter has often been misunderstood, and deserves some examination.

Voltaire was a profoundly irreligious man. In this he resembled the majority of his contemporaries; but he carried the quality perhaps to a further pitch than any man of his age. For, with him, it was not merely the purely religious and mystical feelings that were absent; he lacked all sympathy with those vague, brooding, emotional states of mind which go to create the highest forms of poetry, music, and art, and which are called forth into such a moving intensity by the beauties of Nature. These things Voltaire did not understand; he did not even perceive them; for him, in fact, they did not exist; and the notion that men could be influenced by them, genuinely and deeply, he considered to be so absurd as hardly to need discussion. This was certainly a great weakness in him—a great limitation of spirit. It has vitiated a large part of his writings; and it has done more than that—it has obscured, to many of his readers, the real nature and the real value of his work. For, combined with this inability to comprehend some of the noblest parts of man's nature, Voltaire possessed other qualities of high importance which went far to compensate for his defects. If he was blind to some truths, he perceived others with wonderful clearness; if his sympathies in some directions were atrophied, in others they were sensitive to an extraordinary degree. In the light of these considerations his attitude towards religion becomes easier to understand. All the highest elements of religion—the ardent devotion, the individual ecstasy, the sense of communion with the divine—these things he simply ignored. But, unfortunately, in his day there was a side of religion which, with his piercing clear-sightedness, he could not ignore. The spirit of fanaticism was still lingering in France; it was the spirit which had burst out on the Eve of St. Bartholomew, and had dictated the fatal Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. In every branch of life its influence was active, infusing prejudice, bitterness, and strife; but its effects were especially terrible in the administration of justice. It so happened that while Voltaire was at Ferney some glaring instances of this dreadful fact came to light. A young Protestant named Calas committed suicide in Toulouse, and, owing to the blind zealotry of the magistrates of the town, his father, completely innocent, was found guilty of his

murder and broken on the wheel. Shortly afterwards, another Protestant, Sirven, was condemned in similar circumstances, but escaped to Ferney. A few years later, two youths of seventeen were convicted at Abbeville for making some profane jokes. Both were condemned to have their tongues torn out and to be decapitated; one managed to escape, the other was executed. That such things could happen in eighteenth-century France seems incredible; but happen they did, and who knows how many more of a like atrocity? The fact that these three came to light at all was owing to Voltaire himself. But for his penetration, his courage, and his skill, the terrible murder of Calas would to this day have remained unknown, and the dreadful affair of Abbeville would have been forgotten in a month. Different men respond most readily to different stimuli: the spectacle of cruelty and injustice bit like a lash into the nerves of Voltaire, and plunged him into an agony of horror. He resolved never to rest until he had not only obtained reparation for these particular acts of injustice, but had rooted out for ever from men's minds the superstitious bigotry which made them possible. It was to attain this end that he attacked with such persistence and such violence all religion and all priestcraft in general, and, in particular, the orthodox dogmas of the Roman Catholic Church. It became the great object of his life to convince public opinion that those dogmas were both ridiculous and contemptible in themselves, and abominable in their results. In this we may think him right or we may think him wrong; our judgment will depend upon the nature of our own opinions. But, whatever our opinions, we cannot think him wicked; for we cannot doubt that the one dominating motive in all that he wrote upon the subject of religion was a passionate desire for the welfare of mankind.

Voltaire's philosophical views were curious. While he entirely discarded the miraculous from his system, he nevertheless believed in a Deity—a supreme First Cause of all the phenomena of the universe. Yet, when he looked round upon the world as it was, the evil and the misery in it were what seized his attention and appalled his mind. The optimism of so many of his contemporaries appeared to him a shallow crude doctrine unrelated to the facts of existence, and it was to give expression to this view that he composed the most famous of all his works—*Candide*. This book, outwardly a romance of the most flippant kind, contains in reality the essence of Voltaire's maturest reflections upon human life. It is a singular

fact that a book which must often have been read simply for the sake of its wit and its impropriety, should nevertheless be one of the bitterest and most melancholy that were ever written. But it is a safe rule to make, that Voltaire's meaning is deep in proportion to the lightness of his writing—that it is when he is most in earnest that he grins most. And, in *Candide*, the brilliance and the seriousness alike reach their climax. The book is a catalogue of all the woes, all the misfortunes, all the degradations, and all the horrors that can afflict humanity; and throughout it Voltaire's grin is never for a moment relaxed. As catastrophe follows catastrophe, and disaster succeeds disaster, not only does he laugh himself consumedly, but he makes his reader laugh no less; and it is only when the book is finished that the true meaning of it is borne in upon the mind. Then it is that the scintillating pages begin to exercise their grim unforgettable effect; and the pettiness and misery of man seem to borrow a new intensity from the relentless laughter of Voltaire.

But perhaps the most wonderful thing about *Candide* is that it contains, after all, something more than mere pessimism—it contains a positive doctrine as well. Voltaire's common sense withers the Ideal; but it remains common sense. "Il faut cultiver notre jardin" is his final word—one of the very few pieces of practical wisdom ever uttered by a philosopher.

Voltaire's style reaches the summit of its perfection in *Candide*; but it is perfect in all that he wrote. His prose is the final embodiment of the most characteristic qualities of the French genius. If all that that great nation had ever done or thought were abolished from the world, except a single sentence of Voltaire's, the essence of their achievement would have survived. His writing brings to a culmination the tradition that Pascal had inaugurated in his *Lettres Provinciales*: clarity, simplicity, and wit—these supreme qualities it possesses in an unequalled degree. But these qualities, pushed to an extreme, have also their disadvantages. Voltaire's style is narrow; it is like a rapier—all point; with such neatness, such lightness, the sweeping blade of Pascal has become an impossibility. Compared to the measured march of Bossuet's sentences, Voltaire's sprightly periods remind one almost of a pirouette. But the pirouette is Voltaire's—executed with all the grace, all the ease, all the latent strength of a consummate dancer; it would be folly to complain; yet it was clear that a reaction was bound to follow—and a salutary reaction. Signs of it were already visible in the colour and passion

of Diderot's writing; but it was not until the nineteenth century that the great change came.

Nowhere is the excellence of Voltaire's style more conspicuous than in his Correspondence, which forms so large and important a portion of his work. A more delightful and a more indefatigable letter-writer never lived. The number of his published letters exceeds ten thousand; how many more he may actually have written one hardly ventures to imagine, for the great majority of those that have survived date only from the last thirty years of his long life. The collection is invaluable alike for the light which it throws upon Voltaire's career and character, and for the extent to which it reflects the manners, sentiments, and thought of the age. For Voltaire corresponded with all Europe. His reputation, already vast before he settled at Ferney, rose after that date to a well-nigh incredible height. No man had wielded such an influence since the days when Bernard of Clairvaux dictated the conduct of popes and princes from his monastic cell. But, since then, the wheel had indeed come full circle! The very antithesis of the Middle Ages was personified in the strange old creature, who in his lordly retreat by the Lake of Geneva alternately coquetted with empresses, received the homage of statesmen and philosophers, domineered over literature in all its branches, and laughed Mother Church to scorn. As the years advanced, Voltaire's industry, which had always been astonishing, continually increased. As if his intellectual interests were not enough to occupy him, he took to commercial enterprise, developed the resources of his estates, and started a successful colony of watchmakers at Ferney. Every day he worked for long hours at his desk, spinning his ceaseless web of tracts, letters, tragedies, and farces. In the evening he would discharge the functions of a munificent host, entertain the whole neighbourhood with balls and suppers, and take part in one of his own tragedies on the stage of his private theatre. Then a veritable frenzy would seize upon him; shutting himself up in his room for days together, he would devote every particle of his terrific energies to the concoction of some devastating dialogue, or some insidious piece of profanation for his *Dictionnaire Philosophique*. At length his fragile form would sink exhausted—he would be dying—he would be dead; and next morning he would be up again as brisk as ever, directing the cutting of the crops.

One day, quite suddenly, he appeared in Paris, which he had not visited for nearly thirty years. His arrival was the signal for one

of the most extraordinary manifestations of enthusiasm that the world has ever seen. For some weeks he reigned in the capital, visible and glorious, the undisputed lord of the civilised universe. The climax came when he appeared in a box at the Théâtre Français, to witness a performance of the latest of his tragedies, and the whole house rose as one man to greet him. His triumph seemed to be something more than the mere personal triumph of a frail old mortal; it seemed to be the triumph of all that was noblest in the aspirations of the human race. But the fatigue and excitement of those weeks proved too much even for Voltaire in the full flush of his eighty-fourth year. An overdose of opium completed what Nature had begun; and the amazing being rested at last.

A CRISIS IN MY MENTAL HISTORY[1]

JOHN STUART MILL

FROM the winter of 1821, when I first read Bentham, and especially from the commencement of the Westminster Review, I had what might truly be called an object in life: to be a reformer of the world. My conception of my own happiness was entirely identified with this object. The personal sympathies I wished for were those of fellow labourers in this enterprise. I endeavoured to pick up as many flowers as I could by the way; but as a serious and permanent personal satisfaction to rest upon, my whole reliance was placed on this; and I was accustomed to felicitate myself on the certainty of a happy life which I enjoyed, through placing my happiness in something durable and distant, in which some progress might be always making, while it could never be exhausted by complete attainment.

This did very well for several years, during which the general improvement going on in the world and the idea of myself as engaged with others in struggling to promote it, seemed enough to to fill up an interesting and animated existence. But the time came when I awakened from this as from a dream. It was in the autumn of 1826. I was in a dull state of nerves, such as everybody is occasionally liable to; unsusceptible to enjoyment or pleasureable excitement; one of those moods when what is pleasure at other times, becomes insipid or indifferent; the state, I should think, in which converts to Methodism usually are, when smitten by their first "conviction of sin." In this frame of mind it occurred to me to put the question directly to myself: "Suppose that all your objects in life were realized; that all the changes in institutions and opinions which you are looking forward to, could be completely effected at this very instant: would this be a great joy and happiness to you?" And an irrepressible self-consciousness distinctly answered, "No!" At this my heart sank within me: the whole foundation on which my life was constructed fell down.

[1] From Chapter V of the *Autobiography*, 1867.

All my happiness was to have been found in the continual pursuit of this end. The end had ceased to charm, and how could there ever again be any interest in the means? I seemed to have nothing left to live for.

At first I hoped that the cloud would pass away of itself; but it did not. A night's sleep, the sovereign remedy for smaller vexations of life, had no effect on it. I awoke to a renewed consciousness of the woeful fact. I carried it with me into all companies, into all occupations. Hardly anything had power to cause me even a few minutes' oblivion of it. For some months the cloud seemed to grow thicker and thicker. The lines in Coleridge's "Dejection"—I was not then acquainted with them—exactly describe my case:

> "A grief without a pang, void, dark and drear,
> A drowsy, stifled, unimpassioned grief,
> Which finds no natural outlet or relief
> In word, or sigh, or tear."

In vain I sought relief from my favourite books; those memorials of past nobleness and greatness from which I had always hitherto drawn strength and animation. I read them now without feeling, or with the accustomed feeling *minus* all its charm; and I became persuaded that my love of mankind, and of excellence for its own sake, had worn itself out. I sought no comfort by speaking to others of what I felt. If I had loved any one sufficiently to make confiding my griefs a necessity, I should not have been in the condition I was. I felt, too, that mine was not an interesting, or in any way respectable distress. There was nothing in it to attract sympathy. Advice, if I had known where to seek it, would have been most precious. The words of Macbeth to the physician often occurred to my thoughts. But there was no one on whom I could build the faintest hope of such assistance. My father, to whom it would have been natural to me to have recourse in any practical difficulties, was the last person to whom, in such a case as this, I looked for help. Everything convinced me that he had no knowledge of any such mental state as I was suffering from, and that even if he could be made to understand it, he was not the physician who could heal it. My education, which was wholly his work, had been conducted without any regard to the possibility of its ending in this result; and I saw no use in

giving him the pain of thinking that his plans had failed, when the failure was probably irremediable, and, at all events, beyond the power of *his* remedies. Of other friends, I had at that time none to whom I had any hope of making my condition intelligible. It was however abundantly intelligible to myself; and the more I dwelt upon it, the more hopeless it appeared. . . .

All those to whom I looked up were of opinion that the pleasure of sympathy with human beings, and the feelings which made the good of others, and especially of mankind on a large scale, the object of existence, were the greatest and surest sources of happiness. Of the truth of this I was convinced, but to know that a feeling would make me happy if I had it, did not give me the feeling. My education, I thought, had failed to create these feelings in sufficient strength to resist the dissolving influence of analysis, while the whole course of my intellectual cultivation had made precocious and premature analysis the inveterate habit of my mind. I was thus, as I said to myself, left stranded at the commencement of my voyage, with a well-equipped ship and a rudder, but no sail; without any real desire for the ends which I had been so carefully fitted out to work for: no delight in virtue, or the general good, but also just as little in anything else. The fountains of vanity and ambition seemed to have dried up within me, as completely as those of benevolence. I had had (as I reflected) some gratification of vanity at too early an age: I had obtained some distinction, and felt myself of some importance, before the desire of distinction and of importance had grown into a passion: and little as it was which I had attained, yet having been attained too early, like all pleasures enjoyed too soon, it had made me *blasé* and indifferent to the pursuit. Thus neither selfish nor unselfish pleasures were pleasures to me. And there seemed no power in nature sufficient to begin the formation of my character anew, and create in a mind now irretrievably analytic, fresh associations of pleasure with any of the objects of human desire.

These were the thoughts which mingled with the dry heavy dejection of the melancholy winter of 1826-7. During this time I was not incapable of my usual occupations. I went on with them mechanically, by the mere force of habit. I had been so drilled in a certain sort of mental exercise, that I could still carry it on when all the spirit had gone out of it. I even composed and spoke several speeches at the debating society, how, or with what degree

of success, I know not. Of four years' continual speaking at that society, this is the only year of which I remember next to nothing. Two lines of Coleridge, in whom alone of all writers I have found a true description of what I felt, were often in my thoughts, not at this time (for I had never read them), but in a later period of the same mental malady:

> "Work without hope draws nectar in a sieve,
> And hope without an object cannot live."

In all probability my case was by no means so peculiar as I fancied it, and I doubt not that many others have passed through a similar state; but the idiosyncrasies of my education had given to the general phenomenon a special character, which made it seem the natural effect of causes that it was hardly possible for time to remove. I frequently asked myself, if I could, or if I was bound to go on living, when life must be passed in this manner. I generally answered to myself, that I did not think I could possibly bear it beyond a year. When, however, not more than half that duration of time had elapsed, a small ray of light broke in upon my gloom. I was reading, accidentally, Marmontel's *Mémoires*, and came to the passage which relates his father's death, the distressed position of the family, and the sudden inspiration by which he, then a mere boy, felt and made them feel that he would be everything to them—would supply the place of all that they had lost. A vivid conception of the scene and its feelings came over me, and I was moved to tears.

From this moment my burden grew lighter. The oppression of the thought that all feeling was dead within me, was gone. I was no longer hopeless: I was not a stock or a stone. I had still, it seemed, some of the material out of which all worth of character, and all capacity for happiness, are made. Relieved from my ever present sense of irremediable wretchedness, I gradually found that the ordinary incidents of life could again give me some pleasure; that I could again find enjoyment, not intense, but sufficient for cheerfulness, in sunshine and sky, in books, in conversation, in public affairs; and that there was, once more, excitement, though of a moderate kind, in exerting myself for my opinions, and for the public good. Thus the cloud gradually drew off, and I again enjoyed life: and though I had several relapses, some of

which lasted many months, I never again was as miserable as I had been.

The experiences of this period had two very marked effects on my opinions and character. In the first place, they led me to adopt a theory of life, very unlike that on which I had before acted, and having much in common with what at that time I certainly had never heard of, the anti-self-consciousness theory of Carlyle. I never, indeed, wavered in the conviction that happiness is the test of all rules of conduct, and the end of life. But I now thought that this end was only to be attained by not making it the direct end. Those only are happy (I thought) who have their minds fixed on some object other than their own happiness; on the happiness of others, on the improvement of mankind, even on some art or pursuit, followed not as a means, but as itself an ideal end. Aiming thus at something else, they find happiness by the way. The enjoyments of life (such was now my theory) are sufficient to make it a pleasant thing, when they are taken *en passant*, without being made a principal object. Once make them so, and they are immediately felt to be insufficient. They will not bear a scrutinizing examination. Ask yourself whether you are happy, and you cease to be so. The only chance is to treat, not happiness, but some end external to it, as the purpose of life. Let your self-consciousness, your scrutiny, your self-interrogation, exhaust themselves on that; and if otherwise fortunately circumstanced you will inhale happiness with the air you breathe, without dwelling on it or thinking about it, without either forestalling it in imagination, or putting it to flight by fatal questioning. This theory now became the basis of my philosophy of life. And I still hold to it as the best theory for all those who have but a moderate degree of sensibility and of capacity for enjoyment, that is, for the great majority of mankind.

The other important change which my opinions at this time underwent, was that I, for the first time, gave its proper place, among the prime necessities of human well-being, to the internal culture of the individual. I ceased to attach almost exclusive importance to the ordering of outward circumstances, and the training of the human being for speculation and for action.

I had now learnt by experience that the passive susceptibilities needed to be cultivated as well as the active capacities, and required to be nourished and enriched as well as guided. I did not,

for instance, lose sight of, or undervalue, that part of the truth which I had seen before! I never turned recreant to intellectual culture, or ceased to consider the power and practice of analysis as an essential condition both of individual and of social improvement. But I thought that it had consequences which required to be corrected, by joining other kinds of cultivation with it. The maintenance of a due balance among the faculties, now seemed to be of primary importance. The cultivation of the feelings became one of the cardinal points in my ethical and philosophical creed. And my thoughts and inclinations turned in an increasing degree towards whatever seemed capable of being instrumental to that object.

I now began to find meaning in the things which I had read or heard about the importance of poetry and art as instruments of human culture. But it was some time longer before I began to know this by personal experience. The only one of the imaginative arts in which I had from childhood taken great pleasure, was music; the best effect of which (and in this it surpasses perhaps every other art) consists in exciting enthusiasm; in winding up to a high pitch those feelings of an elevated kind which are already in the character, but to which this excitement gives a glow and a fervor, which, though transitory at its utmost height, is precious for sustaining them at other times. This effect of music I had often experienced; but like all my pleasurable susceptibilities it was suspended during the gloomy period. I had sought relief again and again from this quarter, but found none. After the tide had turned, and I was in process of recovery, I had been helped forward by music, but in a much less elevated manner. I at this time first became acquainted with Weber's *Oberon*, and the extreme pleasure which I drew from its delicious melodies did me good, by showing me a source of pleasure to which I was as susceptible as ever.

The good, however, was much impaired by the thought that the pleasure of music (as is quite true of such pleasure as this was, that of mere tune) fades with familiarity, and requires either to be revived by intermittence, or fed by continual novelty. And it is very characteristic both of my then state, and of the general tone of my mind at this period of my life, that I was seriously tormented by the thought of the exhaustibility of musical combinations. The octave consists only of five tones and two semitones,

which can be put together in only a limited number of ways, of which but a small proportion are beautiful: most of these, it seemed to me, must have been already discovered, and there could not be room for a long succession of Mozarts and Webers, to strike out, as these had done, entirely new and surpassingly rich veins of musical beauty. This source of anxiety may, perhaps, be thought to resemble that of the philosophers of Laputa, who feared lest the sun should be burnt out. It was, however, connected with the best feature in my character, and the only good point to be found in my very unromantic and in no way honourable distress. For though my dejection, honestly looked at, could not be called other than egotistical, produced by the ruin, as I thought, of my fabric of happiness, yet the destiny of mankind in general was ever in my thoughts, and could not be separated from my own. I felt that the flaw in my life, must be a flaw in life itself; that the question was, whether, if the reformers of society and government could succeed in their objects, and every person in the community were free and in a state of physical comfort, the pleasures of life, being no longer kept up by struggle and privation, would cease to be pleasures. And I felt that unless I could see my way to some better hope than this for human happiness in general, my dejection must continue; but that if I could see such an outlet, I should then look on the world with pleasure; content as far as I was myself concerned, with any fair share of the general lot.

This state of my thoughts and feelings made the fact of my reading Wordsworth for the first time (in the autumn of 1828), an important event in my life. I took up the collection of his poems from curiosity, with no expectation of mental relief from it, though I had before resorted to poetry with that hope. In the worst period of my depression, I had read through the whole of Byron (then new to me), to try whether a poet whose peculiar department was supposed to be that of the intenser feelings could rouse any feeling in me. As might be expected, I got no good from this reading, but the reverse. The poet's state of mind was too like my own. His was the lament of a man who had worn out all pleasures, and who seemed to think that life, to all who possess the good things of it, must necessarily be the vapid, uninteresting thing which I found it. His Harold and Manfred had the same burden on them which I had; and I was not in a frame of mind to desire any comfort from the vehement sensual passion of his

Giaours, or the sullenness of his Laras. But while Byron was exactly what did not suit my condition, Wordsworth was exactly what did. I had looked into the *Excursion* two or three years before, and found little in it; and I should probably have found as little, had I read it at this time. But the miscellaneous poems, in the two-volume edition of 1815 (to which little of value was added in the latter part of the author's life) proved to be the precise thing for my mental wants at that particular juncture.

In the first place, these poems addressed themselves powerfully to one of the strongest of my pleasurable susceptibilities, the love for rural objects and natural scenery; to which I had been indebted not only for much of the pleasure of my life, but quite recently for relief from one of my longest relapses into depression. In this power of rural beauty over me, there was a foundation laid for taking pleasure in Wordsworth's poetry; the more so, as his scenery lies mostly among mountains, which, owing to my early Pyrenean excursion, were my ideal of natural beauty.

But Wordsworth would never have had any great effect on me, if he had merely placed before me beautiful pictures of natural scenery. Scott does this still better than Wordsworth, and a very second-rate landscape does it more effectually than any poet. What made Wordsworth's poems a medicine for my state of mind, was that they expressed, not mere outward beauty, but states of feeling, and of thought coloured by feeling, under the excitement of beauty. They seemed to be the very culture of the feelings, which I was in quest of. In them I seemed to draw from a source of inward joy, of sympathetic and imaginative pleasure, which could be shared in by all human beings; which had no connexion with struggle or imperfection, but would be made richer by every improvement in the physical or social condition of mankind. From them I seemed to learn what would be the perennial sources of happiness, when all the greater evils of life shall have been removed. And I felt myself at once better and happier as I came under their influence. There have certainly been, even in our own age, greater poets than Wordsworth; but poetry of deeper and loftier feeling could not have done for me at that time what his did. I needed to be made to feel that there was real, permanent happiness in tranquil contemplation. Wordsworth taught me this, not only without turning away from, but with a greatly increased interest in the common feelings and common destiny of human beings. And

the delight which these poems gave me, proved that with culture of this sort, there was nothing to dread from the most confirmed habit of analysis. At the conclusion of the Poems came the famous Ode, falsely called Platonic, "Intimations of Immortality": in which, along with more than his usual sweetness of melody and rhythm, and along with the two passages of grand imagery but bad philosophy so often quoted, I found that he too had had similar experience to mine; that he also had felt that the first freshness of youthful enjoyment of life was not lasting; but that he had sought for compensation, and found it, in the way in which he was now teaching me to find it. The result was that I gradually, but completely, emerged from my habitual depression, and was never again subject to it. I long continued to value Wordsworth less according to his intrinsic merits, than by the measure of what he had done for me. Compared with the greatest poets, he may be said to be the poet of unpoetical natures, possessed of quiet and contemplative tastes. But unpoetical natures are precisely those which require poetic cultivation.

HOW ANIMALS SPEND THE WINTER[1]

AUSTIN H. CLARK

WINTER out-of-doors, when compared with summer, seems almost a dead season. Most of the trees are leafless, and the grasses and low plants are dead, or at least seem to be. In the north the ponds and lakes and streams are blanketed with ice more or less completely, and the ground is frozen for some distance down.

Most of our familiar friends among the birds are missing, but in compensation for their loss we see, chiefly along the coast and about the open waters of the larger streams and lakes, various other kinds that are not with us in the summer. Nearly all the various sorts of field-mice have completely disappeared. The bears have vanished from the wilder woods. Squirrels are seen but rarely, and only on warm, bright and sunny days. Snakes, turtles, frogs, and toads are merely memories. And there are no flies or wasps or bees or butterflies or other sorts of insects.

The world seems almost dead. And yet we know that with the advent of the warm spring days it will come to life again. So it is clear that it is not really dead, but merely sleeping; that somewhere and in some fashion most of the familiar life of summer is resting quietly, but is prepared and ready to awaken and to become active with the coming of the spring.

Some creatures are always active. For instance, all the birds are just as lively and alert in winter as they are in summer. They live the same life throughout the year. With us the crows and jays and various other kinds of common birds are just as familiar features of the winter landscape as they are of the green woods and fields of summer. But in the case of very many birds the coming of the winter reduces their food supply, or even altogether cuts it off. As an example, the disappearance of the insects cuts off the food supply of the insect-eating birds; and the freezing over of the ponds and lakes and streams prevents the ducks and geese and herons and

[1] From *Scientific Monthly*, February, 1934. Reprinted by permission of the author and the publishers.

other water- and shore-feeding birds from getting the food they need.

So in order to live during the winter months most of the northern birds are forced to leave their homes and to move southward into regions where the insect life has not been chilled into inactivity, and where the waters are still open.

Some of our birds, as the common robin, go only a short distance southward, into the southern states, where the winter is less severe than it is in their northern homes. Others, like the swallows and the warblers, go further, to Central and northern South America and the West Indies. In the West Indies in the winter, in the heat and brilliant sunlight of the Tropics and among the palms, bananas, mangoes, limes, nutmegs, bread-fruit, and many other equally unfamiliar plants, and along the white and glaring coral reefs, it is an interesting sight to see several of our familiar northern birds apparently just as happy and just as much at home as they are with us. For instance, our kingfisher is a well-known and common bird in the West Indies, and about the bushy hillsides and the gardens of those islands our redstart is not at all uncommon. Along the mountain streams the spotted sandpiper runs about wagging his tail just as he does along the streams in Massachusetts or in Maine.

Birds are very interesting creatures. With nearly all of them sight is the most important sense. They find their food and avoid their enemies by means of their unusually keen eyes. A few, as most owls and night-flying birds in general, have wonderfully keen ears, but for the most part the eyes are the chief reliance of the birds. And so it naturally follows that the longer the day the longer the time in which any given bird can find its food and avoid its enemies. Night is a time of danger for most birds. The darkness brings many dangers. So besides the question of securing food there is for birds the problem presented by the long winter nights. Some birds, such as the golden plover and the Arctic tern, breed in the far north, at the time when the days are longest, or at least are very long, and the night is short, or there is no night at all. These birds after the breeding season journey south and, passing through the Tropics, spend the winter in the southern portion of the southern hemisphere, where it is then summer and the days are long. The Arctic tern has the longest migratory flight of all birds. In the summer it is found about the Arctic ice, while in the

winter it is equally at home about the Antarctic ice, ten thousand miles away. This bird, the golden plover and some other shore birds have two summers every year. The shortest days they know are those they see when passing through the Tropics, where the days and nights are always equal.

The birds with their power of flight are able to move about over great distances and to avoid the northern winter by simply moving south. Among the mammals such extended journeys are only in rare cases possible. Some of the bats go south in winter, and in the early days the buffalo in the east withdrew in winter from the northern portion of its range into the southern states.

But most of the mammals stay more or less at home in winter, though they may wander widely in their search for food. Many of them, like the bears, the woodchucks, most of the wild mice, the common squirrels and some of the bats, when the autumn comes find a suitable place, or make one, and therein pass the winter in that long sleep called hibernation. During this period of hibernation the body temperature is lowered so that they exist with the least possible expenditure of energy.

In the same way the snakes and the box turtle find an appropriate place or burrow in the ground and sleep away the winter. The pond turtles and the frogs burrow in the mud in the shallow water along the shores of ponds or lakes or streams and spend the winter under a protective covering of ice.

The fishes for the most part stay where they are or move into deeper water. But some, like the northern trout, if they can do so, go into the salt marshes or the sea. In the far north, where the bogs and ponds freeze solid, certain of the fishes are firmly frozen in the ice where they remain immovable until the thaws of spring release them. During the short summer they are active, but for most of the year they are asleep in their solid icy prison.

The backboned animals all are large, or at least they are larger than the insects. But insects, small and delicate as they are, survive the winter quite as well as any of the backboned animals. Insects pass the winter in every conceivable way, and in every conceivable condition. Many of them, as some of our butterflies, wasps, bees, flies and others, live through the winter in the adult stage, hidden away in some snug retreat. A few warm days in winter often serve to bring them out, and they fly around until the returning cold puts them to sleep again. Very many butter-

flies and moths spend the winter as chrysalids, which among the moths usually are enclosed in a silk cocoon, but which among the butterflies usually are uncovered. In most cases the caterpillars transform to chrysalids toward the end of summer or in the early autumn, and the butterflies or moths emerge in spring. One of our smaller butterflies, a very pretty one called the orange-tip, flies in March and April, lays its eggs and dies. The caterpillars that issue from the eggs feed until toward the end of May, then turn to chrysalids. These chrysalids remain inert, fastened to the trunks of trees all through the heat of summer and the following cold of winter, until in early spring the butterflies emerge. Two thirds of the entire life of this delicate little creature is spent asleep in the chrysalis.

Some other butterflies spend the winter as full-grown caterpillars hidden away in a loose cocoon. In the first warm days of spring these caterpillars transform to chrysalids from which in a few days come the butterflies. Still other butterflies live through the winter as caterpillars partly grown, which in the spring complete their growth and then transform to adults. Most of those butterflies called fritillaries, in color golden brown with silver spots on the under surface of the hinder wings, lay their eggs in summer. The little caterpillars that issue from these eggs lie quietly on the ground and will not eat until the following spring. For six or even seven months, through the heat of the late summer and the cold of winter, they are completely passive, waiting for the proper time to begin to eat. A few butterflies and many different moths spend the winter in the eggs which are laid in summer but do not hatch till spring.

In the country districts in the winter it is not unusual to see a medium-sized white butterfly in houses when it is very cold outside. This is the common cabbage butterfly which long ago was introduced from Europe and now is all too common here. The caterpillars live on cabbages and when full grown crawl away and form the chrysalids on any firm support, on fences, on the sides of barns or houses or on firewood. If logs with chrysalids on them be brought into the house the butterflies emerge, and we are treated to the unusual sight of butterflies in winter.

Life, dormant or active, is everywhere about us at all seasons of the year. Just because we do not see it in the winter does not mean it is not there.

On land the activity of most living things, such as the very numerous insects, the snails and slugs and earthworms, slows down or comes entirely to rest at a temperature of about 40°, or at the very lowest at 32°, the freezing-point of water. But in certain portions of the sea, far down beneath the surface where the sun's heat and light does not penetrate and where it is darker than the darkest night we know, there is perpetual winter with an absolutely unchanging temperature of below 30°, that is, well below the temperature at which fresh water freezes. At the temperature found at these places in the ocean's depths our lakes and ponds and rivers would be solid blocks of ice; but salt water freezes at lower temperatures than fresh, so that in these frigid depths no ice is formed.

Along the western shores of the Okhotsk and Japanese seas there is a broad band of this very cold water, and within it life is so very abundant as to challenge comparison with any other region in the world. There are various other regions where the sea bottom is just as cold as it is here, or even colder, in the Arctic and Antarctic Oceans and in the deep waters of the Norwegian Sea. In all these places, with temperatures ranging between 28.4° and 32°, animals are especially abundant. Millions and millions of animals, living on and over large areas of sea bottom, spend their entire lives in a temperature colder than that of the cakes of ice in our refrigerators. They live in full activity and enjoyment at temperatures at which most of the life on land is dormant.

Life is full of paradoxes. On land not all the weak and feeble things are dormant in the winter. In the colder parts of the northern hemisphere there is a strange insect, a wingless kind of cranefly or daddy-longlegs, which reverses the usual habit of insects by living in summer as a grub or larva under decaying leaves and becoming an active adult in the very coldest months of the entire year. These insects are most active in cold snowy weather from January to April, even when the temperature is below zero, running rapidly across the surface of the snow in perfectly straight lines. In April it has been noticed that if in the morning the sun shone brightly, causing a slight thaw, few of these insects would be visible. But if in the afternoon the weather changed and became colder with a flurry of snow, then large numbers would come hurrying from all directions. These insects are very sensitive to warmth, and will die in a few minutes if held in a warm hand.

There is another insect belonging to an entirely different group, a wingless panorpid or scorpion-fly looking somewhat like a small grasshopper, which has similar habits.

One of the commonest, most conspicuous and most active of the insects seen in winter is the so-called snow-flea, which is in no way related to the fleas. But this is only seen when the temperature rises above the freezing point.

Winter is an interesting season. In it the speed of life slows down—life largely comes to rest. But though it sometimes pauses, life never stops. No matter how cold and bleak it is in the woods and fields, abundant life is always there ready to resume activity with the coming of the spring.

ARISTOTLE'S ETHICS[1]

WILL DURANT

As ARISTOTLE developed, and young men crowded about him to be taught and formed, more and more his mind turned from the details of science to the larger and vaguer problems of conduct and character. It came to him more clearly that above all questions of the physical world there loomed the question of questions—what is the best life?—what is life's supreme good?—what is virtue?—how shall we find happiness and fulfilment?

He is realistically simple in his ethics. His scientific training keeps him from the preachment of superhuman ideals and empty counsels of perfection. "In Aristotle," says Santayana, "the conception of human nature is perfectly sound; every ideal has a natural basis, and everything natural has an ideal development." Aristotle begins by frankly recognizing that the aim of life is not goodness for its own sake, but happiness. "For we choose happiness for itself, and never with a view to anything further; whereas we choose honor, pleasure, intellect . . . because we believe that through them we shall be made happy." But he realizes that to call happiness the supreme good is a mere truism; what is wanted is some clearer account of the nature of happiness, and the way to it. He hopes to find this way by asking wherein man differs from other beings; and by presuming that man's happiness will lie in the full functioning of this specifically human quality. Now the peculiar excellence of man is his power of thought; it is by this that he surpasses and rules all other forms of life; and as the growth of this faculty has given him his supremacy, so, we may presume, its development will give him fulfilment and happiness.

The chief condition of happiness, then, barring certain physical pre-requisites, is the life of reason—the specific glory and power of man. Virtue, or rather excellence, will depend on clear judgment, self-control, symmetry of desire, artistry of means; it is not the pos-

[1] From *The Story of Philosophy*, Simon and Schuster, Inc., 1927. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

session of the simple man, nor the gift of innocent intent, but the achievement of experience in the fully developed man. Yet there is a road to it, a guide to excellence, which may save many detours and delays: it is the middle way, the golden mean. The qualities of character can be arranged in triads, in each of which the first and last qualities will be extremes and vices, and the middle quality a virtue or an excellence. So between cowardice and rashness is courage; between stinginess and extravagance is liberality; between sloth and greed is ambition; between humility and pride is modesty; between secrecy and loquacity, honesty; between moroseness and buffoonery, good humor; between quarrelsomeness and flattery, friendship; between Hamlet's indecisiveness and Quixote's impulsiveness is self-control. "Right," then, in ethics or conduct, is not different from "right" in mathematics or engineering; it means correct, fit, what works best to the best result.

The golden mean, however, is not, like the mathematical mean, an exact average of two precisely calculable extremes; it fluctuates with the collateral circumstances of each situation, and discovers itself only to mature and flexible reason. Excellence is an art won by training and habituation: we do not act rightly because we have virtue or excellence, but we rather have these because we have acted rightly; "these virtues are formed in man by his doing the actions"; we are what we repeatedly do. Excellence, then, is not an act but a habit: "the good of man is a working of the soul in the way of excellence in a complete life; . . . for as it is not one swallow or one fine day that makes a spring, so it is not one day or a short time that makes a man blessed and happy."

Youth is the age of extremes: "if the young commit a fault it is always on the side of excess and exaggeration." The great difficulty of youth (and of many of youth's elders) is to get out of one extreme without falling into its opposite. For one extreme easily passes into the other, whether through "over-correction" or elsewise: insincerity doth protest too much, and humility hovers on the precipice of conceit. Those who are consciously at one extreme will give the name of virtue not to the mean but to the opposite extreme. Sometimes this is well; for if we are conscious of erring in one extreme "we should aim at the other, and so we may reach the middle position, . . . as men do in straightening bent timber." But unconscious extremists look upon the golden mean as the greatest vice; they "expel towards each other the man in the middle position;

the brave man is called rash by the coward, and cowardly by the rash man, and in other cases accordingly"; so in modern politics the "liberal" is called "conservative" and "radical" by the radical and the conservative.

It is obvious that this doctrine of the mean is the formulation of a characteristic attitude which appears in almost every system of Greek philosophy. Plato had had it in mind when he called virtue harmonious action; Socrates when he identified virtue with knowledge. The Seven Wise Men had established the tradition by engraving, on the temple of Apollo at Delphi, the motto *meden agan*, —nothing in excess. Perhaps, as Nietzsche claims, all these were attempts of the Greeks to check their own violence and impulsiveness of character; more truly, they reflected the Greek feeling that passions are not of themselves vices, but the raw material of both vice and virtue, according as they function in excess and disproportion, or in measure and harmony.

But the golden mean, says our matter-of-fact philosopher, is not all of the secret of happiness. We must have, too, a fair degree of worldly goods: poverty makes one stingy and grasping; while possessions give one that freedom from care and greed which is the source of aristocratic ease and charm. The noblest of these external aids to happiness is friendship. Indeed, friendship is more necessary to the happy than to the unhappy; for happiness is multiplied by being shared. It is more important than justice: for "when men are friends, justice is unnecessary; but when men are just, friendship is still a boon." "A friend is one soul in two bodies." Yet friendship implies few friends rather than many; "he who has many friends has no friend"; and "to be a friend to many people in the way of perfect friendship is impossible." Fine friendship requires duration rather than fitful intensity; and this implies stability of character; it is to altered character that we must attribute the dissolving kaleidoscope of friendship. And friendship requires equality; for gratitude gives it at best a slippery basis. "Benefactors are commonly held to have more friendship for the objects of their kindness than these for them. The account of the matter which satisfies most persons is that the one are debtors and the others creditors, . . . and that the debtors wish their creditors out of the way, while the creditors are anxious that their debtors should be preserved." Aristotle rejects this interpretation; he prefers to believe that the greater tenderness of the benefactor is to be explained

on the analogy of the artist's affection for his work, or the mother's for her child. We love that which we have made.

And yet, though external goods and relationships are necessary to happiness, its essence remains within us, in rounded knowledge and clarity of soul. Surely sense pleasure is not the way: that road is a circle: as Socrates phrased the coarser Epicurean idea, we scratch that we may itch, and itch that we may scratch. Nor can a political career be the way; for therein we walk subject to the whims of the people; and nothing is so fickle as the crowd. No, happiness must be a pleasure of the mind; and we may trust it only when it comes from the pursuit or the capture of truth. "The operation of the intellect . . . aims at no end beyond itself, and finds in itself the pleasure which stimulates it to further operation; and since the attributes of self-sufficiency, unweariedness, and capacity for rest, . . . plainly belong to this occupation, in it must lie perfect happiness."

Aristotle's ideal man, however, is no mere metaphysician. He is open in his dislikes and preferences; he talks and acts frankly, because of his contempt for men and things. . . . He is never fired with admiration, since there is nothing great in his eyes. He cannot live in complaisance with others, except it be a friend; complaisance is the characteristic of a slave. . . . He never feels malice, and always forgets and passes over injuries. . . . He is not fond of talking. . . . It is no concern of his that he should be praised, or that others should be blamed. He does not speak evil of others, even of his enemies, unless it be to themselves. His carriage is sedate, his voice deep, his speech measured; he is not given to hurry, for he is concerned about only a few things; he is not prone to vehemence, for he thinks nothing very important. A shrill voice and hasty steps come to a man through care. . . . He bears the accidents of life with dignity and grace, making the best of his circumstances, like a skilful general who marshals his limited forces with all the strategy of war. . . . He is his own best friend, and takes delight in privacy whereas the man of no virtue or ability is his own worst enemy, and is afraid of solitude. Such is the Superman of Aristotle.

THE PUP BOY[1]

ROBERT PALFREY UTTER

SOME men won't start anywhere out of doors without a dog; I wouldn't if I could help it. Some won't budge over the threshold without a pipe; neither will I. Some won't stir without a gun; I used to feel that way. Some need a little book that fits the pocket: I have several worn volumes that are good companions. But have you ever tried a real boy? If not, you have something to live for. Of course you want the dog and the pipe, too, and you may take the book and the gun if you like, but you won't have much use for them.

Any real boy under eighty years of age who can walk is good, but I rather like them under twelve. If I want to get anywhere in particular I like a companion over nine; but for an aimless ramble of short radius from home, little fat legs can do wonders. Sizes from nine to twelve are physically efficient and have the pup traits—I say sizes rather than ages, for it isn't wholly a matter of years with boys any more than it is with the purely canine varieties. Some keep the pup traits longer than others. The Irish terrier for that reason is the best of all four-legged pups to scour the country with. The others are all good, suiting different moods; the collie, ornamental, amiable, suave; the spaniel, lively and sympathetic; the Airedale, faithful but somewhat blasé and a trifle dour, like the true Scot that he is. But the Irish terrier is the real boy, alert, imaginative, humorous, audacious, affectionate, wistful; with him there is something doing every minute. When he trots ahead with his tail cocked and looks back to see if you are coming, and you say, "Having a good time, Old Scout?" and he takes a running jump and lands his forefeet in the pit of your stomach, you feel a strong sense of companionship, and you wish that he could talk and tell you what is going on inside his fuzzy head. The pup boy has all his traits, and he can talk—my word, can't he though! Of course

[1] From *Pearls and Pepper*, Yale University Press, 1924. Reprinted by permission of the author and the publishers.

boys vary as much as dogs, and it is unsafe to generalize too broadly, but if there is such a thing as a typical eleven or twelve-year-old boy he is an Irish terrier on two legs.

He is alert; he will try anything once, and is always on his mark and set for a go at it. He is audacious; he has few of the inhibitions that come from disillusioning experience. Half the time you don't know whether it is blissful ignorance or sheer nerve that so often takes him where angels fear to tread. He has a kindling imagination that attaches itself readily to things and acts; it is ignited instantly by anything he can do. It translates the concrete into the imaginary, and the imaginary into the concrete—a crevice in rock becomes a cave swarming with bandits, and he the chief; the action of a story you tell him or an animal you describe he turns forthwith into bodily motion with the formula, "Look, he went like this; see?" You win his faith on about the same terms as that of the pup dog, and his capacity for hero-worship is the same, and makes you feel—well, he puts it up to you.

Like the pup dog he has no notion of going straight from one place to another for the sake of getting there. Each moment and each place is to him an entity, capable of being enjoyed for and by itself. Your idea is, in most cases, to get on; his is to exhaust the possibilities of each spot before passing on to the next. He is a good sport. When his legs grow weary he trails you doggedly, silently. Ask him if he is tired and he clears his throat and says, "Not very." A few yards further on you find a comfortable spot where you simply must sit down and light your pipe. You produce first-aid chocolate, which he receives with glad, sweet surprise, and in a few minutes you have him chattering and scurrying again.

Senseless chatter? Sometimes it doesn't have much to do with what you may consider the rational interests of life, but then, if you want to know what goes on inside the tousled head, there it is. Besides, what do you talk about when you are out with your contemporaries? The binomial theorem? Don't you come home and boast of having renewed your youth? If that is what you want, the pup boy will give you the real thing. What is more, he will call for all the exact knowledge you have before you hear the last of his rapid-fire questions: "How do trees make sap?" "Why do clouds float?" "What are frogs' eggs made of?" If you really want to renew your youth, get him to laughing—if you try you can soon find the trick. It is a cheerful sound, and he will

keep it up for long stretches, a running obbligato to your march. Like the pup dog he is engagingly sincere. He seldom tries to fool you except by way of a joke, and when he is polite you take it without effort of imagination as a mark of true esteem. He does not beg for demonstrations of affection as openly as does the pup dog, but when you slip one over on him, you can see it strike home.

Men are apt to think that few women really understand dogs. A woman who brings up a pup from the woolly-waddly stage may give (and receive) love untellable. She sympathizes with him, feeds him, tends him, makes him happy and comfortable. He guards her and loves her, but his love "is of his life a thing apart." She is the presiding genius of his eating and sleeping; but eating and sleeping, much as he likes them, he will abandon at any time for the more real things of life, which, as a rule, she does not share. His hero for whom he will die, but with whom he would rather live, is he who shares with him the "vivid and resolute" life in the open.

So also the pup boy. If you never see him except indoors or on parade, you simply do not know him. While he is in waddling clothes it is easy enough; so long as you do not make him afraid of you, you have his full confidence. But soon comes the time when you feel him "growing away from you." He does not share his life with you. Do you share yours with him? You can't take him to the office; he can't take you to school. Take him and a frying-pan and start for the woods. You need not propose to teach him how to build a fire or fry the bacon; go at it yourself, and in half a minute he will beg for the privilege. In five minutes he will learn more than in many a "lack-lustre period between sleep and waking in the class." And in half an hour you will learn more of what goes on in the tousled head than by half a year of patronizing breakfast-table questions on your part and quasi-respectful "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," from him.

The pup boy is not a business proposition, but he is like one in so far as the returns from him are pretty strictly commensurate with your investment. If you put in nothing but worthless stuff, such as money, you get nothing; others will get the money—and they, too, shall reap as they sow. But if you give yourself, you will get what shall be your other self.

ON THE ART OF LIVING WITH OTHERS[1]

SIR ARTHUR HELPS

THE Iliad for war; the Odyssey for wandering: but where is the great domestic epic? Yet it is but commonplace to say that passions may rage round a tea-table which would not have misbecome men dashing at one another in war chariots; and evolutions of patience and temper are performed at the fireside worthy to be compared with the Retreat of the Ten Thousand. Men have worshipped some fantastic being for living alone in a wilderness; but social martyrdoms place no saints upon the calendar.

We may blind ourselves to it if we like, but the hatreds and disgusts that there are behind friendship, relationship, service, and, indeed, proximity of all kinds, is one of the darkest spots upon earth. The various relations of life which bring people together cannot, as we know, be perfectly fulfilled except in a state where there will, perhaps, be no occasion for any of them. It is no harm, however, to endeavor to see whether there are any methods which may make these relations in the least degree more harmonious now.

In the first place, if people are to live happily together, they must not fancy, because they are thrown together now, that all their lives have been exactly similar up to the present time, that they started exactly alike, and that they are to be for the future of the same mind. A thorough conviction of the difference of men is the great thing to be assured of in social knowledge: it is to life what Newton's law is to astronomy. Sometimes men have a knowledge of it with regard to the world in general: they do not expect the outer world to agree with them in all points, but are vexed at not being able to drive their own tastes and opinions into those they live with. Diversities distress them. They will not see that there are many forms of virtue and wisdom. Yet we might as well say "Why all these stars; why this difference; why not all one star?"

Many of the rules for people living together in peace, follow from the above. For instance, not to interfere unreasonably with

[1] From *Friends in Council*, 1859.

others, not to ridicule their tastes, not to question and requestion their resolves, not to indulge in perpetual comment on their proceedings, but to delight in their having other pursuits than ours, are all based upon a thorough perception of the simple fact, that they are not we.

Another rule for living happily with others is to avoid having stock subjects of disputation. It mostly happens, when people live much together, that they come to have certain set topics, around which, from frequent dispute, there is such a growth of angry words, mortified vanity and the like that the original subject of difference becomes a standing subject for quarrel; and there is a tendency in all minor disputes to drift down to it.

Again, if people wish to live well together, they must not hold too much to logic, and suppose that everything is to be settled by sufficient reason. Dr. Johnson saw this clearly with regard to married people, when he said "wretched would be the pair above all names of wretchedness who should be doomed to adjust by reason every morning, all the minute detail of a domestic day." But the application should be much more general than he made it. There is not time for such reasonings, and nothing that is worth them. And when we recollect how two lawyers, or two politicians, can go on contending, and that there is no end of one-sided reasoning on any subject, we shall not be sure that such contention is the best mode for arriving at truth. But certainly it is not the way to arrive at good temper.

If you would be loved as a companion, avoid unnecessary criticism upon those with whom you live. The number of people who have taken out judges' patents for themselves is very large in any society. Now it would be hard for a man to live with another who was always criticizing his actions, even if it were kindly and just criticism. It would be like living between the glasses of a microscope. But these self-elected judges, like their prototypes, are very apt to have the persons they judge brought before them in the guise of culprits.

One of the most provoking forms of the criticism above alluded to is that which may be called criticism over the shoulder. "Had I been consulted," "had you listened to me," "but you always will," and such short scraps of sentences may remind many of us of dissertations which we have suffered and inflicted, and of which we cannot call to mind any soothing effect.

Another rule is, not to let familiarity swallow up all courtesy. Many of us have a habit of saying to those with whom we live such things as we say about strangers behind their backs. There is no place, however, where real politeness is of more value than where we mostly think it would be superfluous. You may say more truth, or rather speak out more plainly, to your associates, but not less courteously, than you do to strangers.

Again, we must not expect more from the society of our friends and companions than it can give; and especially must not expect contrary things. It is somewhat arrogant to talk of travelling over other minds (mind being, for what we know, infinite): but still we become familiar with the upper views, tastes and tempers of our associates. And it is hardly in man to estimate justly what is familiar to him. In travelling along at night, as Hazlitt says, we catch a glimpse into cheerful-looking rooms with light blazing in them, and we conclude, involuntarily, how happy the inmates must be. Yet there is Heaven and Hell in those rooms, the same Heaven and Hell that we have known in others.

There are two great classes of promoters of social happiness, cheerful people, and people who have some reticence. The latter are more secure benefits to society even than the former. They are non-conductors of all heats and animosities around them. To have peace in a house, or a family, or any social circle, the members of it must beware of passing on hasty and uncharitable speeches, which, the whole of the context seldom being told, is often not conveying, but creating, mischief. They must be very good people to avoid doing this; for let human nature say what it will, it likes sometimes to look on at a quarrel: and that, not altogether from ill nature, but from a love of excitement—for the same reason that Charles the Second liked to attend the debates in the Lords, because they were as "good as a play."

We come now to the consideration of temper, which might have been expected to be treated first. But to cut off the means and causes of bad temper is, perhaps, of as much importance as any direct dealing with the temper itself. Besides, it is probable that in small social circles there is more suffering from unkindness than ill-temper. Anger is a thing that those who live under us suffer more from than those who live with us. But all the forms of ill-humour and sour-sensitiveness, which especially belong to equal intimacy (though indeed they are common to all) are best to be met

by impassiveness. When two sensitive persons are shut up together, they go on vexing each other with a reproductive irritability. But sensitive and hard people get on well together. The supply of temper is not altogether out of the usual laws of supply and demand.

Intimate friends and relations should be careful when they go out into the world together, or admit others to their own circle, that they do not make a bad use of the knowledge which they have gained of each other by their intimacy. Nothing is more common than this, and did it not proceed from mere carelessness, it would be superlatively ungenerous. You seldom need wait for the written life of a man to hear about his weaknesses, or what are supposed to be such, if you know his intimate friends or meet him in company with them.

Lastly, in conciliating those we live with, it is most surely done, not by consulting their interests, nor by giving away to their opinions, so much as by not offending their tastes. The most refined part of us lies in this region of taste which is perhaps a result of our whole being rather than a part of our nature, and at any rate is the region of our most subtle sympathies and antipathies.

It may be said that if the great principles of Christianity were attended to, all such rules, suggestions and observations as the above would be needless. True enough! Great principles are at the bottom of all things; but to apply them to daily life, many little rules, precautions, and insights are needed. Such things hold a middle place between real life and principles, as form does between matter and spirit, moulding the one and expressing the other.

THE ART OF CONVERSATION[1]

MICHEL DE MONTAIGNE

IT IS customary for our courts to punish some men as a warning to others. To punish them for having done wrong would be foolish, as Plato says, for what is done can never be undone. They are punished that they may offend no more and that others may avoid their example. We do not correct the man we hang; we correct others through him. I do the same. My errors are sometimes natural and incorrigible; but whereas good men benefit the public by making themselves imitated, I shall perhaps do so by making my manners avoided.

> Do you not see how wretchedly the son of Albius lives and how miserably Barrus? An excellent warning not to waste one's patrimony.—HORACE, *Satires*, I, iv.

If I make public my own imperfections and condemn them, someone may perhaps learn to shun them. The qualities that I most esteem in myself will be more appreciated if I disparage than if I praise myself, which is the reason why I so often drop into self-criticism. But when all is said, a man seldom speaks of himself except at a loss. A man's accusations of himself are always believed, his praises never. There may be those, however, who like myself are better instructed by contrast than by example, and by what to avoid rather than by what to imitate. Cato the Elder had an eye to this sort of discipline when he said that "the wise may learn more from fools than fools from the wise"; and Pausanias tells us of an ancient player of the lyre who used to make his pupils go to hear a very bad player across the way from him that they might learn to hate his discords and false measures. The horror of cruelty inclines me to mercy more than any example of clemency could do. A good rider does not teach me nearly so well how to sit in the saddle as does an awkward attorney or a Venetian on horse-

[1] From *Essays*, vol. iii. Adapted and abridged from the Cotton translation and the original.

back; and a vulgar manner of speaking does more to reform mine than the most polished. The uncouth appearance of another man always admonishes me; that which pricks, rouses, and incites works much better than that which pleases. Under such circumstances we may reform by going in the opposite direction, by disagreeing rather than by agreeing, by contrast rather than by imitation. Profiting little by good examples, I make use of those that are bad, which are everywhere to be found. I try to make myself as agreeable as I see others offensive, as constant as I see others fickle, as affable as I see others rude, as good as I see others evil. . . .

The most fruitful and natural exercise of the mind, in my opinion, is conversation. I find it more pleasant than any other activity. That is the reason why, if I were compelled to choose, I think I should sooner consent to lose my sight than my hearing and speech. The Athenians and the Romans also held this exercise in great esteem in their academies. The Italians retain some traces of it to this day, to their great advantage, as may be seen from a comparison of their intellect with ours. The study of books is an enervating and feeble activity which does not kindle the mind, whereas conversation teaches and exercises it at the same time. If I converse with an intelligent man and an agile disputant who presses hard upon me and pricks me on both sides, his imagination stimulates mine. Jealousy, glory, and rivalry push me up above my ordinary level. Agreement, on the other hand, is altogether obnoxious in conversation. Just as our minds grow stronger through intercourse with vigorous and logical intellects, so they may deteriorate through continual association with people of feeble and slow wit. There is no contagion that spreads like dullness. I know from experience what it is worth. . . .

Differences of opinion neither offend nor alter me; they only arouse and stir me. We avoid correction, whereas we ought to invite it, especially when it appears in the form of conversation and not as the exercise of authority. When we are contradicted, we do not seek to find the truth, but only how we may extricate ourselves from the argument. Instead of extending our arms, we thrust out our claws. I can stand being roughly treated by my friends, even to being told that I am a fool and do not know what I am talking about. I like to be in the company of frank men where one speaks freely and lets his words run with his thoughts. . . . The fact that Socrates always welcomed smilingly the objec-

tions made to his arguments can be ascribed to the strength of his intellect, and to his confidence that the advantage was sure to fall on his side, so that he accepted a challenge as an opportunity for a new victory. On the other hand we see that nothing so blinds us as our belief in our own superiority and in the inferiority of our adversary, and our opinion that it is for the weaker to accept in good spirit the opposition that corrects him and sets him right. I myself prefer the company of those who attack me to that of those who fear me. It is a dull and hurtful pleasure to be with people who admire and yield to us. Antisthenes commanded his children never to take it kindly or as a favor when any man commended them. I am much more proud of the victory I win over myself when, in the very ardor of dispute, I make myself submit to my adversary's force of reason than I am of the victory I win over him because of his weakness. . . .

It is always arrogant and captious not to be able to endure a manner different from one's own. Besides, there can be no greater folly than to be irritated by the follies of the world, no matter how absurd, for to do so is to become at odds with oneself. . . . How many things do I say every day that seem ridiculous even to myself; then how many more of them must seem ridiculous to others! If I bite my lips, what must not others do? Indeed, we must live among the living and let the stream flow under the bridge without our care, or at least without our interference. Why is it that we meet a man with a humpback or some other physical deformity without being disturbed, yet cannot endure the encounter with an ill-ordered mind without becoming angry? Such testy intolerance reflects more upon the judge than upon the fault. Let us always remember this saying of Plato's: "Do I not find things unsound because I am not myself sound?" A wise and divine saying that lashes the most universal and common error of mankind. The reproaches we make against others, our reasoning, our arguments, our controversies can all be turned against us, and we wound ourselves with our own weapons. . . .

Our eyes see nothing that lies behind them. We mock ourselves a hundred times a day when we deride our neighbors. We detest in others the faults that are still more noticeable in ourselves, and in our marvelous blindness and impudence, we wonder at them. It was but yesterday that I heard a man of intelligence and breeding justly and pleasantly making fun of a foolish man who wearies

everybody with talk about his family tree and his alliances, more than half false, (for it is the people whose origin is the most doubtful that are the most likely to engage in this kind of folly) and yet, if he had looked at himself, he would have found that he was no less unrestrained and tiresome on the subject of his wife's family. . . .

I hate all sorts of tyranny whether in word or in deed. I deliberately stiffen myself against those vain circumstances that mislead our judgment through our senses. Holding myself on guard against great celebrities, I find that they are at best but men like other men:

> Rare is common sense in those of high fortune.—JUVENAL, viii, 73.

Perhaps we value them for less than they are because they undertake more and reveal themselves more; they do not measure up to the part they have assumed. There must be more vigor and strength in the bearer than in the burden. He who has not exerted all his strength leaves us to guess whether he still has more and whether he has been tried to this limit. He who sinks under his load reveals his own measure and the weakness of his shoulders. This is the reason why we see so many awkward souls among the learned. They would have made good husbandmen, good merchants, and good artisans; their natural ability was cut to these proportions. Knowledge is a thing of great weight: they faint under it. Their natural talent has neither the strength nor the dexterity to install, distribute, and make use of so rich and powerful a matter. Knowledge is of value only in strong natures, and these are rare. Weaker natures, according to Socrates, destroy the dignity of philosophy in handling it, for philosophy is useless and even harmful when lodged in the wrong mind.

> Just like an ape, simulator of the human face, whom a wanton boy has dizened up in rich silks above, but left bare below for the amusement of the guests.—CLAUDIAN.

Likewise it is not enough for those who govern and direct us and have everything their own way to possess merely ordinary intelligence and be able to do what we are able to do. They are far beneath us if they are not far above us. As they promise more, so they owe more. With them, therefore, silence is not only cere-

monious and dignified, but also advantageous. Megabysus, who had gone to see the painter Apelles in his workroom, stood a long time silent and then began to speak of the work. Whereupon he received this rude rebuke: "So long as you kept silent, you seemed to be some great personage, because of your jewelry and your rich attire, but now that we have heard you speak, there is not an apprentice in the room who does not hold you in contempt."[2] The magnificent attire, the great finery, did not permit him to be as ignorant as others or to speak unintelligently about painting. He should have preserved the illusion of knowledge through silence. To how many a blockhead in my time has a cold and taciturn behavior given the reputation of wisdom and ability!

Dignities and high places are necessarily won more by good luck than by merit. Yet we should not condemn kings when they make mistakes in their appointments. It is a wonder that they do so well when they have so little skill in choosing men.

> Of all the virtues of a prince, the greatest is to know his courtiers.—MARTIAL, viii, 15.

Nature has not given them so strong a sight that it can include many people, discern which one excels the rest, or penetrate into our hearts, where the knowledge of our wills and real value lies. They must choose by conjecture and by feeling their way; by family, wealth, and learning; and by the voice of the people, which are all very feeble arguments. Whoever could find a way whereby a man might judge truly and choose men according to desert would in this one thing establish a perfect form of government. . . .

Wherefore I say that events are but weak testimonies of our worth and capacities. We need only to see a man promoted to dignity, and though three days before we had known him to be of no importance, an image of greatness and competence slips into our minds, and we persuade ourselves that as he has grown in renown and position, so has he grown in worth. We judge him not by his merits but by his rank, as we judge counters in a game. If fortune turns and he falls back to his place among the common lot, people inquire wonderingly how he had happened to rise so high. "Is this he?" they say. "Didn't he know any more than this when he was in his high place? Are princes contented with so little? Truly, we were in good hands."—This is a thing I have often seen in my

[2] Plutarch, *How to Distinguish a Flatterer from a Friend.*

time. Even the representation of grandeur on the stage moves us and deceives us. What I myself admire in kings is the crowd of their admirers. All reverence and submission is due them save that of the intellect. My reason is not formed to bend or bow; my knees are. When Malanthius was asked what he thought of the tragedy of Dionysus, he answered: "I could not see it; it was so hidden in words." In the same way most of those who comment on the speech of men in high station ought to say: "I was not able to understand his thought; it was so hidden in gravity, importance, and authority." . . .

I differ from this common fashion and am more likely to be suspicious of the ability that is accompanied by good fortune and public applause. Consider what an advantage it is to a man to speak when he pleases, to choose the subject he will speak of, to interrupt or change other men's arguments with a magisterial authority, to protect himself from the opposition of others by a nod, a smile, or silence, in an assembly that trembles with reverence and respect. A man of prodigious fortune who came to give his judgment upon some slight dispute that had foolishly been set on foot at his table began in this way: "It can only be a liar or a fool that will say otherwise than so and so." Pursue this philosophical point with a dagger in your hand.

Another observation from which I draw great advantage, is that in conferences and debates every word that seems good is not immediately to be accepted. Most men are rich in borrowed words; a man may very probably say a good thing without comprehending the force of it himself. That a man does not perfectly understand all he borrows may perhaps be verified in myself. . . .

As for the rest, nothing annoys me so much about stupidity as that it is so much more satisfied with itself than intelligence ever can be. It is unfortunate that wisdom forbids us to be pleased with ourselves and sends us away discontented and cautious, whereas prejudice and shallowness fill their hosts with satisfaction and self-assurance. It is those who are least informed who look patronizingly at other men and return from an argument full of joy and triumph. And for the most part this arrogance of speech and briskness of manner impresses their audience, which is commonly incapable of judging the merits of the case. Obstinacy and heat in argument are the surest proof of stupidity. Is there anything so

assured, so resolute, so disdainful, so contemplative, so serious, and so grave as an ass?

May we not include under the subject of conversation and discussion the quick and sharp repartee which gayety and familiarity introduce among friends bantering and joking with one another. It is an exercise for which my natural good-humor fits me, and if it is not so extended and serious as that of which I have just spoken, it is no less clever and ingenious, nor less profitable, as it seemed to Lycurgus. For my part, I contribute to it more freedom than wit, and depend more upon luck than invention. But I am accomplished in forbearance, for I endure retaliation that is not only sharp but also indiscreet, and that without irritation. If I do not have a quick retort ready when I am attacked, I do not try to pursue the point into a wearisome contest approaching obstinacy. I let it pass and laughingly lower my flag for the time, deferring my revenge to a better occasion. There is no merchant who always makes a profit. Most men change their expression or their tone of voice when their wits fail, and instead of avenging themselves allow an unseasonable anger to reveal both their weakness and their impatience.

In this good-natured clash of wits we sometimes pinch the secret cords of our imperfections which in a more sober mood we should not be able to touch without hurt, and so mutually help each other discover our own defects, to our profit.

ELSIE DINSMORE: A STUDY IN PERFECTION[1] OR HOW FUNDAMENTALISM CAME TO DIXIE

RUTH SUCKOW

MANY years ago there was born in a remote corner of our land a little girl-child endowed by the angels and Martha Finley with every qualification for a perfect heroine of fiction. Charm, beauty, background, complexes—all were hers. But we doubt if even the angels hovering that night over the snowy mansion could have foretold for the newborn babe the long life and longer influence that were to be hers. She was entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1868, but in 1927 she is still to be found in flourishing state and new bindings, while she will never cease to haunt the minds of millions of women. The name of the child was Elsie Dinsmore.

There can be no comprehension of Elsie without some knowledge of the background whence she sprang. Although Congress was not aware of her until 1868, her childhood was passed in those halcyon days befo' de wah. Her home was the Sunny South—the precise spot we are not told and no shaft of purest marble marks the holy ground, for thus does America in its hurly-burly pass by those who have helped to make its history; but situated in such wise that her own little sitting-room opened out upon "a grassy lawn . . . and beyond, far away in the distance, rolled the blue sea." It was that South which has ever furnished to American fiction the most saintly and brilliant of its heroines: Little Eva, Edna Earl, the Little Colonel and the Hard-Boiled Virgin. It was the South of pillared mansions, mint juleps, banjos, jasmine, mammies, goatees and Colonels, highbred gallants and horses, and faithful old black Catos crying "I'se comin', Massa!" wid de misery in de back. Yet we are told that it was but a worldly region where the young folk danced in the evening, rode out for pleasure

[1] From *The Bookman,* October, 1927. Reprinted by permission of the author and the publishers.

on the Sabbath, read secular newspapers, and engaged in worldly conversation before the coming of the little Elsie.

To cast no hint of shadow upon the auspicious entrance of the child into fiction, the mother died upon giving her birth. This mother's name she bore; and so closely did the little Elsie resemble the departed Elsie that the heart of the father was often troubled when he gazed upon her and a deep sigh escaped his lips; while around her neck she was thus privileged to wear a miniature set in gold and diamonds which she frequently drew from her breast at crucial moments and raised to her lips. Of the father, Mr. Travilla once fittingly said: "Were I asked to describe his character in a few words, I should say he is a man of indomitable will." His honor was unstained. Yet he was proud and worldly, seeing himself "not for what he really was in the sight of God, a guilty, hell-deserving sinner—lost, ruined and undone, but as quite deserving of the prosperity with which he had been blessed in the affairs of this world, and just as likely as anyone to be happy in the next!" In a word, a Southern gentleman. Horace Dinsmore—for such was his name—on his part acted well the rôle of ideal male parent of our heroine. Blaming the innocent child for the mother's death, he hastened instantly to Europe there to wander many years, perhaps in company with St. Elmo and those other Southern heroes whose hearts were but ruined fanes, leaving the small Elsie in the custody of others and granting her no place in his proud but passionate heart. Thus he paved the way for one of those complexes vitally necessary to the interpretation of any really great character: a sense of inferiority. The passionate adoration of the love-starved little heart for the unknown father supplied the other with splendid largesse. Of it we may say:

> O Complex thou wert great!
> And Electra was thy name.

But Elsie possessed likewise all of those more material things necessary to the childhood of the Victorian heroine: male and female persecutors, a pony, a mammy, blots in her copybook, a worn Bible, glossy curls, and an aching heart.

But another quality set Elsie apart as peculiarly destined to be a messenger to her time and place. She was a professing Christian. Miss Rose Allison, a young lady from the North visiting among the Dinsmores, and destined some day to stand in a nearer and

dearer relation to the little Elsie herself, had been "greatly pained by the utter disregard of the family in which she was sojourning for the teachings of God's word." That typical Southern family was to be led one by one to the cross through the persuasion and example of Elsie and the avenging wrath of Martha Finley.

As for Elsie herself, let her tell the story in her own words: "It was dear old mammy who first told me how He suffered and died on the cross for us." There was, moreover, a pious Scotch-woman, unable to open her lips without letting the *ains* and *aulds* tumble out, once a housekeeper in the home of the Dinsmores, who had early told the child of her total depravity and given her the blessed comfort of the tidings. Thus among the lowest began those teachings destined to spread through the example of our heroine to the highest reaches of the haughty and aristocratic Southern society and to bring it later to complete repudiation of the vile doctrine that men are descended from monkeys.

II

But to begin our story. For we have forty volumes before us. Now I shall point out to my readers the early workings of that golden complex from which Elsie drew that "ornament of a meek and quiet spirit" which has placed her upon the shelves of thousands of Sunday School libraries. It is a bonny day when our story opens. The Dinsmore children are gathered in the schoolroom at Roselands. There are the proud Louise, the high-spirited Lora, the impertinent Enna, the profligate Arthur; while apart from the others sits the one professing Christian, their step-niece the little eight-year-old Elsie. Of Miss Day, the governess, we have this significant description: "She was always more severe with Elsie than with any of her other pupils." All the while that Elsie is "bent over her writing, taking great pains," the profligate Arthur stands "jogging her elbow in such a way" that her fair copybook is ruined. Then we see all the others riding off gaily to the fair, leaving Elsie "weeping and sobbing" and taking out a small pocket Bible. Her inferiority is established.

But think not that the superior Dinsmores enjoy forever the fruits of their wordly scorn! You reckon not with the just spirit of Martha Finley. Let us take a peep into the future, for so the biographer is privileged to do. One by one we see the oppressors driven to repentance or hell. To Adelaide Dinsmore, always more

gentle to the little Elsie, God and the author are kind. They do but take away from her that one who was her all, thus enabling her to hearken to the comforting words of Elsie: "Perhaps He saw that you loved your friend too well, and would never give your heart to Jesus unless He took him away." With Lora, too, the avenging hand is mild. She is merely brought to the edge of eternity by runaway horses, after which she is glad to receive the consolations of Elsie interspersed with appropriate texts. But what of those others? We see the profligate Arthur slain in battle; the saucy Enna deserted by the scoundrel whom she had wilfully married; while apoplexy strikes the proud Louise in her prime and she must die without the blessed hope of a glorious eternity. Nor is the unjust governess forgotten by either Martha or God. Many volumes have passed. We see the rude structure of a log hut built in a wild spot and evidently the abode of pinching poverty. An invalid, blind and on the edge of the grave, reclines in a rude chair. It is Miss Day. But there is a still greater affliction. This wretched woman, we are told, had loved that very man now wedded to the little Elsie, and "there had been a time when she would almost have given her hopes of heaven for a return of her affection." What wonder that the *ci-devant* governess is ready now to receive from Elsie appropriate texts and tempting viands!

III

But modern psychology opens up to us the dawn of another complex.

The wanderer is returning. Elsie's thoughts are all of that father. "Oh! *Will* he *love* me? My own papa! will he let me love him? will he take me in his arms and call me his own darling child?" Weak would that complex be, and imperfect the character of our heroine, did Horace Dinsmore love his child upon sight. He greets her coldly. Many chapters are to pass before the father takes his child upon his knee, and an enormous amount of weeping and sobbing and Bible perusal accomplished by the little Elsie.

Meanwhile, the keen eye of the modern biographer is able to discern beneath passing events the meaning of the whole. In the great pattern of existence, the life of Elsie Dinsmore shows a two-fold purpose of its creator. One branch of this purpose is the ideal perfection of the character of our heroine herself; the other

is the salvation by her of Dixie impersonated in the proud and worldly Horace Dinsmore.

For we are told many times that our little Elsie is "not yet perfect." And without that second, more than golden—that diamond!—complex, so beneficently bestowed upon her by a far-seeing creator and now brought to light for the first time by an all-seeing biographer, it is plain that later generations would never have heard the name of Elsie Dinsmore. Elsie's life hereafter is but a cheerful carrying-out of the great commandment: Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land. Immediate, unquestioning obedience is demanded by Mr. Dinsmore. Many are the tests to which the little girl must submit through the long pages to determine the perfect subordination of her will to his. Our readers will recall them. Meat, hot cakes, sweetmeats and coffee—the most tempting viands of the South—are taken away from the unprotesting child and dry bread and water frequently substituted. She is separated from her little companions, forbidden to play jack-stones, sent away from the merrymaking to keep an early bedtime, and sits at the table in perfect silence eating whatever her father sees fit to put upon her plate. She is never allowed to ask why. "All you have to do is obey. Papa knows best." Under these highly favorable conditions, love for her father waxes stronger and stronger until it almost fills the little breast.

But in spite of her cheerful, unquestioning obedience, we must remember that our heroine is "not yet perfect." In fact, she stands in the greatest spiritual peril. It is all too likely that in her absorbing complex she will forget her Heavenly Father in submission to the earthly one. "Do you love Jesus?" the father wonderingly asks her. "Oh! yes, sir; very *very* much; even better than I love you, my own dear papa." But more and still severer tests must be visited upon our Elsie in all loving-kindness until the thesis of the biographer has been proved.

We may pass over the less agonizing of these ordeals until we come to that awful crisis forgotten by no disciple of the little heroine, and serving as well to bring upon the scene in his true importance one of whom we shall hear much hereafter: Mr. Travilla.

It is the Sabbath. At Roselands a goodly company is gathered. But ah, what a scene! "They were nearly all gentlemen, and were now collected in the drawing-room laughing, jesting, talking poli-

tics, and conversing with each other and the ladies upon various worldly topics, apparently quite forgetful that it was the Lord's day." One of the gentlemen has received a glowing account of the precocious musical talent of the little Elsie, and has now conceived a great desire to hear her play and sing. "I shall be most happy to gratify you," replies the proud young father. And he pulled the bell-rope. Ere she obeyed the call, Elsie "knelt down for a moment and prayed earnestly for strength to do right." For as luck would have it, it was a secular piece of music which the father had chosen for her display.

"Dear papa, you know this is the holy Sabbath day."

"Well, my daughter, and what of that? *I* consider this song perfectly proper to be sung today, and that ought to satisfy you."

"Dear papa, I *cannot* break the Sabbath."

It has been evident all along that Horace Dinsmore is one of those typical men who are stern but kind. He is now not even kind. He speaks in thundering tones:

"Elsie, you shall sit there until you obey me, though it shall be until tomorrow morning."

Hours passed. One by one the guests came in kindly mood to beg the child to obey her earthly father and commit the more deadly sin of disobeying that father who is in heaven. She answered with appropriate texts. Day passes into night. The child is alone—when suddenly, to the gentlemen conversing in the portico, there comes a sound as of something falling! It is Mr. Travilla who rushes into the drawing-room, raises the unconscious child in his arms, with her fair face, her curls, and her white dress all dabbled in blood, while he addresses to Mr. Dinsmore those thrilling words that have rung down the ages:

"Dinsmore, you're a brute!"

IV

Surely it has been proved that the little Elsie loves her Heavenly Father! Mr. Dinsmore was made to tremble with fear that the gentle spirit had taken its flight; and while nothing could break his indomitable will, she was not forced to play the song until the dawn of a secular week-day. But do not forget that we are viewing this life, not merely from a single, but from a double viewpoint! Horace Dinsmore must be brought to his knees.

Well into the second volume, when he has grown dearly to love his little daughter, often passing his hand caressingly over the glossy curls and holding her for hours upon his knee, the insidious process begins unseen by any but the biographer. Mr. Dinsmore falls ill of a low fever. Ah, these were happy days for the little Elsie! And she proved a capital nurse, so that her father grew almost to reciprocate the violence of the complex. But there are breakers ahead. Our author warns us with appropriate texts and quotations from the poets.

> Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy,

and again:

> The storm of grief bears hard upon her youth,
> And bends her, like a drooping flower, to earth.

That dreadful Sabbath rolls 'round again. Mr. Dinsmore, his feverish mind weary at last of appropriate texts even when read by that sweet voice, bids Elsie bring the book that she was reading yesterday. Oh, now we are approaching a catastrophe even more awful than the fall from the piano stool! For as luck would have it, this book was "simply a fictitious moral tale, without a particle of religious truth in it, and, Elsie's conscience told her, entirely unfit for Sabbath reading." Now must our little Southern beauty be tested sure enough!

"Oh, papa, please do not ask me to read that book today."

"Elsie, I do not *ask* you to read that book, I *command* you to do it, and what is more, *I intend to be obeyed.*"

The italics are Martha Finley's.

In every way the child is tested. "Why, my daughter," the father says in gentler mood, "I have seen ministers reading worse books than that on the Sabbath." Even that does not move her. She is banished from the presence of her suffering father, to see him no more until she comes ready to offer cheerful, instant, implicit obedience to *his word.* Elsie had never before got through such a quantity of weeping and sobbing, while her little Bible was well-nigh worn to shreds. But Mr. Dinsmore's word was as the laws of the Medes and Persians, his indomitable will remained unbroken, he refused to come to the Saviour; and even when he was brought to death's door by the shock of his child's disobedience, her meek and gentle spirit did not yield. At length he decided to leave her.

Once more he would try to forget his sorrow by European wanderings. He left without one kiss.

"When thus left alone the little Elsie fell upon her knees, weeping and sobbing." From that day she pined. Still the tests came thicker and thicker upon her. Some were in the nature of worldly temptations. For Elsie was not yet perfect. She was led through the rooms of a splendid mansion, fitted with every elegance that could be supplied by taste, money and the advantages of foreign travel, and told that if she would but yield she might live there by her father's side. Finally came the awful news that if she remained obdurate, her father had determined to send her to a convent.

Then the overburdened little heart broke indeed.

"Save me! Tell papa I would rather he would kill me at once than send me to such a place."

For even before the organization of the first knights of the pillowslip, the horrors of such abodes of wickedness were well known. Although Elsie might not peruse novels, we are told that "much of her reading had been on the subject of Popery and Papal institutions; she had pored over histories of the terrible tortures of the Inquisition, and stories of martyrs and captive nuns." Her views on the subject, indeed, have quite a modern ring.

"They will try to make me go to mass, and pray to the Virgin, and bow down to the crucifixes; and when I refuse, they will put me in a dungeon and torture me. They will hide me from papa when he comes, and tell him that I want to take the veil, and refuse to see him; or else they will say that I am dead and buried."

To those familiar with the processes of fiction, it will be no astonishment to learn that ere morning Elsie had fallen into a raving fit of brain fever; that her glossy curls were all severed; and that when the agonized father at last returned, he found his daughter tossing and raving in the wildest delirium, now shrieking with fear, now laughing an unnatural hysterical laugh, with the soft light in her eyes changed to the glare of insanity. The father paced his room like a caged lion. But still he did not acknowledge his Saviour. Then Martha Finley decided upon a stroke so daring that none but a genius might venture its use. Since the indomitable will of the Southern gentleman refused to break when his child tottered on the brink of the grave, Martha would push her over! We see the doctor turning to his fellow-watchers with a look there was no mistaking. We hear others than Elsie weeping and sobbing. And

the father? What of him? Ah, glorious tidings! For when a little packet was thrust into his hand, containing the worn Bible and a glossy curl from his lost darling, his indomitable will *broke* and he acknowledged the loving-kindness of his Saviour! . . . Even better than that, to the human heart of the reader, are the tidings that "it was his turn now to long, with an *unutterable* longing, for one caress."

"Quick! quick! Aunt Chloe, throw open that shutter wide. I thought I felt a little warmth about the heart, and—yes! yes! there *is* a slight quivering of the eyelid. She may live yet!"

When the father next saw his darling, he told her welcome news.

"I have learned to look upon you now, not as absolutely my own, but as belonging first to Him, and only lent to me for a time; and I know that I will have to give an account of my stewardship. And now, dear one, we are travelling the same road at last."

V

Ah, these were happy days for the little Elsie! Her father promised her to bring the servants together every morning and evening for family worship. We are told that the two were more like lovers than like father and daughter. One complex answered another. And even when the father took to wife that sincere professing Christian, Miss Rose Allison, the little Elsie did not lose first place in his heart. He lavished upon her pearl necklaces, two or three gold watches, and a dear little pony. But Elsie was now indeed perfect. Still her father exacted immediate, implicit, unquestioning obedience; but only as a steward.

And Elsie's Heavenly Father likewise was stern but kind. A few minor trials for the Dinsmores are scattered through the next thirty-eight volumes, but I doubt if ever a typical Southern family has been so blessed. Elsie's hair returned in ringlets. As she grew, she received many offers of marriage from the neighboring planters. But, as her father told her while he folded her to his heart: "My darling, you are mine. You belong entirely to me." While Elsie returned "Yes, papa," looking up with the same loving smile. Once a villain wooed her. But to her papa's stern commands she yielded only immediate, implicit, unquestioning obedience. And that "papa knew best" was justified when she discovered that the wretch to whom she had all but yielded the treasure of her lips "had been

tried for man-slaughter and forgery, found guilty on both charges, and sentenced to the State's Prison." Mr. Dinsmore took his daughter abroad where counts, lords, and dukes hung upon her smiles and threw their coronets at her feet. But her heart was reserved for the one who had in secret loved her for years. "Oh, my darling—could you, is it—can it be—" It was. Ah, these were sad days for Mr. Dinsmore! "My precious one, I don't know how to resign you to another." But do not fear the introduction of sex into the story of our perfect heroine. This is a biography for Boston. We are told that there was "indeed nothing sentimental" in the conduct of the lovers; "their courtship was disturbed by no feverish heat of passion." The fortunate lover? Oh—Mr. Travilla!

Ever after, Martha Finley watches over the Dinsmores. When Civil War hits the South, they are fortunately embarked upon a long stay in Europe, their fortunes invested in foreign bonds, and their mansion set back from the road to escape the eyes of Yankee marauders. Elsie passes many years with her loved ones at the home of Mr. Travilla. She seems to grow younger with each passing page; and so gloriously has the inspiration of her complexes stood her in stead, that upon her fiftieth birthday we are told with great particularity that there are no silver threads in her hair and no lines in her forehead or about the mouth or eyes—she is still worthy to be loved. Many happy times are in store for the family which increases rapidly volume by volume. Elsie yachted, Elsie visited Nantucket, Elsie journeyed on inland waters, Elsie went to the World's Fair.

Nor was she fated always to be separated from dear papa's side. Mr. Travilla, ever kind and generous, and lacking only the indomitable will to be also a perfect Southern gentleman, chivalrously relinquished his claim. Sorrowfully we reach a volume entitled "Elsie's Widowhood."

Ah, these were happy days for the little Elsie! She had dear papa forever by her side and was privileged to yield him the most cheerful obedience. Once again Grandmother Elsie sat upon his knee while he passed his hand caressingly over the glossy curls. "My own! Was ever father blessed with so sweet a daughter?" And when she thought of Mr. Travilla, she had the ineffable consolation of knowing how well it was with him.

Still the volumes pass. Infinite now are the little Horaces and

the little Elsies. Still the days of our heroine are long in the land. Sad? Ah, you forget the well-worn Bible. Proud of her riches? Still the golden sense of inferiority glitters above that other gold. Widowed? But it is so well with him! Does she think with sorrow of the long unbroken obedience of her life? Not when she looks into the mirror and sees not one line of care upon her youthful brow. Does she regret, perchance, that she has never known the worldly pleasures of dancing, Sunday travelling and the like? Not when she glances around her and sees relatives, friends and even chance acquaintances all brought to the cross; rich, but counting themselves only as stewards; and the old secular conversation exchanged for merry discourses on "the claims of Home and Foreign Missions, the perils threatening their country from illiteracy, anarchy, heathenism, Mormonism, Popery, Infidelity &c.—anxious first of all for the advancement of God's kingdom and secondly for the welfare and prosperity of the dear land of their birth, the glorious old Union transmitted to us by our revolutionary fathers!" The worldly Dixie is no more.

VI

And Martha Finley? She has told us, with appropriate texts, all that we need to know of God. But what of her? There is the long labor of her lifetime to attest her fundamental doctrines and her emotional complexes. Her teachings are plain. To both the earthly and the heavenly fathers, immediate, cheerful, implicit, unquestioning obedience. A woman craves a master. But much as Elsie loved dear papa, did a few softer dreams hover about the figure of Mr. Travilla? Still we hear his sweet whisper: "Marry me, my darling, and you shall do as you please for the rest of your life." Still his "brute" rings in our ears. Once or twice, before Elsie was yet perfect, a shadow of rebellion swelled her gentle breast. Did it never heave also the womanly, Christian bosom of Martha Finley? Seemingly not. And yet . . .

There are two occasions: slight, yet yielding a wealth of subtle suggestion to the keen insight of the biographer. We remember that moment when a friend, congratulating Elsie upon the noble partner of her choice, let fall the murmur: "A man should be considerably older than his wife, that she may find it easier to look up to him." And there may have been just a tinge of vicarious tart-

ness in the post-marital speech of Mr. Travilla when, refusing gallantly to avail himself of his privilege to command, he said: "I sometimes think, my darling, that you have had enough of obeying to last you the rest of your life."

The rest is silence.

ROBIN REDBREAST[1]

ROBERT LITTELL

> EUROPE: Thy coming is like unto the dawning of the morning! (*making a gesture toward America's attendants*) What radiant beings are these? (*Thoughtfully*) Methinks they look like old-time friends.
>
> AMERICA: Prosperity and Progress. They are ever with me.

THE above lines are from a four-act play called "The New Patriotism," which is only one of many dulcet items in this book by an assistant principal in a New York school. I did not realize, nor do I believe that many of us realize, the full horror of the vanilla patriotism to which our public-school children are exposed. Miss Niemeier's collection of dramatized ice-cream cones is a revelation.

Some of these plays (all of which will in due course of time be acted somewhere by innocent youngsters in clean collars and white dresses) are semi-historical, others are highly imaginary allegories. There is "George Washington at the Helm of State," "Our Country's Flag," "News of the Adoption of the Constitution," "Thanksgiving Time in Plymouth," and then there are "The Joys of the New Year," "Arbor Day or Bird Day in the Woods," "The Meaning of Labor Day," and "A Visit from Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus."

They are worthy, well laundered, high-minded, pure and noble efforts, calculated to instill into children that Americanism which salutes the flag and washes thoroughly behind the ears. They put into the mouths of Founding Fathers words which would make Washington, Jefferson, Franklin and even Roosevelt, whose generous system was capable of digesting almost any variety of patriotism, slightly seasick.

Here are "Perseverance and Doubt, expressing widely different opinions," here is "Gay little Everyday," who "drops in unexpectedly and succeeds in giving everybody a stolen glimpse of the joys

[1] From *The New Republic*, April 25, 1928. Reprinted by permission of the author and the publishers.

that each month of the year is preparing." Here is Martha Washington, interrupting an important conference: "How now, Mr. President George Washington! should affairs of state make you forget the midday meal?" Here is Prudence, speaking to Betsy Ross: "This little room, behind thy dead husband's shop at 239 Arch Street, will be a hallowed spot. . . ." Here is Queen Isabella backing up Columbus: "Almost I see a vision like unto it." Here is Santa Claus: "That will give me time to dash down to Sadie's house." Here is America "taking South America by the hand," and saying, "My own dear people" . . . Here is the Tenth Scout, "eagerly mounting the platform and speaking in clear, ringing tones accompanied by forceful gestures": "Know the past, aye, and the glorious present of your country!" Here is Jessie, "clasping her hands": "The entertainment in school today made me love Mother's Day." Here is January Joy, "bringing long winter evenings for bowling," and February Joy, with "two beloved days wherever the American Flag waves," and May Joy ("a carpet of green and maidens fair"), and September Joy, "dressed in green with touches of brown and red," who "slips in and takes August by the arm."

Free speech or no free speech, I would be delighted to see a law passed which prohibited drowning sensible, natural, unself-conscious American kids in this kind of adult goo-goo. However, I doubt very much if the children get any great good from it, or take it very seriously, or remember it very long. In many ways children are better protected against slop than grown-ups, and, of course, their native capacity to resist all kinds of predigested education is infinite. Still, it isn't pleasant to think that some of the youngsters who take part in Miss Niemeier's plays will come out from under them with pink ribbon tied permanently around their souls.

How much better it would be to let the children write their own plays from what they have read and understood of American history. Miss Niemeier has apparently left absolutely nothing at all to the children's own initiative or originality. Even their gestures and tones of voice are plotted out for them. They must speak "soothingly," or "indignantly," or "firmly," or "softly but firmly," or "scornfully," or "jubilantly," or "joyfully," or "breathlessly," or "gleefully," or "merrily," or "heartily," or "longingly," or "brightly," or "coaxingly," or "snappily," or "manfully," or "reverently," or with "enthusiasm," "dignity," "decision," "diffidence," or

"grave thoughtfulness." They must "strike an oratorical attitude," "whirl off with a merry laugh," "view the statue with satisfaction," "rock contentedly," "stand up and scatter the blossoms," "move their fingers quickly to imitate rain-drops," "jump up and down with delight," or "burst spontaneously into song." And what a song:

> Robin Redbreast, we love you
> And your nest of birdlings too!

I have tried, by a strong dose of quotations, to communicate the peculiar feeling of disgust and despair which this book produced in me. Despair, because it is undoubtedly typical of what is sprayed over the children in many of our public schools. If they don't get it in plays—and, thank heaven, not all school-teachers are as gifted as Miss Niemeier—they get it in the text-books, in what the teachers say to them, in the pansy and peppermint atmosphere which almost goes with the attempt, by grown-ups, to fill children full of reverence, idealism and civic pride. It seems that a large portion of our public education is a sort of dew-droppy West Point with lavender-minded females as drill-sergeants.

Here it is in a nutshell, in the stage directions for Act III of "Arbor Day or Bird Day in the Woods." "A band of happy children, led by their teacher, visit these Spring-decked woods, pick the flowers, spare the roots and the trees, watch and discuss the birds, listen to a bird record, then sing their 'Robin Redbreast Song' and go home." Go home and, I hope, forget all about it.

Some of Miss Niemeier's indirect teaching is a bit more than just woodsy and sentimental. It feeds, quite without knowing that it does, the most sinister passion of mankind, the itch to be like everybody else and force everybody else to be like you. In the play, "One Country, One Flag, One Language," designed for performance on Roosevelt's birthday, children are taught to be ashamed of the language of their or their parents' birth and chuck it overboard.

> CAPTAIN OF SCOUTS: But, schoolmates dear, the parents of those little children are still foreigners—foreigners on America's soil.
>
> GIRL: That's right! My father claims that we allowed every European to bring a bit of Europe with him.
>
> ANOTHER GIRL: They live in that bit, speak their foreign language, and read their foreign-tongued newspaper.

CAPTAIN: Theodore Roosevelt worked hard to overcome that evil.

SCOUTS (*all*): Americanize the foreigner! Americanize America!

CAPTAIN: The jargon our people speak should never be heard in America. (*Emphatically*) We have room for but *one* language here, and that is the English language. (*Cries*: Hear! Hear! Hear!)

SIXTH SCOUT: The members of our Roosevelt Club have resolved to speak only the ENGLISH language in our homes, on the streets, to our parents and to our sisters and brothers.

But this is not the worst. In "The Meaning of Labor Day" the boy who refuses to celebrate or work and prefers to go fishing is scared into conformity by a crowd of laborers wearing paper masks and led by a witch. Not unnaturally, he is "terror stricken, drops his rod, springs up, and faces them," and, of course, comes around to the majority way of seeing things. I never suspected that the methods of the Ku Klux Klan were being instilled into the school-children of New York City. Neither, I am sure, does Miss Niemeier. She simply didn't know it was loaded.

HUCKLEBERRY FINN[1]

JOHN ERSKINE

"YOU don't know about me without you have read a book by the name of 'The Adventures of Tom Sawyer'; but that ain't no matter," says Huckleberry Finn. He is quite right. We can understand his masterly story even if we have not read the book to which it is the sequel, but most Americans have read both, and a comparison of them helps us to see the greatness of the later one. In the preface to *Tom Sawyer* Mark Twain tells us he is drawing on his own memories of boyhood, and hopes to entertain young readers, but he adds that older folk may be interested in the picture of the Middle West, around 1850, and in the incidental record of the odd superstitions which were then prevalent among children and slaves.

In *Huckleberry Finn* the superstitions still appear, and the story certainly fascinates boys and girls, but mature readers value it for the rich picture of human nature, a satirical picture, if you will, but mellow and kind. In the preface to this book Mark Twain calls our attention to the various dialects the characters use, but it is hard not to believe his own interest was chiefly in providing us with our first and still our best account of Main Street—of the small community, narrow as to their virtues and their vices, and starved in their imaginations, all but the children and the most childlike among them.

Since the *Adventures of Tom Sawyer* and the later book have the same background and much the same characters, it looks as though Mark Twain must have discovered his true subject during the eight years which separated the stories. Huckleberry Finn tells us far more than he knows; through his native confessions we see the panorama of his world and become sophisticated. We are really studying ourselves. In the earlier books, however, we have episodes of boyhood, rather loosely strung together, with one terrific

[1] From *The Delight of Great Books*, by John Erskine, Copyright 1928. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs Merrill Company.

stroke of melodrama to help out the plot. No doubt *Tom Sawyer* would be enjoyed by young people even if *Huckleberry Finn* did not lend it fame and keep it alive, but taken by itself it now seems a rather poorly constructed book. The story is built up with anecdotes, each one complete in itself, and none developed beyond the point of the joke.

In this early book Tom Sawyer interests us by his love of mischief and by his exuberant fancy. He contrives more than the usual share of histrionics; other boys make believe, but Tom dramatizes his boyish sentimentality on the grand scale, and we have the suspicion that by emphasizing and isolating the boy, Mark Twain gets the total picture of life out of focus, and makes it difficult for us to interpret the exceptional events in terms of the normal parts of his story.

These comments on the earlier book may help us to see why we instinctively admire *Huckleberry Finn*. The same elements reappear, the same characters, though new persons enter the tale, the same scene is described, though Huckleberry and the negro Jim have their chief adventures down the river on a raft, and the spirit of adventure in boyhood again is the central theme of the book. But this time the elements are arranged in a proportion which convinces us, and we are sure the picture is true.

When you sit down to write a novel, you find you must have something besides characters and a plot; you must have a philosophy of life. You must decide, for example, what parts of experience are worth writing about, and then you must make up your mind how to dispose of the other parts. Most men and women will take sides on the question whether it is the exceptional experience we should consider important, or whether any experience would seem exceptional if we attached importance to it. Our temperament dictates the answer, but we usually frame it in some kind of philosophy. There are novelists who believe that humdrum experience, the typical daily round of all of us, is the proper material for fiction, and that the novelists, by bearing down hard on it, may bring out the grain of significance under the smoothworn surface. Another kind of artist portrays the average life remorselessly, to show that it is even less significant than it seems. He is the satirist, and he shows himself frequently in American literature to-day, a strong critic of narrowness and meanness, especially as observed in village life. A third kind of story-teller, with perhaps the same dislike of

what is familiar and trite, turns resolutely to fresh material, to the unusual event; he looks, as we say, for an escape from the world which shuts him in.

In *Huckleberry Finn* Mark Twain is all three kinds of story-teller at once. He gives us a kindly picture of men and women in very small towns along the river, people with no heroic experience, who yet find their lives of considerable importance to themselves. There is a satiric picture, too, an intermittent glimpse into the smallness of human nature. Huckleberry has learned how to make use of men by appealing to their mean side. When the two oarsmen come near the raft and almost discover the runaway slave, Huckleberry saves Jim by inviting them to come on board and minister to the crew. There's a mild case of smallpox, he explains, and the two men row away, after giving him forty dollars, to salve their conscience for thus denying the appeal of the sick.

The way in which the realistic elements and the satiric are combined with extraordinary adventure might well be the envy and the admiration of any novelist. The quiet river towns which Mark Twain remembered from his youth had something of the frontier still; violent death varied the monotony, from time to time, and the outcasts of older parts of the world chanced along, for shelter, or for a last opportunity to play their tricks in a place where they weren't known. The law-abiding portions of the community would condemn such interruptions of the peace, but they would also be fairly hardened to them. If a novelist tried to tell us now that the performance of the two quacks in *Romeo and Juliet*, or in the *Royal Nonesuch*, was ever accepted by any American community we should probably decline to believe him. But when we watch these rascals and their doings through the eyes of Huckleberry Finn, we are free to believe them as exceptional as we please, yet we understand perfectly why the boy took them for granted. Huckleberry has had a bringing-up which has prepared him to be surprised at nothing. We know that his approach to life is peculiar; if his judgments are not those of the average person, we know why they aren't, and we know just how far they depart from the normal, and he has our sympathy. Mark Twain manipulated his material, therefore, so that the most outrageous melodrama could present itself as matter of fact, through the medium of Huckleberry's temperament, and even while we are rearranging the values, and

discerning what the boy was blind to, we like him, and concede that he is true to life.

He is not supposed to be an average boy, like Tom Sawyer; he is the son of the village drunkard, a waif who grows up uneducated and uncared for, so far as the community can see. Parents warn their children not to play with him; the schoolmaster whips any boy who is caught in his society. He frankly smokes a corn-cob pipe; he always wears a tattered hat; trousers and shirt are all his dress; he carries a dead cat by the tail, because he considers a dead cat a treasure, and believes it is good magic.

Huckleberry is explained by his father. The elder Finn is as thorough a study of good-for-nothing propensities as we are likely to find in literature. Whenever he can, he drinks himself into a mad fit, and becomes rather dangerous. Huckleberry sits up all night in the hut on the island, with his father's gun in hand, for fear it may be necessary to blow his father's brains out. But in his sober moments the man is even uglier; when he asks Huckleberry next morning what he is doing with the gun, the boy knows he had better invent at once an elaborate lie about a thief who tried to get in during the night.

This extraordinary parent just escapes being lynched for a crime which, oddly enough, he didn't commit, but afterward he is shot in the back during a drunken brawl in a disorderly house. Huckleberry is rather fond of his father—thoroughly afraid of him, of course, and critical of his worst excesses, yet disposed to enjoy the less dangerous periods of his society. From him and from nature has come all the boy's education. His father's temper taught Huckleberry the advantages of falsehood; lying is the better part of discourse, he thinks, one's natural protection against society. He is modest about it, he always believes that Tom Sawyer could make up a far handsomer story, being a superior boy who has had advantages, but we can't see much room for improvement in the gorgeous fables Huckleberry improvises at the slightest challenge of fate. His father's changeable moods taught him also to expect anything of life.

Huckleberry's mother does not exist, so far as the story is concerned. We may imagine her the victim of her husband's brutality, if we are so inclined, and we may endow her with enough virtues to account for her son's kind heart and gentle instincts. But Mark Twain is at his best when he leaves her history a blank. Huckle-

berry's isolation is complete, and we are under no compulsion to measure him by the accustomed traditions of society.

The handling of the romantic or melodramatic elements in the story can be admired from another angle also. Though the life of the small village may seem unduly quiet, it is the person from the city who chiefly finds it dull; the people involved in it often are aware of excitements. Of course the excitements come at long intervals, and they are cherished most often as scandal. Every small community has its stories about this woman or that man, stories which are often wild enough and improbable, but they really happened. But if a whole and steady view of life seems to us desirable, we can admire the way in which Mark Twain allows us to enjoy the wild adventures of Huckleberry, and at the same time shows us, in the not too remote background, a just picture of the folks who will talk about such experiences, but to whom they will never come. It is extraordinary that this balance is preserved through so long a succession of wild episodes; but even at the end, we still are aware of some surprise when a new accident occurs, we still consider ourselves the inhabitants of a quite normal world.

Several technical devices for securing this sense of the normal, for convincing us that the eccentric character is eccentric, no matter how often he appears, can easily be recognized by any one who knows the formulas of literary criticism. We can see, for example, that the characters speak for themselves. Though Huckleberry is telling the story, he reports conversations fully, and rarely makes a comment. This is the ancient rule for rendering character vividly, but it is easier to state the principle than to follow it. When the two rascals, driven out of town simultaneously by enraged mobs, happen to meet on the raft, Huck and Jim are wise enough to say nothing until the new arrivals disclose themselves. The younger man, diagnosing their simplicity, as he thinks, breaks the news that he is a duke in disguise, and that his rank entitles him to the only comfortable bed in the raft. Jim and Huck don't care; they know he isn't a duke, but he might as well have the bed. The older man, however, is not so complacent, and in a few moments he has confessed that he is really the lost Dauphin of France, by rights a king. The conversations of the king and the duke are among the great passages of dramatic satire. They know they are not fooling each other, they pretend to be deceiving the negro and the boy, and yet we half think they would have kept up the nonsense even if

they had been alone, so strong in them was the instinct for imposture. The device is the strictly dramatic one of omitting comment and letting the characters talk, but the formula is used here by a genius.

It would be in the sound tradition of criticism to say also that Mark Twain established a human scale throughout by descriptions of nature. The broad and changing river, the starry nights, the fogs, the glorious storms, refer us constantly to a scheme of things against which man even at his best would seem small. When the first heavy rain makes the river rise, and sweeps away whole villages in the flood, Huck and Jim paddle over to a rather substantial wreck of a house and climb in through the window. Wise as he is in much wickedness, Huckleberry seems not to know what sort of house this was before it was swept away, but we see clearly enough. At the time he doesn't know that the murdered man they find in a corner of the room is his own father. We are too much interested ourselves, perhaps, in the description of the room and in the finding of the corpse to grasp the full irony, but later it comes upon us, the contrast between that mighty flood and the wretched occupations it put an end to.

But when we have said this about the descriptions of nature in the story, we ought to add that perhaps Mark Twain put them in for no other reason than his love of them. The joy in grand aspects of weather is so evident that their effect on the story may well have been a happy result, not altogether intended. It is a pagan love of nature—and we might say, a typically American love of the thing for itself, without asking what it means.

The book owes more of its fame than we sometimes recognize to the portrait of the negro, Jim, who runs away from a good home and from the neighborhood of his wife and children because he has reason to fear he may be sold down the river. He is the one elaborate picture we have of the negro slave before the war, and in a community in which owner and slave alike take slavery very much for granted. Mrs. Stowe's famous book is full of correct observation; she gives us no doubt a fair account of slavery at its happiest—along with other reports which some Southerners will always think exaggerated. But *Uncle Tom's Cabin* remains a discussion of slavery as an issue in justice; the problem colors every sentence in the book. There must have been thousands of families in which the issue never suggested itself. That is the version of slavery

which Mark Twain has given us—the picture of good Christian homes in which the slaves were as natural an incident as any other human relation. Even as propaganda, if *Huckleberry Finn* had been written early enough to serve that purpose, it would have been more subtly convincing than Mrs. Stowe's book, for the dramatic method, without preaching of any kind, here stirs the emotions deeply.

One of the moving themes of the story is Huck's uneasiness over the fact that by accident he is helping a "nigger" to run away. He has his own code of morality, where property is concerned; he doesn't wish to be a thief. The refinements of honesty, so to speak, he had learned from his father, who always said it was wrong to take what was another man's, unless you had the intention of paying it back sometime. When he and Jim found themselves obliged to rob orchards and gardens, in order to maintain life, they quieted their conscience by making it a rule never to steal all they could. Crab-apples, for instance, they always left untouched. But when it came to stealing niggers! On the other hand, when he thought of Jim's kindness to him, of the negro's terror of the plantations from which he could never hope to return to his wife and children, Huckleberry was in a tangle. He did go so far as to write Miss Watson and tell her where Jim could be found, but he couldn't bring himself to post the letter. "It was a tight place. I took it up and held it in my hand. I was a-trembling, because I'd got to decide, forever, betwixt two things, and I knowed it. I studied a minute, sort of holding my breath, and then says to myself:

" 'All right, then, I'll *go* to hell,' and tore it up."

Though our sympathy for the slave is profound, we are allowed to see the negro on more sides of his character than Mrs. Stowe may have been aware of. She knew that the colored race was deeply religious, but she took religion to mean the reading of the Bible and the attendance on a Christian church. Uncle Tom is religious in this sense. What we have more recently learned to appreciate, the wealth of folk-lore, superstition and mysticism which still seems to be the inheritance of negroes, even when they live among the whites, Mrs. Stowe did not portray. Mark Twain makes the most of it; he shows us the African in Jim, the ignorance which to the casual white seems absurd, but which really is connected with powers the white does not share. Altogether he is a wonderful creation, the more remarkable for the matter-of-fact way

in which he is presented, without emphasis or exaggeration. He does not take the important place in the scene—Huckleberry remains the hero of the story, but when we have laid the book down, the patient inscrutable black, with his warm heart and his child-like wisdom, remains not the least vivid of our memories.

Whether the portrait of the Grangerfords and the Shepherdsons, in their famous feud, is true to historical fact, those must decide who know the regions of the South before the war where this feud is supposed to occur. But there is no question that the persons seem real, and that the satire on the follies of human nature bites rather deep in this part of the story. Here again the fact that Huckleberry is telling the story serves to secure a splendid literary effect. Nothing in the book is told with greater restraint, and nothing is quite so tragic. The restraint is art, but it seems the work of nature, because Huck wishes, as he says, to hurry over the details—he tries not to remember them for fear they may spoil his sleep. Yet out of the tragedy the reader seizes a noble emotion. When you reflect on the wickedness of feuds and duels, as on the wickedness of war, you may be troubled that a noble emotion should be roused by such material, but when you let yourself go uncritically you can enjoy the courage, the chivalry, the romance which Mark Twain has put into this episode.

At the end of the story Tom Sawyer reappears. He comes to the place where Jim has been captured as a runaway slave, and Huck is hoping to contrive an escape. Tom happens to know that Jim is no longer a slave, but a freeman. The idea of getting him out of his prison, however, is too fruitful to be resisted; Tom begins to make believe—the log cabin becomes a dungeon—the methods of release must be as elaborate as though there were a moat and high walls to cross, and valiant guards to beat down. From this point on, the story lags. The adventures which Tom imagines are cheap after the real dangers Huck and Jim have gone through. We wonder whether this effect of anticlimax was accidental or intended. Did Mark Twain wish to draw this comparison between the genuine experience and the fanciful? Whether he did or not, the contrast is there.

For that reason I have thought it not unjust to compare the two stories to the advantage of *Huckleberry Finn*. We always think of them together, and here at the close of his masterpiece the author sets the two boys side by side for us to look at. *Tom Sawyer* is a

fine story, but the other is one of those books which occur all too rarely in a national literature, a book so close to the life of the people that it can hold any reader, and yet so subtle in its art that the craftsman tries to find out how it was done. I don't see why we shouldn't recognize it as a masterpiece now, without waiting for posterity to cast any more votes. Indeed, we thought a while ago that the ballot was closed. But recently it has been suggested that Mark Twain, poor man, missed his full development as an artist, that American life in his time was not sophisticated enough in matters of art to demand of him perfect workmanship, or to applaud when he gave it. Well, that sort of argument breaks down when we ask to see what men have written who were more fortunately placed than he, and when we set their work beside his. Some things he wrote will suffer by the comparison, but not the *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn.*

REGIONALISM IN THE MIDDLE WEST[1]

JOSEPH E. BAKER

DEFINITELY a product of our growing regional consciousness, yet not consciously a part of the regionalist movement, Ruth Suckow's *The Folks* raises a question of vital importance in American culture. It is a novel written to illustrate a theory, a theory that challenges certain assumptions which had become literary convention a few years ago. Very seldom does an author write a magazine article telling what ought to be done and then settle down quietly to devote four years to doing it. But to understand the significance of the very title of *The Folks* one must go back to an article by Ruth Sockow in *Scribner's* in 1930, where she protested against the superficial interpretation of America as standardized, lacking in variety, rootless. Her article was one of the manifestos of the year which marked the end of the twenties in a more than chronological sense:

> I do not see how it would be possible for any one to travel across country by automobile . . . and arrive at either coast with a remembrance made up wholly of noise, dirt, mechanical industry, and ugly provincialism. His memory of towns must be interspersed with that of farm lands teeming with abundance, crops of every description, deserts inhabited only by burrowing animals and fantastic cacti, great rivers, mountains, chasms, and forests. He must travel with the blinders of prejudice and preconception if he perceives only what is alike, and not what is different. He has driven through the brick-built, pre-revolutionary village of McVeytown, Penn., and through brand-new Tulsa, Oklahoma. He has caught varied glimpses of the spirit of the country in the settled prosperity of the plain frame houses of the Middle West and the delicate and forlorn distinction of white Southern houses in a pleasantly dilapidated landscape; in the new settlements of tourist cabins that shelter a huge nomad population; and those deserted mining towns where pack-rats scamper over decaying floors

[1] From the *American Review*, March, 1935. Reprinted by permission of the author and the publishers.

in shacks with broken windows. At the end of such a journey, the much-talked-of standardization of gasoline-stations and chain stores seems nothing but a hasty superstructure erected of necessity . . . to bridge the mighty gaps of an overwhelming variety.

But it is all American—no one can doubt that. Something deeply homogeneous binds together the extravagant differences. It comes out in the catchwords and slogans; . . . in the confidently friendly approach of strangers met by chance at the same table in a coffee-shop; in the final question of the waitress in the Western restaurant: "Have you folks had all you want?" Generous, easy-going, well-met, obtuse, and naïve, friendly first and suspicious only later—it is quite unlike the hard, integrated peasant simplicity of the folk of Europe. It is the "folks" spirit.

Thus she called upon the intelligentsia "to cease chasing 'folk art' and to understand the real basis of American civilization—the folks." "The whole matter may be summed up in this: the folk idea in America has become the idea of 'folks'." In the similarity and difference between the two words she finds the similarity and difference between the basis of European culture and what should be the basis of American culture. We do not have the customs of a peasant folk, but we have the equally colorful customs of the family, "the folks."

The Christmas-tree, lighted with candles and festooned with popcorn, with its tip touching the ceiling, held presents for everybody, later distributed by the most restless class of boys and the prettiest class of girls. . . . The schoolroom . . . decorated for the Thanksgiving program with corn-stalks, pumpkins, autumn leaves, and pictures of turkey gobblers drawn in colored chalks on the blackboards. . . . The lore and legend so prized by the best Americans when it gilds the lives of the heroes of ancient foreign lands tried to make a beginning in the tale of George Washington's cherry-tree and Lincoln's funny stories. . . . No one could claim that the high schools were not likely centers of communal amusements. . . .

Yet this is the very period when serious division began. The rebellious children of this era grew up to be more rebellious still, until most of them broke away from the folks life altogether. When they searched for a folk art, they went elsewhere. People who would travel any distance to see the Spanish church processions in New Mexico, for example, are not

> apt to recognize the old Christmas Eve program as in any way related to a church festival. . . . Today we have the spectacle of a whole tribe of aesthetic nomads, a flock of cuckoo birds, always trying to make their homes in nests that other birds have builded. Many have gone clear abroad; but even more are now abroad in their own country. New York, of course, is the stronghold; but there are a handful of other American cities where they may find an exotic, and therefore artistic, atmosphere—San Francisco, New Orleans, Santa Fe.

In *The Folks* the daughter Margaret typifies the aesthete who breaks away from the sane, prosaic life of a Middle-Western small town and is infatuated with the "artily Spanish" Santa Fe and the decadence of Greenwich Village—in New York, where "the past didn't count any more." In Spengler's language (for Ruth Suckow's photograph of the great city gives a concrete illustration of the analysis in *The Hour of Decision*) Margaret "sinks to the bottom" and becomes a part of the aesthetic underworld of New York, hating "ethical, religious, national ideas, marriage for the sake of children, the family, state authority." The novelist makes it clear that Margaret is nothing in herself: she is as completely devoid of artistic genius as she is devoid of brains and of normal instincts. She is attracted by any cheap and "smarty" fashion that can be made to sound shocking:

> Still, she wasn't going to be judged any more by Harry and Carl. They would be out of place among people who lived in New York and talked about music, and sex, and perversion. The wonderful Dr. Finkbein was interested—she could see it in the alertness of his eyes, and feel it in his body as he pressed close to her, breathing too near her face. Now it seemed that all the old values were overturned. . . . When she told them that she had been fired from the Normal, she achieved her greatest success. . . .
>
> Now the gin was gone and they were all eating hot dogs and drinking coffee out of chipped Italian pottery cups. Jane embraced Margaret, and hid her head, wailing. There was Lossie's apartment! Daggie had the key. Lossie had left it with him when she got a chance to go abroad as secretary to that woman with the sandals and fillets who was going to revive the ancient arts of Greece.

In this passage New York is satirized from the point of view of

the "hinterland"; in contrast to the literature of the 1920's which preferred to satirize the "hinterland" from the point of view of New York. This is one of the chief differences between the Middle-Western writers who dominated the twenties (Anderson, Lewis, Dreiser, Masters) and the regionalists who are leading one of the live literary movements of the thirties. *The Folks,* lacking in suspense and drama, is not very important for its story, but it is important for the attitude of the author and the promise that perhaps the Middle West is beginning to stand on its own feet, to forget the inferiority complex which has afflicted its creative work up to the present.

The new determination to develop the cultural wealth native to each different region of America has come late to the Middle West, having already established a foothold in the South, the Southwest, and Old New England. At the very turn of the decade, in 1930, a group of Southern regionalists issued a manifesto under the title *I'll Take My Stand.* Since that, the movement has developed an extremely interesting body of critical discussion—giving currency to a new interpretation of American society, creating, in Matthew Arnold's phrase, the sort of "stir and growth" out of which may "come the creative epochs of literature." One of the most significant developments in this growth was the acquisition of an organ of expression when the *Bookman* was changed to *The American Review* in 1933—particularly valuable because *The American Review* is interested in cognate movements, such as Humanism and Distributism, which will tend to save regionalism from complacent provinciality and provide the needed cultural and economic accompaniment. The South has a number of regional periodicals of the very best type, but it was only a few months ago that the *Midwest* was founded in Chicago, protesting that this region, which has produced so many of the American novelists, poets, and critics for a generation, should abandon the self-deprecating attitude of a giant that fails to recognize his own strength. "Some day the Middle West will awaken to realize what a tradition lies behind it in American letters. And then it will stop letting New York steal its people to vitiate them with its stale culture, and exhaust them with its worn-out creeds." But the *Midwest* was weak just where *The American Review* and the Southern periodicals have been strong: it failed to relate regionalism to other profound intellectual currents of our decade that are flowing into America from Europe—

but are flowing around New York, leaving "our greatest foreign city" in a sort of Cockney isolation, still mulling over the "worn-out creeds" of the twenties.

Though the Middle West still lacks its own periodical, it does have individuals who are doing important pioneering work. Paul Robert Beath, one of this group who is preparing an anthology of regional tales, is a Middle-Westerner, and I know of no one who has phrased more neatly than he the difference between the regionalist and the Marxian views as to the immediate function of the artist in America. And in *The Folks*, by another Middle-Westerner, we have the first popular success in the new regional literature of the Middle West. It gives us an unsurpassed picture of the people of Iowa (and of Middle-Westerners in New York and California) painted with a superb selection of the details which suggest the genuine atmosphere. And if we have got beyond the fashions of the twenties, this does not mean that we have turned back to the older local-color school, for the local-color school gave us nothing like this study of the socially typical:

> There was a dreadful wrench of loneliness in the onward-rushing noise of the train, in the rattle of the couplings, when at noon she went unsteadily through the Pullman coaches to the dining car. The coffee joggled in her cup, and not even the silver shine of the cover that the colored waiter lifted with a cherishing flourish from her platter of sweetbreads could take away the solemn finality of the backward rush of country she was leaving. All the little towns they were passing made her think of home. . . . The train stopped, and she stared out at another brown-and-yellow depot, another town that—with its vacant lots across the tracks, and its asphalted street under shady trees leading to the business section past a dingy old frame house with a shingled tower—might just as well have been Belmond. . . . The country itself was shadowed over with the feeling that she could find no acceptance in it. It belonged to the folks and the folks' ideas . . . the great rolling country, where the rough stubble was getting brown in the fields, the autumn was drying the rich pastures.

But that is just the great defect of the novel. It does not show the folks' ideas. A sound regional literature would reveal what Middle-Westerners think; would recognize, for example, the political agrarianism that is continually springing up in the Middle

West. Men, Ruth Suckow shows only in so far as their lives touch household affairs—and consequently she leaves the impression that Middle-Western business men never talk about business or politics! Her folks do not read—but publishers' statistics show that they do read. In 1930 she recognized that "The colleges were not set apart from the life of the 'folks.' They were right in the center of it." But in this book about the only thing we are told concerning Carl in college is that he was so good-natured as to wash dishes for his landlady! His reaction to the world's ideas, which no one can escape in college, does not seem to interest the author. Now contact with college graduates in Middle-Western towns will show that college has made a great deal of difference to them. A true picture of the Middle West would not fail to show the high value it places on the traditional culture of the Occident—a culture originated soon after Greece had been the Wild West, transmitted by Rome when she was on the marches of civilization, developed by France and England when they were just out of the period of conquering a new "West." To be on the western center of the white man's civilization has always been an advantage. But this novel would leave us with a conception of a Middle West which could never have produced the Middle-Western universities, could never have produced the Middle-Western symphony orchestras or art galleries or contributions to science, or the "Globe Theatre" Elizabethan staging of Shakespeare. Some critics have hailed *The Folks* as a complete picture of the Middle West. This is not only absurd, it is condescending, insulting, and ignorant, with the impertinent ignorance that we are trying to get away from.

A book that told us everything about Iowans would tell us everything about Herbert Hoover, Henry Wallace, and the School of Letters at the University of Iowa. What we are given is merely the same old picture used by the satirists of the twenties, with the satire removed—a photograph, real as far as it goes, but cut off across the top so that the men have no heads above the eyes. It still misses the inner reality which some future literary genius, looking with his own eyes, will see. What would we think of a picture of Scotland that left out the University of Edinburgh and failed to indicate the soil that grew Burns and Carlyle, or argued that Carlyle was being disloyal to his "folks" when he applied German thought to French history to point a moral for English "liberals"? His Scotch roots were perhaps deeper by the very height

that he raised his head into the upper air, where the strong winds of his century were blowing—or rather the winds of the centuries, for Carlyle rose that high: he could see a "practical-devotional" monk of the twelfth century, and he could see the "New Spiritual Pythons, plenty of them," that America would have to fight; and he was none the less Scotch:

> . . . Enormous Megatherions, as ugly as were ever born of mud, loom huge and hideous out of the twilight Future on America; and she will have her own agony, and her own victory, but on other terms than she is yet quite aware of.

When Carlyle was in London, his roots were still in Scotland. He needed a strong grip. When our Middle-Western authors, before Ruth Suckow, migrated to New York, they preferred to transplant their minds, and it is little wonder that their "intellectual" life failed to go high, as it failed to go deep. With the horizon shut in, with no perspective, a reviewer in a New York "literary" journal even today is capable of referring to our nearest past, the Victorian Age, as "primeval"! Depth, height, and vision go together, and I am not sure that all of our Regionalists realize this. One of the mud-ugliest Megatherions we have to fight today is the deadly lie that we can separate the life lived by European mankind, in any given region of the world, from the past experience of European mankind, without paying the penalty of reversion to barbarism. *The Folks* shows us a land without any gentlemen, and happily that is not a true picture of the Middle West. Indeed, if we accepted the picture as final, we would have to assume that the Middle West could never produce a Sandburg, a Rolvaag, or a Ruth Suckow.

If we accept this picture as final, the Middle West will cease to produce Sandburgs, Rolvaags, and Ruth Suckows, for "nature imitates art," and a people tends to model itself upon the picture of itself which is conventionally accepted as sound. It is poor pedagogy for a prophet to say to unformed people: "You are incapable of rising above material interests and empty conventions; you are predestined to hopeless triviality; you are congenital lowbrows." The flattering answer comes, "Yes, I suppose we are," followed only too soon by, "And we are proud of it; what are you doing here?" —and the arts have a new enemy. Doubtless many a barbarian was confirmed in his barbarism by contact with an Alexandrian aesthete, only to be converted to the rudiments of European culture when he

was told that he had a valuable soul worth saving. And when, centuries later, Hellenic culture, having lost its superciliousness, finally did reach the Northern peoples with the message that man is noble in reason and infinite in faculty, the results were encouraging. To the superficial sight of a Sinclair Lewis, what a ridiculous place Stratford-on-Avon would have been, infinitely more Philistine than Gopher Prairie, Middletown, Winesburg, or Belmond. And what conventional, dull, warm-hearted, narrow, awkward people Ruth Suckow would show us in portraying a shop-keeper's family devoted to wool-selling and social climbing. We might grant her that the Italianate Englishman, uprooted, is worse, and still wonder if we had the whole truth. Must we always have an opposition between "native" and "culture"? Might we not discover, even here in Stratford, something of a "native culture" not afraid to feed on ideas from distant lands and distant ages? Even in Belmond, Iowa, we suspect that there are some great books to read, and that someone reads them.

Or to take a closer parallel: Balzac in *Cousin Bette* says that the Slavic race "has spread like an inundation and now covers an immense portion of the earth's surface. It inhabits deserts where the free space is so vast that its peoples feel at their ease; it rubs shoulders with no other races (as the European nations do), and civilization is impossible without the constant friction of ideas and interests." We read that, and it sounds plausible, and we think immediately of the Middle-Western parallel, and we might be tempted to despair, had not Tolstoy shown us, from within, what provincial Slavic life is really like. After Tolstoy, it would be impossible to accept the neat and superficial generalization by the Parisian. But the Middle West has had no Tolstoy, so that it is still possible to give too much credence to what Stevenson called "the spectral unreality of realistic books."

This is not breaking a butterfly upon a wheel. *The Folks* is anything but a butterfly; it is a massive work of more than seven hundred full pages. Moreover, the novel has been presented to us with claims that challenge the comparison we have made, and it has been hailed by reviewers, in their generous way, as doing considerably more than it does. But if we recognize the limitations of the novel, and the dangers it suggests which confront Middle-Western writers in this crucial period of our literature, we must admit that what Ruth Suckow has done she has done well. She has given us

an unusually faithful record of social transition touching four generations. So far as the characters are concerned, she does the social transition a little too well; they tend to be types, studied from the outside, sociologically, the Inhibited Carl, the Rebel Margaret, the typical Iowa retired banker going to California, the Communist challenging the mores of the folks, the rootless Hollywood-bridge-expert type of man, whom the author unfortunately refers to, quite seriously, as masculine. (Her men, as I have pointed out, are not whole men.) But if it is an external, "scientific" study it is at least not a caricature. And her scenes live. They catch the group spirit, the feeling, the atmosphere, of the Middle-Western farms, churches, streets, homes, band concerts, schools—presented not as if they were static, but changing, as living organisms change, with the growth of the century. The novel takes us beyond the satire of the twenties, and it is a promise of solider literature to come.

A WESTMINSTER ABBEY IRONY[1]

THE Dean of Westminster's prompt willingness to sanction the burial of Thomas Hardy in the Abbey is not without its elements of irony, though it meets the mind of the nation, and also makes a breach in the theological wall which has in the past made the test of orthodox Christian faith a whimsy of Deans. It restores the idea that the Abbey is the proper shrine for men of all sides of great achievement. In these latter days Hardy's fame was so massive that a refusal on the part of the Dean would have raised a storm which would have reverberated through the land and played its part in the dissatisfaction with mere ecclesiasticism which was behind the rejection of the Prayer Book. Some other Dean, however, might have vetoed the public demand, and it is instructive to recall that George Meredith, Hardy's nearest fellow novelist and poet, was excluded from the Abbey in 1910, when the desire to have him buried there was indorsed by the Prime Minister of the day, Lord Oxford.

There is something seriously lacking in the administration of our Cathedrals which leaves the Deans—who are usually chosen as Disraeli said in one of his inspired flippancies because of their dogma —the deciding voice in these matters. Meredith was just as entitled as Hardy to burial in the Abbey. He preached the same artistic theology that "In tragic life, God wot, no villain need be; we are betrayed by what is false within." His nature poems, like Hardy's are perhaps the chief part of his philosophic work, full of "hard weather" and depicting man as of the very essence of the soil to which the body returns. Meredith's women rank, too, with Hardy's as among the most wonderful portraits in English fiction and in the true line of the heroines of Shakespeare and Scott. There may have been more enchantment, and a more tonic accent, in some of Meredith's writings. But both were great Pantheists as well as great writers. They should have had the same national sepulcher.

Even now Hardy might not have been taken into the Abbey if he had died in the height of the controversy over "Tess" and "Jude

[1] From the Westminster *Gazette*, January 14, 1928. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

the Obscure"; the most discussed but not the most esteemed of his novels, these being "The Mayor of Casterbridge," "The Return of the Native," and "The Woodlanders"—that glorious book in which you can hear the sap running in the trees. Some who believe Hardy was entitled to this tribute and agree that he should have been offered it, may still think it more appropriate that he should have been buried in his native Wessex, as he expressed a wish to be. But Hardy's relatives should know best whether he would have been willing to accept the homage of a national burial. It is certainly not likely that he could have expressed such a wish in his will. It would not have been like the man. We think that all these considerations should be put aside in view of the recognition made by the authorities, with the full indorsement of public opinion, that our men of letters count as much as our successful statesmen, soldiers, and sailors. This is a hard doctrine to get into the consciousness of the average man. Yet there never was an age in which it was more necessary to challenge the material estimate of merit and reward. As Prof. Ernest Barker said, in his charming essay in our columns on Wednesday, "we rise a little toward the stature of the dead when we pay a heartfelt tribute to their memory." We regard the burial of Thomas Hardy in the Abbey as one of the spiritual victories of the day.

SKILL HUNGER[1]

BODILY hunger has driven man to find ways of getting food. He has pushed back the shadows of forests and planted fields and gardens. He has drained marshes and irrigated arid regions. He has invented sustenance for himself and his family. There is no more impelling motive to effort in all the range of human existence than hunger—except the sight of a starving child for whose nourishment one has a responsibility.

Professor Jacks has called attention to another kind of hunger which is general to mankind—an urge to something even beyond what one has achieved, a craving for skill. It is the repeated satisfaction of this hunger, ever renewed, that results in mental growth and the highest sort of happiness. It is often questioned whether education has increased happiness in the individual. It may be that the mere addition of information does not contribute to the making of a happier human being. But the continuing struggle for higher skill in some worthy field of human effort—"creative activity" is the phrase most often used to describe it—not only brings nourishment of spirit and happiness but adds to the wealth of the world in terms of human intellectual values. The greatest skills of the greatest number may determine the greatest good of the greatest number. Certainly it would if the choice of skills were wise—and that does not mean if the skills merely produced materially valuable things.

Plutarch remarks, in his essay on Pericles, that he who busies himself in mean occupations produces, in the very pains he takes about things of little or no use, an evidence against himself of his negligence and indisposition to do what is really good. But the something which one does with infinite pains may be of good in the development of the individual who does it, even if the product is not of valuable substance. Ismenias could not have been a "wretched being," for he was an "excellent" piper. Alexander the Great need not have been ashamed, as his practical father, Philip of

[1] From the New York *Times*, November 20, 1931. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

Macedon, thought he should have been, for playing a piece of music so charmingly and skillfully. Leisure "hobbies" are for increasing numbers who cannot find in the narrow range of their vocations their salvation.

The mind's desire for excellence in something is a mystery, but it does after all suggest the course which our education must take in the development not only of the child but also of the man and woman to the end of their lives. And with this sort of training should be given, as Dr. Jacks suggests in his three "reforms," a larger place to physical education and the appreciation of beauty.

CHARACTER OR KNOWLEDGE[1]

ROBERT MAYNARD HUTCHINS, who quit as head of the Yale Law School to become president of Chicago University at an "extravagantly young" age, as Thomas Beer would say, has blighted one more old chestnut in the current issue of *The Yale Review*. "Universities," he says, "have developed the idea in parents, or parents have developed it in universities, that the institution is in some way responsible for the moral, social, physical, and intellectual welfare of the student. This is very nice for the parents; it is hard on the universities, for besides being expensive, it deflects them from their main task, which is the advancement of knowledge." ". . . sooner or later," Mr. Hutchins adds, "the university must take the position that the student should not be sent to the university unless he is independent and intelligent enough to go there."

No doubt, Mr. Hutchins will have a lot of explaining to do when the boys get their knives working. For he has attacked, almost casually, one of the oldest "vested interests" in the university world. How many professors, dull, obtuse, with no imaginative grasp of their own subject matter, have fled for refuge to the word "character"! It long ago became the favorite rock of a particular type of schoolmaster who admired the English of Eton's playing fields above all other people; "character," to this type of teacher, became synonymous with a kind of pigheaded, uncomprehending loyalty to a set of first principles bequeathed by the past to the present, a set of first principles whose dead hand it should be the initial prerogative of the student to question, lest he go through his life a walking ghost of a dead age. In America, the proponents of "character development" have produced the "beef-eater," whose "muscular Christianity" became a byword to the "esthete." And the "esthete" himself was called into being as the dialectical opposite of the type smiled upon by the character builders. "Character" has produced hundreds of graduates—names on request, though the interrogator must be sworn to secrecy—with the brain-

[1] From *The Saturday Review of Literature*, July 15, 1933. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

pans of dinosaurs, graduates who lumber about in the grooves set for them in adolescence. Fruitful thinkers along social lines developed by the American universities have, by and large, been the few fortunate souls who have escaped the character-moulding processes. We give you Thorstein Veblen, Sinclair Lewis, Edmund Wilson, to name a few Yale and Princeton graduates. Harvard, most hospitable to the eccentric, and of all American universities least addicted to the official shaping of character, has, perhaps, contributed more good men to the arts and sciences than any other institution. And for a very good reason.

The bearing of all this on books should be obvious. Character builders would keep the young away from the type of book which promotes skepticism of the values dear to the heart of the pedagogue in question. This is the very negation of education, which is, or ought to be, an exposure to all books on all questions. The character builders of the World War epoch in American education, who sedulously kept their students away from the German tongue and German works in the interests of creating and conditioning a certain type of graduate, were only one cut above Hitler. We say "one cut above," for the fact of the War was perhaps too much for mortal men to handle. Yet German was certainly just as much of an intellectual tool, the key to scientific works as well as cultural, in 1917 as it is today. Mr. Hutchins deserves the thanks of those who believe knowledge comes from exposure to books—*all* books.

THE HISTORY OF STUDENT RESIDENTIAL HOUSING[1]

W. H. COWLEY

TO ACHIEVE an understanding of the present-day residential housing situation for students in the American college and university one must review with some care the pressures from the past which have produced it. One of three major philosophies, developed largely from historical accidents, has consciously or unconsciously dominated the thinking of every dormitory builder and every student residence planner since the erection of Old College at Harvard in 1642.[2] These philosophies can neither be comprehended nor evaluated without being traced both to and from their sources. An awareness of the influences of former times may be expected to illuminate and perhaps to give better direction to present and future practises.

STUDENT HOUSING IN THE MIDDLE AGES

Housing, whether for citizens or for students, always becomes a problem when population takes a sudden turn upward. How and where to house students became a matter of concern in the universities of the Middle Ages chiefly because thousands of *vagantes*, or wandering students, flocked to the seats of learning at Bologna and Paris and Oxford. In the thirteenth century, Paris and Bologna enrolled from six to seven thousand students, and during the Middle

[1] From *School and Society*, December 1 and 8, 1934. Reprinted by permission of the author and The Science Press. The type of writing exemplified in this paper is found in the technical and scholarly journals rather than in the general magazines, and is the form that students are usually expected to follow in writing a "term paper." It should be noted that the author supports by evidence all statements for which he takes the responsibility, and that he gives careful reference to the source for all statements made on the authority of other investigators so that their validity may be examined.—Editors.

[2] Samuel Eliot Morison, *The Founding of Harvard College*, p. 257 and p. 271. Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1935.

Ages Oxford offered instruction to from 1500 to 3000.[3] That the influx of these hordes of students created a housing problem of considerable magnitude is clear when one remembers that medieval cities seldom numbered more than five thousand people.[4]

Moreover, these multitudes of students were practically all in their teens, and the majority of them not over 14 or 15.[5] Although they organized into self-governing (and faculty-governing) groups, the need for discipline and control grew the more they fought among themselves, with the townsmen and with the civil and ecclesiastical authorities. Many students, furthermore, were poverty-stricken. Sons of wealthy men could hire suites or houses for themselves and their retinues, but some provision became necessary for the poor *beneficiarii* whose resources often amounted to no more than the scant clothes upon their backs. In the early days of Bologna and Paris students lived anywhere they could find lodging. Some rented garrets, some boarded with masters, still others with townsmen, and a few took over houses of their own. Slowly from this confusion there grew up a housing plan which, in its general outlines, has continued at Oxford and Cambridge ever since.

Some time during the twelfth century the students at Bologna began to withdraw from the homes of townsmen and masters and to organize into groups called *socii*. They hired houses and set up establishments known as *hospicia* or hostels. The plan spread to Paris and to Oxford. At the former they were first called paedagogies and at the latter halls and colleges. Each group elected one of its number to manage its affairs. On the Continent these leaders were known as regents or paedagogues and at Oxford as principals.[6] The university had no control over either the halls or their principals.[7] They were democratic, self-governing groups which set up their own financial and disciplinary regulations and their own methods of enforcement. Each student maintained his personal autonomy,

[3] H. Rashdall, *The Universities in Europe in the Middle Ages*, Vol. II, pp. 581-590. Oxford, 1895.

[4] Werner Sombart, *Der Moderne Kapitalismus*, Vol. I, p. 215 ff. Munchen und Leipzig: Verlag von Duncker und Humbolt, 1924.

[5] Rashdall, *op. cit.*, Vol. II, p. 604. Also: *Report of the Royal Commission on Oxford and Cambridge Universities*, p. 9. London: His Majesty's Stationery Office, 1922.

[6] H. Rashdall, *The Universities of Europe in the Middle Ages*, Vol. I, p. 481. Oxford, 1895.

[7] *Ibid.*, Vol. II, p. 607.

however, and could move freely from one establishment to another if he found the food or his associates or the discipline distasteful.

THE GROWTH OF THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE COLLEGES

In the course of time special hostels were organized and endowed by pious founders to provide residences for the poorer students. According to Rashdall,[8] these establishments were "mere eleemosynary institutions for poor boys. . . . The objective of the . . . founders was simply to secure board and lodging for poor students who could not pay for it themselves." Over these endowed hostels or *domus pauperum* the universities gradually asserted authority. They began by insisting upon approving the principals or paedagogues elected by the students. Soon thereafter they took over the prerogative of nominating the principals, and with this arrangement well established they appointed older students, and later members of the faculty. By the time Elizabeth came to the throne of England, the complete responsibility of the university authorities for the halls had been permanently fixed.

Meanwhile the ability of the student to move from one *hospicium* to another had been limited first at Paris and then at Oxford and Cambridge. In 1452 the chancellor of Paris ruled that no paedagogue could receive into his house a student who had left another *paedagogium* to avoid correction. Five years later he ordered that all students were required to live in paedagogies and that no new halls could be established without his permission. In the course of two centuries the houses which students had established on their own initiative had passed entirely from their control into the hands of the university authorities.

The Oxford and Cambridge colleges of to-day have come down through the centuries step by step, following this chain of developments. After 1284, when John Peckham, Archbishop of Canterbury, spoke of Walter of Merton as the "founder and planter of your college," the endowed halls at Oxford and Cambridge came in time to be known as colleges. At the beginning of the fourteenth century three colleges and 300 halls were flourishing at Oxford, but by the beginning of the sixteenth century 10 colleges had appeared and the number of halls had been reduced to 55. To-day Oxford[9]

[8] H. Rashdall, *op. cit.*, Vol. I, pp. 482 and 495.

[9] Cambridge comprises 18 colleges for men and two for women.

is made up of 23 colleges, all separate corporations, one public hall and seven private halls. One of the colleges and four of the halls are for women. They are all, as at Cambridge, under the control of the faculties. Student self-government has slowly worn away through the centuries.

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF COLLEGES ON THE CONTINENT

The residential colleges at Oxford and Cambridge were duplicated from the fourteenth to the eighteenth centuries in France and from the fourteenth to the sixteenth centuries in Germany. During the fourteenth century 40 colleges were in operation at the University of Paris. The collegiate system, indeed, originated at Paris and had been taken over to Oxford and Cambridge during the middle of the thirteenth century. In Germany,[10] upon the founding of the great universities during the 150 years preceding the Reformation, halls or *Bursen* were organized. The Reformation, however, changed the structure of the universities of Central Europe, and the Bursen[11] disappeared to give place, in the course of time, to the boarding house system in vogue to-day. The French retained their colleges more tenaciously, but all educational institutions in France closed their doors during the Revolution. Upon their reorganization in 1808 the residential foundations vanished.

Besides the Reformation and Revolution other factors contributed to the abandonment of the residential system in continental countries. Before the Lutheran revolt all members of German faculties were required to live in *Bursenzwanz* or celibacy. The great majority of them, therefore, were clerics who favored the monastic mores of their orders. In about 500 St. Benedict had brought to Europe the monastic system which had become so prominent a part of the religious life of the East and the Near East. He substituted, however, group life for the eremitical practises which predominated among oriental Christians. The establishment of the Benedictine and later orders and the setting up of monasteries influenced all the life of the Middle Ages and in turn had its effect upon the universities. With the break from the church which followed Luther's theses, the monastic system waned in Germany. As it waned in religious

[10] Frederick Paulsen, *Geschichte des Gelehrten Unterrichts,* Vol. I, pp. 260-261. Leipzig: Verlag von Veit und Comp., 1919.

[11] Wilhelm Bruchmüller, *Der Leipzigen Student, 1409-1909,* p. 142 ff. Leipzig: Teubner, 1909.

groups it all but disappeared from the universities. Members of the faculty married, the clerical garb which scholars had universally worn gave way to civilian dress, and the majority of students were no longer clerks reading for holy orders.

The German *Bursen*, moreover, had been of a different character from the French and English halls. Large sleeping rooms or dormitories were more common than the smaller studies and bedrooms in France and England. Students, sometimes as many as 200, slept in large rooms, and often at the command of their provincial rulers they lived in barracks, better to be hardened for military service. The disappearance of the monastic system brought these large sleeping apartments into disrepute because of their close resemblance to the dormitories of the religious orders. The *Bursen*, in fact, disappeared entirely.

Still another factor entered into the situation. Both German and French educators, during the latter part of the eighteenth century, under the influence of the Encyclopedists, gave all their enthusiasm to scholarship and the advancement of knowledge. What monies they had available they preferred to devote to instruction and research. When the University of Berlin was established in 1809 no provisions were made for the housing of students, not only because the need of dormitories was no longer apparent but also because the leading spirits in its founding preferred to put all their emphasis upon spreading the frontiers of knowledge. But following the characteristic British method of procedure, Oxford and Cambridge muddled through with the college system which they had inherited from Paris. The insularity of England protected it from the direct impact of both the Reformation and the Revolution, and the colleges continued in the original Continental design.

THE AMERICAN HERITAGE FROM ENGLAND

If the Reformation and the French Revolution, with their attendant influences upon Continental education, can be thought of as historical accidents, then the colonization of America, chiefly by Englishmen, may be similarly characterized. The present American system of higher education obviously would not and could not have been developed had Frenchmen or Spaniards dominated America. The colonial American college followed the British pattern because its founders knew no other. More than twoscore Cambridge grad-

uates migrated to the Massachusetts Bay Colony during its first three decades, and naturally enough they brought with them a predilection in favor of the educational structures which they knew in England. With the exception of James Blair, founder of William and Mary, who had been graduated at Edinburgh, all the founders of the colonial colleges were Oxford and Cambridge graduates or Americans who had been educated in England or in the early American colleges established by Englishmen.

The British background of the pre-revolutionary college organizers had more to do with the establishment of residential colleges in America than any other factor. There were, however, several others of importance. College students of the seventeenth century usually entered at 13 or 14 years of age, and since communities were small and travel difficult it was to be expected that the college would board and room them. The founders, moreover, were all devoutly religious men who conceived of the college more as a religious institution than as a seat of learning. Students had souls to be saved and the early faculties were bent upon saving them. To have a student entirely under their control from the 5 A.M. rising time until lights out at 9 gave them the opportunity they sought to minister continuously to the souls' welfare of their charges. Professors and tutors were expected to pray regularly, morning and evening, with their students, and if a youngster misbehaved they believed with certainty that they were exorcising the devil when they whipped him.

It should be observed that the heritage from England by no means completely controlled early American institutions. In both Oxford and Cambridge the universities consisted of a growing number of independent foundations or colleges. In America the collegiate system never developed, chiefly because of the sparsity of the population and its relative poverty. One college at Harvard, one at William and Mary and one at Yale were all that the founders could achieve. They may have had plans for universities such as those in England, but the environmental forces of pioneer America directed their energies into the establishment of institutions which were English in general point of view, but American in implementation. Thus English precedences implanted the residential principle, but American contingencies modified it to fit the colonial situation. In time American colleges and universities were to grow as large and even larger than those in England, but meanwhile

English ties had been broken and the American college followed its own course of development. Dormitory buildings were erected, but the British system of coordinate colleges came in for no serious thought until Wilson[12] tried unsuccessfully to introduce it at Princeton in 1905, and Harvard and Yale inaugurated their house plans in the late twenties.

The chief point of difference between the British and American philosophies of student residential housing has amounted to this: at Oxford and Cambridge the residential colleges developed into highly significant educational agencies; in America dormitories during the nineteenth century became little more than body shelters. The British have used their housing units to bring dons and students together, not only for formal individual conferences upon their academic work but also for social and intellectual intercourse. Kept small by design, the colleges have supplied the Empire with men at once splendidly trained intellectually and admirably cultivated socially. Without labeling oneself an Anglophile one can assert with assurance that Oxford and Cambridge have come nearer satisfying the scholar-and-gentleman ideal than the universities of any other nation.

The early American college might have developed in much the same fashion, had not the pioneer situation and more particularly the bogey of student discipline persistently interfered. Oxford and Cambridge tutors were fortunately relieved of practically all disciplinary responsibilities during the eighteenth century.[13] Deans, proctors and bedels were charged with keeping the peace, and the dons were unhampered by the necessity of enforcing administrative regulations. From this student-teacher relationship the Oxford and Cambridge intellectual and social esprit has grown and flowered.

In America, on the other hand, the faculty member living in the dormitory became the student's natural enemy. Circumstances made him a martinet, and conscientiously he lived up to his responsibilities. The results are well known. Student riots and rebellions against the faculty have bespattered the historical records of every American college up until the inception of athletics and extra-curricular activi-

[12] Princeton had made an unsuccessful attempt in 1818 to introduce the British tutorial system. See Varnum Lensing Collins, *Princeton,* pp. 134-135. New York: Oxford University Press, 1914.

[13] Ralph Durand, *Oxford, Its Buildings and Gardens,* p. 28. London: Grant Richards, 1909. Also V. L. Collins, *op. cit.,* p. 191.

ties in the last decades of the nineteenth century. Students lived under the suspicious eyes of clergyman-professors who, as one historian remarks, were "also required to be detectives, sheriffs, and prosecuting attorneys." "It was my privilege," wrote President White,[14] describing his experiences as an undergraduate at Hobart, "to behold a professor, an excellent clergyman, seeking to quell hideous riot in a student's room, buried under a heap of carpets, mattresses, counterpanes, and blankets; to see another clerical professor forced to retire through the panel of a door under a shower of lexicons, boots and brushes, and to see even the president himself, on one occasion, obliged to leave his lecture-room by a ladder from a window, and, on another, kept at bay by a shower of beer-bottles."

At Dartmouth unpopular members of the faculty were visited by groups of students who would stand outside their windows and blow tin horns late into the night. At Princeton in 1802 the students burned down Nassau Hall, the only college building, and in 1814 for no particular reason they set fire to one of its outhouses and again almost wrecked the hall itself by exploding two pounds of gunpowder in a corridor. A few years earlier the undergraduate body at Williams, chafing under the severities of several of the tutors, petitioned their removal, and when President Olds refused to treat with them the entire junior class stayed away from recitations for almost a week. At Yale in 1828 the food at the commons precipitated the famous "Bread and Butter Rebellion." Two years later the sophomore class none too politely declined to recite their mathematics as the rules required, and the riots that ensued have come down in history as the "Conic Section Rebellion." W. H. Prescott, one of America's leading historians, lost an eye when, as a Harvard sophomore, he participated in a Commons uprising. About the same time a Harvard tutor was so severely beaten by undergraduates that he went through the remainder of his life with a limp. And many were the black eyes and bruised skulls nursed by students and faculty alike.

These citations might be multiplied, but they are enough to demonstrate the faculty-student antipathy in nineteenth century American colleges. Fortunately, Oxford and Cambridge, either by accident or design, avoided these catastrophies by separating their proctoring and instructional functions. Students and tutors became

[14] *Autobiography of Andrew Dickson White,* Vol. I, pp. 18-20. New York: The Century Company, 1905.

intellectual and often close friends, while in America they battled one another. The more cordial the relationships of the English don and student grew, the more liberal became the instructional procedures. The rigid rules of the proctors and bedels[15] have been unchanged for centuries, but the academic abracadabra of compulsory class attendance, point systems and daily quizzes typical of the American college never appeared. The individual student has been put upon his own in a stimulating educational environment.

Meanwhile disciplinary problems in the American college took on such importance that the dormitory never developed into a meeting place of expanding minds. The office of tutor brought from England in the early days disappeared entirely by the middle of the nineteenth century. Residence halls became places for students merely to sleep, to eat and occasionally to study. The opportunity to make them the core of the educational program has been lost in the disciplinary muddle. The attempts being made to-day at Harvard and Yale to reclaim the dormitory for educational purposes will very likely be successful, but the typical American college will perforce follow the American rather than the British pattern.

THE PARTIAL DISINTEGRATION IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

Chiefly because of the messiness and magnitude of the disciplinary problem dormitories came in for a series of attacks during the nineteenth century. In 1830 a speaker at a convention held in connection with the founding of New York University inveighed against dormitories because of the importance which discipline had assumed. His reasoning[16] proceeded as follows:

> It is proper to touch here one peculiar feature of the system of education of the United States . . . , namely, the collegiate life. It is, historically as well as by the name itself, well known to be of monkish origin; it is the remnant of the habit of educating youth in convents; it is the constant source of dissension between the faculty and the student. . . . The education of the young man and its corporal feeding must be separated. A

[15] Called bulldogs by undergraduates.

[16] F. Hasler, *Journal of the Proceedings of a Convention of Literary and Scientific Gentlemen*, pp. 262-263. Common Council Chamber of the City of New York, October, 1830. New York: Leavitt and Carvill, 1831. (Reprinted by New York University, 1933.)

> place where a college is placed must afford the student the means of decent living; if it does not, it shows that it is too much secluded from the society of men, to be able to educate a man for the society he is destined to enter.

President Henry Philip Tappan, of the University of Michigan, led the onslaught in the fifties, following the point of view early expressed by the New York University speaker and by President Francis Wayland of Brown. He had been a professor at New York University and, soon after becoming the president of Michigan in 1852, he converted the one dormitory that had been built into classrooms. He expressed the philosophy behind his action as follows:[17]

> The dormitory system is objectionable in itself. By withdrawing young men from the influences of domestic circles, and separating them from the community, they are often led to contract evil habits, and are prone to fall into disorderly conduct. It is a mere remnant of the monkish cloisters of the Middle Ages, still retained in England, but banished from the universities of Germany.

One of the historians of the University of Michigan further illuminated the Tappan point of view when he wrote in 1891 that:[18]

> . . . To a certain extent the system of espionage is a necessary concomitant of dormitories, and their abolition was the beginning of a broader and more liberal method of discipline. The charm of dormitory life—for such a charm there doubtless is—was exchanged for the ordinary life of an ordinary lodger. The result was twofold at least. In the first place, it prevented to a great extent concerted attempts at practical jokes and more serious follies of college life, which do not add to proficiency in studies or to the dignity of young manhood, and, secondly, it made the students feel to some extent that they were not a distinct and privileged order of beings, but were of the same clay as the rest of the world around them. . . .

The Tappan philosophy rapidly predominated in the Middle West and West, but there were other points of attack besides discipline. In the first place, Tappan had become enamored of German

[17] Henry S. Frieze, *A Memorial Discourse on the Life and Services of Henry Philip Tappan*, p. 35.

[18] Andrew C. McLaughlin, *History of Higher Education in Michigan*, p. 52. Bureau of Education Circular of Information No. 4, 1891. Washington: Government Printing Office, 1891.

as opposed to British educational ideology. German thought had begun to attract attention in the United States early in the century upon the occasion of the publication of Madame de Staël's book, *Germany*. In 1829 John Griscon's book, *A Year in Europe,* appeared, followed in 1831 by an English translation from the French of M. Victor Couzens' *Report on the State of Public Instruction in Prussia.* These volumes found no American reader more interested than Dr. Tappan, who later traveled in Germany and brought home with him the conviction that the Prussian educational system must be "acknowledged to be the most perfect educational system in the world." He made every attempt, therefore, to transplant the Prussian program to the University of Michigan and to the schools of the state.

Since German universities paid no attention to students outside of the classroom and since they insisted that they find their own social life and boarding and rooming facilities, Tappan introduced the same methods at Ann Arbor. With the rapid growth of state universities immediately after the Civil War, his ideas came in for considerable vogue. The German point of view also gained strength from the return to the United States of hundreds of professors who had taken graduate work at Berlin, Leipzig, Heidelberg and Göttingen. The German point of view, in fact, ruled, and as it grew in popularity dormitories were frowned upon, occasionally abolished, and seldom built at state universities.

The financial situation in these new institutions fanned the flame of disapproval. All available monies were needed for instruction. Dormitories were expensive to build and state university administrators, anxious for their institutions to become the academic equals of those in the East, put all their funds into salaries, classrooms and laboratories. Moreover, state university students were, in general, poor boys and girls who could ill afford to pay for dormitory residence. In order to secure an education, in the terms in which they conceived it, they were willing to live in inexpensive rooms and frequently in garrets and cellars. If they could live at home while attending college, so much the better. The great growth of the junior college[19] since 1900 has come about chiefly because of the inability of many parents to educate their children away from home.

As American institutions of higher education grew in size, the

[19] L. V. Koos, *The Junior College,* Vol. I, p. 124. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota, 1924.

possibility of erecting dormitories to care for more than a small percentage grew less and less remote. The upward trend in college registrations, so marked in recent decades, began ten years after the Civil War, and few colleges, whether east or west, were unable to keep pace with the multitudes of students who were clamoring at their doors. All resources were needed for strictly academic activities. Fraternities and sororities, which were originally organized as social and intellectual groups, took on residential functions. Since the eighties fraternity and sorority houses have become fixtures on most college campuses chiefly because students needed places to live and eat, and the colleges were unable, if not unwilling, to provide them.

The dormitories built early in the nineteenth century continued in operation, but many of them had been allowed to fall into semi-decay. "When I lived in the college dormitory," observed President Eliot in 1909,[20] "the water often stood two feet deep in the spring in the cellar. I frequently had to put on rubber boots in order to go down cellar to get coal. There was no running water in any of the buildings. We all had to draw our own water by means of two pumps in the college yard, located quite out in the open. There was no gas in any of the buildings when I lived in the college dormitory and no means of lighting, except whale oil, and a very inflammable liquid which was called appropriately 'burning liquid.'" The conditions under which Eliot and his college generation lived continued at Harvard long after the public had become accustomed to better living arrangements.

As at Harvard, so also in most other colleges and universities. Students, irked by the primitive conditions under which they were expected to live, moved out in large numbers to fraternity houses, private residences, and at Cambridge to the dormitories which private individuals had built for profit. During the same period the rise of fraternity houses at Amherst became so pronounced that the administration abandoned its newest dormitory. Its number of students in dormitories had diminished from 53 per cent. in 1870 to 24 per cent. in 1905. By 1900 no dormitories had yet been built at most state universities. The Eastern and the small Middle Western liberal arts colleges continued in general to defend and promote the residential philosophy, but the *Zeitgeist* prevailed against its extension and even against its claim to academic desirability.

[20] C. W. Eliot, *Religious Education*, Vol. 4, p. 56, 1909-10.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY REVIVAL

The attacks upon dormitories in eastern colleges and the indifference toward them of state university administrators in the Middle West and West continued without abatement until the 1890's. The importation from Germany of the university idea, which brought Johns Hopkins, Clark and Chicago into existence and which changed Harvard, Columbia and other institutions from colleges into universities, accentuated the swing from the British heritage to a distinctly German emphasis. But the old-time American college was not to die easily. It had been essentially an Alma Mater, "knowing her children," as Cardinal Newman expressed it, "one by one." It was not, he pointed out, "a foundry, or a mint, or a treadmill." Yet in the opinion of a large number of educators the university idea had transformed the college into just what Cardinal Newman said it ought not to be. Those who raised the protest agreed with Newman's judgment of the nature of a college, and although they recognized the need of explorations in search of new knowledge, they strongly dissented against the slaughter of Alma Mater as a burnt offering upon the altar of research and scholarship.

Several examples from a large array are perhaps sufficient to illustrate how strongly many college-minded professors felt about the matter. One comes from Yale and one each, interestingly enough, from Harvard and Chicago. Overwhelmed by the shattering of "college life" over the country, Arthur T. Hadley, who was soon to become president of Yale, asked these questions in 1895:[21]

> Can Yale preserve its distinctive features as a *college* in the midst of its widening work as a university? Can it meet the varying intellectual necessities of modern life without sacrificing the democratic traditions which have had so strong an influence upon character? Can it give the special education which the community asks without endangering the broader education which has produced generations of "all round" men, trained morally as well as intellectually?

He went on to point out that "these are questions which every large college has to face. They are not peculiar to Yale. If

[21] Arthur T. Hadley, *Four American Universities*, pp. 83-84. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1895.

Yale feels their difficulty most, it is because she is the largest representative of the traditional American college idea, which Harvard has, to all intents and purposes, abandoned."

Even before Hadley's pertinent queries, the residential idea, so strongly entrenched at Yale, had begun to penetrate into the Middle West. William Rainey Harper, a Yale professor of Hebrew, had organized and become president of the University of Chicago in 1893, and he brought with him an enthusiasm for dormitories. He built four (57.3 per cent. of the total building cubature at Chicago in 1893 was in dormitories[22]) in the first group of university buildings and sought money for more. In 1900 he had erected seven "in spite of the prejudice against them at the time in the West on the ground that they were mediaeval, British and autocratic."[23] The Chicago leadership, so potent in all other matters of higher education, had its important influence upon arousing other Middle Western institutions to an interest in housing.

Soon after Hadley's plea for the college as opposed to the German university idea, important developments began to take place at Princeton. In 1901 a graduate department was organized under the deanship of Andrew F. West, and in contrast to the graduate work being done at Hopkins, Harvard, Columbia and Chicago major emphasis was to be put upon the educational environment. The Princeton people insisted that:

> . . . the conditions surrounding the daily lives of graduate students at Princeton should be reenforced and elevated, and the satisfaction of the double purpose pointed directly at a residential college where this body of advanced scholars would mingle freely in common daily association with one another, not leading solitary existences scattered over the town, but securing in their distinctively graduate life the enriching advantages of mutual incentives and community of intellectual interests coupled with an identity in mode of living, advantages obtainable in no other way so well as in residential intimacies like those so peculiarly characteristic of Princeton undergraduate life.[24]

[22] Floyd W. Reeves, Ernest C. Miller and John Dale Russell, *Trends in University Growth,* p. 158. The University of Chicago Survey, Volume I. Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1933.

[23] Edwin E. Slosson, *Great American Universities,* p. 422. New York: Macmillan Company, 1910.

[24] V. L. Collins, *op. cit.,* p. 267.

The building of the beautiful graduate school at Princeton several years later implemented this philosophy, but meanwhile Woodrow Wilson, who had been inaugurated as president in 1902, established the preceptorial system in 1905, modeled directly after the systems in vogue at Oxford and Cambridge. Since Princeton dormitories were not adapted to the complete taking over of English methods, Mr. Wilson in 1907 proposed a scheme for social coordination known as the Quadrangle Plan. This contemplated the grouping of the dormitories of the university into a number of quadrangles and the housing of unmarried members of the faculty with students in order "to bring them in close habitual natural association with undergraduates and so intimately tie the intellectual and social life of the place into one another."[25]

Because the quadrangle plan involved the abandonment of the strongly entrenched club system at Princeton, alumni, students and some members of the faculty rose in vigorous protest. In much bitterness President Wilson dropped his project; but the stir which his writings and addresses created, not only at Princeton but throughout the United States, focused attention once again upon the important values of the English residential system and brought a resurgence of interest and even enthusiasm for reintroducing into American colleges the programs of Oxford and Cambridge. The Princeton program unfortunately met serious snags, but President Lowell, who twenty-five years later introduced the house plan at Harvard, began actively upon his succession to the Harvard presidency in 1909 to work toward the Wilsonian objectives.

Lowell had been influenced not only by Wilson's ideas and experiences at Princeton, but he very likely also read the articles of Edwin E. Slosson on higher education which appeared in fourteen issues of *The Independent* during 1909 and early 1910, and which were later published as a volume entitled *Great American Universities*. One dominant motif pervaded Slosson's book—the need of individualization in the colleges! "Here," he wrote,[26] "is the weak point of all the great colleges, and even of the smaller ones—the lack of personal contact between teacher and student. It is not due to the influx of an overwhelming number of students, because the faculty has generally grown in proportion or more. It

[25] Woodrow Wilson, *The Princeton Alumni Weekly*, June 12, 1907.

[26] Edwin E. Slosson, *op. cit.*, pp. 17-18, 76.

is partly due to defective organization and partly to the development of a new school of teachers, who detest teaching, who look upon students as a nuisance, and class work as a waste of time. . . . Almost every educator, if asked what was the main fault of our large colleges, would have said that it was the loss of personal relationship between instructor and student, resulting in ill-adapted and careless teaching on the one side and in diversion of interest on the other. Teacher and pupil were not even on opposite ends of the same log. They were at opposite ends of a telephone working only one way." Mr. Slosson even went so far as to point out that at Harvard (Eliot had just resigned and no one knew who would follow him) "it will be the duty of President Eliot's successor to see that individualized education is applied."

Whether or not Mr. Lowell read Mr. Slosson's articles, certain it is that he began even in his inaugural address to sponsor the doctrine to which Slosson gave voice and for which Wilson had worked so vigorously at Princeton. He devoted his address entirely to Harvard College and its needs, neglecting even to mention research and scholarship. He talked about the values of "college life," a phrase which Eliot never used. He suggested that graduate education had sabotaged the distinctive functions of the college. He urged that dormitories, especially for freshmen, be built and that everything within reason be done to develop undergraduates as people as well as students. "Among his other wise sayings," he pointed out,[27] "Aristotle remarked that man is by nature a social animal; and it is in order to develop his powers as a social being that American colleges exist. The object of the undergraduate department is not to produce hermits, each imprisoned in the cell of his own intellectual pursuits, but men fitted to take their places in the community and live in contact with their fellow men."

The program which Lowell inaugurated in 1909 moved forward slowly during his twenty-four-year administration, bringing concentration of studies in special fields after the sophomore year, comprehensive examinations, reading periods, tutorial work and finally the much-discussed House Plan. What Wilson had failed

[27] A. Lawrence Lowell, "Inaugural Address," quoted by S. E. Morison, *Development of Harvard University, 1869-1929*, p. lxxix. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1930.

to accomplish by frontal attack Lowell achieved two decades later by Fabian indirection. But meanwhile other influences in favor of dormitories were accumulating. Three of these deserve discussion: First, the effect upon all institutions of the several women's colleges in the East; second, the emphasis placed upon dormitories, especially in the Middle West, by deans of women, and third, the clamor of students and alumni in defense of "college life" and the dormitory as a means thereto.

Mount Holyoke, Wellesley, Vassar, and Smith had all been organized during the second half of the nineteenth century with the residential philosophy dominant. It might be very well for men's colleges and coeducational institutions to put students upon their own, but few in those days were willing to allow young women undergraduates to shift for themselves. The notion that women were physically unequal to higher education had by no means completely died down, and the Victorian morality left no room for anything but strict housing regimentation.

In time these women's colleges grew to considerable influence, especially in coeducational institutions. Many of their graduates joined the faculties of Middle Western colleges and universities, and they brought with them the housing philosophy. Some of them became deans of women, and charged with the social and physical welfare of their students, they gave devoted and continuous attention to housing.

The first deans of women, although usually called preceptresses, had been appointed in the early days in the Middle West, but in the late nineties their numbers grew, and in 1902 a small group of them met at Northwestern University and laid the foundations for a permanent organization. To-day this organization totals some 1,500 members, and during the past three decades it has been a powerful influence, especially in the direction of bringing the attention of administrators to the housing of women students. The annual meetings of the National Association of Deans of Women always devote considerable time to housing, and in its first years a large fraction of their discussions were on this topic. Considering the primitive conditions of rooming houses as they existed in the Middle West, even in the first decade of this century, it is no wonder that the deans have been persistent in their efforts to create better living arrangements for their charges.

A survey of rooming houses at a Middle Western institution in 1906 brought out these facts:[28]

> . . . that 18 of the 40 householders admitted both sexes; that approximately 30 householders permitted students to provide and prepare their own food; that cooking, eating, sleeping and studying were done in the same room; that in these houses girls had no parlors in which to entertain friends or callers; that none of the houses provided single beds; that only six had bathrooms and inside toilets; that ten had furnace heat; that three still used kerosene lamps. . . . Those doing light housekeeping might wash and iron in their own rooms, where kitchen duties were usually taken care of on kerosene stoves. . . .

By slow, persistent effort the deans of women have succeeded in improving the rooming houses in which a large percentage of their students are still forced to live. Much remains to be done, but the appearance on many campuses of new dormitories during the past thirty years has considerably ameliorated the situation. Dormitories have not only put marginal rooming houses out of business, but they have also set standards for those that remain.[29] The deans of women have made a large contribution to improving the living and, therefore, the educational environment of students. Their vigilance, moreover, continues and will very likely always be one of their dominant interests.

In turning to the third of these supplementary influences toward a revival of interest in student housing, it must be remembered that "college life," as we understand the term to-day, has grown up since the 1860's. The first intercollegiate athletic contest of any sort was a boat race between Yale and Harvard in 1852 on Lake Winnipiseogee. Seventeen years later the first intercollegiate football game took place, but in general both sports and social life were undeveloped. During this period a few student publications existed, but they were in general poorer than the journalistic ventures of our preparatory school students of to-day. Because a large percentage of students planned careers in the

[28] Caroline Grote, *Housing and Living Conditions of Women Students.* T. C., Columbia University, Contributions to Education, No. 507, 1932, pp. 25-26.

[29] *Survey of Land-Grant Colleges and Universities.* U. S. Office of Education Bulletin, 1930, No. 9. (Directed by A. J. Klein.) Vol. I, p. 426.

ministry and in the law, debating had some vocational value, but intercollegiate contests did not begin until the seventies in the Middle West and not until the nineties in the East. Fraternities had been part of the college scene for four or five decades, but the fraternity house had not yet appeared and the societies were comparatively few in number and insignificant in prestige. The guitar and banjo had recently been introduced, but polite people still considered dancing a libidinous device of Satan.

The football played in those days resembled a street brawl more than a game, since twenty-five men made up a team, and the players wore no uniforms. Yale played Columbia in 1872 with twenty men on a side, and Princeton and Harvard played in 1876 with fifteen men on a side. It was not until 1880 that the eleven-man team became standard, and until 1890 paid coaches had not yet appeared. Basketball, hockey, soccer, tennis and swimming were not to become college sports for some years, and track had not begun until the seventies. Athletic letters were not generally awarded until the last decade of the century. Athletic cheers and cheer leaders arrived with their questionable pageantry about the same time. College colors came in with athletics, Yale first adopting green in 1853, and Harvard crimson at the suggestion of Eliot when, as a member of the crew that rowed against the Boston Irish in 1858, he and another oarsman wore crimson handkerchiefs upon their heads. "Fair Harvard" had been written in 1836 on the occasion of the bicentennial anniversary of Harvard's founding, but most of our present-day college songs did not come into vogue until after athletic contests grew in popularity.

By the beginning of the century this new type of college life had become thoroughly entrenched in practically every college and university in the country. It had likewise become an important part of the system of values of the great majority of alumni. To many graduates the contributions to their education from athletics and from extra-curricular activities in general appeared to be more important and more lasting than their classroom and laboratory work, and they sought to foster every instrument that would keep or expand the active give-and-take of intimate undergraduate life. The alumni were chiefly responsible for scuttling Wilson's Quadrangle Plan at Princeton because it seemed likely to undermine the undergraduate social system; they gave Eliot many uneasy days and nights; and even Hadley at Yale, though gen-

erally sympathetic with their notions, had difficulty in keeping them from stealing the academic show. At Columbia, where the absence of residence halls had interfered with the development of a college life as colorful as at other comparable institutions, the alumni in the nineties set up a demand for dormitories. In 1896 the Board of Trustees capitulated and adopted a resolution in favor of raising money for student buildings. The action brought immediate alumni enthusiasm and attracted considerable newspaper attention. University officials were interviewed, and among their statements was one from Dean Van Amringe which appeared in the *New York Evening Post* of November 21, 1896, and which summarized the situation:

> . . . Since the acquisition of the new site, there is, perhaps, no single matter connected with the college that has received more general attention and more hearty commendation than the dormitory system. It has been looked to by students and alumni as a means of supplying what the college has always lacked, an opportunity to cultivate what is distinctly known as college life. . . .

The rejuvenation of the belief that where and how students live is of large educational significance has by these several means been achieved:

The Hadley protest at Yale
The establishment of dormitories at Chicago
The efforts of Wilson at Princeton
The Lowell program at Harvard
The residential philosophy of the eastern women's colleges
The work of the deans of women
The hue and cry for more student life from students and alumni

The opinion built up by these several forces in favor of dormitories accumulated to such potency that it rapidly spread through the country. Cornell, which had been under the Tappan influence in the person of President White, built a small cottage for women in 1898 and its first large dormitory in 1914. Minnesota erected its first building for women in 1897, Illinois in 1916, and even Michigan fell in line with two in 1915. Hundreds of other colleges and universities have followed these Eastern and Middle Western leaders and the movement has gone steadily forward. It has been consider-

ably hampered by the depression, but it has remained actively alive. That it will continue to become even more important can hardly be doubted.

THE THREE DOMINANT HOUSING PHILOSOPHIES

Proponents of dormitories have accomplished much of educational importance during the past thirty years. It must be pointed out with emphasis, however, that the great majority of dormitories, even those built in recent years and many now being erected, have not been conceived primarily as educational agencies. They house students in comfort and almost complete safety, and they serve vitally in the social development of undergraduates. Organically, however, they are separate from the curriculum and the active intellectual life of the colleges. Few housing plans, besides those in effect at Harvard and Yale, at once house students and bring them into daily formal and informal relationship with members of the faculty. Expensive plants, such as those at Harvard and Yale, will never be possible for more than a small fraction of American colleges and universities, but the values which accrue from this interlinking of living arrangements and educational effort (especially at Harvard) will more than likely lead to the adaptation at other institutions of buildings, which are now merely dormitories, into residences which more actively contribute to the educational process.

This brief critical discussion upon the foundation of a historical review gives point to contrasting three major housing philosophies, all of which have their adherents in American institutions of higher education. First, the British point of view exemplified best at Harvard and to a degree at Yale; second, the German philosophy still dominant at the Universities of California and Nebraska; and third, the American method which has developed from the impact of British[30] and German principles. The British system makes the residence hall the center of the student's formal as well as his informal education. The German principle rules out the desirability of any concern with the student outside the lecture hall

[30] The English provincial universities have not followed the example of Oxford and Cambridge. Founded in the nineteenth century or later they have encountered the same financial problems as American state universities.

and, therefore, eschews dormitories. The American compromise gives students body shelter (sometimes only a small fraction of the total enrolment) and varying degrees of social education, but as yet it remains considerably apart from the curricular life of the campus.

RATIONALIZING[1]

JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON

FEW of us take the pains to study the origin of our cherished convictions; indeed, we have a natural repugnance to so doing. We like to continue to believe what we have been accustomed to accept as true, and the resentment aroused when doubt is cast upon any of our assumptions leads us to seek every manner of excuse for clinging to them. *The result is that most of our so-called reasoning consists in finding arguments for going on believing as we already do.*

I remember years ago attending a public dinner to which the Governor of the state was bidden. The chairman explained that His Excellency could not be present for certain "good" reasons; what the "real" reasons were the presiding officer said he would leave us to conjecture. This distinction between "good" and "real" reasons is one of the most clarifying and essential in the whole realm of thought. We can readily give what seem to us "good" reasons for being a Catholic or a Mason, a Republican or a Democrat, an adherent or opponent of the League of Nations. But the "real" reasons are usually on quite a different plane. Of course the importance of this distinction is popularly, if somewhat obscurely, recognized. The Baptist missionary is ready enough to see that the Buddhist is not such because his doctrines would bear careful inspection, but because he happened to be born in a Buddhist family in Tokio. But it would be treason to his faith to acknowledge that his own partiality for certain doctrines is due to the fact that his mother was a member of the First Baptist Church of Oak Ridge. A savage can give all sorts of reasons for his belief that it is dangerous to step on a man's shadow, and a newspaper editor can advance plenty of arguments against the Bolsheviki. But neither of them may realize why he happens to be defending his particular opinion.

[1] From *The Mind in the Making*, Harper & Brothers, 1921. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

The "real" reasons for our beliefs are concealed from ourselves as well as from others. As we grow up we simply adopt the ideas presented to us in regard to such matters as religion, family relations, property, business, our country, and the state. We unconsciously absorb them from our environment. They are persistently whispered in our ear by the group in which we happen to live. . . .

Opinions, on the other hand, which are the result of experience or of honest reasoning do not have this quality of "primary certitude." I remember when as a youth I heard a group of business men discussing the question of the immortality of the soul, I was outraged by the sentiment of doubt expressed by one of the party. As I look back now I see that I had at the time no interest in the matter, and certainly no least argument to urge in favor of the belief in which I had been reared. But neither my personal indifference to the issue, nor the fact that I had previously given it no attention, served to prevent an angry resentment when I heard *my* ideas questioned.

This spontaneous and loyal support of our preconceptions—this process of finding "good" reasons to justify our routine beliefs—is known to modern psychologists as "rationalizing"—clearly only a new name for a very ancient thing. Our "good" reasons ordinarily have no value in promoting honest enlightenment, because, no matter how solemnly they may be marshaled, they are at bottom the result of personal preference or prejudice, and not of an honest desire to seek or accept new knowledge.

In our reveries we are frequently engaged in self-justification, for we cannot bear to think ourselves wrong, and yet have constant illustrations of our weaknesses and mistakes. So we spend much time finding fault with circumstances and the conduct of others, and shifting on to them with great ingenuity the onus of our own failures and disappointments. *Rationalizing is the self-exculpation which occurs when we feel ourselves, or our group, accused of misapprehension or error.*

The little word *my* is the most important one in all human affairs, and properly to reckon with it is the beginning of wisdom. It has the same force whether it is *my* dinner, *my* dog, and *my* house, or *my* faith, *my* country, and *my* God. We not only resent the imputation that our watch is wrong, or our car shabby, but that our conception of the canals of Mars, of the pronunciation of

"Epictetus," of the medicinal value of salicine, or the date of Sargon I, are subject to revision.

Philosophers, scholars, and men of science exhibit a common sensitiveness in all decisions in which their *amour propre* is involved. Thousands of argumentative works have been written to vent a grudge. However stately their reasoning, it may be nothing but rationalizing, stimulated by the most commonplace of all motives. A history of philosophy and theology could be written in terms of grouches, wounded pride, and aversions, and it would be far more instructive than the usual treatments of these themes. Sometimes, under Providence, the lowly impulse of resentment leads to great achievements. Milton wrote his treatise on divorce as a result of his troubles with his seventeen-year-old wife, and when he was accused of being the leading spirit in a new sect, the Divorcers, he wrote his noble *Areopagitica* to prove his right to say what he thought fit, and incidentally to establish the advantage of a free press in the promotion of Truth. . . .

And now the astonishing and perturbing suspicion emerges that perhaps almost all that had passed for social science, political economy, politics, and ethics in the past may be brushed aside by future generations as mainly rationalizing. John Dewey has already reached this conclusion in regard to philosophy. Veblen and other writers have revealed the various unperceived presuppositions of the traditional political economy, and now comes an Italian sociologist, Vilfredo Pareto, who, in his huge treatise on general sociology, devotes hundreds of pages to substantiating a similar thesis affecting all the social sciences. This conclusion may be ranked by students of a hundred years hence as one of the several great discoveries of our age. It is by no means fully worked out, and it is so opposed to nature that it will be very slowly accepted by the great mass of those who consider themselves thoughtful. As a historical student I am personally fully reconciled to this newer view. Indeed, it seems to me inevitable that just as the various sciences of nature were, before the opening of the seventeenth century, largely masses of rationalizations to suit the religious sentiments of the period, so the social sciences have continued even to our own day to be rationalizations of uncritically accepted beliefs and customs.

THE MORAL OBLIGATION TO BE INTELLIGENT[1]

JOHN ERSKINE

IF A wise man should ask, What are the modern virtues? and should answer his own question by a summary of the things we admire; if he should discard as irrelevant the ideals which by tradition we profess, but which are not found outside of the tradition or the profession—ideals like meekness, humility, the renunciation of this world; if he should include only those excellences to which our hearts are daily given, and by which our conduct is motived,—in such an inventory what virtues would he name?

This question is neither original nor very new. Our times await the reckoning up of our spiritual goods which is here suggested. We have at least this wisdom, that many of us are curious to know just what our virtues are. I wish I could offer myself as the wise man who brings the answer. But I raise this question merely to ask another—When the wise man brings his list of our genuine admirations, will intelligence be one of them? We might seem to be well within the old ideal of modesty if we claimed the virtue of intelligence. But before we claim the virtue, are we convinced that it is a virtue, not a peril?

II

The disposition to consider intelligence a peril is an old Anglo-Saxon inheritance. Our ancestors have celebrated this disposition in verse and prose. Splendid as our literature is, it has not voiced all the aspirations of humanity, nor could it be expected to voice an aspiration that has not characteristically belonged to the English race; the praise of intelligence is not one of its characteristic glories.

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever."

Here is the startling alternative which to the English, alone among great nations, has been not startling but a matter of course. Here

[1] From *The Moral Obligation to Be Intelligent and Other Essays*, 1921. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs Merrill Company.

is the casual assumption that a choice must be made between goodness and intelligence; that stupidity is first cousin to moral conduct, and cleverness the first step into mischief; that reason and God are not on good terms with each other; that the mind and the heart are rival buckets in the well of truth, inexorably balanced—full mind, starved heart—stout heart, weak head.

Kingsley's line is a convenient text, but to establish the point that English literature voices a traditional distrust of the mind we must go to the masters. In Shakspere's plays there are some highly intelligent men, but they are either villains or tragic victims. To be as intelligent as Richard or Iago or Edmund seems to involve some break with goodness; to be as wise as Prospero seems to imply some Faust-like traffic with the forbidden world; to be as thoughtful as Hamlet seems to be too thoughtful to live. In Shakspere the prizes of life go to such men as Bassanio, or Duke Orsino, or Florizel—men of good conduct and sound character, but of no particular intelligence. There might, indeed, appear to be one general exception to this sweeping statement: Shakspere does concede intelligence as a fortunate possession to some of his heroines. But upon even a slight examination those ladies, like Portia, turn out to have been among Shakspere's Italian importations—their wit was part and parcel of the story he borrowed; or, like Viola, they are English types of humility, patience, and loyalty, such as we find in the old ballads, with a bit of Euphuism added, a foreign cleverness of speech. After all, these are only a few of Shakspere's heroines; over against them are Ophelia, Juliet, Desdemona, Hero, Cordelia, Miranda, Perdita—lovable for other qualities than intellect,—and in a sinister group, Lady Macbeth, Cleopatra, Goneril, intelligent and wicked.

In *Paradise Lost* Milton attributes intelligence of the highest order to the devil. That this is an Anglo-Saxon reading of the infernal character may be shown by a reference to the book of Job, where Satan is simply a troublesome body, and the great wisdom of the story is from the voice of God in the whirlwind. But Milton makes his Satan so thoughtful, so persistent and liberty-loving, so magnanimous, and God so illogical, so heartless and repressive, that many perfectly moral readers fear lest Milton, like the modern novelists, may have known good and evil, but could not tell them apart. It is disconcerting to intelligence that it should be God's angel who cautions Adam not to wander in the earth, nor inquire concerning heaven's causes and ends, and that it should be Satan

meanwhile who questions and explores. By Milton's reckoning of intelligence the theologian and the scientist to-day alike take after Satan.

If there were time, we might trace this valuation of intelligence through the English novel. We should see how often the writers have distinguished between intelligence and goodness, and have enlisted our affections for a kind of inexpert virtue. In Fielding or Scott, Thackeray or Dickens, the hero of the English novel is a well-meaning blunderer who in the last chapter is temporarily rescued by the grace of God from the mess he has made of his life. Unless he also dies in the last chapter, he will probably need rescue again. The dear woman whom the hero marries is, with a few notable exceptions, rather less intelligent than himself. When David Copperfield marries Agnes, his prospects of happiness, to the eyes of intelligence, look not very exhilarating. Agnes has more sense than Dora, but it is not even for that slight distinction that we must admire her; her great qualities are of the heart—patience, humility, faithfulness. These are the qualities also of Thackeray's good heroines, like Laura or Lady Castlewood. Beatrice Esmond and Becky Sharp, both highly intelligent, are of course a bad lot.

No less significant is the kind of emotion the English novelist invites towards his secondary or lower-class heroes—toward Mr. Boffin in *Our Mutual Friend*, for example, or Harry Foker in *Pendennis*. These characters amuse us, and we feel pleasantly superior to them, but we agree with the novelist that they are wholly admirable in their station. Yet if a Frenchman—let us say Balzac—were presenting such types, he would make us feel, as in *Père Goriot* or *Eugènie Grandet*, not only admiration for the stable, loyal nature, but also deep pity that such goodness should be so tragically bound in unintelligence or vulgarity. This comparison of racial temperaments helps us to understand ourselves. We may continue the method at our leisure. What would Socrates have thought of Mr. Pickwick, or the Vicar of Wakefield, or David Copperfield, or Arthur Pendennis? For that matter, would he have felt admiration or pity for Colonel Newcome?

III

I hardly need confess that this is not an adequate account of English literature. Let me hasten to say that I know the reader is

resenting this somewhat cavalier handling of the noble writers he loves. He probably is wondering how I can expect to increase his love of literature by such unsympathetic remarks. But just now I am not concerned about our love of literature; I take it for granted, and use it as an instrument to prod us with. If we love Shakspere and Milton and Scott and Dickens and Thackeray, and yet do not know what qualities their books hold out for our admiration, then —let me say it as delicately as possible—our admiration is not discriminating; and if we neither have discriminaton nor are disturbed by our lack of it, then perhaps that wise man could not list intelligence among our virtues. Certainly it would be but a silly account of English literature to say only that it set little store by the things of the mind. I am aware that for the sake of my argument I have exaggerated, by insisting upon only one aspect of English literature. But our history betrays a peculiar warfare between character and intellect, such as to the Greek, for example, would have been incomprehensible. The great Englishman, like the most famous Greeks, had intelligence as well as character, and was at ease with them both. But whereas the notable Greek seems typical of his race, the notable Englishman usually seems an exception to his own people, and is often best appreciated in other lands. What is more singular —in spite of the happy combination in himself of character and intelligence, he often fails to recognize the value of that combination in his neighbors. When Shakspere portrayed such amateurish statesmen as the Duke in *Measure for Measure*, Burleigh was guiding Elizabeth's empire, and Francis Bacon was soon to be King James's counsellor. It was the young Milton who pictured the life of reason in *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, the most spiritual fruit of philosophy in *Comus*; and when he wrote his epic he was probably England's most notable example of that intellectual inquiry and independence which in his great poem he discouraged. There remain several well-known figures in our literary history who have both possessed and believed in intelligence—Byron and Shelley in what seems our own day, Edmund Spenser before Shakspere's time. England has more or less neglected all three, but they must in fairness be counted to her credit. Some excuses might be offered for the neglect of Byron and Shelley by a nation that likes the proprieties; but the gentle Spenser, the noblest philosopher and most chivalrous gentleman in our literature, seems to be unread only because he demands a mind as well as a heart used to high things.

This will be sufficient qualification of any disparagement of English literature; no people and no literature can be great that are not intelligent, and England has produced not only statesmen and scientists of the first order, but also poets in whom the soul was fitly mated with a lofty intellect. But I am asking you to reconsider your reading in history and fiction, to reflect whether our race has usually thought highly of the intelligence by which it has been great; I suggest these non-intellectual aspects of our literature as commentary upon my question—and all this with the hope of pressing upon you the question as to what *you* think of intelligence.

Those of us who frankly prefer character to intelligence are therefore not without precedent. If we look beneath the history of the English people, beneath the ideas expressed in our literature, we find in the temper of our remotest ancestors a certain bias which still prescribes our ethics and still prejudices us against the mind. The beginnings of our conscience can be geographically located. It began in the German forests, and it gave its allegiance not to the intellect but to the will. Whether or not the severity of life in a hard climate raised the value of that persistence by which alone life could be preserved, the Germans as Tacitus knew them, and the Saxons as they landed in England, held as their chief virtue that will-power which makes character. For craft or strategy they had no use; they were already a bulldog race; they liked fighting, and they liked best to settle the matter hand to hand. The admiration for brute force which naturally accompanied this ideal of self-reliance, drew with it as naturally a certain moral sanction. A man was as good as his word, and he was ready to back up his word with a blow. No German, Tacitus says, would enter into a treaty of public or private business without his sword in his hand. When this emphasis upon the will became a social emphasis, it gave the direction to ethical feeling. Honor lay in a man's integrity, in his willingness and ability to keep his word; therefore the man became more important than his word or deed. Words and deeds were then easily interpreted, not in terms of absolute good and evil, but in terms of the man behind them. The deeds of a bad man were bad; the deeds of a good man were good. Fielding wrote *Tom Jones* to show that a good man sometimes does a bad action, consciously or unconsciously, and a bad man sometimes does good, intentionally or unintentionally. From the fact that *Tom Jones* is still popularly supposed to be as wicked as it is coarse, we may

judge that Fielding did not convert all his readers. Some progress certainly has been made; we do not insist that the more saintly of two surgeons shall operate on us for appendicitis. But as a race we seem as far as possible from realising that an action can intelligently be called good only if it contributes to a good end; that it is the moral obligation of an intelligent creature to find out as far as possible whether a given action leads to a good or a bad end; and that any system of ethics that excuses him from that obligation is vicious. If I give you poison, meaning to give you wholesome food, I have—to say the least—not done a good act; and unless I intend to throw overboard all pretence to intelligence, I must feel some responsibility for that trifling neglect to find out whether what I gave you was food or poison.

Obvious as the matter is in this academic illustration, it ought to have been still more obvious in Matthew Arnold's famous plea for culture. The purpose of culture, he said, is "to make reason and the will of God prevail." This formula he quoted from an Englishman. Differently stated, the purpose of culture, he said, is "to make an intelligent being yet more intelligent." This formula he borrowed from a Frenchman. The basis culture must have in character, the English resolution to make reason and the will of God prevail, Arnold took for granted; no man ever set a higher price on character—so far as character by itself will go. But he spent his life trying to sow a little suspicion that before we can make the will of God prevail we must find out what is the will of God.

I doubt if Arnold taught us much. He merely embarrassed us temporarily. Our race has often been so embarrassed when it has turned a sudden corner and come upon intelligence. Charles Kingsley himself, who would rather be good than clever,—and had his wish,—was temporarily embarrassed when in the consciousness of his own upright character he publicly called Newman a liar. Newman happened to be intelligent as well as good, and Kingsley's discomfiture is well known. But we discovered long ago how to evade the sudden embarrassments of intelligence. "Toll for the brave," sings the poet for those who went down in the *Royal George*. They were brave. But he might have sung, "Toll for the stupid." In order to clean the hull, brave Kempenfelt and his eight hundred heroes took the serious risk of laying the vessel well over on its side,

while most of the crew were below. Having made the error, they all died bravely; and our memory passes easily over the lack of a virtue we never did think much of, and dwells on the English virtues of courage and discipline. So we forget the shocking blunder of the charge of the Light Brigade, and proudly sing the heroism of the victims. Lest we flatter ourselves that this trick of defence has departed with our fathers—this reading of stupidity in terms of the tragic courage that endures its results—let us reflect that recently, after full warning, we drove a ship at top speed through a field of icebergs. When we were thrilled to read how superbly those hundreds died, in the great English way, a man pointed out that they did indeed die in the English way, and that our pride was therefore ill-timed; that all that bravery was waste; that the tragedy was in the shipwreck of intelligence. That discouraging person was an Irishman.

IV

I have spoken of our social inheritance as though it were entirely English. Once more let me qualify my terms. Even those ancestors of ours who never left Great Britain were heirs of many civilizations —Roman, French, Italian, Greek. With each world-tide some love of pure intelligence was washed up on English shores, and enriched the soil, and here and there the old stock marvelled at its own progeny. But to America, much as we may sentimentally deplore it, England seems destined to be less and less the source of culture, of religion and learning. Our land assimilates all races; with every ship in the harbor our old English ways of thought must crowd a little closer to make room for a new tradition. If some of us do not greatly err, these newcomers are chiefly driving to the wall our inherited criticism of the intellect. As surely as the severe northern climate taught our forefathers the value of the will, the social conditions from which these new citizens have escaped have taught them the power of the mind. They differ from each other, but against the Anglo-Saxon they are confederated in a Greek love of knowledge, in a Greek assurance that sin and misery are the fruit of ignorance, and that to know is to achieve virtue. They join forces at once with that earlier arrival from Greece, the scientific spirit, which like all the immigrants has done our hard work

and put up with our contempt. Between this rising host that follow intelligence, and the old camp that put their trust in a stout heart, a firm will, and a strong hand, the fight is on. Our college men will be in the thick of it. If they do not take sides, they will at least be battered in the scuffle. At this moment they are readily divided into those who wish to be men—whatever that means—and those who wish to be intelligent men, and those who, unconscious of blasphemy or humor, prefer not to be intelligent, but to do the will of God.

When we consider the nature of the problems to be solved in our day, it seems—to many of us, at least—that these un-English arrivals are correct, that intelligence is the virtue we particularly need. Courage and steadfastness we cannot do without, so long as two men dwell on the earth; but it is time to discriminate in our praise of these virtues. If you want to get out of prison, what you need is the key to the lock. If you cannot get that, have courage and steadfastness. Perhaps the modern world has got into a kind of prison, and what is needed is the key to the lock. If none of the old virtues exactly fits, why should it seem ignoble to admit it? England for centuries has got on better by sheer character than some other nations by sheer intelligence, but there is after all a relation between the kind of problem and the means we should select to solve it. Not all problems are solved by will-power. When England overthrew Bonaparte, it was not his intelligence she overthrew; the contest involved other things besides intelligence, and she wore him out in the matter of physical endurance. The enemy that comes to her as a visible host or armada she can still close with and throttle; but when the foe arrives as an arrow that flieth by night, what avail the old sinews, the old stoutness of heart! We Americans face the same problems, and are too much inclined to oppose to them similar obsolete armor. We make a moral issue of an economic or social question, because it seems ignoble to admit it is simply a question for intelligence. Like the medicine-man, we use oratory and invoke our hereditary divinities, when the patient needs only a little quiet, or permission to get out of bed. We applaud those leaders who warm to their work—who, when they cannot open a door, threaten to kick it in. In the philosopher's words, we curse the obstacles of life as though they were devils. But they are not devils. They are obstacles.

V

Perhaps my question as to what you think of intelligence has been pushed far enough. But I cannot leave the subject without a confession of faith.

None of the reasons here suggested will quite explain the true worship of intelligence, whether we worship it as the scientific spirit, or as scholarship, or as any other reliance upon the mind. We really seek intelligence not for the answers it may suggest to the problems of life, but because we believe it is life,—not for aid in making the will of God prevail, but because we believe it is the will of God. We love it, as we love virtue, for its own sake, and we believe it is only virtue's other and more precise name. We believe that the virtues wait upon intelligence—literally wait, in the history of the race. Whatever is elemental in man—love, hunger, fear—has obeyed from the beginning the discipline of intelligence. We are told that to kill one's aging parents was once a demonstration of solicitude; about the same time, men hungered for raw meat and feared the sun's eclipse. Filial love, hunger, and fear are still motives to conduct, but intelligence has directed them to other ends. If we no longer hang the thief or flog the school-boy, it is not that we think less harshly of theft or laziness, but that intelligence has found a better persuasion to honesty and enterprise.

We believe that even in religion, in the most intimate room of the spirit, intelligence long ago proved itself the master-virtue. Its inward office from the beginning was to decrease fear and increase opportunity; its outward effect was to rob the altar of its sacrifice and the priest of his mysteries. Little wonder that from the beginning the disinterestedness of the accredited custodians of all temples has been tested by the kind of welcome they gave to intelligence. How many hecatombs were offered on more shores than that of Aulis, by seamen waiting for a favorable wind, before intelligence found out a boat that could tack! The altar was deserted, the religion revised—fear of the uncontrollable changing into delight in the knowledge that is power. We contemplate with satisfaction the law by which in our long history one religion has driven out another, as one hypothesis supplants another in astronomy or mathematics. The faith that needs the fewest altars, the hypothesis that leaves least unexplained, survives; and the intelligence that changes most fears into opportunity is most divine.

We believe this beneficent operation of intelligence was swerving not one degree from its ancient course when under the name of the scientific spirit it once more laid its influence upon religion. If the shock here seemed too violent, if the purpose of intelligence here seemed to be not revision but contradiction, it was only because religion was invited to digest an unusually large amount of intelligence all at once. Moreover, it is not certain that devout people were more shocked by Darwinism than the pious mariners were by the first boat that could tack. Perhaps the sacrifices were not abandoned all at once.

But the lover of intelligence must be patient with those who cannot readily share his passion. Some pangs the mind will inflict upon the heart. It is a mistake to think that men are united by elemental affections. Our affections divide us. We strike roots in immediate time and space, and fall in love with our locality, the customs and the language in which we were brought up. Intelligence unites us with mankind, by leading us in sympathy to other times, other places, other customs; but first the prejudiced roots of affection must be pulled up. These are the old pangs of intelligence, which still comes to set a man at variance against his father, saying, "He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me."

Yet, if intelligence begins in a pang, it proceeds to a vision. Through measureless time its office has been to make of life an opportunity, to make goodness articulate, to make virtue a fact. In history at least, if not yet in the individual, Plato's faith has come true, that sin is but ignorance, and knowledge and virtue are one. But all that intelligence has accomplished dwindles in comparison with the vision it suggests and warrants. Beholding this long liberation of the human spirit, we foresee, in every new light of the mind, one unifying mind, wherein the human race shall know its destiny and proceed to it with satisfaction, as an idea moves to its proper conclusion; we conceive of intelligence at last as the infinite order, wherein man, when he enters it, shall find himself.

Meanwhile he continues to find his virtues by successive insights into his needs. Let us cultivate insight.

> O Wisdom of the Most High,
> That reachest from the beginning to the end,
> And dost order all things in strength and grace,
> Teach us now the way of understanding.

*

TWO TYPES OF MIND[1]

H. G. WELLS

IT WILL lead into my subject most conveniently to contrast and separate two divergent types of mind, types which are to be distinguished chiefly by their attitude toward time, and more particularly by the relative importance they attach and the relative amount of thought they give to the future of things.

The first of these two types of mind, and it is, I think, the predominant type, the type of the majority of living people, is that which seems scarcely to think of the future at all, which regards it as a sort of black nonexistence upon which the advancing present will presently write events. The second type, which is, I think, a more modern and much less abundant type of mind, thinks constantly and by preference of things to come, and of present things mainly in relation to the results that must arise from them. The former type of mind, when one gets it in its purity, is retrospective in habit, and it interprets the things of the present, and gives value to this and denies it to that, entirely with relation to the past. The latter type of mind is constructive in habit; it interprets the things of the present and gives value to this or that, entirely in relation to things designed or foreseen. While from that former point of view our life is simply to reap the consequences of the past, from this our life is to prepare the future. The former type one might speak of as the legal or submissive type of mind, because the business, the practice, and the training of a lawyer dispose him toward it; he of all men must most constantly refer to the law made, the right established, the precedent set, and most consistently ignore or condemn the thing that is only seeking to establish itself. The latter type of mind I might for contrast call the legislative, creative, organizing, or masterful type, because it is perpetually attacking and altering the established order of things, perpetually falling away from respect for what the past has given us. It sees the world

[1] From "The Discovery of the Future," an address delivered before the Royal Institution and printed in *Nature* (London) February 6, 1902. Reprinted by permission of the author and the publishers.

as one great workshop, and the present is no more than material for the future, for the thing that is yet destined to be. It is in the active mood of thought, while the former is in the passive; it is the mind of youth, it is the mind more manifest among the western nations, while the former is the mind of age, the mind of the oriental.

Things have been, says the legal mind, and so we are here. And the creative mind says we are here because things have yet to be.

Now I do not wish to suggest that the great mass of people belong to either of these two types. Indeed, I speak of them as two distinct and distinguishable types mainly for convenience and in order to accentuate their distinction. There are probably very few people who brood constantly upon the past without any thought of the future at all, and there are probably scarcely any who live and think consistently in relation to the future. The great mass of people occupy an intermediate position between these extremes; they pass daily and hourly from the passive mood to the active; they see this thing in relation to its associations and that thing in relation to its consequences, and they do not even suspect that they are using two distinct methods in their minds.

But for all that they are distinct methods, the method of reference to the past and the method of reference to the future, and their mingling in many of our minds no more abolishes their difference than the existence of piebald horses proves that white is black.

I believe that it is not sufficiently recognized just how different in their consequences these two methods are, and just where their difference and where the failure to appreciate their difference takes one. This present time is a period of quite extraordinary uncertainty and indecision upon endless questions—moral questions, esthetic questions, religious and political questions—upon which we should all of us be happier to feel assured and settled, and a very large amount of this floating uncertainty about these important matters is due to the fact that with most of us these two insufficiently distinguished ways of looking at things are not only present together, but in actual conflict in our minds, in unsuspected conflict; we pass from one to the other heedlessly without any clear recognition of the fundamental difference in conclusions that exists between the two, and we do this with disastrous results to our confidence and to our consistency in dealing with all sorts of things.

But before pointing out how divergent these two types or habits

of mind really are, it is necessary to meet a possible objection to what has been said. I may put that objection in this form: Is not this distinction between a type of mind that thinks of the past and of a type of mind that thinks of the future a sort of hair-splitting, almost like distinguishing between people who have left hands and people who have right? Everybody believes that the present is entirely determined by the past, you say; but then everybody believes also that the present determines the future. Are we simply separating and contrasting two sides of everybody's opinion? To which one replies that we are not discussing what we know and believe about the relations of past, present, and future, or of the relation of cause and effect to each other in time. We all know the present depends for its causes on the past, and that the future depends for its causes upon the present. But this discussion concerns *the way in which we approach things* upon this common ground of knowledge and belief. We may all know there is an east and a west, but if some of us always approach and look at things from the west, if some of us always approach and look at things from the east, and if others again wander about with a pretty disregard of direction, looking at things as chance determines, some of us will get to a westward conclusion of this journey, and some of us will get to an eastward conclusion, and some of us will get to no definite conclusion at all about all sorts of important matters. And yet those who are traveling east, and those who are traveling west, and those who are wandering haphazard, may be all upon the same ground of belief and statement and amidst the same assembly of proven facts. Precisely the same thing will happen if you always approach things from the point of view of their causes, or if you approach them always with a view to their probable effects. And in several very important groups of human affairs it is possible to show quite clearly just how widely apart the two methods, pursued each in its purity, take those who follow them.

I suppose that three hundred years ago all people who thought at all about moral questions, about questions of right and wrong, deduced their rules of conduct absolutely and unreservedly from the past, from some dogmatic injunction, some finally settled decree. The great mass of people do so to-day. It is written, they say. Thou shalt not steal, for example—that is the sole, complete, and sufficient reason why you should not steal, and even to-day there is a strong aversion to admit that there is any relation be-

tween the actual consequences of acts and the imperatives of right and wrong. Our lives are to reap the fruits of determinate things, and it is still a fundamental presumption of the established morality that one must do right though the heavens fall. But there are people coming into this world who would refuse to call it right if it brought the heavens about our heads, however authoritative its sources and sanctions, and this new disposition is, I believe, a growing one. I suppose in all ages people in a timid, hesitating, guilty way have tempered the austerity of a dogmatic moral code by small infractions to secure obviously kindly ends, but it was, I am told, the Jesuits who first deliberately sought to qualify the moral interpretation of acts by a consideration of their results. To-day there are few people who have not more or less clearly discovered the future as a more or less important factor in moral considerations. To-day there is a certain small proportion of people who frankly regard morality as a means to an end, as an overriding of immediate and personal considerations out of regard to something to be attained in the future, and who break away altogether from the idea of a code dogmatically established for ever. Most of us are not so definite as that, but most of us are deeply tinged with the spirit of compromise between the past and the future; we profess an unbounded allegiance to the prescriptions of the past, and we practice a general observance of its injunctions, but we qualify to a vague, variable extent with considerations of expediency. We hold, for example, that we must respect our promises. But suppose we find unexpectedly that for one of us to keep a promise, which has been sealed and sworn in the most sacred fashion, must lead to the great suffering of some other human being, must lead, in fact, to practical evil? Would a man do right or wrong if he broke such a promise? The practical decision most modern people would make would be to break the promise. Most would say that they did evil to avoid a greater evil. But suppose it was not such very great suffering we were going to inflict, but only some suffering? And suppose it was a rather important promise? With most of us it would then come to be a matter of weighing the promise, the thing of the past, against this unexpected bad consequence, the thing of the future. And the smaller the overplus of evil consequences the more most of us would vacillate. But neither of the two types of mind we are contrasting would vacillate at all. The legal tyre of mind

would obey the past unhesitatingly, the creative would unhesitatingly sacrifice it to the future. The legal mind would say, "they who break the law at any point break it altogether," while the creative mind would say, "let the dead past bury its dead." It is convenient to take my illustration from the sphere of promises, but it is in the realm of sexual morality that the two methods are most acutely in conflict.

And I would like to suggest that until you have definitely determined either to obey the real or imaginary imperatives of the past, or to set yourself toward the demands of some ideal of the future, until you have made up your mind to adhere to one or other of these two types of mental action in these matters, you are not even within hope of a sustained consistency in the thought that underlies your acts, that in every issue of principle that comes upon you, you will be entirely at the mercy of the intellectual mood that happens to be ascendant at that particular moment in your mind.

In the sphere of public affairs also these two ways of looking at things work out into equally divergent and incompatible consequences. The legal mind insists upon treaties, constitutions, legitimacies, and charters; the legislative incessantly assails these. Whenever some period of stress sets in, some great conflict between institutions and the forces in things, there comes a sorting between these two types of mind. The legal mind becomes glorified and transfigured in the form of hopeless loyalty, the creative mind inspires revolutions and reconstructions. And particularly is this difference of attitude accentuated in the disputes that arise out of wars. In most modern wars there is no doubt quite traceable on one side or the other a distinct creative idea, a distinct regard for some future consequence; but the main dispute even in most modern wars and the sole dispute in most mediæval wars will be found to be a reference, not to the future, but to the past; to turn upon a question of fact and right. The wars of Plantagenet and Lancastrian England with France, for example, were based entirely upon a dummy claim, supported by obscure legal arguments, upon the crown of France. And the arguments that center about the present war in South Africa ignore any ideal of a great united South African state almost entirely, and quibble this way and that about who began the fighting and what was or was not written in some obscure revision of a treaty a score of years

ago; yet beneath the legal issues the broad creative idea has been very apparent in the public mind during this war. It will be found more or less definitely formulated beneath almost all the great wars of the past century, and a comparison of the wars of the nineteenth century with the wars of the middle ages will show, I think, that in this field also there has been a discovery of the future, an increasing disposition to shift the reference and values from things accomplished to things to come.

Yet though foresight creeps into our politics and a reference to consequence into our morality, it is still the past that dominates our lives. But why? Why are we so bound to it? It is into the future we go; to-morrow is the eventful thing for us. There lies all that remains to be felt by us and our children and all those that are dear to us. Yet we marshall and order men into classes entirely with regard to the past, we draw shame and honor out of the past; against the rights of property, the vested interests, the agreements and establishments of the past the future has no rights. Literature is for the most part history or history at one remove, and what is culture but a mold of interpretation into which new things are thrust, a collection of standards, a sort of bed of King Og, to which all new expressions must be looped or stretched? Our conveniences, like our thoughts, are all retrospective. We travel on roads so narrow that they suffocate our traffic; we live in uncomfortable, inconvenient, life-wasting houses out of a love of familiar shapes and familiar customs and a dread of strangeness; all our public affairs are cramped by local boundaries impossibly restricted and small. Our clothing, our habits of speech, our spelling, our weights and measures, our coinage, our religious and political theories, all witness to the binding power of the past upon our minds. Yet we do not serve the past as the Chinese have done. There are degrees. We do not worship our ancestors or prescribe a rigid local costume; we venture to enlarge our stock of knowledge, and we qualify the classics with occasional adventures into original thought. Compared with the Chinese we are distinctly aware of the future. But compared with what we might be the past is all our world.

OF THE LIBERTY OF THOUGHT AND DISCUSSION[1]

JOHN STUART MILL

IF ALL mankind minus one were of one opinion, and only one person were of the contrary opinion, mankind would be no more justified in silencing that one person, than he, if he had the power, would be justified in silencing mankind. Were an opinion a personal possession of no value except to the owner, if to be obstructed in the enjoyment of it were simply a private injury, it would make some difference whether the injury was inflicted only on a few persons or on many. But the peculiar evil of silencing the expression of an opinion is, that it is robbing the human race, posterity as well as the existing generation, those who dissent from the opinion still more than those who hold it. If the opinion is right, they are deprived of the opportunity of exchanging error for truth: if wrong, they lose what is almost as great a benefit, the clearer perception and livelier impression of truth produced by its collision with error.

It is necessary to consider separately these two hypotheses, each of which has a distinct branch of the argument corresponding to it. We can never be sure that the opinion we are endeavoring to stifle is a false opinion; and if we were sure, stifling it would be an evil still.

I

First: the opinion which it is attempted to suppress by authority may possibly be true. Those who desire to suppress it of course deny its truth; but they are not infallible. They have no authority to decide the question for all mankind, and exclude every other person from the means of judging. To refuse a hearing to an

[1] Abridged from *On Liberty*, 1864. Some of the longer paragraphs have been broken up. The student will the more readily appreciate the fine reasoning behind this essay if he will take the trouble to make a brief of the argument.—Editors.

opinion because they are sure that it is false is to assume that *their* certainty is the same thing as *absolute* certainty. All silencing of discussion is an assumption of infallibility. Its condemnation may be allowed to rest on this common argument, not the worse for being common.

Unfortunately for the good sense of mankind, the fact of their fallibility is far from carrying the weight in their practical judgment which is always allowed to it in theory; for while everyone well knows himself to be fallible, few think it necessary to take any precautions against their own fallibility, or admit the supposition that any opinion of which they feel very certain may be one of the examples of the error to which they acknowledge themselves to be liable. Absolute princes, or others who are accustomed to unlimited deference, usually feel this complete confidence in their own opinions on nearly all subjects. People more happily situated, who sometimes hear their opinions disputed and are not wholly unused to be set right when they are wrong, place the same unbounded reliance only on such of their opinions as are shared by all who surround them, or to whom they habitually defer; for in proportion to a man's want of confidence in his own solitary judgment, does he usually repose, with implicit trust, on the infallibility of "the world" in general. And the world, to each individual, means the part of it with which he comes in contact; his party, his sect, his church, his class of society; the man may be called, by comparison, almost liberal and large-minded to whom it means anything so comprehensive as his own country or his own age. Nor is his faith in this collective authority at all shaken by his being aware that other ages, countries, sects, churches, classes, and parties have thought, and even now think, the exact reverse. He devolves upon his own world the responsibility of being in the right against the dissentient worlds of other people; and it never troubles him that mere accident has decided which of these numerous worlds is the object of his reliance, and that the same causes which make him a Churchman in London, would have made him a Buddhist or a Confucian in Pekin. Yet it is as evident in itself, as any amount of argument can make it, that ages are no more infallible than individuals, every age having held many opinions which subsequent ages have deemed not only false but absurd; and it is as certain that many opinions now general will be rejected by future ages, as it is that many, once general, are rejected by the present. . . .

When we consider either the history of opinion, or the ordinary conduct of human life, to what is it to be ascribed that the one and the other are no worse than they are? Not certainly to the inherent force of the human understanding; for, on any matter not self-evident, there are ninety-nine persons totally incapable of judging of it for one who is capable; and the capacity of the hundredth person is only comparative; for the majority of the eminent men of every past generation held many opinions now known to be erroneous, and did or approved numerous things which no one will now justify. Why is it, then, that there is on the whole a preponderance among mankind of rational opinions and rational conduct? If there really is this preponderance—which there must be unless human affairs are, and have always been, in an almost desperate state—it is owing to a quality of the human mind, the source of everything respectable in man either as an intellectual or as a moral being, namely, that his errors are corrigible. He is capable of rectifying his mistakes by discussion and experience. Not by experience alone. There must be discussion to show how experience is to be interpreted. Wrong opinions and practices gradually yield to fact and argument; but facts and arguments, to produce any effect on the mind, must be brought before it. Very few facts are able to tell their own story without comments to bring out their meaning. The whole strength and value, then, of human judgment depending on the one property that it can be set right when it is wrong, reliance can be placed on it only when the means of setting it right are kept constantly at hand.

In the case of any person whose judgment is really deserving of confidence, how has it become so? Because he has kept his mind open to criticism of his opinions and conduct. Because it has been his practice to listen to all that could be said against him; to profit by as much of it as was just, and expound to himself, and upon occasion to others, the fallacy of what was fallacious. Because he has felt that the only way in which a human being can make some approach to knowing the whole of a subject is by hearing what can be said about it by persons of every variety of opinion, and studying all modes in which it can be looked at by every character of mind. No wise man ever acquired his wisdom in any mode but this; nor is it in the nature of human intellect to become wise in any other manner. The steady habit of correcting and completing his own opinion by collating it with those of others, so far from causing

doubt and hesitation in carrying it into practice, is the only stable foundation for a just reliance on it: for, being cognizant of all that can, at least obviously, be said against him, and having taken up his position against all gainsayers—knowing that he has sought for objections and difficulties instead of avoiding them, and has shut out no light which can be thrown upon the subject from any quarter—he has a right to think his judgment better than that of any person, or any multitude, who have not gone through a similar process.

It is not too much to require that what the wisest of mankind, those who are best entitled to trust their own judgment, find necessary to warrant their relying on it, should be submitted to by that miscellaneous collection of a few wise and many foolish individuals, called the public. . . . The beliefs which we have most warrant for have no safeguard to rest on, but a standing invitation to the whole world to prove them unfounded. If the challenge is not accepted, or is accepted and the attempt fails, we are far enough from certainty still; but we have done the best that the existing state of human reason admits of; we have neglected nothing that could give the truth a chance of reaching us: if the lists are kept open, we may hope that if there be a better truth, it will be found when the human mind is capable of receiving it; and in the meantime we may rely on having attained such approach to truth as is possible in our own day. This is the amount of certainty attainable by a fallible being, and this the sole way of attaining it.

Strange it is, that men should admit the validity of the arguments for free discussion, but object to their being "pushed to an extreme"; not seeing that unless the reasons are good for an extreme case, they are not good for any case. Strange that they should imagine that they are not assuming infallibility, when they acknowledge that there should be free discussion on all subjects which can possibly be *doubtful*, but think that some particular principle or doctrine should be forbidden to be questioned because it is so *certain*, that is, because *they are certain* that it is certain. To call any proposition certain while there is any one who would deny its certainty if permitted, but who is not permitted, is to assume that we ourselves and those who agree with us are the judges of certainty, and judges without hearing the other side.

In the present age—which has been described as "destitute of faith, but terrified at scepticism"—in which people feel sure, not so much that their opinions are true, as that they should not know

what to do without them—the claims of an opinion to be protected from public attack are rested not so much on its truth, as on its importance to society. There are, it is alleged, certain beliefs so useful, not to say indispensable, to well-being that it is as much the duty of governments to uphold those beliefs, as to protect any other of the interests of society. In a case of such necessity, and so directly in the line of their duty, something less than infallibility may, it is maintained, warrant, and even bind, governments to act on their own opinion, confirmed by the general opinion of mankind. It is also often argued, and still oftener thought, that none but bad men would desire to weaken these salutary beliefs; and there can be nothing wrong, it is thought, in restraining bad men and prohibiting what only such men would wish to practise.

This mode of thinking makes the justification of restraints on discussion not a question of the truth of doctrines, but of their usefulness; and flatters itself by that means to escape the responsibility of claiming to be an infallible judge of opinions. But those who thus satisfy themselves, do not perceive that the assumption of infallibility is merely shifted from one point to another. The usefulness of an opinion is itself a matter of opinion, as disputable, as open to discussion, and requiring discussion as much as the opinion itself. There is the same need of an infallible judge of opinions to decide an opinion to be noxious as to decide it to be false, unless the opinion condemned has full opportunity of defending itself. And it will not do to say that the heretic may be allowed to maintain the utility or harmlessness of his opinion, though forbidden to maintain its truth. The truth of an opinion is part of its utility. If we would know whether or not it is desirable that a proposition should be believed, is it possible to exclude the consideration of whether or not it is true? In the opinion, not of bad men but of the best men, no belief which is contrary to truth can be really useful. . . .

Mankind can hardly be too often reminded, that there was once a man named Socrates, between whom and the legal authorities and public opinion of his time there took place a memorable collision. Born in an age and country abounding in individual greatness, this man has been handed down to us by those who best knew both him and the age as the most virtuous man in it; while *we* know him as the head and prototype of all subsequent teachers of virtue, the source equally of the lofty inspiration of Plato and the judicious

utilitarianism of Aristotle, *"i maëstri di color che sanno,"* the two headsprings of ethical as of all other philosophy. This acknowledged master of all the eminent thinkers who have since lived—whose fame, still growing after more than two thousand years, all but outweighs the whole remainder of the names which make his native city illustrious—was put to death by his countrymen, after a judicial conviction, for impiety and immorality. Impiety, in denying the gods recognized by the State; indeed his accuser asserted (see the "Apologia") that he believed in no gods at all. Immorality, in being, by his doctrines and instructions, a "corruptor of youth." Of these charges the tribunal, there is every ground for believing, honestly found him guilty, and condemned the man who probably of all then born had deserved best of mankind, to be put to death as a criminal.

To pass from this to the only other instance of judicial iniquity, the mention of which, after the condemnation of Socrates, would not be an anti-climax: the event which took place on Calvary rather more than eighteen hundred years ago. The man who left on the memory of those who witnessed his life and conversation such an impression of his moral grandeur that eighteen subsequent centuries have done homage to him as the Almighty in person, was ignominiously put to death, as what? As a blasphemer. Men did not merely mistake their benefactor; they mistook him for the exact contrary of what he was, and treated him as that prodigy of impiety which they themselves are now held to be for their treatment of him. The feelings with which mankind now regard these lamentable transactions, especially the later of the two, render them extremely unjust in their judgment of the unhappy actors. These were, to all appearance, not bad men—not worse than men commonly are, but rather the contrary; men who possessed in a full, or somewhat more than a full measure, the religious, moral, and patriotic feelings of their time and people: the very kind of men who, in all times, our own included, have every chance of passing through life blameless and respected. The high-priest who rent his garments when the words were pronounced, which, according to all the ideas of his country, constituted the blackest guilt, was in all probability quite as sincere in his horror and indignation as the generality of respectable and pious men now are in the religious and moral sentiments they profess; and most of those who now shudder at his conduct, if they had lived in his time and been born Jews, would

have acted precisely as he did. Orthodox Christians who are tempted to think that those who stoned to death the first martyrs must have been worse men than they themselves are ought to remember that one of those persecutors was Saint Paul.

Let us add one more example, the most striking of all, if the impressiveness of an error is measured by the wisdom and virtue of him who falls into it. If ever any one possessed of power had grounds for thinking himself the best and most enlightened among his contemporaries, it was the Emperor Marcus Aurelius. Absolute monarch of the whole civilized world, he preserved through life not only the most unblemished justice, but what was less to be expected from his Stoical breeding, the tenderest heart. The few failings which are attributed to him were all on the side of indulgence: while his writings, the highest ethical product of the ancient mind, differ scarcely perceptibly, if they differ at all, from the most characteristic teachings of Christ. This man, a better Christian in all but the dogmatic sense of the word than almost any of the ostensibly Christian sovereigns who have since reigned, persecuted Christianity. Placed at the summit of all the previous attainments of humanity, with an open, unfettered intellect, and a character which led him of himself to embody in his moral writings the Christian ideal, he yet failed to see that Christianity was to be a good and not an evil to the world, with his duties to which he was so deeply penetrated. Existing society he knew to be in a deplorable state. But such as it was, he saw, or thought he saw, that it was held together and prevented from being worse by belief and reverence of the received divinities. As a ruler of mankind, he deemed it his duty not to suffer society to fall in pieces; and saw not how, if its existing ties were removed, any others could be formed which could again knit it together. The new religion openly aimed at dissolving these ties: unless, therefore, it was his duty to adopt that religion, it seemed to be his duty to put it down. Inasmuch then as the theology of Christianity did not appear to him true or of divine origin; inasmuch as this strange history of a crucified God was not credible to him, and a system which purported to rest entirely upon a foundation to him so wholly unbelievable, could not be foreseen by him to be that renovating agency which, after all abatements, it has in fact proved to be; the gentlest and most amiable of philosophers and rulers, under a solemn sense of duty, authorized the persecution of Christianity. To my mind

this is one of the most tragical facts in all history. It is a bitter thought how different a thing the Christianity of the world might have been if the Christian faith had been adopted as the religion of the empire under the auspices of Marcus Aurelius instead of those of Constantine. But it would be equally unjust to him and false to truth to deny that no one plea which can be urged for punishing anti-Christian teaching was wanting to Marcus Aurelius for punishing, as he did, the propagation of Christianity. No Christian more firmly believes that Atheism is false and tends to the dissolution of society than Marcus Aurelius believed the same things of Christianity—he who, of all men then living, might have been thought the most capable of appreciating it. Unless any one who approves of punishment for the promulgation of opinions flatters himself that he is a wiser and better man than Marcus Aurelius—more deeply versed in the wisdom of his time, more elevated in his intellect above it, more earnest in his search for truth, or more single-minded in his devotion to it when found—let him abstain from that assumption of the joint infallibility of himself and the multitude which the great Antoninus made with so unfortunate a result.

Aware of the impossibility of defending the use of punishment for restraining irreligious opinions by any argument which will not justify Marcus Antoninus, the enemies of religious freedom, when hard pressed, occasionally accept this consequence, and say, with Dr. Johnson, that the persecutors of Christianity were in the right; that persecution is an ordeal through which truth ought to pass, and always passes successfully, legal penalties being in the end powerless against truth though sometimes beneficially effective against mischievous errors. This is a form of the argument for religious intolerance sufficiently remarkable not to be passed without notice.

A theory which maintains that truth may justifiably be persecuted because persecution cannot possibly do it any harm, cannot be charged with being intentionally hostile to the reception of new truths; but we cannot commend the generosity of its dealing with the persons to whom mankind are indebted for them. To discover to the world something which deeply concerns it, and of which it was previously ignorant, to prove to it that it had been mistaken on some vital point of temporal or spiritual interest, is as important a service as a human being can render to his fellow-creatures; and in certain cases, as in those of the early Christians

and of the Reformers, those who think with Dr. Johnson believe it to have been the most precious gift which could be bestowed on mankind. That the authors of such splendid benefits should be required by martyrdom, that their reward should be to be dealt with as the vilest of criminals, is not, upon this theory, a deplorable error and misfortune, for which humanity should mourn in sackcloth and ashes, but the normal and justifiable state of things. The propounder of a new truth, according to this doctrine, should stand, as stood, in the legislation of the Locrians, the proposer of a new law, with a halter round his neck, to be instantly tightened if the public assembly did not, on hearing his reasons, then and there adopt his proposition. People who defend this mode of treating benefactors cannot be supposed to set much value on the benefit; and I believe this view of the subject is mostly confined to the sort of persons who think that new truths may have been desirable once, but that we have had enough of them now.

But, indeed, the dictum that truth always triumphs over persecution is one of those pleasant falsehoods which men repeat after one another till they pass into commonplaces, but which all experience refutes. History teems with instances of truth put down by persecution. . . . No reasonable person can doubt that Christianity might have been extirpated in the Roman Empire. It spread and became predominant because the persecutions were only occasional, lasting but a short time, and separated by long intervals of almost undisturbed propagandism. It is a piece of idle sentimentality that truth, merely as truth, has any inherent power denied to error of prevailing against the dungeon and the stake. Men are not more zealous for truth than they often are for error, and a sufficient application of legal or even of social penalties will generally succeed in stopping the propagation of either. The real advantage which truth has consists in this, that when an opinion is true, it may be extinguished once, twice, or many times, but in the course of ages there will generally be found persons to rediscover it, until some one of its reappearances falls on a time when from favorable circumstances it escapes persecution until it has made such head as to withstand all subsequent attempts to suppress it. . . .

It is the social stigma which is really effective, and so effective is it, that the profession of opinions which are under the ban of society is much less common in England than is, in many other countries, the avowal of those which incur risk of judicial punish-

ment. In respect to all persons but those whose pecuniary circumstances make them independent of the good will of other people, opinion, on this subject, is as efficacious as law; men might as well be imprisoned as excluded from the means of earning their bread. Those whose bread is already secured and who desire no favors from men in power, or from bodies of men, or from the public, have nothing to fear from the open avowal of any opinions but to be ill-thought of and ill-spoken of, and this it ought not to require a very heroic mould to enable them to bear. There is no room for any appeal *ad misericordiam* in behalf of such persons.

But though we do not now inflict so much evil on those who think differently from us as it was formerly our custom to do, it may be that we do ourselves as much evil as ever by our treatment of them. Socrates was put to death, but the Socratic philosophy rose like the sun in heaven, and spread its illumination over the whole intellectual firmament. Christians were cast to the lions, but the Christian church grew up a stately and spreading tree, overtopping the older and less vigorous growths, and stifling them by its shade. Our merely social intolerance kills no one, roots out no opinions, but induces men to disguise them, or to abstain from any active effort for their diffusion. With us, heretical opinions do not perceptibly gain, or even lose, ground in each decade or generation; they never blaze out far and wide, but continue to smoulder in the narrow circles of thinking and studious persons among whom they originate, without ever lighting up the general affairs of mankind with either a true or a deceptive light. And thus is kept up a state of things very satisfactory to some minds, because, without the unpleasant process of fining or imprisoning anybody, it maintains all prevailing opinions outwardly undisturbed, while it does not absolutely interdict the exercise of reason by dissentients afflicted with the malady of thought. A convenient plan for having peace in the intellectual world, and keeping all things going on therein very much as they do already.

The price paid for this sort of intellectual pacification is the sacrifice of the entire moral courage of the human mind. A state of things in which a large portion of the most active and inquiring intellects find it advisable to keep the general principles and grounds of their convictions within their own breasts, and attempt, in what they address to the public, to fit as much as they can of their own conclusions to premises which they have internally renounced, can-

not send forth the open, fearless characters, and logical, consistent intellects who once adorned the thinking world. The sort of men who can be looked for under it are either mere conformers to common-place, or time-servers for truth whose arguments on all great subjects are meant for their hearers, and are not those which have convinced themselves. Those who avoid this alternative do so by narrowing their thoughts and interest to things which can be spoken of without venturing within the region of principles, that is, to small practical matters which would come right of themselves if but the minds of mankind were strengthened and enlarged, and which will never be made effectually right until then: while that which would strengthen and enlarge men's minds, free and daring speculation on the highest subjects, is abandoned. . . .

II

Let us now pass to the second division of the argument, and dismissing the supposition that any of the received opinions[2] may be false, let us assume them to be true, and examine into the worth of the manner in which they are likely to be held when their truth is not freely and openly canvassed. However unwillingly a person who has a strong opinion may admit the possibility that his opinion may be false, he ought to be moved by the consideration that, however true it may be, if it is not fully, frequently, and fearlessly discussed, it will be held as a dead dogma, not a living truth.

There is a class of persons (happily not quite so numerous as formerly) who think it enough if a person assents undoubtingly to what they think true, though he has no knowledge whatever of the grounds of the opinion, and could not make a tenable defence of it against the most superficial objections. Such persons, if they can once get their creed taught from authority, naturally think that no good, and some harm, comes of its being allowed to be questioned. Where their influence prevails, they make it nearly impossible for the received opinion to be rejected wisely and considerately, though it may still be rejected rashly and ignorantly; for to shut out discussion entirely is seldom possible, and when it once gets in, beliefs not grounded on conviction are apt to give way before the slightest semblance of an argument. Waiving, however, this possibility—assuming that the true opinion abides in the mind, but abides as a prejudice, a belief independent of, and proof against, argument—

[2] I.e., the prevailing opinions.—Editors.

this is not the way in which truth ought to be held by a rational being. This is not knowing the truth. Truth, thus held, is but one superstition the more, accidentally clinging to the words which enunciate a truth.

If the intellect and judgment of mankind ought to be cultivated, a thing which Protestants at least do not deny, on what can these faculties be more appropriately exercised by any one than on the things which concern him so much that it is considered necessary for him to hold opinions on them? If the cultivation of the understanding consists in one thing more than in another, it is surely in learning the grounds of one's own opinions. Whatever people believe on subjects on which it is of the first importance to believe rightly, they ought to be able to defend against at least the common objections.

But, some one may say, "Let them be *taught* the grounds of their opinions. It does not follow that opinions must be merely parroted because they are never heard controverted. Persons who learn geometry do not simply commit the theorems to memory, but understand and learn likewise the demonstrations; and it would be absurd to say that they remain ignorant of the grounds of geometrical truths because they never hear any one deny, and attempt to disprove them." Undoubtedly: and such teaching suffices on a subject like mathematics, where there is nothing at all to be said on the wrong side of the question. The peculiarity of the evidence of mathematical truths is that all the argument is on one side. There are no objections, and no answers to objections. But on every subject on which difference of opinion is possible, the truth depends on a balance to be struck between two sets of conflicting reasons. Even in natural philosophy there is always some other explanation possible of the same facts, some geocentric theory instead of heliocentric, some phlogiston instead of oxygen; and it has to be shown why that other theory cannot be the true one: and until this is shown, and until we know how it is shown, we do not understand the grounds of our opinion. But when we turn to subjects infinitely more complicated, to morals, religion, politics, social relations, and the business of life, three-fourths of the arguments for every disputed opinion consist in dispelling the appearances which favor some opinion different from it.

The greatest orator, save one, of antiquity, has left it on record that he always studied his adversary's case with as great, if not still

greater, intensity than even his own. What Cicero practised as the means of forensic success requires to be imitated by all who study any subject in order to arrive at the truth. He who knows only his own side of the case, knows little of that. His reasons may be good, and no one may have been able to refute them. But if he is equally unable to refute the reasons on the opposite side, if he does not so much as know what they are, he has no ground for preferring either opinion. The rational position for him would be suspension of judgment, and unless he contents himself with that, he is either led by authority, or adopts, like the generality of the world, the side to which he feels most inclination. Nor is it enough that he should hear the arguments of adversaries from his own teachers, presented as they state them, and accompanied by what they offer as refutations. That is not the way to do justice to the arguments, or bring them into real contact with his own mind. He must be able to hear them from persons who actually believe them, who defend them in earnest, and do their very utmost for them. He must know them in their most plausible and persuasive form; he must feel the whole force of the difficulty which the true view of the subject has to encounter and dispose of; else he will never really possess himself of the portion of truth which meets and removes that difficulty.

Ninety-nine in a hundred of what are called educated men are in this condition, even of those who can argue fluently for their opinions. Their conclusion may be true, but it might be false for anything they know: they have never thrown themselves into the mental position of those who think differently from them, and considered what such persons may have to say; and consequently they do not, in any proper sense of the word, know the doctrine which they themselves profess. They do not know those parts of it which explain and justify the remainder, the considerations which show that a fact which seemingly conflicts with another is reconcilable with it, or that, of two apparently strong reasons, one and not the other ought to be preferred. All that part of the truth which turns the scale, and decides the judgment of a completely informed mind, they are strangers to; nor is it ever really known, but to those who have attended equally and impartially to both sides, and endeavored to see the reasons of both in the strongest light. So essential is this discipline to a real understanding of moral and human subjects, that if opponents of all important truths do not

exist, it is indispensable to imagine them, and supply them with the strongest arguments which the most skilful devil's advocate can conjure up. . . .

If, however, the mischievous operation of the absence of free discussion, when the received opinions are true, were confined to leaving men ignorant of the grounds of those opinions, it might be thought that this, if an intellectual, is no moral evil, and does not affect the worth of the opinions, regarded in their influence on the character. The fact, however, is, that not only the grounds of the opinion are forgotten in the absence of discussion, but too often the meaning of the opinion itself. The words which convey it cease to suggest ideas, or suggest only a small portion of those they were originally employed to communicate. Instead of a vivid conception and a living belief, there remain only a few phrases retained by rote; or, if any part, the shell and husk only of the meaning is retained, the finer essence being lost. The great chapter in human history which this fact occupies and fills, cannot be too earnestly studied and meditated on.

It is illustrated in the experience of almost all ethical doctrines and religious creeds. They are all full of meaning and vitality to those who originate them, and to the direct disciples of the originators. Their meaning continues to be felt in undiminished strength, and is perhaps brought out into even fuller consciousness, so long as the struggle lasts to give the doctrine or creed an ascendancy over other creeds. At last it either prevails, and becomes the general opinion, or its progress stops; it keeps possession of the ground it has gained, but ceases to spread further. When either of these results has become apparent, controversy on the subject flags, and gradually dies away. The doctrine has taken its place, if not as a received opinion, as one of the admitted sects or divisions of opinion: those who hold it have generally inherited, not adopted it; and conversion from one of these doctrines to another, being now an exceptional fact, occupies little place in the thoughts of their professors. Instead of being, as at first, constantly on the alert either to defend themselves against the world, or to bring the world over to them, they have subsided into acquiescence, and neither listen, when they can help it, to arguments against their creed, nor trouble dissentients (if there be such) with arguments in its favor. From this time may usually be dated the decline in the living power of the doctrine.

We often hear the teachers of all creeds lamenting the difficulty

of keeping up in the minds of believers a lively apprehension of the truth which they nominally recognize, so that it may penetrate the feelings, and acquire a real mastery over the conduct. No such difficulty is complained of while the creed is still fighting for its existence: even the weaker combatants then know and feel what they are fighting for, and the difference between it and other doctrines; and in that period of every creed's existence, not a few persons may be found who have realized its fundamental principles in all the forms of thought, have weighed and considered them in all their important bearings, and have experienced the full effect on the character which belief in that creed ought to produce in a mind thoroughly imbued with it. But when it has come to be an hereditary creed, and to be received passively, not actively—when the mind is no longer compelled in the same degree as at first to exercise its vital powers on the questions which its belief presents to it, there is a progressive tendency to forget all of the belief except the formularies, or to give it a dull and torpid assent, as if accepting it on trust dispensed with the necessity of realizing it in consciousness, or testing it by personal experience, until it almost ceases to connect itself at all with the inner life of the human being. Then are seen the cases, so frequent in this age of the world as almost to form the majority, in which the creed remains as it were outside the mind, incrusting and petrifying it against all other influences addressed to the higher parts of our nature, manifesting its power by not suffering any fresh and living conviction to get in, but itself doing nothing for the mind or heart except standing sentinel over them to keep them vacant.

To what an extent doctrines intrinsically fitted to make the deepest impression upon the mind may remain in it as dead beliefs without being ever realized in the imagination, the feelings, or the understanding, is exemplified by the manner in which the majority of believers hold the doctrines of Christianity. By Christianity I here mean what is accounted such by all churches and sects—the maxims and precepts contained in the New Testament. These are considered sacred and accepted as laws by all professing Christians. Yet it is scarcely too much to say that not one Christian in a thousand guides or tests his individual conduct by reference to those laws. The standard to which he does refer it is the custom of his nation, his class, or his religious profession. He has thus, on the one hand, a collection of ethical maxims which he believes to have

been vouchsafed to him by infallible wisdom as rules for his government, and on the other a set of every-day judgments and practices which go a certain length with some of those maxims, not so great a length with others, stand in direct opposition to some, and are, on the whole, a compromise between the Christian creed and the interests and suggestions of worldly life. To the first of these standards he gives his homage, to the other his real allegiance.

All Christians believe that the blessed are the poor and humble, and those who are ill-used by the world; that it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven; that they should judge not, lest they be judged; that they should swear not at all; that they should love their neighbor as themselves; that if one take their cloak, they should give him their coat also; that they should take no thought for the morrow; that if they would be perfect they should sell all that they have and give it to the poor. They are not insincere when they say that they believe these things. They do believe them, as people believe what they have always heard lauded and never discussed. But in the sense of that living belief which regulates conduct, they believe these doctrines just up to the point to which it is usual to act upon them. The doctrines in their integrity are serviceable to pelt adversaries with; and it is understood that they are to be put forward (when possible) as the reasons for whatever people do that they think laudable. But any one who reminded them that the maxims require an infinity of things which they never even think of doing would gain nothing but to be classed among those very unpopular characters who affect to be better than other people. The doctrines have no hold on ordinary believers—are not a power in their minds. They have an habitual respect for the sound of them, but no feeling which spreads from the words to the things signified and forces the mind to take *them* in and make them conform to the formula. Whenever conduct is concerned, they look round for Mr. A and B to direct them how far to go in obeying Christ.

Now we may be well assured that the case was not thus, but far otherwise, with the early Christians. Had it been thus, Christianity never would have expanded from an obscure sect of the despised Hebrews into the religion of the Roman empire. When their enemies said, "See how these Christians love one another" (a remark not likely to be made by anybody now), they assuredly had a much livelier feeling of the meaning of their creed than they

have ever had since. And to this cause, probably, it is chiefly owing that Christianity now makes so little progress in extending its domain, and after eighteen centuries is still nearly confined to Europeans and the descendants of Europeans. Even with the strictly religious, who are much in earnest about their doctrines, and attach a greater amount of meaning to many of them than people in general, it commonly happens that the part which is thus comparatively active in their minds is that which was made by Calvin, or Knox, or some such person much nearer in character to themselves. The sayings of Christ coexist passively in their minds, producing hardly any effect beyond what is caused by mere listening to words so amiable and bland. There are many reasons, doubtless, why doctrines which are the badge of a sect retain more of their vitality than those common to all recognized sects, and why more pains are taken by teachers to keep their meaning alive; but one reason certainly is that the peculiar doctrines are more questioned and have to be oftener defended against open gainsayers. Both teachers and learners go to sleep at their post as soon as there is no enemy in the field.

The same thing holds true, generally speaking, of all traditional doctrines—those of prudence and knowledge of life, as well as of morals or religion. All languages and literatures are full of general observations on life, both as to what it is, and how to conduct oneself in it—observations which everybody knows, which everybody repeats, or hears with acquiescence, which are received as truisms, yet of which most people first truly learn the meaning when experience, generally of a painful kind, has made it a reality to them. How often, when smarting under some unforeseen misfortune or disappointment, does a person call to mind some proverb or common saying, familiar to him all his life, the meaning of which, if he had ever before felt it as he does now, would have saved him from the calamity. There are indeed reasons for this other than the absence of discussion; there are many truths of which the full meaning *cannot* be realized until personal experience has brought it home. But much more of the meaning even of these would have been understood, and what was understood would have been far more deeply impressed on the mind, if the man had been accustomed to hear it argued *pro* and *con* by people who did understand it. The fatal tendency of mankind to leave off thinking about a thing when it is no longer doubtful is the cause

of half their errors. A contemporary author has well spoken of "the deep slumber of a decided opinion."

But what! (it may be asked) Is the absence of unanimity an indispensable condition of true knowledge? Is it necessary that some part of mankind should persist in error to enable any to realize the truth? Does a belief cease to be real and vital as soon as it is generally received—and is a proposition never thoroughly understood and felt unless some doubt of it remains? As soon as mankind have unanimously accepted a truth, does the truth perish within them? The highest aim and best result of improved intelligence, it has hitherto been thought, is to unite mankind more and more in the acknowledgment of all important truths; and does the intelligence only last as long as it has not achieved its object? Do the fruits of conquest perish by the very completeness of the victory?

I affirm no such thing. As mankind improve, the number of doctrines which are no longer disputed or doubted will be constantly on the increase: and the well-being of mankind may almost be measured by the number and gravity of the truths which have reached the point of being uncontested. The cessation, on one question after another, of serious controversy, is one of the necessary incidents of the consolidation of opinion, a consolidation as salutary in the case of true opinions as it is dangerous and noxious when the opinions are erroneous. But though this gradual narrowing of the bounds of diversity of opinion is necessary in both senses of the term, being at once inevitable and indispensable, we are not therefore obliged to conclude that all its consequences must be beneficial. The loss of so important an aid to the intelligent and living apprehension of a truth as is afforded by the necessity of explaining it to, or defending it against, opponents, though not sufficient to outweigh, is no trifling drawback from, the benefit of its universal recognition. Where this advantage can no longer be had, I confess I should like to see the teachers of mankind endeavoring to provide a substitute for it, some contrivance for making the difficulties of the question as present to the learner's consciousness as if they were pressed upon him by a dissentient champion eager for his conversion.

But instead of seeking contrivances for this purpose, they have lost those they formerly had. The Socratic dialectics, so magnificently exemplified in the dialogues of Plato, were a contrivance of this description. They were essentially a negative discussion of

the great question of philosophy and life, directed with consummate skill to the purpose of convincing any one who had merely adopted the commonplaces of received opinion that he did not understand the subject—that he as yet attached no definite meaning to the doctrines he professed; in order that, becoming aware of his ignorance, he might be put in the way to obtain a stable belief, resting on a clear apprehension both of the meaning of doctrines and of their evidence. The school disputations of the Middle Ages had a somewhat similar object. They were intended to make sure that the pupil understood his own opinion, and (by necessary correlation) the opinion opposed to it, and could enforce the grounds of the one and confute those of the other. These last-mentioned contests had indeed the incurable defect that the premises appealed to were taken from authority, not from reason; and as a discipline to the mind they were in every respect inferior to the powerful dialectics which formed the intellects of the "Socratici viri"; but the modern mind owes far more to both than it is generally willing to admit, and the present modes of education contain nothing which in the smallest degree supplies the place either of the one or of the other. . . .

III

It still remains to speak of one of the principal causes which make diversity of opinion advantageous, and will continue to do so until mankind shall have entered a stage of intellectual advancement which at present seems at an incalculable distance. We have hitherto considered only two possibilities: that the received opinion may be false, and some other opinion, consequently, true; or that, the received opinion being true, a conflict with the opposite error is essential to a clear apprehension and deep feeling of its truth. But there is a commoner case than either of these: when the conflicting doctrines, instead of being one true and the other false, share the truth between them; and the nonconforming opinion is needed to supply the remainder of the truth, of which the received doctrine embodies only a part.

Popular opinions on subjects not palpable to sense are often true, but seldom or never the whole truth. They are a part of the truth; sometimes a greater, sometimes a smaller part, but exaggerated, distorted, and disjointed from the truths by which they ought to be

accompanied and limited. Heretical opinions, on the other hand, are generally some of these suppressed and neglected truths, bursting the bonds which kept them down, and either seeking reconciliation with the truth contained in the common opinion, or fronting it as enemies and setting themselves up with similar exclusiveness as the whole truth. The latter case is hitherto the most frequent, as in the human mind one-sidedness has always been the rule and many-sidedness the exception. Hence, even in revolutions of opinion, one part of the truth usually sets while another rises. Even progress, which ought to superadd, for the most part only substitutes one partial and incomplete truth for another, improvement consisting chiefly in this, that the new fragment of truth is more wanted, more adapted to the needs of the time, than that which it displaces. Such being the partial character of prevailing opinions even when resting on a true foundation, every opinion which embodies somewhat of the portion of truth which the common opinion omits ought to be considered precious, with whatever amount of error and confusion that truth may be blended. No sober judge of human affairs will feel bound to be indignant because those who force on our notice truths which we should otherwise have overlooked, overlook some of those which we see. Rather he will think that so long as popular truth is one-sided, it is more desirable than otherwise that unpopular truth should have one-sided assertors too, such being usually the most energetic, and the most likely to compel reluctant attention to the fragment of wisdom which they proclaim as if it were the whole.

Thus in the eighteenth century, when nearly all the instructed and all those of the uninstructed who were led by them were lost in admiration of what is called civilization and of the marvels of modern science, literature, and philosophy, and while greatly overrating the amount of unlikeness between the men of modern and those of ancient times, indulged the belief that the whole of the difference was in their own favor, with what a salutary shock did the paradoxes of Rousseau explode like bombshells in the midst, dislocating the compact mass of one-sided opinion, and forcing its elements to recombine in a better form and with additional ingredients. Not that the current opinions were on the whole farther from the truth than Rousseau's were; on the contrary, they were nearer to it; they contained more of positive truth and very much less of error. Nevertheless there lay in Rousseau's doctrine, and

has floated down the stream of opinion along with it, a considerable amount of exactly those truths which the popular opinion wanted; and these are the deposit which was left behind when the flood subsided. The superior worth of simplicity of life, the enervating and demoralizing effect of the trammels and hypocrisies of artificial society, are ideas which have never been entirely absent from cultivated minds since Rousseau wrote; and they will in time produce their due effect, though at present needing to be asserted as much as ever, and to be asserted by deeds, for words, on this subject, have nearly exhausted their power.

In politics, again, it is almost a commonplace that a party of order or stability and a party of progress or reform are both necessary elements of a healthy state of political life, until the one or the other shall have so enlarged its mental grasp as to be a party equally of order and of progress, knowing and distinguishing what is fit to be preserved from what ought to be swept away. Each of these modes of thinking derives its utility from the deficiencies of the other, but it is in a great measure the opposition of the other that keeps each within the limits of reason and sanity. Unless opinions favorable to democracy and to aristocracy, to property and to equality, to co-operation and to competition, to luxury and to abstinence, to sociality and individuality, to liberty and discipline, and all the other standing antagonisms of practical life, are expressed with equal freedom, and enforced and defended with equal talent and energy, there is no chance of both elements obtaining their due; one scale is sure to go up, and the other down.

Truth, in the great practical concerns of life, is so much a question of the reconciling and combining of opposites that very few have minds sufficiently capacious and impartial to make the adjustment with an approach to correctness, and it has to be made by the rough process of a struggle between combatants fighting under hostile banners. On any of the great open questions just enumerated, if either of the two opinions has a better claim than the other, not merely to be tolerated, but to be encouraged and countenanced, it is the one which happens at the particular time and place to be in a minority. That is the opinion which, for the time being, represents the neglected interests, the side of human well-being which is in danger of obtaining less than its share. I am aware that there is not, in this country, any intolerance of differences of opinion on most of these topics. They are adduced to show, by admitted and

multiplied examples, the universality of the fact that only through diversity of opinion is there, in the existing state of human intellect, a chance of fair play to all sides of the truth. When there are persons to be found who form an exception to the apparent unanimity of the world on any subject, even if the world is in the right, it is always probable that dissentients have something worth hearing to say for themselves, and that truth would lose something by their silence.

It may be objected, "But *some* received principles, especially on the highest and most vital subjects, are more than half-truths. The Christian morality, for instance, is the whole truth on that subject, and if any one teaches a morality which varies from it, he is wholly in error." As this is of all cases the most important in practice, none can be fitter to test the general maxim. But before pronouncing what Christian morality is or is not, it would be desirable to decide what is meant by Christian morality. If it means the morality of the New Testament, I wonder that any one who derives his knowledge of this from the book itself can suppose that it was announced, or intended, as a complete doctrine of morals. The Gospel always refers to a pre-existing morality, and confines its precepts to the particulars in which that morality was to be corrected, or superseded by a wider and higher; expressing itself, moreover, in terms most general, often impossible to be interpreted literally, and possessing rather the impressiveness of poetry or eloquence than the precision of legislation. To extract from it a body of ethical doctrine has never been possible without eking it out from the Old Testament, that is, from a system elaborate indeed, but in many respects barbarous, and intended only for a barbarous people. St. Paul, a declared enemy to this Judaical mode of interpreting the doctrine and filling up the scheme of his Master, equally assumes a pre-existing morality, namely that of the Greeks and Romans; and his advice to Christians is in a great measure a system of accommodation to that, even to the extent of giving an apparent sanction to slavery. What is called Christian, but should rather be termed theological, morality, was not the work of Christ or the Apostles, but is of much later origin, having been gradually built up by the Catholic Church of the first five centuries, and though not implicitly adopted by moderns and Protestants, has been much less modified by them than might have been expected. For the most part, indeed, they have contented themselves with cutting off the

additions which had been made to it in the Middle Ages, each sect supplying the place by fresh additions adapted to its own character and tendencies.

That mankind owe a great debt to this morality and to its early teachers I should be the last person to deny; but I do not scruple to say of it that it is in many important points incomplete and one-sided, and that unless ideas and feelings not sanctioned by it had contributed to the formation of European life and character, human affairs would have been in a worse condition than they now are. Christian morality (so called) has all the characters of a reaction; it is in great part a protest against Paganism. Its ideal is negative rather than positive; passive rather than active; Innocence rather than Nobleness; Abstinence from Evil rather than energetic Pursuit of Good; in its precepts (as has been well said) "thou shalt not" predominates unduly over "thou shalt." In its horror of sensuality, it made an idol of asceticism, which has been gradually compromised away into one of legality. It holds out the hope of heaven and the threat of hell as the appointed and appropriate motives to a virtuous life; in this falling far below the best of the ancients, and doing what lies in it to give to human morality an essentially selfish character, by disconnecting each man's feelings of duty from the interests of his fellow-creatures, except so far as a self-interested inducement is offered to him for consulting them. It is essentially a doctrine of passive obedience; it inculcates submission to all authorities found established, who indeed are not to be actively obeyed when they command what religion forbids, but who are not to be resisted, far less rebelled against, for any amount of wrong to ourselves. And while in the morality of the best Pagan nations duty to the State holds even a disproportionate place, infringing on the just liberty of the individual, in purely Christian ethics that grand department of duty is scarcely noticed or acknowledged. It is in the Koran, not the New Testament, that we read the maxim—"A ruler who appoints any man to an office when there is in his dominions another man better qualified for it sins against God and against the State." What little recognition the idea of obligation to the public obtains in modern morality is derived from Greek and Roman sources, not from Christian, as even in the morality of private life whatever exists of magnanimity, high-mindedness, personal dignity, even the sense of honor, is derived from the purely human, not the religious part of our education, and

never could have grown out of a standard of ethics in which the only worth, professedly recognized, is that of obedience.

I am as far as any one from pretending that these defects are necessarily inherent in the Christian ethics in every manner in which it can be conceived, or that the many requisites of a complete moral doctrine which it does not contain do not admit of being reconciled with it. Far less would I insinuate this of the doctrines and precepts of Christ himself. I believe that the sayings of Christ are all that I can see any evidence of their having been intended to be; that they are irreconcilable with nothing which a comprehensive morality requires; that everything which is excellent in ethics may be brought within them, with no greater violence to their language than has been done to it by all who have attempted to deduce from them any practical system of conduct whatever. But it is quite consistent with this to believe that they contain, and were meant to contain, only a part of the truth; that many essential elements of the highest morality are among the things which are not provided for, nor intended to be provided for, in the recorded deliverances of the Founder of Christianity, and which have been entirely thrown aside in the system of ethics erected on the basis of those deliverances by the Christian Church. And this being so, I think it a great error to persist in attempting to find in the Christian doctrine that complete rule for our guidance which its author intended it to sanction and enforce, but only partially to provide. I believe, too, that this narrow theory is becoming a grave practical evil, detracting greatly from the moral training and instruction which so many well-meaning persons are now at length exerting themselves to promote. I much fear that by attempting to form the mind and feelings on an exclusively religious type, and discarding those secular standards (as for want of a better name they may be called) which heretofore co-existed with and supplemented the Christian ethics, receiving some of its spirit, and infusing into it some of theirs, there will result, and is even now resulting, a low, abject, servile type of character, which, submit itself as it may to what it deems the Supreme Will, is incapable of rising to or sympathizing in the conception of Supreme Goodness.

I believe that other ethics than any which can be evolved from exclusively Christian sources must exist side by side with Christian ethics to produce the moral regeneration of mankind, and that the Christian system is no exception to the rule that in an imperfect

state of the human mind the interests of truth require a diversity of opinions. It is not necessary that in ceasing to ignore the moral truths not contained in Christianity men should ignore any of those which it does contain. Such prejudice, or oversight, when it occurs, is altogether an evil; but it is one from which we cannot hope to be always exempt, and must be regarded as the price paid for an inestimable good. The exclusive pretension made by a part of the truth to be the whole, must and ought to be protested against; and if a reactionary impulse should make the protestors unjust in their turn, this one-sidedness, like the other, may be lamented but must be tolerated. If Christians would teach infidels to be just to Christianity, they should themselves be just to infidelity. It can do truth no service to blink the fact, known to all who have the most ordinary acquaintance with literary history, that a large portion of the noblest and most valuable moral teaching has been the work, not only of men who did not know, but of men who knew and rejected, the Christian faith.

I do not pretend that the most unlimited use of the freedom of enunciating all possible opinions would put an end to the evils of religious or philosophical sectarianism. Every truth which men of narrow capacity are in earnest about is sure to be asserted, inculcated, and in many ways even acted on, as if no other truth existed in the world, or at all events none that could limit or qualify the first. I acknowledge that the tendency of all opinions to become sectarian is not cured by the freest discussion, but is often heightened and exacerbated thereby, the truth which ought to have been, but was not, seen, being rejected all the more violently because proclaimed by persons regarded as opponents. But it is not on the impassioned partisan, it is on the calmer and more disinterested bystander that this collision of opinions works its salutary effect. Not the violent conflict between parts of the truth, but the quiet suppression of half of it, is the formidable evil; there is always hope when people are forced to listen to both sides; it is when they attend only to one that errors harden into prejudices, and truth itself ceases to have the effect of truth, by being exaggerated into falsehood. And since there are few mental attributes more rare than that judicial faculty which can sit in intelligent judgment between two sides of a question of which only one is represented by an advocate before it, truth has no chance but in proportion as every side of it, every opinion which embodies any fraction of the

truth, not only finds advocates, but is so advocated as to be listened to.

We have now recognized the necessity to the mental well-being of mankind (on which all their other well-being depends) of freedom of opinion, and freedom of the expression of opinion, on four distinct grounds, which we will now briefly recapitulate.

First, if any opinion is compelled to silence, that opinion may, for aught we can certainly know, be true. To deny this is to assume our own infallibility.

Secondly, though the silenced opinion be an error, it may, and very commonly does, contain a portion of truth; and since the general or prevailing opinion on any subject is rarely or never the whole truth, it is only by the collision of adverse opinions that the remainder of the truth has any chance of being supplied.

Thirdly, even if the received opinion be not only true, but the whole truth, unless it is suffered to be, and actually is, vigorously and earnestly contested, it will, by most of those who receive it, be held in the manner of a prejudice, with little comprehension or feeling of its rational grounds. And not only this, but fourthly, the meaning of the doctrine itself will be in danger of being lost, or enfeebled, and deprived of its vital effect on the character and conduct: the dogma becoming a mere formal profession, inefficacious for good, but cumbering the ground, and preventing the growth of any real and heartfelt conviction, from reason or personal experience.

THE RELIGION OF PUNCH[1]

FRANK AYDELOTTE

IT HAS for some years been evident to such persons as have had the curiosity to inquire about the matter that there is in the minds of many American college boys, and many college professors who are their advisers, a vague, intangible prejudice against the Rhodes Scholarships. This prejudice is not caused by the requirement of Greek. It is not a mere jingoistic objection to having anything to do with other than American universities. It is not due to the popular superstition that England is "behind the times" and hence as good as dead. Nor is it a result of the very wide-spread and very dense popular ignorance of what the scheme stands for, what are the conditions of obtaining an appointment, and what are the opportunities which an appointment opens.

The particular objection to which I allude is different from all these, founded much deeper in our national feeling, and much less frequently voiced in plain words. It is an objection based partly on observation of the Americans who have returned from Oxford. It represents a shrewd analysis of the effect which Oxford has had on them: it rests on a fact, but a fact misunderstood.

Perhaps the clearest statement of this objection is to be found in the verdict of a keen, emphatic, hard-driving, Middle-Western educator on an ex-Rhodes Scholar who was a candidate for a position in his educational institution: "He's a gentleman, he is a good scholar, and not afraid of work, but *he has lost his punch! Oxford has tamed him!*" There it is—roughly but adequately put! In the opinion of a certain class of American educators the effect of Oxford on American boys has been to tame them. They come back, say these men, well trained, possibly more thoroughly grounded in the fundamentals of their subjects than they would have been in America. They are pleasant fellows socially, they have plenty of energy, and are ready to do hard work, they are not Anglo-maniacs,

[1] From *The Oxford Stamp*, Oxford University Press, 1917. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

they have no intention of trying to make America over on the English pattern (our objectors would take perhaps more joy in them and be less suspicious if they had), but they have lost that indefinable American characteristic known as *punch*.

I

What is this quality which we so admire and for which we have no other name than the slang word *punch*? It is a quality which can be known truly only by its works, and they are mighty and innumerable. It is the ability to achieve the end without the means, the whole without the parts. It makes railways without money, churches without religion, literature without art, newspapers without news, and educational institutions without educated men. It is not, however, to be confused with *bluff*. It is not the quality which wins poker games without cards. It is *bluff* raised to a higher power; it survives "calling"—at least for a generation. The next generation pays, as in the case of the site of the Panama Canal.

Admiration for punch is not confined to the Western Hemisphere. All Europeans admire this quality (though they will not always admit the fact) in our conduct of business. Englishmen who have spent a good part of their lives in the colonies admire it more than those who have stayed at home. And these are precisely the Englishmen with whom Americans are most comfortable. But the distinctive feature of American punch is that we do not confine its range to the world of business and practical life, but are beginning to extend it to the intellectual and spiritual world as well. A new type of college professor, a new type of preacher and lecturer and teacher is appearing among us—the man with punch.

Our fathers, so far as we of this generation can make out, did not know this man. In their churches and universities he would perhaps not have been tolerated; there are some places where he is not tolerated to-day. But he is extending his domains. The trend of the times is in his favor. This is an age of experiment in education. We no longer have the majority of our students taking a "classical" course, the subject-matter of which is more or less standard and fixed. We have very few "courses" to-day; under the elective system each student makes his own. In education at present we are engaged in trying all things. It looks sometimes as if,

like the lady in *Piers Plowman*, we had forgotten to turn over the leaf and learn that we must hold fast to that which is good.

The great difference between the education of the present and that of a few generations ago is not that we have substituted science and the modern languages for the classics. Nor is it that we have largely substituted bread-and-butter values for cultural. It is that in place of a standard and regular discipline we have now the tacit theory of the educational equality of all subjects and the anarchy of the elective system. The result is that our work is tentative and ineffective; our very degrees have lost their old meaning and acquired no new; the word education is one of the vaguest in our language. It does not follow that we are educationally on the road to perdition. More likely the reverse. Experiment and tentative efforts are the price of progress, and it is only by this means that a new educational discipline can be evolved, summing up the lessons of a longer past and meeting the needs of a more complex future.

But meanwhile, in the confusion, has come the opportunity of the man with punch. Lured by the magnitude of our educational system, he has invaded this field as he might have invaded South America or the Orient in business, using the same "practical" methods, and insisting on the same immediate results. He has not been admitted everywhere, but he has been admitted and applauded too much. As a result of his efforts, our universities are organized for "efficiency," and "scientific management" threatens to tell men how to teach classes as well as how to lay bricks or load bars of pig iron on a car. Our university presidents tend to become captains of industry, and athletic sports tend to justify themselves not as sport, but as advertising.

The man with punch has commercialized education and advertised it, and in some cases well-nigh destroyed it. For the rough-and-ready methods, the impatience, the liking for show, the hasty contempt for thoroughness, the disregard of preparation and of finish, which are elements of a certain kind of machine-made success in the practical sphere, are handicaps in the world of intellect. A man with punch may be made into a philosopher, but in the process he will lose part of his admiration for punch. For punch is not so much the faculty of getting results as of getting the appearance of them. It is at bottom the talent for publicity, expressing itself always in "grand-stand play." Flashiness, show, advertising—all

these qualities which it love—are attributes of charlatanism in tl intellectual world. And if the intellectual life means anything : all, it means never-ending opposition to charlatanism. Charlata ism is not only inimical to it, it is a complete and total negation of "Sainte-Beuve relates," says Arnold, "that Napoleon once sai when somebody was spoken of in his presence as a charlat 'Charlatan as much as you please; but where is there *not* charl tanism?' 'Yes,' answers Sainte-Beuve, 'in politics, in the art governing mankind, that is perhaps true. But in the order thought, in art, the glory, the eternal honour is that charlatanis shall find no entrance; herein lies the inviolableness of that nob portion of man's being.' "

It may be that we shall find one day that charlatanism is not a a good in practical life, that it is worth while to have our clothir all wool as well as prominently advertised, our food pure as well packed in fancy boxes. If we ever learn that, we shall probab learn it when our universities learn it, when they acquire mo respect for thoroughness, when they promise less and perform mor when we teach our students the difference between really knowir a thing and half-knowing it, when we distinguish between shodc work in the intellectual sphere and sound.

II

That is the lesson which Oxford is teaching our American boy They take various courses, the things they learn have various d grees of "practical" value, or perhaps no practical value at all. B when they return they are all firmly impressed with one thing: tl necessity for thoroughness in intellectual work, the difference b tween knowledge and smatterings. And the inevitable effect of th is to sober them, to make them less disposed to pretend to kno what they do not know, to make them settle down rather quiet and seriously to the work which they wish to do (or can find to dc at home.

It must be repeated that the writer is under no delusion that e: Rhodes Scholars are the only Americans who do this. Our ow universities have many hard-working, sound scholars and clear thinl ers—men who spend their time in work and not in advertising. B too often they are not the men with the widest influence, or tl largest salaries, or the greatest reputations. Among the studen

whom they send out are many more of the same sort. Only they are not always the most loudly heralded of our graduates. And with the Rhodes Scholars there is likely to be one curious difference. Appointments to Oxford are made entirely by American committees. The qualifying examination (notwithstanding the many failures to pass it) is very elementary, testifying to a certain very small acquaintance with Latin and Greek, arithmetic, and algebra. Any man who has had a little classics can pass it, and a man with punch can pass it with almost no classics at all. Now, the man with punch is just the man who will not fear to attempt it, and he is also the man whom the committee of selection in his native state is likely to admire and to appoint to the scholarship. Nor is there anything to lament in this fact; punch is not so much a vice as a dangerous virtue; our young American may be the better for it, though perhaps not the more comfortable in Oxford at first. In Oxford he meets something new in his experience, something which he learns slowly to understand, and not merely to understand but to love. He is met by an attitude at once hospitable and critical—a democracy where men are known intimately and personally by one another and by their teachers, where ideas count as ideas, and character as character, where good intentions are not allowed to pass for knowledge, nor a ready memory for power of thought. There are shams in Oxford, it is true, but the spirit of the place is against them. Honesty and thoroughness are the most important characteristics of its intellectual life. The beauty of Oxford is built upon them, as all real beauty is. There are gigantic stupidities in Oxford, and in the men who rule Oxford from without, but there is also that in the spirit of the place which will dissolve them and conquer them and take away from them their power. Reforms in Oxford are slow, but they are always coming, and when they come they are not stupid reforms, sweeping away good and evil together to set up new good and evil in their place. Oxford has the patience to gather up the best of her traditions into her new self, year by year and century by century, as she carefully preserves the best of her old buildings in her unceasing reconstructions.

Into this atmosphere and into this life comes our young American with his punch. He is not a bad man for Oxford on the whole; as I have said, he may be the better for his punch, and he will be better still when he returns from Oxford with his faith in punch shaken and a belief in quiet thoroughness in its place. But in his case the

change is very evident, and our emphatic Middle-Western educator, instead of seeing the improvement, thinks his young protégé has been ruined by the experience.

Other Americans will not find him ruined, but the reverse. They will find him an ally in the battle which thoroughness is waging and must wage against charlatanism in our education and in our national life. The forces of thoroughness would have won the battle in this country without the aid of the Rhodes Scholarships. The evidence of their progress can be read more clearly every year. Our popular belief in method at the expense of knowledge, our worship of form at the expense of substance, our faith in administrative machinery at the expense of thought—all these elements of our intellectual life are doomed by forces that we have the power to generate and are generating ourselves. But in this battle, Oxford, by means of the Rhodes Scholarships, is furnishing a little band of recruits whose influence, never urged by organization or machinery, but quietly by individual thought and effort, will be felt more and more as the years go on, against the operation in our intellectual life of the American ideal of *punch*.

THE INQUIRING MIND[1]

ZECHARIAH CHAFEE, JR.

I

KNOWLEDGE is not a series of propositions to be absorbed, but a series of problems to be solved. Or rather I should say, to be partly solved, for all the answers are incomplete and tentative. This view of life is in no way original, but it is frequently ignored. From the fact that reading, writing, and arithmetic are the bases of education and were long the only education for most persons, we have unfortunately been led to regard them as typical of *all* education. We feel that knowledge is something that has been settled by others and given us to learn, just as we learned the multiplication table.

Nevertheless, outside the field of such established facts as the three R's there lies a much vaster area, and with it citizens must acquaint themselves if democratic government is to manage our modern industrial civilization successfully. Knowledge of this vaster area cannot be obtained merely from what others tell us; it must come from what we find out ourselves by asking and answering questions. Therefore, the true type of education is not the certainty of the multiplication table, but the incomplete approximation of the square root of two, or better yet, the undiscoverable ratio between the circumference and the diameter of a circle. (How strange that such a common fact should be so complex!) Indeed, we may eventually come to take as our typical fact the square root of minus one, which, although we call it an imaginary quantity, forms a necessary element of many of the electrical calculations that make possible the ordinary operations of our daily lives. In school geometries the propositions are printed in large type and the originals are tucked away in the back in

[1] From *The Inquiring Mind*, Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1928. Reprinted by permission of the author and the publishers.

small print. Some day we shall realize that the propositions are far less important than the originals.

II

The fruitfulness of this method of constant inquiry is demonstrated by the experience of Darwin. His voyage around the world brought him into contact with many interesting facts which he recorded faithfully, but he was not content to rest with the acquisition of facts. He began to ask himself a question that he could not answer. Soon after his return to England he opened his notebook on the origin of species, in which he preserved all the information he could find for the sake of answering that one question. His method of using books he learned from Buckle, who used to jot down on the fly-leaf of every book he read references to passages in it which he thought might prove serviceable to him. "How do you know," Darwin asked, "which passages to select?" Buckle replied that he did not know, that a sort of instinct guided him. When the thinker has formulated his problem, the facts he meets are bound to shape themselves with regard to it, just as a magnet throws all the iron filings brought near it into one pattern.

Darwin asked himself one question, and spent the rest of his life answering it. Pasteur propounded a succession of riddles, and his earlier problems offered little prospect that their solution would aid mankind. What relation to human happiness was there in his first riddle, the difference in the deflection of light through the crystals formed by tartaric and paratartaric acids, a difference which apparently concerns nobody? From this he passed to the even more useless problem of the possibility of spontaneous generation. Yet this led to the question of fermentation, and from the diseases of beverages he turned to explain those of animals and men. The possession of theoretical knowledge, indeed, seems almost sure to create opportunities for its practical use.

This progress from the theoretical to the practical was reversed in the riddles that beset Kepler, the forerunner of Newton. Finding himself financially prosperous, he decided to place some well-filled casks in his cellar. They must be made of wood, and wood was expensive. Hence a problem, quite independent of the pleasures of theory, but all-important to the economical head of a house-

hold: how to get the greatest cubical content of wine into the minimum amount of wood. Should the cask be apple-shaped, pear-shaped, or lemon-shaped? We can imagine him out in his orchard laying boards in various positions on temporary frames and then generalizing his results in mathematical formulae. They developed into his book on the measurement of casks, and became the foundation of infinitesimal calculus, the basis of all our pure and applied science today.

Einstein at five years of age was, as he lay in his cot, given a compass by his father. The remembrance of the swinging needle remained with him, suggesting invisible forces, which later he was to explore in electromagnetic waves and gravitation. At twenty-two, struggling with poverty as a private tutor, a friend obtained for him a position as examiner of patents in the Swiss Patent Office. Instead of repining at this job as five years' enslavement, he made his experience in varied fields of invention interlock so widely with the solution of theoretical problems that before he left he published in quick succession the first series of his dissertations on the theory of relativity. To the inquiring mind, all experience is gathered into the solution of overmastering problems.

Nor need my illustrations be limited to the non-human sciences. Frederick William Maitland, the English legal historian, became interested in a German treatise on the political theories of the Middle Ages. What could be more alien to the twentieth century than medieval doctrines of the relation between the empire, the church, and the guilds? Yet Maitland's attitude was, "Today we study the day before yesterday, in order that yesterday may not paralyze today, and today may not paralyze tomorrow." He began to inquire into the nature of groups of human beings, incorporated and unincorporated. Is such a group merely an aggregation of human beings, or is it in itself a person? Facts accumulated in his mind, he cross-examined documents like a string of hostile witnesses, he talked about his problem, he wrote to America, to men he had never seen, for data about our corporations. And somehow the problem of the Middle Ages became the problem of the great unincorporated groups of today: the Roman Catholic Church; the trade unions—Chief Justice Taft's decision in the Coronado case on the possibility of suing the United Mine Workers of America is just this question; the New Jersey corporation doing business in states where it owes none of its legal existence to the

local legislature; the nature of that most powerful of groups, the state itself. Is the state only a sort of glorified public service company, as Maitland's followers would have it, that sells police protection and schooling to its citizens as a trolley company sells rides? Or is it, as the other side contends, a sort of ethical culture society to lead us onward and upward toward the light? Whichever of these two views we take of the state, whether it is an organization for specific business services to the community or an inspirer of souls, why does it haggle over the settlement of its contracts, impose double taxation, deny all responsibility when its mail-trucks run over us, refuse to be sued in its own courts, and in general fall far below the standards of fair dealing which it imposes upon every taxicab driver or keeper of a restaurant?

The old system of water-tight compartments into which knowledge was supposed to be divided, and each of which had to be entered separately, is breaking down. The late Jacques Loeb, whose vital personality was hard to explain by his own mechanistic doctrines, once remarked: "People ask me, 'Why are you studying mathematics? Why are you learning physics? Aren't you a physiologist?' And I say, 'I don't know.' Then, 'Aren't you a chemist?' or 'Aren't you a biologist?' I don't understand these questions. I am preoccupied with problems." Problems—the material for solving them must be drawn from every available source! No place, then, for jealousy between workers in sharply demarcated fields. As H. G. Wells says in *Joan and Peter*, "All good work is one."

III

It will probably be objected that all this is very well for the leaders of thought, but that few of us can hope to be ranked among them. What are the inquiries of the rest of us worth? On the contrary, I insist that this way of looking at life as a series of questions and answers is not for originators and specialists alone, but for every man and woman whose vision is not confined to the acquisition of a bare subsistence. Beyond the facts that immediately affect us are the problems of the world in which we find ourselves with no choice of our own, the solutions of which are bound to mold us in the end, however remote such problems seem. It has become a commonplace to remark, and yet it cannot be said too

often or it will be forgotten, that a shot in Bosnia brought over a hundred thousand homes in this country into mourning. Financial disorganization in Central Europe means foreclosed mortgages in the Dakotas. The time has long since passed when Dr. Johnson could say that he would not give half a guinea to live under one form of government rather than another, because it was of no moment to the happiness of the individual. The government of these days can decide what we shall think or what we shall drink, allow sugar to go up and the dollar to go down, tax us out of the income we meant to devote to travel or the education of our children, force our boys—by imperceptible extensions of the present training-camps—to spend one or two of the best years of their lives in barracks learning the art of killing, then send them out to be shot by some nation we happen to dislike at the moment, and afterward dictate school-books to demonstrate how profitably they died.

Most of us are too busy contending with the effects of these obscure forces to probe long into their causes, but the undergraduates in our colleges have abundant leisure for acquiring an understanding of the obstacles to progress, and if they acquire it, may do much to remove those obstacles in after life. Instead, they allow the leisure available for such inquiries to be filched from them by those who want them to use it up in the drudgery of managerships and committee meetings—just the sort of tasks on which they will have to spend all their lives after they leave the campus.

Why is it that the average undergraduate allows himself to be lured into thus anticipating the Gradgrind monotony of his middle life and away from the pursuit of ideas, for which he now has opportunities that will never return? In large measure because such college activities seem a part of real life, while the reading and thinking that he is asked to do appear unrelated to his own experience and expectations. Once this supposed want of relationship is shown to be a falsity, once the solution of a given problem is proved to be as intimate an influence upon his life as the choice of a roommate, will not the natural human thirst for ideas assert itself? Learning, therefore, must be related to individual experience, but that experience may reach beyond the maintenance of bodily existence to the enjoyment of distant landscapes, of children at play, music, the converse of friends, the mind voyaging through strange seas of thought alone.

IV

A few illustrations will make clearer what I mean by the relationship between theory and our own experience, and the way in which the investigation of a problem draws in facts from several departments of knowledge.

The front page of every daily newspaper was occupied in 1924 by the senatorial committees investigating the oil scandal and the Department of Justice. It is the fashion in many quarters to regard such investigations as annoying interruptions to legislation—an attitude somewhat inconsistent with the usual sigh of relief when Congress adjourns without inflicting any more legislation upon us. But this attitude of hostility toward the committees was vigorously combated by an editorial in a newspaper that can hardly be called radical—the Boston *Transcript*. It insisted that the investigative function of a legislature is just as important as its law-making function. College undergraduates might well turn from their study of political science as an abstraction, and ascertain the limits of this investigative function. On what occasions did the British Parliament call Cabinet ministers to account? Is the punishment of impeachment a satisfactory remedy for official misconduct? What was the process in Parliament by which the removal of an official by impeachment became obsolete as too cumbersome, and was succeeded by the custom that he should resign on receiving a vote of want of confidence? What would happen to a British minister if he did not resign? Did the vote of the Senate calling for Denby's resignation mark the beginning of a similar process in this country? Is the separation of the executive from the legislature an essential incident of democracy, as Mr. Coolidge told the Filipinos? If so, why is it that England and France are not democracies?

Under Washington and under Taft, proposals were nearly adopted for Cabinet officials to appear on the floor of Congress and answer questions. Should this be done? Would it be superior to investigating them long after they have acted? Does the great increase of federal powers in the last few years necessitate the creation of more definite channels through which the representatives of the people may get at the conduct of officials who have acquired

so much control over our daily lives? In such inquiries, history and political science would interlock. . . .

An inquirer interested in economics will find plenty of material at hand in the income tax. Loud complaints have been made that most of this tax has been paid by the citizens of a few states—New York, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts—whose representation in Congress is small compared with that of the citizens of states wherein little or no income taxes are paid. The basis of this resentment is plain. Taxes ought not to be imposed by those who do not pay them, and it is natural to assume that the man who gets the tax bill and sends in his check to the collector is the man who pays the tax. But now we find that the persons who are loudest in making this complaint have been the most eager advocates of the Mellon plan for the reduction of high surtaxes, on the ground that the man who gets the bill for the surtax does not really pay it at all, but collects it from his poor customers! In advocating its abolition, he is consequently acting for their advantage and from entirely disinterested motives!

Now, this may be true; if so, let the investigating undergraduate prove it. He could show, for instance, how, when the author of a very successful two-dollar novel, such as *Main Street,* was obliged to pay a big surtax, he shifted it to the reading public by increasing the price of his novel, and selling it for more than another two-dollar novel that had fallen stillborn from the press. Or he might find even more telling examples for Mr. Mellon's argument. But how can it be that the 50 per cent surtax is not paid by the man who pays it, when the total income taxes levied in New York, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts are paid *entirely* by citizens of those three states? If the poor pay the surtax, why don't they pay *all* income taxes, and why do not the customers in the West and South, who buy from those three States, pay a very large share of the taxes imposed there? Either theory may be right, or neither, but not both. An inquiry will show which is. A widely diffused knowledge of the principles of that very difficult subject, the shifting and incidence of taxation, would make it possible for the American people to criticize Mr. Mellon's next proposal with much greater discrimination.

I should like to go on with other problems: in history, whether the American Revolution was really, as some recent writers intimate, a combination of debtors and smugglers against the pros-

perous and law-abiding, and if so, how the participation of Franklin and Washington is to be explained; in literature, how much misfortune is necessary to stimulate an author to create without going so far as to kill him off; in classical studies, how far the conditions which brought about the flowering of Athenian culture are attainable in a modern factory city. But I hope that enough has been said to indicate the fruitfulness of the method of the inquiring mind.

V

Nor are such problems as these for undergraduates alone. The inquiring mind is not to be thrown aside with cap and gown, rolled up in a diploma with a ribbon of the appropriate color around it. Oxford was once said to be a place of such great learning because so much was brought there and so little taken away. The value of a man's education cannot be determined until we see what books he is reading ten years after he has been graduated. Dallas Lore Sharp has said that the student passing through college is like the wind blowing through the orchard; it carries away some of the fragrance and none of the fruit. Unless the college man has enrolled in a fifty-year course, in a continuing education, his four-year course has failed of its purpose. And if my view of the nature of education be sound, this means that he must continue to preoccupy himself all his life with problems. . . .

VI

As one leaves youth behind, the problem of growing old well acquires unexpected importance. Our anticipations become transformed into responsibilities. There is less to look forward to, and more to lose by changes. Extensive experience of human meanness is disheartening. For many of us, our college stands out as one of the few spots of idealism in our lives, and we resent the slightest possibility of alteration there, lest that, too, be lost to us. Such a motive may account for the almost savage intensity with which alumni have at times opposed novel tendencies in teaching. But we cannot expect to live over our own lives in those of others, either our own children or the children of our contemporaries. All we can do is to assure to them the same opportunities which

we possessed to live our lives, and enjoy the spectacle of the use they make of their freedom for continuous development. Meanwhile we must keep our ideas like our wardrobes constantly renewed, opening new lines of inquiry, so that to the last each day brings us new pleasures and new work.

There is much uneasiness abroad among alumni today over radical teachers. I believe that this springs largely from the view which I opposed at the opening of this article, that the multiplication table is the type of knowledge, and that a teacher is assumed to hand out chunks of doctrine to his students which they accept unquestioningly. Elderly gentlemen easily exaggerate the immaturity of the undergraduate. President Cutten of Colgate stated in an address that one had to "talk to the little ones in words of one syllable." An effective statement of this multiplication-table view may be quoted from President Elliott, president of railroads, not of a university:

> In giving young people their physical nourishment we do not spread before them every kind of food and say, "Eat what you like whether it agrees with you or not." We know that the physical machine can absorb only a certain amount and that all else is waste and trash, with the result that bodies are poisoned and weakened. In giving them mental nourishment, why lay before young and impressionable men and women un-American doctrines and ideas that take mental time and energy from the study and consideration of the great fundamental and eternal truths, and fill the mind with unprofitable mental trash? . . . After they get into the real world it takes them considerable time to become convinced that certain laws controlling social and material affairs are as unchangeable as the law of gravitation, and some never learn it.

Without pausing to ask what these unchangeable laws are, or to recall that even the law of gravitation is not so firmly settled as it was before Einstein, I protest that this food analogy misses the duty of a teacher, and of every man of inquiring mind, who inevitably (whether paid to do so or not) feels it one of his highest tasks to stimulate the same sort of mind in those younger than himself, whether his students, his children, or his friends. It is the business of such a man, not to hand out rigid bodies of doctrine, whether Socialism, Home Market Club protectionism, or anything else, but to train those to whom he speaks to think for them-

selves. He is not the gentleman behind the quick-lunch counter that Mr. Elliott's criticism suggests. He is more like the leader of a group of miners going into partially opened country. He has been there before; he knows more than they do about the technique of exploration and detecting the metal they seek, but he cannot give them definite directions which will enable them to go to this or that spot and strike it rich. He can only tell them what he knows of the lay of the land and the proper methods of search, leaving it to them to explore and map out for themselves regions which he has never visited or rivers whose course he has erroneously conceived.

DEFINITION OF A LIBERAL EDUCATION[1]

THOMAS H. HUXLEY

SUPPOSE it were perfectly certain that the life and fortune of every one of us would, one day or other, depend upon his winning or losing a game at chess. Don't you think that we should all consider it to be a primary duty to learn at least the names and the moves of the pieces; to have a notion of a gambit, and a keen eye for all the means of giving and getting out of check? Do you not think that we should look with a disapprobation amounting to scorn upon the father who allowed his son, or the state which allowed its members, to grow up without knowing a pawn from a knight?

Yet, it is a very plain and elementary truth that the life, the fortune, and the happiness of every one of us, and, more or less, of those who are connected with us, do depend upon our knowing something of the rules of a game infinitely more difficult and complicated than chess. It is a game which has been played for untold ages, every man and woman of us being one of the two players in a game of his or her own. The chess-board is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are what we call the laws of nature. The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, just, and patient. But also we know, to our cost, that he never overlooks a mistake, or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance. To the man who plays well, the highest stakes are paid, with that sort of overflowing generosity with which the strong shows delight in strength. And one who plays ill is checkmated—without haste, but without remorse.

My metaphor will remind some of you of the famous picture in which Retzsch has depicted Satan playing at chess with man for his soul. Substitute for the mocking fiend in that picture a calm, strong angel who is playing for love, as we say, and would rather lose than win—and I should accept it as an image of human life.

[1] From the lecture *A Liberal Education and Where to Find It,* 1868.

Well, what I mean by Education is learning the rules of this mighty game. In other words, education is the instruction of the intellect in the laws of Nature, under which name I include not merely things and their forces, but men and their ways; and the fashioning of the affections and of the will into an earnest and loving desire to move in harmony with those laws. For me, education means neither more nor less than this. Anything which professes to call itself education must be tried by this standard, and if it fails to stand the test, I will not call it education, whatever may be the force of authority or of numbers upon the other side.

It is important to remember that, in strictness, there is no such thing as an uneducated man. Take an extreme case. Suppose that an adult man, in the full vigour of his faculties, could be suddenly placed in the world, as Adam is said to have been, and then left to do as he best might. How long would he be left uneducated? Not five minutes. Nature would begin to teach him, through the eye, the ear, the touch, the properties of objects. Pain and pleasure would be at his elbow telling him to do this and avoid that; and by slow degrees the man would receive an education, which, if narrow, would be thorough, real and adequate to his circumstances, though there would be no extras and very few accomplishments.

And if to this solitary man entered a second Adam, or, better still, an Eve, a new and greater world, that of social and moral phenomena, would be revealed. Joys and woes, compared with which all others might seem but faint shadows, would spring from the new relations. Happiness and sorrow would take the place of the coarser monitors, pleasure and pain; but conduct would still be shaped by the observation of the natural consequences of actions; or, in other words, by the laws or the nature of man.

To every one of us the world was once as fresh and new as to Adam. And then, long before we were susceptible of any other modes of instruction, nature took us in hand, and every minute of waking life brought its educational influence, shaping our actions into rough accordance with Nature's laws, so that we might not be ended untimely by too gross disobedience. Nor should I speak of this process of education as past for anyone, be he as old as he may. For every man, the world is as fresh as it was at the first day, and as full of untold novelties for him who has the eyes to see them. And Nature is still continuing her patient

education of us in that great university, the universe, of which we are all members—Nature having no Test-Acts.

Those who take honours in Nature's university, who learn the laws which govern men and things and obey them, are the really great and successful men in this world. The great mass of mankind are the "Poll," who pick up just enough to get through without much discredit. Those who won't learn at all are "plucked"; and then you can't come up again. Nature's "pluck" means extermination.

Thus the question of compulsory education is settled so far as Nature is concerned. Her bill on that question was framed and passed long ago. But, like all compulsory legislation, that of Nature is harsh and wasteful in its operation. Ignorance is visited as sharply as wilful disobedience—incapacity meets with the same punishment as crime. Nature's discipline is not even a word and a blow, and the blow first; but the blow without the word. It is left to you to find out why your ears are boxed.

The object of what we commonly call education—that education in which man intervenes and which I shall distinguish as artificial education—is to make good these defects in Nature's methods; to prepare the child to receive Nature's education, neither incapably nor ignorantly, nor with wilful disobedience; and to understand the preliminary symptoms of her displeasure, without waiting for the box on the ear. In short, all artificial education ought to be an anticipation of natural education. And a liberal education is an artificial education which has not only prepared a man to escape the great evils of disobedience to natural laws, but has trained him to appreciate and to seize upon the rewards which Nature scatters with as free a hand as her penalties.

That man, I think, has had a liberal education who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength, and in smooth working order; ready, like a steam-engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind; whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of Nature and of the laws of her operations; one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender

conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of Nature or of art, to hate all vileness, and to respect others as himself.

Such an one and no other, I conceive, has had a liberal education; for he is, as completely as a man can be, in harmony with Nature. He will make the best of her, and she of him. They will get on together rarely; she as his ever beneficent mother; he as her mouthpiece, her conscious self, her minister and interpreter.

KNOWLEDGE VIEWED IN RELATION TO LEARNING[1]

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

I

IT WERE well if the English, like the Greek language, possessed some definite word to express, simply and generally, intellectual proficiency or perfection, such as "health," as used with reference to the animal frame, and "virtue," with reference to our moral nature. I am not able to find such a term;—talent, ability, genius, belong distinctly to the raw material, which is the subject-matter, not to that excellence which is the result of exercise and training. When we turn, indeed, to the particular kinds of intellectual perfection, words are forthcoming for our purpose, as, for instance, judgment, taste, and skill; yet even these belong, for the most part, to powers or habits bearing upon practice or upon art, and not to any perfect condition of the intellect, considered in itself. Wisdom, again, is certainly a more comprehensive word than any other, but it has a direct relation to conduct, and to human life. Knowledge, indeed, and Science express purely intellectual ideas, but still not a state or quality of the intellect; for knowledge, in its ordinary sense, is but one of its circumstances, denoting a possession or a habit; and science has been appropriated to the subject-matter of the intellect, instead of belonging in English, as it ought to do, to the intellect itself. The consequence is that, on an occasion like this, many words are necessary, in order, first, to bring out and convey what surely is no difficult idea in itself,—that of the cultivation of the intellect as an end; next, in order to recommend what surely is no unreasonable object; and lastly, to describe and make the mind realize the particular perfection in which that object consists. Everyone knows practically what are the constituents of health or of virtue; and everyone recognizes health and virtue as ends to be pursued; it is otherwise with intellectual excellence, and this must be my excuse, if I seem to anyone to be bestowing a good deal of labor on a preliminary matter.

In default of a recognized term, I have called the perfection or

[1] Discourse VI of *The Idea of a University* (1852).

virtue of the intellect by the name of philosophy, philosophical knowledge, enlargement of mind, or illumination; terms which are not uncommonly given to it by writers of this day: but, whatever name we bestow on it, it is, I believe, as a matter of history, the business of a University to make this intellectual culture its direct scope, or to employ itself in the education of the intellect,—just as the work of a Hospital lies in healing the sick or wounded, of a Riding or Fencing School, or of a Gymnasium, in exercising the limbs, of an Almshouse, in aiding and solacing the old, of an Orphanage, in protecting innocence, of a Penitentiary, in restoring the guilty. I say, a University, taken in its bare idea, and before we view it as an instrument of the Church, has this object and this mission; it contemplates neither moral impression nor mechanical production; it professes to exercise the mind neither in art nor in duty; its function is intellectual culture; here it may leave its scholars, and it has done its work when it has done as much as this. It educates the intellect to reason well in all matters, to reach out towards truth, and to grasp it.

2

This, I said in my foregoing Discourse, was the object of a University, viewed in itself, and apart from the Catholic Church, or from the State, or from any other power which may use it; and I illustrated this in various ways. I said that the intellect must have an excellence of its own, for there was nothing which had not its specific good; that the word "educate" would not be used of intellectual culture, as it is used, had not the intellect had an end of its own; that, had it not such an end, there would be no meaning in calling certain intellectual exercises "liberal," in contrast with "useful," as is commonly done; that the very notion of a philosophical temper implied it, for it threw us back upon research and system as ends in themselves, distinct from effects and works of any kind; that a philosophical scheme of knowledge, or system of sciences, could not, from the nature of the case, issue in any one definite art or pursuit, as its end; and that, on the other hand, the discovery and contemplation of truth, to which research and systematizing led, were surely sufficient ends, though nothing beyond them were added, and that they had ever been accounted sufficient by mankind.

Here then I take up the subject; and, having determined that the cultivation of the intellect is an end distinct and sufficient in itself, and that, so far as words go it is an enlargement or illumination, I proceed to inquire what this mental breadth, or power, or light, or philosophy consists in. A Hospital heals a broken limb or cures a fever: what does an Institution effect, which professes the health, not of the body, not of the soul, but of the intellect? What is this good, which in former times, as well as our own, has been found worth the notice, the appropriation, of the Catholic Church?

I have then to investigate, in the Discourses which follow, those qualities and characteristics of the intellect in which its cultivation issues or rather consists; and, with a view of assisting myself in this undertaking, I shall recur to certain questions which have already been touched upon. These questions are three: viz., the relation of intellectual culture, first, to *mere* knowledge; secondly, to *professional* knowledge; and thirdly, to *religious* knowledge. In other words, are *acquirements* and *attainments* the scope of a University Education? or *expertness in particular arts and pursuits*? or *moral and religious proficiency*? or something besides these three? These questions I shall examine in succession, with the purpose I have mentioned; and I hope to be excused, if, in this anxious undertaking, I am led to repeat what, either in these Discourses or elsewhere, I have already put upon paper. And first, of *Mere Knowledge*, or Learning, and its connection with intellectual illumination or Philosophy.

3

I suppose, the *primâ-facie* view which the public at large would take of a University, considering it as a place of Education, is nothing more or less than a place for acquiring a great deal of knowledge on a great many subjects. Memory is one of the first developed of the mental faculties; a boy's business when he goes to school is to learn, that is, to store up things in his memory. For some years his intellect is little more than an instrument for taking in facts, or a receptacle for storing them; he welcomes them as fast as they come to him; he lives on what is without; he has his eyes ever about him; he has a lively susceptibility of impressions; he imbibes information of every kind; and little does he make his

own in a true sense of the word, living rather upon his neighbors all around him. He has opinions, religious, political, and literary, and, for a boy, is very positive in them and sure about them; but he gets them from his schoolfellows, or his masters, or his parents, as the case may be. Such as he is in his other relations, such also is he in his school exercises; his mind is observant, sharp, ready, retentive; he is almost passive in the acquisition of knowledge. I say this in no disparagement of the idea of a clever boy. Geography, chronology, history, language, natural history, he heaps up the matter of these studies as treasures for a future day. It is the seven years of plenty with him: he gathers in by handfuls, like the Egyptians, without counting; and though, as time goes on, there is exercise for his argumentative powers in the Elements of Mathematics, and for his taste in the Poets and Orators, still, while at school, or at least, till quite the last years of his time, he acquires, and little more; and when he is leaving for the University, he is mainly the creature of foreign influences and circumstances, and made up of accidents, homogeneous or not, as the case may be. Moreover, the moral habits, which are a boy's praise, encourage and assist this result; that is, diligence, assiduity, regularity, dispatch, persevering application; for these are the direct conditions of acquisition, and naturally lead to it. Acquirements, again, are emphatically producible, and at a moment; they are a something to show, both for master and scholar; an audience, even though ignorant themselves of the subjects of an examination, can comprehend when questions are answered and when they are not. Here again is a reason why mental culture is in the minds of men identified with the acquisition of knowledge.

The same notion possesses the public mind, when it passes on from the thought of a school to that of a University: and with the best of reasons so far as this, that there is no true culture without acquirements, and that philosophy presupposes knowledge. It requires a great deal of reading, or a wide range of information, to warrant us in putting forth our opinions on any serious subject; and without such learning the most original mind may be able indeed to dazzle, to amuse, to refute, to perplex, but not to come to any useful result or any trustworthy conclusion. There are indeed persons who profess a different view of the matter, and even act upon it. Every now and then you will find a person of vigorous

or fertile mind, who relies upon his own resources, despises all former authors, and gives the world, with the utmost fearlessness, his views upon religion, or history, or any other popular subject. And his works may sell for a while; he may get a name in his day; but this will be all. His readers are sure to find on the long run that his doctrines are mere theories, and not the expression of facts, that they are chaff instead of bread, and then his popularity drops as suddenly as it rose.

Knowledge then is the indispensable condition of expansion of mind, and the instrument of attaining to it; this cannot be denied, it is ever to be insisted on; I begin with it as a first principle; however, the very truth of it carries men too far, and confirms to them the notion that it is the whole of the matter. A narrow mind is thought to be that which contains little knowledge; and an enlarged mind, that which holds a great deal; and what seems to put the matter beyond dispute is, the fact of the great number of studies which are pursued in a University, by its very profession. Lectures are given on every kind of subject; examinations are held; prizes awarded. There are moral, metaphysical, physical Professors; Professors of languages, of history, of mathematics, of experimental science. Lists of questions are published, wonderful for their range and depth, variety and difficulty; treatises are written, which carry upon their very face the evidence of extensive reading or multifarious information; what then is wanting for mental culture to a person of large reading and scientific attainments? what is grasp of mind but acquirement? where shall philosophical repose be found, but in the consciousness and enjoyment of large intellectual possessions?

And yet this notion is, I conceive, a mistake, and my present business is to show that it is one, and that the end of a Liberal Education is not mere knowledge, or knowledge considered in its *matter*; and I shall best attain my object, by actually setting down some cases, which will be generally granted to be instances of the process of enlightenment or enlargement of mind, and others which are not, and thus, by the comparison, you will be able to judge for yourselves, Gentlemen, whether Knowledge, that is, acquirement, is after all the real principle of the enlargement, or whether that principle is not rather something beyond it.

4

For instance,[1] let a person, whose experience has hitherto been confined to the more calm and unpretending scenery of these islands, whether here or in England, go for the first time into parts where physical nature puts on her wilder and more awful forms, whether at home or abroad, as into mountainous districts; or let one, who has ever lived in a quiet village, go for the first time to a great metropolis,—then I suppose he will have a sensation which perhaps he never had before. He has a feeling not in addition or increase of former feelings, but of something different in its nature. He will perhaps be borne forward, and find for a time that he has lost his bearings. He has made a certain progress, and he has a consciousness of mental enlargement; he does not stand where he did, he has a new center, and a range of thoughts to which he was before a stranger.

Again, the view of the heavens which the telescope opens upon us, if allowed to fill and possess the mind, may almost whirl it round and make it dizzy. It brings in a flood of ideas, and is rightly called an intellectual enlargement, whatever is meant by the term.

And so again, the sight of beasts of prey and other foreign animals, their strangeness, the originality (if I may use the term) of their forms and gestures and habits and their variety and independence of each other, throw us out of ourselves into another creation, and as if under another Creator, if I may so express the temptation which may come on the mind. We seem to have new faculties, or a new exercise for our faculties, by this addition to our knowledge; like a prisoner, who, having been accustomed to wear manacles or fetters, suddenly finds his arms and legs free.

Hence Physical Science generally, in all its departments, as bringing before us the exuberant riches and resources, yet the orderly course, of the Universe, elevates and excites the student, and at first, I may say, almost takes away his breath, while in time it exercises a tranquilizing influence upon him.

Again, the study of history is said to enlarge and enlighten the mind, and why? because, as I conceive, it gives it a power of judg-

[1] The pages which follow are taken almost *verbatim* from the author's 14th (Oxford) University Sermon, which, at the time of writing this Discourse, he did not expect ever to reprint. [Newman.]

ing of passing events, and of all events, and a conscious superiority over them, which before it did not possess.

And in like manner, what is called seeing the world, entering into active life, going into society, traveling, gaining acquaintance with the various classes of the community, coming into contact with the principles and modes of thought of various parties, interests, and races, their views, aims, habits and manners, their religious creeds and forms of worship,—gaining experience how various yet how alike men are, how low-minded, how bad, how opposed, yet how confident in their opinions; all this exerts a perceptible influence upon the mind, which it is impossible to mistake, be it good or be it bad, and is popularly called its enlargement.

And then again, the first time the mind comes across the arguments and speculations of unbelievers, and feels what a novel light they cast upon what he has hitherto accounted sacred; and still more, if it gives in to them and embraces them, and throws off as so much prejudice what it has hitherto held, and, as if waking from a dream, begins to realize to its imagination that there is now no such thing as law and the transgression of law, that sin is a phantom, and punishment a bugbear, that it is free to sin, free to enjoy the world and the flesh; and still further, when it does enjoy them, and reflects that it may think and hold just what it will, that "the world is all before it where to choose," and what system to build up as its own private persuasion; when this torrent of willful thoughts rushes over and inundates it, who will deny that the fruit of the tree of knowledge, or what the mind takes for knowledge, has made it one of the gods, with a sense of expansion and elevation, —an intoxication in reality, still, so far as the subjective state of the mind goes, an illumination? Hence the fanaticism of individuals or nations, who suddenly cast off their Maker. Their eyes are opened; and, like the judgment-stricken king in the Tragedy, they see two suns, and a magic universe, out of which they look back upon their former state of faith and innocence with a sort of contempt and indignation, as if they were then but fools, and the dupes of imposture.

On the other hand, Religion has its own enlargement, and an enlargement, not of tumult, but of peace. It is often remarked of uneducated persons, who have hitherto thought little of the unseen world, that, on their turning to God, looking into themselves, regulating their hearts, reforming their conduct, and meditating on

death and judgment, heaven and hell, they seem to become, in point of intellect, different beings from what they were. Before, they took things as they came, and thought no more of one thing than another. But now every event has a meaning; they have their own estimate of whatever happens to them; they are mindful of times and seasons, and compare the present with the past; and the world, no longer dull, monotonous, unprofitable, and hopeless, is a various and complicated drama, with parts and an object, and an awful moral.

5

Now from these instances, to which many more might be added, it is plain, first, that the communication of knowledge certainly is either a condition or the means of that sense of enlargement or enlightenment, of which at this day we hear so much in certain quarters: this cannot be denied; but next, it is equally plain, that such communication is not the whole of the process. The enlargement consists, not merely in the passive reception into the mind of a number of ideas hitherto unknown to it, but in the mind's energetic and simultaneous action upon and towards and among those new ideas, which are rushing in upon it. It is the action of a formative power, reducing to order and meaning the matter of our acquirements; it is a making the objects of our knowledge subjectively our own, or, to use a familiar word, it is a digestion of what we receive, into the substance of our previous state of thought; and without this no enlargement is said to follow. There is no enlargement, unless there be a comparison of ideas one with another, as they come before the mind, and a systematizing of them. We feel our minds to be growing and expanding *then*, when we not only learn, but refer what we learn to what we know already. It is not the mere addition to our knowledge that is the illumination; but the locomotion, the movement onwards, of that mental center, to which both what we know, and what we are learning, the accumulating mass of our acquirements, gravitates. And therefore a truly great intellect, and recognized to be such by the common opinion of mankind, such as the intellect of Aristotle, or of St. Thomas, or of Newton, or of Goethe (I purposely take instances within and without the Catholic pale, when I would speak of the intellect as such,) is one which takes a connected view of old and new, past and present, far and near, and which has an insight into the influence of all these

one on another; without which there is no whole, and no center. It possesses the knowledge, not only of things, but also of their mutual and true relations; knowledge, not merely considered as acquirement, but as philosophy.

Accordingly, when this analytical, distributive, harmonizing process is away, the mind experiences no enlargement, and is not reckoned as enlightened or comprehensive, whatever it may add to its knowledge. For instance, a great memory, as I have already said, does not make a philosopher, any more than a dictionary can be called a grammar. There are men who embrace in their minds a vast multitude of ideas, but with little sensibility about their real relations towards each other. These may be antiquarians, annalists, naturalists; they may be learned in the law; they may be versed in statistics; they are most useful in their own place; I should shrink from speaking disrespectfully of them; still, there is nothing in such attainments to guarantee the absence of narrowness of mind. If they are nothing more than well-read men, or men of information, they have not what specially deserves the name of culture of mind, or fulfills the type of Liberal Education.

In like manner, we sometimes fall in with persons who have seen much of the world, and of the men who, in their day, have played a conspicuous part in it, but who generalize nothing, and have no observation, in the true sense of the word. They abound in information in detail, curious and entertaining, about men and things; and, having lived under the influence of no very clear or settled principles, religious or political, they speak of every one and every thing, only as so many phenomena, which are complete in themselves, and lead to nothing, not discussing them, or teaching any truth, or instructing the hearer, but simply talking. No one would say that these persons, well informed as they are, had attained to any great culture of intellect or to philosophy.

The case is the same still more strikingly where the persons in question are beyond dispute men of inferior powers and deficient education. Perhaps they have been much in foreign countries, and they receive, in a passive, otiose, unfruitful way, the various facts which are forced upon them there. Seafaring men, for example, range from one end of the earth to the other; but the multiplicity of external objects, which they have encountered, forms no symmetrical and consistent picture upon their imagination; they see the tapestry of human life, as it were on the wrong side, and it

tells no story. They sleep, and they rise up, and they find themselves, now in Europe, now in Asia; they see visions of great cities and wild regions; they are in the marts of commerce, or amid the islands of the South; they gaze on Pompey's Pillar, or on the Andes; and nothing which meets them carries them forward or backward, to any idea beyond itself. Nothing has a drift or relation; nothing has a history or a promise. Every thing stands by itself, and comes and goes in its turn, like the shifting scenes of a show, which leave the spectator where he was. Perhaps you are near such a man on a particular occasion, and expect him to be shocked or perplexed at something which occurs; but one thing is much the same to him as another, or, if he is perplexed, it is as not knowing what to say, whether it is right to admire, or to ridicule, or to disapprove, while conscious that some expression of opinion is expected from him; for in fact he has no standard of judgment at all, and no landmarks to guide him to a conclusion. Such is mere acquisition, and, I repeat, no one would dream of calling it philosophy.

6

Instances, such as these, confirm, by the contrast, the conclusion I have already drawn from those which preceded them. That only is true enlargement of mind which is the power of viewing many things at once as one whole, of referring them severally to their true place in the universal system, of understanding their respective values, and determining their mutual dependence. Thus is that form of Universal Knowledge, of which I have on a former occasion spoken, set up in the individual intellect, and constitutes its perfection. Possessed of this real illumination, the mind never views any part of the extended subject-matter of Knowledge without recollecting that it is but a part, or without the associations which spring from this recollection. It makes every thing in some sort lead to every thing else; it would communicate the image of the whole to every separate portion, till that whole becomes in imagination like a spirit, everywhere pervading and penetrating its component parts, and giving them one definite meaning. Just as our bodily organs, when mentioned, recall their function in the body, as the word "creation" suggests the Creator, and "subjects" a sovereign, so, in the mind of the Philosopher, as we are abstractedly

conceiving of him, the elements of the physical and moral world, sciences, arts, pursuits, ranks, offices, events, opinions, individualities, are all viewed as one, with correlative functions, and as gradually by successive combinations converging, one and all, to the true center.

To have even a portion of this illuminative reason and true philosophy is the highest state to which nature can aspire, in the way of intellect; it puts the mind above the influences of chance and necessity, above anxiety, suspense, unsettlement, and superstition, which is the lot of the many. Men, whose minds are possessed with some one object, take exaggerated views of its importance, are feverish in the pursuit of it, make it the measure of things which are utterly foreign to it, and are startled and despond if it happens to fail them. They are ever in alarm or in transport. Those on the other hand who have no object or principle whatever to hold by, lose their way, every step they take. They are thrown out, and do not know what to think or say, at every fresh juncture; they have no view of persons, or occurrences, or facts, which come suddenly upon them, and they hang upon the opinion of others, for want of internal resources. But the intellect, which has been disciplined to the perfection of its powers, which knows, and thinks while it knows, which has learned to leaven the dense mass of facts and events with the elastic force of reason, such an intellect cannot be partial, cannot be exclusive, cannot be impetuous, cannot be at a loss, cannot but be patient, collected, and majestically calm, because it discerns the end in every beginning, the origin in every end, the law in every interruption, the limit in each delay; because it ever knows where it stands, and how its path lies from one point to another. It is the τετράγωνος of the Peripatetic,[1] and has the "nil admirari"[2] of the Stoic,—

> Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,
> Atque metus omnes, et inexorabile fatum
> Subjecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari.[3]

[1] Aristotle was called the Peripatetic from his habit of walking about while teaching. The reference is to a passage in his *Ethics* (I, 10, 11), "He that is truly good and *foursquare* without a flaw."

[2] "To be disturbed by nothing."—Horace, *Epistles,* I, 6, 1.

[3] Happy is he who is able to understand the secrets of nature and thus triumphs over all fear and inexorable fate and the roar of greedy Acheron. —Virgil, *Georgics,* II, 490-2.

There are men who, when in difficulties, originate at the moment vast ideas or dazzling projects; who, under the influence of excitement, are able to cast a light, almost as if from inspiration, on a subject or course of action which comes before them; who have a sudden presence of mind equal to any emergency, rising with the occasion, and an undaunted magnanimous bearing, and an energy and keenness which is but made intense by opposition. This is genius, this is heroism; it is the exhibition of a natural gift, which no culture can teach, at which no Institution can aim; here, on the contrary, we are concerned, not with mere nature, but with training and teaching. That perfection of the Intellect, which is the result of Education, and its *beau ideal*, to be imparted to individuals in their respective measures, is the clear, calm, accurate vision and comprehension of all things, as far as the finite mind can embrace them, each in its place, and with its own characteristics upon it. It is almost prophetic from its knowledge of history; it is almost heart-searching from its knowledge of human nature; it has almost supernatural charity from its freedom from littleness and prejudice; it has almost the repose of faith, because nothing can startle it; it has almost the beauty and harmony of heavenly contemplation, so intimate is it with the eternal order of things and the music of the spheres.

7

And now, if I may take for granted that the true and adequate end of intellectual training and of a University is not Learning or Acquirement, but rather, is Thought or Reason exercised upon Knowledge, or what may be called Philosophy, I shall be in a position to explain the various mistakes which at the present day beset the subject of University Education.

I say then, if we would improve the intellect, first of all, we must ascend; we cannot gain real knowledge on a level; we must generalize, we must reduce to method, we must have a grasp of principles, and group and shape our acquisitions by means of them. It matters not whether our field of operation be wide or limited; in every case, to command it, is to mount above it. Who has not felt the irritation of mind and impatience created by a deep, rich country, visited for the first time, with winding lanes, and high hedges, and green steeps, and tangled woods, and every thing smiling indeed, but in a maze? The same feeling comes upon us in a

strange city, when we have no map of its streets. Hence you hear of practiced travelers, when they first come into a place, mounting some high hill or church tower, by way of reconnoitering its neighborhood. In like manner, you must be above your knowledge, not under it, or it will oppress you; and the more you have of it, the greater will be the load. The learning of a Salmasius or a Burman, unless you are its master, will be your tyrant. "Imperat aut servit";[1] if you can wield it with a strong arm, it is a great weapon; otherwise,

Vis consili expers
Mole ruit suâ.[2]

You will be overwhelmed, like Tarpeia, by the heavy wealth which you have exacted from tributary generations.

Instances abound; there are authors who are as pointless as they are inexhaustible in their literary resources. They measure knowledge by bulk, as it lies in the rude block, without symmetry, without design. How many commentators are there on the Classics, how many on Holy Scripture, from whom we rise up, wondering at the learning which has passed before us, and wondering why it passed! How many writers are there of Ecclesiastical History, such as Mosheim or Du Pin, who, breaking up their subject into details, destroy its life, and defraud us of the whole by their anxiety about the parts! The Sermons, again, of the English Divines in the seventeenth century, how often are they mere repertories of miscellaneous and officious learning! Of course, Catholics also may read without thinking; and in their case, equally as with Protestants, it holds good, that such knowledge is unworthy of the name, knowledge which they have not thought through, and thought out. Such readers are only possessed by their knowledge, not possessed of it; nay, in matter of fact they are often even carried away by it, without any volition of their own. Recollect, the Memory can tyrannize, as well as the Imagination. Derangement, I believe, has been considered as a loss of control over the sequence of ideas. The mind, once set in motion, is henceforth deprived of the power of initiation, and becomes the victim of a train of associations, one thought suggesting another, in the way of cause and effect, as if by a mechanical process, or some physical necessity. No one, who has had

[1] "It either rules or serves."

[2] Strength without intelligence falls of its own weight.—HORACE.

experience of men of studious habits, but must recognize the existence of a parallel phenomenon in the case of those who have overstimulated the Memory. In such persons Reason acts almost as feebly and as impotently as in the madman; once fairly started on any subject whatever, they have no power of self-control; they passively endure the succession of impulses which are evolved out of the original exciting cause; they are passed on from one idea to another and go steadily forward, plodding along one line of thought in spite of the amplest concessions of the hearer, or wandering from it in endless digression in spite of his remonstrances. Now, if, as is very certain, no one would envy the madman the glow and originality of his conceptions, why must we extol the cultivation of that intellect, which is the prey, not indeed of barren fancies but of barren facts, of random intrusions from without, though not of morbid imaginations from within? And in thus speaking, I am not denying that a strong and ready memory is in itself a real treasure; I am not disparaging a well-stored mind, though it be nothing besides, provided it be sober, any more than I would despise a bookseller's shop:—it is of great value to others, even when not so to the owner. Nor am I banishing, far from it, the possessors of deep and multifarious learning from my ideal University; they adorn it in the eyes of men; I do but say that they constitute no type of the results at which it aims; that it is no great gain to the intellect to have enlarged the memory at the expense of faculties which are indisputably higher.

8

Nor indeed am I supposing that there is any great danger, at least in this day, of over-education; the danger is on the other side. I will tell you, Gentlemen, what has been the practical error of the last twenty years,—not to load the memory of the student with a mass of undigested knowledge, but to force upon him so much that he has rejected all. It has been the error of distracting and enfeebling the mind by an unmeaning profusion of subjects; of implying that a smattering in a dozen branches of study is not shallowness, which it really is, but enlargement, which it is not; of considering an acquaintance with the learned names of things and persons, and the possession of clever duodecimos, and attendance on eloquent lecturers, and membership with scientific institutions, and the sight of the experiments of a platform and the specimens of a museum,

that all this was not dissipation of mind, but progress. All things now are to be learned at once, not first one thing, then another, not one well, but many badly. Learning is to be without exertion, without attention, without toil; without grounding, without advance, without finishing. There is to be nothing individual in it; and this, forsooth, is the wonder of the age. What the steam engine does with matter, the printing press is to do with mind; it is to act mechanically, and the population is to be passively, almost unconsciously enlightened, by the mere multiplication and dissemination of volumes. Whether it be the school boy, or the school girl, or the youth at college, or the mechanic in the town, or the politician in the senate, all have been the victims in one way or other of this most preposterous and pernicious of delusions. Wise men have lifted up their voices in vain; and at length, lest their own institutions should be outshone and should disappear in the folly of the hour, they have been obliged, as far as they could with a good conscience, to humor a spirit which they could not withstand, and make temporizing concessions at which they could not but inwardly smile.

It must not be supposed that, because I so speak, therefore I have some sort of fear of the education of the people: on the contrary, the more education they have, the better, so that it is really education. Nor am I an enemy to the cheap publication of scientific and literary works, which is now in vogue: on the contrary, I consider it a great advantage, convenience, and gain; that is, to those to whom education has given a capacity for using them. Further, I consider such innocent recreations as science and literature are able to furnish will be a very fit occupation of the thoughts and the leisure of young persons, and may be made the means of keeping them from bad employments and bad companions. Moreover, as to that superficial acquaintance with chemistry, and geology, and astronomy, and political economy, and modern history, and biography, and other branches of knowledge, which periodical literature and occasional lectures and scientific institutions diffuse through the community, I think it a graceful accomplishment, and a suitable, nay, in this day a necessary accomplishment, in the case of educated men. Nor, lastly, am I disparaging or discouraging the thorough acquisition of any one of these studies, or denying that, as far as it goes, such thorough acquisition is a real education of the mind. All I say is, call things by their right names, and do not

confuse together ideas which are essentially different. A thorough knowledge of one science and a superficial acquaintance with many, are not the same thing; a smattering of a hundred things or a memory for detail, is not a philosophical or comprehensive view. Recreations are not education; accomplishments are not education. Do not say, the people must be educated, when, after all, you only mean, amused, refreshed, soothed, put into good spirits and good humor, or kept from vicious excesses. I do not say that such amusements, such occupations of mind, are not a great gain; but they are not education. You may as well call drawing and fencing education, as a general knowledge of botany or conchology. Stuffing birds or playing stringed instruments is an elegant pastime, and a resource to the idle, but it is not education; it does not form or cultivate the intellect. Education is a high word; it is the preparation for knowledge, and it is the imparting of knowledge in proportion to that preparation. We require intellectual eyes to know withal, as bodily eyes for sight. We need both objects and organs intellectual; we cannot gain them without setting about it; we cannot gain them in our sleep, or by haphazard. The best telescope does not dispense with eyes; the printing press or the lecture room will assist us greatly, but we must be true to ourselves, we must be parties in the work. A University is, according to the usual designation, an Alma Mater, knowing her children one by one, not a foundry, or a mint, or a treadmill.

9

I protest to you, Gentlemen, that if I had to choose between a so-called University, which dispensed with residence and tutorial superintendence, and gave its degrees to any person who passed an examination in a wide range of subjects, and a University which had no professors or examinations at all, but merely brought a number of young men together for three or four years, and then sent them away as the University of Oxford is said to have done some sixty years since, if I were asked which of these two methods was the better discipline of the intellect,—mind, I do not say which is *morally* the better, for it is plain that compulsory study must be a good and idleness an intolerable mischief,—but if I must determine which of the two courses was the more successful in training, molding, enlarging the mind, which sent out men the more fitted

for their secular duties, which produced better public men, men of the world, men whose names would descend to posterity, I have no hesitation in giving the preference to that University which did nothing, over that which exacted of its members an acquaintance with every science under the sun. And, paradox as this may seem, still if results be the test of systems, the influence of the public schools and colleges of England, in the course of the last century, at least will bear out one side of the contrast as I have drawn it. What would come, on the other hand, of the ideal systems of education which have fascinated the imagination of this age, could they ever take effect, and whether they would not produce a generation frivolous, narrow-minded, and resourceless, intellectually considered, is a fair subject for debate; but so far is certain, that the Universities and scholastic establishments, to which I refer, and which did little more than bring together first boys and then youths in large numbers, these institutions, with miserable deformities on the side of morals, with a hollow profession of Christianity, and a heathen code of ethics,—I say, at least they can boast of a succession of heroes and statesmen, of literary men and philosophers, of men conspicuous for great natural virtues, for habits of business, for knowledge of life, for practical judgment, for cultivated tastes, for accomplishments, who have made England what it is,—able to subdue the earth, able to domineer over Catholics.

How is this to be explained? I suppose as follows: When a multitude of young men, keen, open-hearted, sympathetic, and observant, as young men are, come together and freely mix with each other, they are sure to learn one from another, even if there be no one to teach them; the conversation of all is a series of lectures to each, and they gain for themselves new ideas and views, fresh matter of thought, and distinct principles for judging and acting, day by day. An infant has to learn the meaning of the information which its senses convey to it, and this seems to be its employment. It fancies all that the eye presents to it to be close to it, till it actually learns the contrary, and thus by practice does it ascertain the relations and uses of those first elements of knowledge which are necessary for its animal existence. A parallel teaching is necessary for our social being, and it is secured by a large school or a college; and this effect may be fairly called in its own department an enlargement of mind. It is seeing the world on a small field with little

trouble; for the pupils or students come from very different places, and with widely different notions, and there is much to generalize, much to adjust, much to eliminate, there are inter-relations to be defined, and conventional rules to be established, in the process, by which the whole assemblage is molded together, and gains one tone and one character.

Let it be clearly understood, I repeat it, that I am not taking into account moral or religious considerations; I am but saying that that youthful community will constitute a whole, it will embody a specific idea, it will represent a doctrine, it will administer a code of conduct, and it will furnish principles of thought and action. It will give birth to a living teaching, which in course of time will take the shape of a self-perpetuating tradition, or a *genius loci*, as it is sometimes called; which haunts the home where it has been born, and which imbues and forms, more or less, and one by one, every individual who is successively brought under its shadow. Thus it is that, independent of direct instruction on the part of Superiors, there is a sort of self-education in the academic institutions of Protestant England; a characteristic tone of thought, a recognized standard of judgment is found in them, which, as developed in the individual who is submitted to it, becomes a twofold source of strength to him, both from the distinct stamp it impresses on his mind, and from the bond of union which it creates between him and others,—effects which are shared by the authorities of the place, for they themselves have been educated in it, and at all times are exposed to the influence of its ethical atmosphere. Here then is a real teaching, whatever be its standards and principles, true or false; and it at least tends towards cultivation of the intellect; it at least recognizes that knowledge is something more than a sort of passive reception of scraps and details; it is a something, and it does a something, which never will issue from the most strenuous efforts of a set of teachers, with no mutual sympathies and no intercommunion, of a set of examiners with no opinions which they dare profess, and with no common principles, who are teaching or questioning a set of youths who do not know them, and do not know each other, on a large number of subjects, different in kind, and connected by no wide philosophy, three times a week, or three times a year, or once in three years, in chill lecture-rooms or on a pompous anniversary.

10

Nay, self-education in any shape, in the most restricted sense, is preferable to a system of teaching which, professing so much, really does so little for the mind. Shut your College gates against the votary of knowledge, throw him back upon the searchings and the efforts of his own mind; he will gain by being spared an entrance into your Babel. Few indeed there are who can dispense with the stimulus and support of instructors, or will do anything at all, if left to themselves. And fewer still (though such great minds are to be found), who will not, from such unassisted attempts, contract a self-reliance and a self-esteem, which are not only moral evils, but serious hindrances to the attainment of truth. And next to none, perhaps, or none, who will not be reminded from time to time of the disadvantage under which they lie, by their imperfect grounding, by the breaks, deficiencies, and irregularities of their knowledge, by the eccentricity of opinion and the confusion of principle which they exhibit. They will be too often ignorant of what everyone knows and takes for granted, of that multitude of small truths which fall upon the mind like dust, impalpable and ever accumulating; they may be unable to converse, they may argue perversely, they may pride themselves on their worst paradoxes or their grossest truisms, they may be full of their own mode of viewing things, unwilling to be put out of their way, slow to enter into the minds of others;—but, with these and whatever other liabilities upon their heads, they are likely to have more thought, more mind, more philosophy, more true enlargement, than those earnest but ill-used persons, who are forced to load their minds with a score of subjects against an examination, who have too much on their hands to indulge themselves in thinking or investigation, who devour premiss and conclusion together with indiscriminate greediness, who hold whole sciences on faith, and commit demonstrations to memory, and who too often, as might be expected, when their period of education is passed throw up all they have learned in disgust, having gained nothing really by their anxious labors, except perhaps the habit of application.

Yet such is the better specimen of the fruit of that ambitious system which has of late years been making way among us: for its result on ordinary minds, and on the common run of students, is less satisfactory still; they leave their place of education simply

dissipated and relaxed by the multiplicity of subjects, which they have never really mastered, and so shallow as not even to know their shallowness. How much better, I say, is it for the active and thoughtful intellect, where such is to be found, to eschew the College and the University altogether, than to submit to a drudgery so ignoble, a mockery so contumelious! How much more profitable for the independent mind, after the mere rudiments of education, to range through a library at random, taking down books as they meet him, and pursuing the trains of thought which his mother wit suggests! How much healthier to wander into the fields, and there with the exiled Prince to find "tongues in the trees, books in the running brooks!" How much more genuine an education is that of the poor boy in the Poem—a Poem, whether in conception or in execution, one of the most touching in our language—who, not in the wide world, but ranging day by day around his widowed mother's home, "a dexterous gleaner" in a narrow field, and with only such slender outfit

> ". . . as the village school and books a few
> Supplied,"

contrived from the beach, and the quay, and the fisher's boat, and the inn's fireside, and the tradesman's shop, and the shepherd's walk, and the smuggler's hut, and the mossy moor, and the screaming gulls, and the restless waves, to fashion for himself a philosophy and a poetry of his own!

But in a large subject, I am exceeding my necessary limits. Gentlemen, I must conclude abruptly; and postpone any summing up of my argument, should that be necessary, to another day.

THE STARS[1]

HARLOW SHAPLEY

IT IS generally admitted by those who trouble to ponder the subject that man pays a pretty high price for civilization. His senses of sight, hearing, and smell are becoming dull; his natural defenses against many diseases are weakened; his ability to live by and for himself is disappearing with the growth of modern improvements of civilization; and his contacts with Nature are less frequent or are increasingly artificial. One price he pays for his mechanical, social, and educational advancement is the loss of common knowledge of the skies. Edison has shut off millions of people from the stars by devising and developing electric illumination. The desert Arab for two thousand years has known more of the existence and motions of the heavenly bodies than ninety per cent of the college and university graduates of our enlightened western civilization. The loss we have thus suffered, to be sure, is nothing at all if we measure gain and loss in dollars and cents or in other material units. The loss is very considerable, however, if we measure in units that are cultural and of the spirit.

But even on this higher evaluation we can, if we will, make good the loss and far outstrip the nature-loving Arab, for this same mechanical civilization has produced the means for great advancement of our knowledge of the universe. . . .

The principal value of astronomy, in the opinion of the writer, is to broaden man's concept of the significance of the planet Earth, and of the processes, physical and biological, that we observe on the surface of the planet. To be sure, there are some so-called practical uses of astronomy—the determination of time, the measures of sunlight, the prediction of tides—but all are small in comparison with the intellectual value that can be derived by simple studies of the stellar universe.

[1] From a pamphlet in the *Reading with a Purpose* series published by the American Library Association. Reprinted by courtesy of the American Library Association.

Instead of finding, in the light of the stars, that man is materially of high significance in the universe, as we might infer from his vaunted control over most of the terrestrial animals and from his ability to deface or beautify parts of the surface of our small planet, we are led to discover the opposite, to find that he is insignificant to a humiliating degree; and there is nothing so cleansing as humility. Instead of finding that man is the central design of cosmic evolution and the Lord of Creation, we are led to suspect that he is but a brief and trivial incident in a universe where the reverend and important features are space, time, gravity, energy, and radiation; and there is nothing so useful spiritually as natural reverence.

But although knowledge of the stars may tend to shrivel man up in size and cut him off briefly in time, it convinces him as nothing else does of the capabilities of the human mind, of the power of that biological phenomenon that tries to grasp the meanings of all things, tries to comprehend the nature of the universe, the laws and reasons back of the stars and nebulae. . . .

We generally think of the Earth as the subject matter for the sciences of geology, geography, and geodesy, the first letters of those words indicating that they relate to the Earth. But the Earth is also of great interest as an astronomical body. It is a fair sample of the planets. It originated at a remote time in the past from the atmosphere of the Sun and is therefore, in its chemistry, a sample also of typical star materials. Its motion and the motion of its satellite, the Moon, give us typical problems in the field of celestial mechanics.

Astronomy, then, can well begin with a study of this hard little celestial fragment which is not only typical of the material universe, but is at the same time provided with telescopes, and with human beings who are curious to learn something of the fragment and the cosmos which it represents.

Of the Sun's family, comprising eight planets, twenty-six moons, hundreds of comets, thousands of asteroids, and innumerable meteors, the Earth is not exceptional in any of the common properties, except that its density (specific gravity) is higher than for any of the other planets. Mercury and Venus are nearer to the Sun; Mercury, Mars, and Venus are smaller in diameter and in mass; some planets have heavier atmospheres; in brightness, as seen from a point outside the solar system, the Earth is also intermediate. But in all of these properties—brightness, mass, temperature, dimensions, and atmosphere—the Sun far transcends all of its dependent bodies. The

Sun, in fact, may be considered a primary body, a star, which generates an enormous amount of energy for radiation, and controls gravitationally the movements of its numerous family. The planets, on the other hand, should be considered secondary bodies, born from the Sun at a remote time in the past and ever afterwards wholly dependent on it for light, heat, and motion.

The reader who looks at the Earth astronomically will find how it produces night and day by rotation, and gives rise to the seasons through its annual trip around the Sun, how it controls the Moon through tidal action so that the satellite always faces the earth throughout its monthly revolutions. The reader will find that these motions of rotation and revolution introduce complexities into the astronomer's observations of other planets and of the Sun and the remoter stars. He will find that special systems of coordinates are necessary to indicate the positions and motions of the heavenly bodies. Angular measures must be used—degrees, minutes, seconds—and, to register the positions in the sky, the terms right ascension and declination, latitude and longitude, are introduced. But such details must be left to full-length books.

Probably the most interesting of the studies of the Earth from an astronomical standpoint is an inquiry into the origin of the planet. Of course, it is hard to prove beyond doubt the cosmic procedure of the remote past. We are handicapped in such researches not only by the factor of limited time for observations, but by the enormous magnitude of the forces involved, and by the distances. But we have in mathematics a powerful instrument for searching the past, present, and future; so that, hopeless as the problem may seem to the uninitiated, astronomers have been able to develop generally acceptable and logical theories to account for the present state of affairs in the solar system.

There was a time when the Laplacian nebular hypothesis was pretty generally accepted. Originally proposed in its broader outlines by Kant some fifty years before Laplace's speculations, the hypothesis stood for approximately one hundred and fifty years as the best interpretation available. It was never very vigorously backed, because there was too little evidence for or against the proposal that the Sun and planets had evolved from a slowly shrinking and rotating nebula. Certain mathematical, geological, and astronomical difficulties became gradually apparent, and at about the

beginning of the present century a radically different theory was developed.

The new hypothesis of the origin of the planets was proposed by Chamberlin and Moulton of Chicago University. With some important modifications, the theory stands today as the best we have been able to formulate. It has visualized the origin of the planets through catastrophic disruption of the solar surface rather than through the condensation of detached rings of matter from a shrinking nebula. In this introduction to the subject space cannot be given to a detailed description of the stellar encounter of the past that gave rise to the Earth and the remainder of the Sun's family. Suffice it to say that a large star, passing near the Sun, raised such enormous tides in the gaseous atmosphere that the surface was disrupted and a considerable amount of gas poured out into space. Much of this material fell back to the Sun's surface, but some of it, given a considerable crosswise motion by the passing star, proceeded to move in elliptical orbits around the Sun. These orbits, gradually rounding off, became in time the parts of the planets.

Although originally gaseous and hot, the Earth and the other smaller planets rapidly cooled off, became liquid, and then solid, at least at the surface. For the last three thousand million years there has been little change in the size of the Earth, and its surface, though essentially solid, has been going through the various alterations that are recorded in the building and unbuilding of mountains, valleys, and volcanic islands. . . .

Much could be said about the other planets of the solar system, but we must let the Earth represent them all. Fascinating questions connected with the tiny moons of Mars, with the surface markings of that planet, and the possibility of life in such a place are omitted here. There are books that deal with these matters in much detail, and also with asteroids and comets, the complicated moon systems of Jupiter and Saturn, and the various other bodies of the planetary system. Leaving such problems to the explorations of the reader, we go directly into the depths of space, to the larger universe of stars and nebulae, stopping, however, almost before we get started to look at the Sun—the star we can study most in detail. . . .

An observer with a small telescope, or even with field glasses, can [in years of maximum sunspot activity] find small black spots on the Sun. Occasionally some of the spots are large enough to be

seen with the unaided eye; but of course the observer should protect his vision, whether through a lens or not, by smoked glass or an overexposed photographic film. Otherwise the Sun's rays will cause inconvenience if not injury, for raw sunlight is no respecter of human vision. The Sun is pouring out radiation into space at the rate of four million tons per second, and since this comes from a surface with a temperature of ten thousand degrees Fahrenheit, its energy intensity is painfully high.

The astronomer has not yet explained in detail the nature and cause of sunspots. These markings seem to be coupled in some way with vortex rings at or near the surface of the hot gaseous atmosphere of the Sun; and they are accompanied by magnetic phenomena that are felt even on the Earth, ninety-three million miles away. The spottedness appears in cycles of eleven years, and during the maximum one or more groups are nearly always visible. The life of an individual spot is on the average but a week or two. The amateur observer can readily detect the drifting of the spots from day to day across the disk as the Sun rotates. In fact, he may easily verify for himself that the period of rotation of the Sun is a little less than one month. . . .

We cannot see spots on other stars, nor study their surfaces in any detail whatever, because of their excessive remoteness. But we know from studies of colors and of spectra that the Sun is a typical star of a common class. Nearly all the stars we see with the unaided eye are, to be sure, much brighter intrinsically than the Sun and larger in mass. The bigger and brighter stars can be seen from great distances, whereas small stars like the Sun can appear bright enough for naked eye observation only when near at hand. But there are thousands, even millions, of stars smaller and fainter than the Sun. We safely infer the existence of such numbers from our sampling of the accessible regions, though we have observed scarcely one per cent of those that we suppose to exist.

To illustrate the typical character of the Sun a few numerical data are given. The mass of the Sun is 1.8×10^{33} grams (which is the astronomer's brief way of saying 1.7 thousand million million million million tons); whereas some stars are about one-tenth as massive, and many have ten times as much material in them as the Sun. The surface temperature of the Sun, as mentioned above, is about ten thousand degrees Fahrenheit; the whole temperature range so far observed for stars is from 3,800° to 60,000°. The

average density throughout the Sun is slightly greater than that of water; but gigantic stars like Betelgeuse and Antares are a thousand times as rarefied as the Sun; and a few dwarf stars, like the queer telescopic companion to Sirius, are believed to be several thousand times as dense.

The diameter of the Sun is a little less than a million miles. The extremes in size are the giant reddish stars, which have several million times the Sun's volume, and the little hot dwarfs which are probably only slightly larger than the planet Jupiter. But these are exceptions; the great majority of the stars are between half a million and two million miles in diameter.

Early in the course of his reading, the beginning student will want to connect his book knowledge with the appearance of things in the sky. He will begin to wonder about the meaning and the permanency of the various constellations. The astronomer will hasten to inform him that these configurations, with their legendary names, are scientifically of little importance, whatever be their value to poetry and mythology. But among the constellations there are also a few real systems of stars, such as those in Orion and Taurus. The Pleiades form an actual organization of several hundred stars, only half a dozen of which can be seen with the naked eye.

As we carry further our inquiries concerning the organization of star systems, we enter one of the most interesting fields of astronomy. Although we cannot verify the existence of other systems like that associated with the Sun, composed of a dominating star with a group of secondary bodies, we do find large numbers of double stars, triples, quadruples, and groups with higher degrees of multiplicity. Among the double stars are those like Algol, which undergoes periodical eclipses. Among the higher organizations are the globular clusters of stars, which have been considerably studied in recent years in the explorations of remote parts of the sidereal universe.

The mutual eclipses of stars give rise to variations in light. There are also other types of periodic stellar variation, some partially understood and some still mystifying. For instance, among the variable stars that periodically fluctuate in light intensity are the Cepheid variables, which have been of prime importance in recent determinations of the distances of remote clusters, star clouds, and nebulae. A Cepheid variable seems to be a giant star undergoing periodic pulsations which affect the light, color, and apparent motion. The period of these fluctuations has been found to be an indicator of the

star's candle power, and thus indirectly an indicator of its distance from us in space. The study of the light variations of the Cepheid variable stars is an active department of modern astronomy.

Another type of stellar variation is illustrated by Mira, a faint star in the constellation Cetus. Mira becomes visible to the unaided eye once in eleven months, and then drops off to fainter magnitudes, where telescopic aid must be employed. It is typical of a large class of variables which are systematically studied by the amateur astronomer, equipped with very small instruments. An association of amateurs for the study of these variables and similar objects has been formed, with headquarters at the Harvard Observatory, and with two or three hundred active members distributed all over the Earth. Their work is so well done that the professional astronomers have practically left the whole field of visual observations of long period variables to the members of this association, although the professional astronomers always stand ready to cooperate with the amateur society in its observational work. . . .

With the development of large telescopes, especially in America, there has been conspicuous advance in our knowledge of those hazy, partly luminous patches scattered among the fixed stars, to which the term nebula has been given. The term includes a great variety of objects. There are the diffuse irregular nebulosities such as the Great Orion Nebula, distinctly visible with the unaided eye. There are the obscure patches, similar in irregular outline to these ordinary diffuse nebulae, but nearly or wholly without light, and revealed to us mainly by their obscuring of the more distant star fields.

The ring nebulae and the so-called planetary nebulae are other types which are not very common. All of those referred to so far are nebular types found within our own galactic system; except for some planetaries, they are, in a sense, disorganized masses of cosmic material, composed of gases and dust, in marked contrast to the highly organized gaseous stars.

But beyond the confines of our own stellar system are other types of objects which also receive the name nebula. We call them the nebulae of the spiral family, or the extra-galactic nebulae. They include objects that show spiral arms, objects that are spheroidal or ellipsoidal in form, and also irregular stellar organizations such as the Clouds of Magellan. Investigations of the last few years have pretty well established a century-old hypothesis that these extra-

galactic nebulae are other stellar systems, in some respects comparable with our own Galaxy.

The great telescopes have begun to resolve the nearer spiral nebulae into distinct stars, and among these stars variables of the Cepheid class have been found which lead us directly to values of the distances of the spirals. The picture revealed by these investigations is highly impressive. We see that there are hundreds of thousands of stellar systems, each probably very populous in stars, and more or less independent of all the others. They are scattered throughout a region that is to be measured in millions of light years, and there is no evidence whatever that we have reached the limit of star populated space. Their remoteness, difficulty of observation, and great interest continually lead astronomers to the planning of more powerful instruments, and to the development of more sensitive apparatus for recording the feeble but revealing pulses of light that travel for millions of years across space to give the earthbound astronomer a little more information about his universe.

BIOLOGY AND OUR FUTURE WORLD[1]

JULIAN HUXLEY

BIOLOGY is just reaching a stage of development at which it will soon be applied on a large scale in practical affairs.

The most obvious way in which biological science can be made practical is in its effect upon the environment of man. Not only can it influence this or that particular kind of animal or plant, encouraging one, destroying another, remodelling a third, but it must be called in to adjust the balance of nature.

The balance of nature is a very elaborate and very delicate system of checks and counterchecks. It is continually being altered as climates change, as new organisms evolve, as animals or plants permeate to new areas. But in the past the alterations have for the most part been slow, whereas with the arrival of man, and especially of civilized man, their speed has been multiplied many fold: from the evolutionary time-scale, where change is measured by periods of ten or a hundred thousand years, they have been transferred to the human time-scale in which centuries, and even decades, count.

Everywhere man is altering the balance of nature. He is facilitating the spread of plants and animals into new regions, sometimes deliberately, sometimes unconsciously. He is covering huge areas with new kinds of plants, or with houses, factories, slagheaps, and other products of his civilization. He exterminates some species on a large scale, but favors the multiplication of others. In brief, he has done more in five thousand years to alter the biological aspect of the planet than nature has done in five million years.

Many of these changes which he has brought about have had unforeseen consequences. Who would have thought that the throwing away of a piece of Canadian water-weed would have caused half the waterways of Britain to be blocked for a decade, or that the provision of pot cacti for lonely settlers' wives would have led to

[1] From *Harper's Magazine*, September, 1931. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

eastern Australia being overrun with forests of prickly pear? Who would have prophesied that the cutting down of forests on the Adriatic coasts or in parts of Central Africa could have reduced the land to a semi-desert, with the very soil washed away from the bare rock? Who would have thought that improved communications would have changed history by the spreading of disease—sleeping sickness into East Africa, measles into Oceania, very possibly malaria into ancient Greece?

These are spectacular examples; but examples on a smaller scale are everywhere to be found. We may make a nature sanctuary for rare birds, prescribing absolute security for all species, and we may find that some common and hardy kind of bird will multiply beyond measure and oust the rare kinds in which we were particularly interested. We see, owing to some little change brought about by civilization, the starling spread in hordes over the English countryside. We improve the yielding capacities of our cattle, and find that now they exhaust the pastures which sufficed for less exigent stock. We gaily set about killing the carnivores that molest our domestic animals, the hawks that eat our fowls and game birds, and find that in so doing we are also removing the brake that restrains the multiplication of mice and other little rodents that gnaw away the farmer's profits.

In brief, our human activities are everywhere altering nature and its balance, whether we realize it or no, and whether we want to or no. If we do not wish the alterations to be chaotic, disorderly, and often harmful, we must do our best to control them, and constitute new balances to suit our purposes.

The first and most obvious department of control is the conservation of nature and its resources. It is extremely easy to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs; and when the goose is a wild species, once killed it is gone forever. The Maoris killed the moas, of which a number of different kinds used to inhabit New Zealand, for their meat. Sailors exterminated the great auk. The final extinction of the mammoths was in all probability caused by the attacks of our Stone Age ancestors. The white man reduced the bison from an abundance comparable with the abundance of zebra or gnu in Africa, until to-day its precarious remnant has to be looked after like a museum specimen. The fur seals of the Pacific were brought by indiscriminate slaughter to the verge of disappearance

and were saved only by international agreement. The huge hordes of whales of the northern seas were harried into insignificance; and now there is danger that their southern relatives will follow suit. Of the elephants of Africa, according to Major Hingston, ten per cent are killed every year. The marvellous guano deposits of the west coast of South America were being exhausted and have been saved only by the careful regulations at last imposed by the Peruvian Government.

If we want wild creatures to go on providing us with oil, furs, fertilizers, ivory, meat, or sport, we must regulate their affairs as we would regulate a business. We must know where and when they breed, how many young they have, how long they take to grow up, what their natural mortality is and, on the basis of this knowledge, must adjust our exploitation so that it only skims off the natural increase. This has been done for some animals; it can be done for those others that are now in danger of our reckless methods.

But as well as the preservation of particular species, there is the preservation of nature as a whole to think about. If we do not take care, we shall find civilization infiltrating all but the most inhospitable parts of our planet and leaving no regions in their pristine and exhilarating state. It is so easy to kill out game, leaving a country still untamed but sadly barren; to dot the wilderness with straggling outliers of industrialism, leaving it neither wild nor civilized; to cut down forests without making provision for replacement, leaving scrub forests of second growth, as over so much of the United States, or even only bare hillsides; in brief, to mix nature and civilization so that the fine essence of the one is destroyed, of the other not fully realized, and the net result an unsatisfying compromise.

II

The remedy is conscious planning. No one supposes that the game animals of Africa can everywhere remain as they are, that forests and jungles will not often need to be cut down, or replanted artificially and scientifically, that many swamps should not be drained, many stretches of seacoast turned into holiday towns. But we can delimit different areas for different purposes. Man does not live by bread alone. There is his need for solitude to consider and his scientific interests; there is the recreation and refreshment af-

forded to him by nature, and the unique excitement and interest of seeing wild creatures.

These needs can all be met if we only take them in time. There are different balances of nature and civilization, each of them admirable in its way, whose preservation can be deliberately planned. We can plan the city so that it provides beauty, ease of movement, varied activities, and a sense of civic pride. We can plan the small town so that it provides a center of life for its area, yet without spoiling the zone of country round it. The real countryside is profoundly artificial, with nature tamed by man; but it represents a particular balance, which has its own unique possibilities of beauty and interest, and it can be guarded from unwarranted intrusions, its peculiar attractions can be preserved, its development can be guided. The half-wild country of moor, mountain, marsh, forest, or seashore can be either entirely reclaimed or kept unspoilt.

When we come to setting aside definite tracts of land for other than material needs, we can plan them with precise aims in view. Some areas should be set apart as specimens of nature, just as we preserve specimens of interesting animals and plants in our museums. These are nature sanctuaries, to which access should be only sparingly accorded, and then mainly for purposes of scientific study. The prime object here is to keep the original balance as unaltered as possible. Then there are national parks, where nature is conserved not in the interests of the inquiring scientific spirit of man, but in the interests of his love of natural beauty and need of wildness and solitude. The essentials of nature must here be preserved, but a compromise will often have to be struck with the need for making nature accessible. All grades of naturalness can be preserved in national parks, from the unspoilt wildness of the Grisons or the Yosemite to the partially tamed beauties of Sussex down land or the New Forest. And finally, we can provide scheduled areas; for these, while recognizing that their prime purpose is utilitarian, we can introduce regulations which will ensure that their wild life and their other attractions are interfered with as little as may be and that their possibilities of providing recreation and beauty are made plentifully available.

In addition to these main categories, we may establish reserves for special purposes—for bird life, for the preservation of rare or beautiful plants, or even for strange human beings like the pygmies. But in every case we must have in mind just what we want to do

and carry out our plans accordingly. In almost every case some degree of control will be needed to preserve this or that balance, for the original balance of nature is gone, destroyed by the mere presence of man on earth; and even in the remotest regions it will rarely be enough to leave everything to nature, for nature almost everywhere has already been in some measure modified by man, and is, therefore, already to that extent artificial. I will give but one illustration. The traveler through East Africa naturally thinks that the great stretches of thorn-scrub country are a part of primeval nature. But much of it exists by virtue of human interference; if it were not for the black man's cattle, and his habit of burning the bush, it would be woodland, of quite a different character. Those who want other examples will find them in abundance in Ritchie's interesting book, *The Influence of Man on Animal Life in Scotland.* Even to preserve nature we need to have a knowledge of the machinery by which the balance of nature is adjusted, and for that we need a well-developed science of ecology, that branch of biology which studies the relations of wild organisms to one another and to their environment.

But there are other and more practically urgent uses of ecology. This leads on by a natural transition to the other province of ecological biology—its aid not in preserving nature as near her original self as possible, but in controlling and remolding her to suit the economic purposes of man.

Agriculture is the chief of man's efforts at the biological remodelling of nature. If we reflect that agriculture is less than a paltry ten thousand years old out of the three hundred million years that green plants have been on earth, and that apart from forest fires and perhaps a little occasional clearing, before that there had been no human interference with the natural mantle of vegetation, we begin to grasp something of the revolution wrought by this biological discovery.

But agriculture is, if you like, unnatural; it concentrates innumerable individuals of a single species—and always, of course, a particularly nutritious one—in serried ranks, while nature's method is to divide up the space among numerous competing or complementary kinds. Thus it constitutes not merely an opportunity but a veritable invitation to vegetable-feeding animals, of which the most numerous and most difficult to control are the small, insinuating, and rapidly multiplying insects. And the better and more intensive

the agriculture, the richer becomes the banquet, the more obvious the invitation. Shifting cultivation, with poorly developed crop-plants and plenty of weeds, is one thing; but mile upon square mile of tender, well-weeded wheat or tea or cotton offers the optimum possibilities for the rapid multiplication and spread of any species of insect which can take advantage of man's good nature towards his kind.

Finally, man's insatiable desire for rapid and easy transit has capped the trouble. Evil communications, we all know, corrupt good manners; it is not generally realized how much good communications have done to corrupt the balance of nature.

By accident or intention, animal and plant species find their way along the trade routes to new countries. They are in a new environment, among a new set of competing creatures to whose particular equilibrium of struggle they are not adapted. In such circumstances the majority fail to gain a foothold at all; some survive on sufferance; but a few find in the new circumstances a release instead of a hindrance, and multiply beyond measure. The release may be a release from competitors, as when the mongoose was introduced into one of the West Indian islands, or more frequently, a release from enemies, whether large and predatory or small and parasitic.

Then it is up to the biologist to see what his knowledge can do. Can he, by studying the pest in its original home, discover what are the other species that normally act as checks on its over-multiplication, make sure that if he imports them to the new country they will not there change their habits and turn into pests themselves, then successfully transport them, and breed them, and let them loose in sufficient numbers to bring the enemy of the crops down to insignificance? Sometimes he can. Let me give two examples. On Fiji, coconuts have for some time been one of the staple products. Some few decades ago the plantations on one of the main islands were reduced to nutless, leafless poles. That was bad enough; but then, after the War, the plague began to appear on the other and larger main island.

The men are still alive and active who brought prosperity back to Fiji. It had already been discovered that the cause of the trouble was a little moth—very beautiful, with violet wings—whose grubs devoured the leaves of the palm trees; and it prospered so alarmingly because in Fiji it had no parasite enemies. Three biologists

were appointed to find a parasite. They searched the remote corners of the Pacific. At last they found, in the Malay States, not the same moth, but a closely related species, which was provided with its natural complement of parasites, notably a kind of fly. It was not easy to bring the parasites the long distance to Fiji, for they do not hibernate, and so must be fed and tended all the time. They had to be provided with living moth-caterpillars, and these, in turn, had to be provided with newly-sprouted coconuts, grown in specially built cages. As there was no direct communication from this part of the Malay States to Fiji, a steamer had to be chartered for the voyage.

By these means, three hundred precious parasitic flies were in 1925 safely landed in Fiji. These were bred on the caterpillars of the Fiji coconut moth, and within twelve months had increased to thirty-two thousand. Then the liberation of the parasites began, and they went to their work with such gusto that by 1928, at least four-fifths of the coconut-moth caterpillars of Fiji were parasitized and, therefore, came to nothing. By 1929 the coconut moth, which threatened to ruin the archipelago, had become reduced to the status of a minor nuisance. Man had readjusted the environment, whose balance he had in the first instance upset.

Then there is the prickly pear in eastern Australia. I remember once hearing a lecture by Doctor Tillyard, now in charge of pest control and related problems in Australia. After he had been talking of the prickly pear for a bit, he drew out his watch. "It is seven minutes," he said, "since I began discussing this subject; during that time another seven acres of Australian land have been covered with this impenetrable and useless scrub." That, however, was five or six years ago. In the meanwhile the research scheme begun by the Australian Commonwealth in 1920 has matured. At their research station established on the American continent—original home of the prickly pear and other cacti—every possible enemy of the cactus was tried out; and at last a mixed team was sent to Australia—a caterpillar to tunnel through the "leaves" (which are really the prickly pear's stems), a plant bug and a cochineal insect to suck its juices, and a mite to scarify its surface. These were the Four Arthropods of the prickly pear's Apocalypse; instead of increasing any longer in Australia, it is now halted, and in many places the thickets are melting away under the combined attack.

III

One could multiply instances. How the sugar cane of Hawaii was saved from its weevil destroyers; how the destruction of North American forests by gipsy-moths was held in check; how an attack is being launched upon the mealy-bugs that are such a pest to Kenya coffee, by massed battalions of lady-birds, bred on a generous ration consisting of chopped eggs, cream, marmite, honey, and radiomalt. To cope with all the demands for anti-pest organisms a veritable industry has sprung up. There exists near Slough an establishment usually nicknamed the Parasite Zoo, whose prime function is to breed the supply of pest-parasites demanded by the British Empire.

All the spectacular successes have been achieved when a pest has invaded new territory ahead of its enemies. Even in such cases, however, success has not always been attained. Sometimes this may be due to the weakness of human nature; there have been Boards of Pest Control which were not too anxious to find their occupations gone with the going of their particular pest. But leaving such non-biological or hyper-biological considerations on one side, there have been many pests which have so far baffled research. One need only think of the invading thickets of blackberries in New Zealand; of the disease that has recently been blighting the elms in its march across Western Europe, of the spread of the European corn-borer over the United States to the great detriment of the corn crop, of the permanent pest of rabbits in Australia.

Such being the difficulties of the work when reduced to its simplest terms, we should expect to find them far more severe when the pest is an old-established inhabitant of the country. For then it will already possess its full complement of enemies and parasites and exist in a natural equilibrium with them, so that we can have little hope of causing a speedy reduction by the mere liberation of a parasite. And it has become a pest because man has provided, in his own person or in that of his domestic animals or plants, a new and susceptible source of food. Problems of this type are set to us by malaria, spread by indigenous mosquitoes; human sleeping sickness and nagana disease of cattle, transmitted by tsetse-flies; plague, dependent for its spread upon the ubiquitous rat. In Africa, in the British colonies alone, areas aggregating many times the size of

Great Britain are infested by tsetse, and so made uninhabitable by any native population save hunting nomads; since all settled native culture involves the keeping of cattle. In some places the issue is whether man or the fly shall dominate the country; at the present moment the fly's domination in Tanganyika is twice the size of man's. The disease-agents which it transmits—the blood-parasites called trypanosomes—live normally in the blood of game and other wild animals and do them no harm, since host and parasite have become mutually adapted through millennia of selective adjustment; but man and his beasts are new hosts, and are without any such adaptive resistance. In such a case the best remedy seems to be to alter the whole environment in such a way that the tsetse can no longer happily live in it. Most tsetse-flies live in bush country. They cannot exist either in quite open country or in cultivated land or in dense woodland or forest. So that either wholesale clearing or afforestation may get rid of them. Or it may be possible that a change of conditions will favor one of the local parasites and so bring about a new balance between the fly and its enemies. And by studying the precise habits of the creature, efficient methods of trapping may be devised.

That pests of this nature can cease to be serious is shown by the history of malaria and of plague. In various parts of Europe and America, these diseases, once serious, have wholly or virtually died out. And this has happened through a change in human environment and human habits. Take plague. Modern man builds better houses, clears away more garbage, segregates cases of infectious diseases, is less tolerant of dirt and parasites and, in fine, lives in such a way that his life is not in such close contact with that of rats. The result has been that rats have fewer chances of transmitting plague to man, and that the disease, if once transmitted, has less chance of spreading. With regard to malaria, agricultural drainage, cleanliness, and better general resistance have in many places done as much or more than deliberate anti-mosquito campaigns to reduce or banish the disease.

So, too, typhus disappears with the spread of cleanliness, typhoid with the arrival of a good water supply: and tuberculosis is more likely to be reduced by changed habits as regards fresh air, nourishing diet, and the public attitude to clean milk than by direct attack upon the tubercle bacillus.

All the methods of which I have spoken have this in common—

that they attempt to break the power of a pest by altering the rest of the environment, by interfering directly or indirectly with the balances of existing nature so that the conditions were no longer so favorable for the obnoxious species.

But we could attack the problem from another angle. We could alter the very nature of nature, changing the balance not by changing the conditions, but by changing the inherent qualities of the organisms involved. For instance, instead of trying to attack a pest by means of introducing enemies, or altering the environment in which it has to carry on its operations, we can often deliberately breed stocks which shall be resistant to the attacks of the pest. Thus we can now produce relatively rust-proof wheat; and the Dutch have given us spectacular examples of what can be accomplished by the thoroughgoing application of Mendelian methods, by crossing a high-yielding but disease-susceptible sugar cane with a related wild species which is disease-resistant and, in spite of the fact that the wild parent contains no trace of sugar, extracting from the cross after a few generations a disease-resistant plant with an exceptionally high yield of sugar.

Ecology here joins hands with genetics. And genetics offers the prospect of the most radical transformations of our environment. Cows or sheep, rubber-plants or beets represent from one aspect just so many living machines, designed to transform raw material into finished products available for man's use. And their machinery can be improved. Modern wheats yield several times as much per acre as the unimproved varieties grown by early and primitive agriculturalists; and of late years, through the deliberate breeding of new types, the range of its successful cultivation has been extended nearly a hundred miles nearer the pole, and far into areas previously considered semi-desert.

Modern cows grow about twice as fast as the cattle kept by semi-savage tribes, and when they are grown produce two or three times as much milk in a year. This has thrown a new strain on the pastures upon which they feed; for if the cow eventually draws its nourishment out of the soil, and if the animal machine for utilizing grass is improved, the plant machine which is responsible for the first stage of the process, of working up raw materials out of earth and air, must be improved correspondingly. Accordingly research is actively in progress not only to discover the best fertilizers for grass but to manufacture new breeds of grass which shall be as

much more efficient than ordinary grass as a modern dairy beast is than the aboriginal cow.

Of course, if we choose to give rein to our speculative fancy, there is hardly a limit to the goals to be set to deliberate breeding. Evolution is one long sermon on the text of the infinite plasticity of living matter. Temperament as well as anatomy, habits as well as structure, can be molded by selection. We can breed out high-thyroid and low-thyroid strains of doves, or tame and savage strains of rats, which depend on clear-cut Mendelian differences as much as do blue-eyed or brown-eyed strains of human beings, or the tall and dwarf pea-plants of Mendel himself. If we wished, we could undoubtedly inflict upon other felines what we have already inflicted upon a number of breeds of domestic cat—namely, placid amiability in place of spit-fire ferocity; and we could obtain tigers which in actual fact, and not only in Mr. Belloc's verse, were "kittenish and mild." But such speculations belong to the remoter future; and I leave my readers to pursue them in the pages of Mr. Wells's *Men Like Gods* or Mr. Stapledon's *First and Last Men.* They serve to remind us, however, in moments of discouragement in our more immediate and pedestrian tasks, of the possibilities that do exist, and of the folly of impatience in a world which achieves its real results not in decades but in millennia.

If I have chosen to concentrate largely upon the subject of pests, it is because it brings out so clearly the intricate interrelationships of what we usually call the balances of nature and the possibility of striking achievements provided we build up the ecological science which alone can give us the necessary knowledge. There are plenty of other topics which could as fruitfully have been explored. Selective breeding I have just touched upon. I have hardly mentioned the sea, although it covers three-fifths of the earth's surface and is inhabited in three dimensions instead of only two like the land. With the invention by Professor Hardy of Hull of the continuous plankton recorder, we now can get a quantitative knowledge of the floating microscopic plants and animals that are at the basis of all the food-economics of the sea; with its aid we could and should prepare a map of the sea, analogous to a vegetation map of the earth, showing the zoning of the raw materials available for fish and whales and of other larger and more humanly interesting life.

Then many microscopic forms of life themselves produce valuable materials; we could begin the deliberate cultivation of useful species

of diatoms or filamentous algæ or protophyta with a view eventually to growing them on a large scale in enclosed bays or arms of the sea.

Again, now that Baly has been able to produce sugar (albeit only a trace) out of nothing but water, salts, air, and light, we can look forward to steady progress in the direct synthesis of food-stuffs from inorganic matter. But progress is bound to be slow, and meanwhile we can set our existing methods in order by not wasting any of the essential raw materials used in nature's way of food manufacture by the agency of green plants. At the moment the world is squandering its capital of available phosphorus and nitrogen certainly as fast as Great Britain is spending her accumulated financial capital. The chief way in which we waste it is by discharging our sewage into the sea, whence but little material ever returns to land. Nitrogen can be replaced out of the unlimited resources in the atmosphere now that we have found how to tap those resources and turn them into available form. But there appears to be no reserve source of phosphorus: unless we want our descendants to starve, we must plan the conservation of this essential element.

These few examples must suffice to show the kind of control which man is just realizing he could exert over his environment. But they are enough to give us a new picture—the picture of a world controlled by man. It will never be fully controlled, for man cannot prevent earthquakes or eruptions, control the seasons or the length of day, change the climate of the poles, stop hurricanes or ocean-currents, or tap the resources of the ocean floor; but just as the control exercised by man to-day is far greater than that exerted by any other animal species, so the future control of man will enormously exceed his present powers; and even where he does not control, he will often within limits be regulating or guiding the course of nature; and where he does not guide, he will at least be exploiting in a conscious and deliberate way. The world will be parcelled out into what is needed for crops, what for forests, what for gardens and parks and games, what for the preservation of wild nature; what grows on any part of the land's surface will grow there because of the conscious decision of man; and many kinds of animals and plants will owe not merely the fact that they are allowed to grow and exist, but their characteristics and their very nature, to human control.

The sea will be mapped in new ways, exploited scientifically without waste, and much of it almost certainly will be farmed or cultivated as we cultivate the land, to give a larger yield. And disease-germs, pests, noxious weeds and vermin will be in large measure abolished or at least under the thumb of a scientific humanity.

SCIENCE AND CULTURE[1]

JOHN R. MURLIN

"ON THE truth of nature," declared Sir Francis Bacon over 300 years ago, "we shall build a system for the general amelioration of mankind." Bacon was voicing the first significant dissent from the old authoritarianism which had come down from Aristotle. "Let us look at the facts and then draw our conclusions," said Bacon, and while he was writing on the inductive method Harvey was putting it into practise in his demonstration of the circulation of the blood, "on the truth of nature." Descartes, having set analytical geometry on its conquering way 50 years later, exclaimed: "When we know the force and action of fire, water, air, the stars, the heavens and all other objects as we now know the various trades, we shall make ourselves masters and possessors of life. . . . This will not be solely for the pleasure of enjoying with ease . . . the good things of the world (he continues), but principally for the preservation and improvement of human health which is both the foundation of all other goods and the means of strengthening the human spirit." By a slight paraphrasis we may find in Descartes' words an outline of the great services of science during these 300 years: (1) contributing to the ease and comfort and convenience of life; (2) the improvement of human health; and (3) strengthening the human spirit. Does any one doubt the first of these great services? Let him look back only a generation to kerosene lamps, wood stoves, horse and buggy transportation. Or the second? Let him recall the typhoid fever epidemics of only 30 years ago—the last one in Philadelphia occurred while I was there as a student in 1900; the enormous mortality from tuberculosis only twenty years ago; the ravages of rickets in children of the tenements only ten years ago—all these and many other diseases either wholly brought under control, to remain so (if we remain civilized), or rapidly yielding to the science of prevention

[1] From *Science*, July 27, 1934. Reprinted by permission of the author and the Science Press.

and treatment. True, there is much for medical science yet to do. Cancer, influenza and pneumonia remain unconquered, but there is definite hope in the case of pneumonia at least, and scores of scientific men are concentrating on cancer. Nobody doubts that the means of prevention or cure some day will be found. . . .

My main theme has to do with the third great service of science, *to strengthen the human spirit.* Here lies the realm of true culture. Suppose we accept the definition of culture which was first given, I believe, by Matthew Arnold: Culture is the criticism of life, that is, criticizing life so as to choose what is worth while and eliminate that which is not. Without regard to material welfare what can these young men and young women of Ursinus gain from science that will strengthen this kind of a life? Three sources of strength at least. The first is confidence that the solution of life's problems lies in the use of reason, not passion, however lofty, nor propaganda, however clever. What better method of gaining confidence in the human mind than constant contact with the great masters of science who have achieved greatly with their minds. There is nothing so good as example in the application of common sense, and science, said Huxley, is only trained and organized common sense.

Observe Harvey laboriously studying the valves of all the veins of the body. All, without exception, open toward the heart. What could it mean but that the blood flows through the veins toward the heart? He grasped the blood vessels between his fingers on one side of a beating heart; the heart failed to fill. He grasped them on the other side; the heart failed to empty. What could it mean save that the first set of vessels furnishes blood to the heart; the second set receives it from the heart? Finally he placed a light bandage about the arm, the hand became warm and suffused with blood; he drew the bandage tight and the hand became cold and pale. What could it mean save that the superficial veins compressed by the light bandage carry blood up the arm from the hand, and the deep-lying artery, compressed only by the tight bandage, carries blood down the arm to the hand. Putting all these observations together, what could be the common-sense meaning save that the blood circulates round and round, ceaselessly flowing. Now perfectly clear to us, these matters once were completely obscured in uncertainty, because nobody until Harvey had the audacity to question the ancient doctrines of Aristotle and Galen,

to trust his own senses and draw his own perfectly obvious common-sense conclusions. Can you imagine how that triumph strengthened the human spirit, gave it courage to seek the truth of nature at first hand?

For an entirely different picture of human audacity and triumph of mind observe Newton weighing the moon. The story as told by Voltaire, you remember, is that seeing an apple fall from a tree, Newton was led to wonder if the same force which pulls the apple to the earth may not extend its influence as well into great distances, and apply, for example, to the moon, or possibly to the still more distant heavenly bodies. Obviously, said Newton, some force pulls the moon constantly toward the earth; otherwise it would fly off at a tangent, as a piece of mud flies off a carriage wheel, and it would never return. But it does return every 28 days.

The thought which came to his mind was this: Let me make a diagram illustrating the orbital course of the moon for a given period of time—say one minute. I shall then find that the moon departs from a straight line by a measurable distance; that is to say, it is pulled toward the earth by an amount which represents the difference between its observed position and the position it would have had, if its course were tangential. That difference, that fall every minute should agree with the law of inverse squares as do objects near the earth. The problem is a perfectly simple one which any freshman who knows his trigonometry can do. Newton undertook this calculation of the moon's fall, as he called it, first in 1666 and found, using the values then available for the moon's distance and the earth's radius, that the moon should fall toward the earth 13 feet every minute. On the supposition that the force of gravity decreases inversely as the square of the distance which Newton had found to be true for falling bodies at the surface of the earth, the fall should have been a little over 15 feet. I have known a good many freshmen who would let it go at that. The agreement was not good enough for a Newton and the problem never wholly escaped from his mind. Sixteen years later, upon learning that a French astronomer, Picard, had made more accurate measurements of the earth's dimensions (finding, for example, that 1° of the earth's meridian was actually 69.1 miles instead of 60 miles, which was the value Newton had used to get the radius), he at once took up again the problem of the

falling moon. As he proceeded with his calculations he became more and more certain that this time the calculated displacement would agree with his law of inverse squares. The story goes, you remember, he was so completely overwhelmed with emotion that he was forced to ask a friend to complete the calculation. Can one imagine that emotion? For the first time the human mind had demonstrated to itself the obedience of a heavenly body to the same law that governs the falling of an apple from a tree. Newton saw that this same law probably compelled all heavenly bodies to their orbits as, indeed, was subsequently proved. What an uplift to the human spirit! LaGrange, who frequently asserted that Newton was the greatest genius that ever lived, used to add, and the most fortunate, for nobody ever again could be the first to set the world in order." The reflective mind captures the truth. Newton's mind by previous training and reflection was prepared for the incident of the falling apple. He himself tells us he was led to formulate the law of gravitation by "intending" his mind steadily to the problem for long hours at a time.

The story of Harvey's and Newton's discoveries illustrates early but outstanding successes of what we call to-day the research mind. Starting with an observation which may have been accidental or the result of mere curiosity, the research mind, unlike the ordinary mind, is compelled by some inner feeling of dissatisfaction to repeat and then to reflect upon the observation until an explanation is suggested. This may lead to experiment as in Harvey's case or to mathematical search for proof as in Newton's. Once conviction of a new truth is reached, clearness and forcefulness of presentation and courage in its defense bring the reward of recognition.

Seen from our present position, what made Harvey's and Newton's discoveries in their respective fields stand out like beacons on the dark coast of ignorance was the completeness of their proofs. When either of them had finished with a subject there was no longer any room for reasonable doubt.

We move forward 200 years. We are now at the beginning of the modern period of experimentation in biological science. Observations without number have been recorded, and Darwin has used many of them to prove that new species arise from old. If we wish to know *how* such a thing as the origin of new species could occur we must resort to experimentation. Incidentally, the new

science of genetics is now ready to prove to you, not only that new species do occur, but how. If Bryan had lived only a few years more his challenge to the biologist to show him a single new species could have been answered with a number of them, produced in the laboratory or the experimental field outdoors.

Observe the experimentalist at work. Let me give you two illustrations from France—Claude Bernard, the greatest physiologist of his time and founder of experimental medicine, and Louis Pasteur, the great chemist, biologist and founder, with Koch, of the science of bacteriology. Bernard was a man of marvelous skill in operative procedures. But he was much more, and we are not interested so much in his hands as in his mind. Let us see how his mind worked. As he himself has told us, "To the observer brooding over the phenomena which he has witnessed, there comes the thought that if a certain state of things were supposed to exist or a certain sequence of events were supposed to take place, the occurrence of the phenomena as witnessed would necessarily follow," and forthwith the scientific mind sets about to seek for evidence that the supposed state of things does exist or the supposed sequence of events does take place. "Observation starts an hypothesis and experimentation tests whether the hypothesis be true."

Bernard himself one day observed that the blood of a dog coming from the liver contained more sugar than the blood entering that organ, although the dog had been fed no carbohydrate. How could this be? The liver must produce sugar out of something else. What could that substance be? Possibly meat—the hypothesis. He feeds a dog on nothing but meat. Now no sugar at all is in the alimentary tract, no sugar passing from it to the liver—the experiment; and here's the answer, much sugar still coming out of the liver. The hypothesis is now a fact. The liver does produce sugar from protein, and at once we have learned why the diabetic person suffers emaciation, and a whole new field of chemical transformations in the body is opened up for further investigation. That field we now call intermediary metabolism and it answers such questions as these: how does the protein of the ox which you eat as beefsteak get transformed into substance of your own muscle? One crucial fact thoroughly proved and a thousand additional facts become available; they fall into line. Thus does knowledge grow and become organized into science.

In 1879 Pasteur was engaged in the study of chicken cholera.

Returning from a vacation he found that some of his cultures of the cholera organism had become sterile. He could not produce the disease from them. About to throw away these old cultures, it occurred to him that it might be well to see whether a fresh young culture would produce the disease in chickens which resisted the old culture. To his amazement they resisted, while other chickens not treated with the old culture succumbed. With one blow not only chicken cholera was controlled, but the great principle of vaccination was explained. DuClaux, the distinguished pupil of Pasteur, has written a book about him entitled "The History of a Mind." "What secret instinct, what spirit of divination," asks DuClaux, "impelled Pasteur to knock at this door which was waiting to be opened?" The answer is, the subconscious mind influenced by the incessant ponderings which had been going on in the conscious realm, coupled with the power of imagination. As Pasteur himself expresses the thought:

> The illusions of the experimenter form a great part of his power. These are the preconceived ideas which serve to guide him. Many of them must vanish in the long path which he must travel, but one fine day he discovers and proves that some of them are adequate to the truth. Then he finds himself master of facts and of new principles, the applications of which, sooner or later, bestow their benefits.

It should be our aim in our teaching to preserve the atmosphere of the great minds of science, and we should not omit to study their lives constantly. Not having time in the curriculum for this, it has been our custom for many years to gather the staff and graduate students at our house once a month for readings and discussion in the history of science and particularly in the lives and works of the great men of science. Confidence in these great minds, which have known how to draw inference from demonstrated fact, how to apply common sense, how to knock at doors ready to be opened, is an essential part of the culture of modern education. For this is a confidence each of us should have in his own mind.

The second source of strength to the human spirit which science ought to furnish is the simple, unaffected pleasure of finding things out for oneself. Put the question to any one of the great scientists of the past, Why did you labor so long and so painfully at this problem of yours? Hear Harvey's answer: "It is sweet not merely to toil, but to grow weary, when the pains of discovering

are amply compensated by the pleasure of discovery." When Pasteur separated from his mixture of tartaric acid crystals those which had right-handed hemihedral facets from those which had the left-handed and found that the former rotated polarized light to the right and the latter rotated it to the left, just as he had predicted, he received such a shock of pleasure that he left the laboratory immediately, incapable of applying his eye again to the polariscope. He was simply overwhelmed with joy. It was a game—an intellectual contest with nature—he had put the question in such a way that she was compelled to answer and to answer in the way he had guessed. It was the joy of conquest.

Listen to Kepler when he had completed the evidence which established his third law of planetary motion:

> What I prophesied two-and-twenty years ago . . . at length I have brought to light and recognized its truth beyond my most sanguine expectations. It is not 18 months since I got the first glimpse of light, 3 months since the dawn, very few days since the unveiled sun burst upon me. Nothing holds me; I will indulge my sacred fury.

Again the joy of conquest by one's own strength. This is still the attitude of the scientist. Dr. A. V. Hill, probably the greatest living biophysicist, expressed it well a few years ago by saying that men work at these problems mainly "because it is amusing." We have encouraged our young men and women to rejoice in physical conquest. Have we taught them to rejoice equally in mental conquest? Why not?

I have spoken of scientific research as a game. Our laboratories, even the elementary laboratories, must be pervaded with the atmosphere of research. We must encourage the student to see for himself and reason from the observation to the explanation—for the pure joy of arriving at the answer for himself—just as on the playground, we encourage him to carry the ball, to sprint, pole vault, himself. Here is Huxley's description of the great game:

> The life, the fortune and the happiness of every one of us depends on our knowing something of the rules of a game infinitely more complicated than chess. It is a game which has been played for untold ages, each man and womar of us being one of the two players in a game of his or her own. The chess-board is the world, the pieces are the phenomena

> of the universe, the rules of the game are what we call the laws of nature. The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, just and patient. But we also know, to our cost, that he never overlooks a mistake or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance. To the man who plays well, the highest stakes are paid, with that sort of overflowing generosity with which the strong delight in strength. And one who plays ill is checkmated—without haste, but without remorse. My metaphor will remind you of the famous picture in which a great painter has depicted Satan playing at chess with man for his soul. Substitute for the mocking fiend in that picture a calm, strong angel who is playing for love, . . . and would rather lose than win, and I should accept it as an image of human life. Well, what I mean by education is learning the rules of this mighty game. In other words, education is the instruction of the intellect in the laws of nature, under which name I include not merely things and their forces but men and their ways.

And a little farther on it is added that "a liberal education should teach us to love all beauty, whether of nature or of art." Professor Archibald Henderson recently has expressed this thought something as follows: "If art be defined as man's joy in the pursuit of beauty, science is the expression of man's joy in the pursuit of truth."

The third source of strength to the human spirit which may be derived from science is the love of truth—not as something of one's own to be defended and advocated, but as something universal, belonging to all. Just as the player on a football team very properly takes pride in his own contribution, his higher motive is to win for his college—something bigger than himself. So the scientist, with a just pride in his own work and pardonable pleasure in winning the game—the true scientist thinks mainly of establishing truth for what good it may bring to his fellow man. Could Harvey claim that the circulation of the blood was his own property? Could Newton secure a patent on the law of gravitation?

We are learning slowly that it doesn't matter whose truth it is that prevails so much as it matters that we find truth which all fair minds can accept. The depression from which we are beginning to emerge has taught us that it is not important whether Democratic theories of government or Republican shall prevail—we are concerned rather to find a plan which will work. What if it does

require some experimenting to find a method which shall bring a fair share of prosperity to the farmer—nobody well trained in science is afraid of an experiment as such—that's his everyday life. All science to-day is experimental. Why should not the science of government be experimental? The aim of the experiment in chemistry, in physics, in biology is to bring out the truth. Training in any or all of these sciences should fit us the better to apply any method no difference what its name, so long as it brings the truth. "Truth," said Coleridge, "is the highest good man can keep."

To be cultured one must be critical of life. To be justly critical one must have confidence in one's own reason, must find pleasure in working out one's own way of life and must prize the truth above anything else.

THE SYRIAN CHRIST[1]

ABRAHAM MITRIE RIHBANY

I

JESUS CHRIST, the incarnation of the spirit of God, seer, teacher of the verities of the spiritual life, and preacher of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, is, in a higher sense, 'a man without a country.' As a prophet and a seer Jesus belongs to all races and all ages. Wherever the minds of men respond to simple truth, wherever the hearts of men thrill with pure love, wherever a temple of religion is dedicated to the worship of God and the service of man, there is Jesus' country and there are his friends. Therefore, in speaking of Jesus as the son of a certain country, I do not mean in the least to localize his Gospel, or to set bounds and limits to the flow of his spirit and the workings of his love.

Nor is it my aim in these papers to imitate the astute theologians by wrestling with the problem of Jesus' personality. To me the secret of personality, human and divine, is an impenetrable mystery. My more modest purpose in this writing is to remind the reader that, whatever else Jesus was, as regards his modes of thought and life and his method of teaching, he was a Syrian of the Syrians. According to authentic history Jesus never saw any other country than Palestine. There he was born; there he grew up to manhood, taught his Gospel, and died for it.

It is most natural, then, that Gospel truths should have come down to the succeeding generations—and to the nations of the West —cast in Oriental moulds of thought, and intimately intermingled with the simple domestic and social habits of Syria. The gold of the Gospel carries with it the sand and dust of its original home.

From the foregoing, therefore, it may be seen that my reason for undertaking to throw fresh light on the life and teachings of Christ, and other portions of the Bible whose correct understanding depends on accurate knowledge of their original environment, is

[1] From the *Atlantic Monthly*, March, 1916. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

not any claim on my part to great learning or a profound insight into the spiritual mysteries of the Gospel. The real reason is rather an accident of birth. From the fact that I was born not far from where the Master was born, and brought up under almost the identical conditions under which He lived, I have an 'inside view' of the Bible which, by the nature of things, a Westerner cannot have. I know this, not from the study of the mutilated tablets of the archæologist and the antiquarian, precious as such discoveries are, but from the simple fact that as a sojourner in this Western world, whenever I open my Bible it reads like a letter from home.

Its unrestrained effusiveness of expression; its vivid, almost flashy and fantastic imagery; its naïve narrations; the rugged unstudied simplicity of its parables; its unconventional (and to the more modest West rather unseemly) portrayal of certain human relations; as well as its all-permeating spiritual mysticism—so far as these qualities are concerned, the Bible might all have been written in my primitive village home, on the western slopes of Mount Lebanon some thirty years ago.[2]

You cannot study the life of a people successfully from the outside. You may by so doing succeed in discerning the few fundamental traits of character in their local colors, and in satisfying your curiosity with surface observations of the general modes of behavior; but the little things, the common things, those subtle connectives in the social vocabulary of a people, those agencies which are born and not made, and which give a race its rich distinctiveness, are bound to elude your grasp. Social life, like biological life, energizes from within, and from within it must be studied.

And it is those common things of Syrian life, so indissolubly interwoven with the spiritual truths of the Bible, which cause the Western readers of holy writ to stumble, and which rob those truths for them of much of their richness. By sheer force of genius, the aggressive, systematic Anglo-Saxon mind seeks to press into

[2] I do not mean to assert or even to imply that the Western world has never succeeded in knowing the mind of Christ. Such an assertion would do violent injustice, not only to the Occidental mind, but to the Gospel itself as well, by making it an enigma, utterly foreign to the native spirituality of the majority of mankind. But what I have learned from intimate associations with the Western mind, during almost a score of years in the American pulpit, is that, with the exception of the few specialists, it is extremely difficult, if not impossible, for a people to understand fully a literature which has not sprung from that people's own racial life.—The Author.

logical unity and creedal uniformity those undesigned, artless, and most natural manifestations of Oriental life, in order to 'understand the scriptures.'

'Yet show I unto you a more excellent way,' by personally conducting you into the inner chambers of Syrian life, and showing you, if I can, how simple it is for a humble fellow countryman of Christ to understand those social phases of the scriptural passages which so greatly puzzle the august minds of the West.

II

In the Gospel story of Jesus' life there is not a single incident that is not in perfect harmony with the prevailing modes of thought and the current speech of the land of its origin. I do not know how many times I heard it stated in my native land and at our own fireside that heavenly messengers in the forms of patron saints or angels came to pious, childless wives, in dreams and visions, and cheered them with the promise of maternity. It was nothing uncommon for such women to spend a whole night in a shrine 'wrestling in prayer,' either with the blessed Virgin or some other saint, for such a divine assurance; and I remember a few of my own kindred to have done so.

In a most literal sense we always understood the saying of the psalmist, 'Children are a heritage from the Lord.' Above and beyond all natural agencies, it was He who turned barrenness to fecundity and worked the miracle of birth. To us every birth was miraculous and childlessness an evidence of divine disfavor. From this it may be inferred how tenderly and reverently agreeable to the Syrian ear is the angel's salutation to Mary, 'Hail, thou that art highly favored, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women!—Behold thou shalt conceive in thy womb and bring forth a son.'

A miracle? Yes. But a miracle means one thing to your Western science, which seeks to know what nature is and does by dealing with secondary causes, and quite another thing to an Oriental, to whom God's will is the law and gospel of nature. In times of intellectual trouble this man takes refuge in his all-embracing faith—the faith that to God all things are possible.

The Oriental does not try to meet an assault upon his belief in miracles by seeking to establish the historicity of concrete reports

of miracles. His poetical, mystical temperament seeks its ends in another way. Relying upon his fundamental faith in the omnipotence of God, he throws the burden of proof upon his assailant by challenging him to substantiate his *denial* of the miracles. So did Paul (in the twenty-sixth chapter of the Book of Acts) put his opponents at a great disadvantage by asking, 'Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you, that God should raise the dead?'

But the story of Jesus' birth and kindred Bible records disclose not only the predisposition of the Syrian mind to accept miracles as divine acts, without critical examination, but also its attitude toward conception and birth—an attitude which differs fundamentally from that of the Anglo-Saxon mind. With the feeling of one who has been reminded of having ignorantly committed an improper act, I remember the time when kind American friends admonished me not to read from the pulpit such scriptural passages as detailed the accounts of conception and birth, but only to allude to them in a general way. I learned in a very short time to obey the kindly advice, but it was a long time before I could swing my psychology around and understand why in America such narratives were so greatly modified in transmission.

The very fact that such stories are found in the Bible shows that in my native land no such sifting of these narratives is ever undertaken when they are read to the people. From childhood I had been accustomed to hear them read at our church, related at the fireside, and discussed reverently by men and women at all times and places. There is nothing in the phraseology of such statements which is not in perfect harmony with the common, everyday speech of my people.

To the Syrians, as I say, 'children are a heritage from the Lord.' From the days of Israel to the present time, barrenness has been looked upon as a sign of divine disfavor, an intolerable calamity. Rachel's cry, 'Give me children, or else I die,' does not exaggerate the agony of a childless Syrian wife. When Rebecca was about to depart from her father's house to become Isaac's wife, her mother's ardent and effusively expressed wish for her was, 'Be thou the mother of thousands, of millions.' This mother's last message to her daughter was not spoken in a corner. I can see her following the bride to the door, lifting her open palms and turning her face

toward heaven, and making her affectionate petition in the hearing of the multitude of guests, who must have echoed her words in chorus.

In the congratulations of guests at a marriage feast the central wish for the bridegroom and bride is invariably thus expressed: 'May you be happy, live long, and have many children!' And what contrasts very sharply with the American reticence in such matters is the fact that shortly after the wedding, the friends of the young couple, both men and women, begin to ask them about their 'prospects' for an heir. No more does a prospective mother undertake in any way to disguise the signs of the approaching event, than an American lady to conceal her engagement ring. Much mirth is enjoyed in such cases, also, when friends and neighbors, by consulting the stars, or computing the number of letters in the names of the parents and the month in which the miracle of conception is supposed to have occurred, undertake to foretell whether the promised offspring will be a son or a daughter. In that part of the country where I was brought up, such wise prognosticators believed, and made us all believe, that if the calculations resulted in an odd number the birth would be a son, but if in an even number, a daughter, which, as a rule, is not considered so desirable.

Back of all these social traits and beyond the free realism of the Syrian in speaking of conception and birth, lies a deeper fact. To Eastern peoples, especially the Semites, reproduction in all the world of life is profoundly sacred. It is God's life reproducing itself in the life of man and in the living world below man; therefore the evidences of this reproduction should be looked upon and spoken of with rejoicing.

Notwithstanding the many and fundamental intellectual changes which I have undergone in this country of my adoption, I count as among the most precious memories of my childhood my going with my father to the vineyard, just as the vines began to 'come out,' and hearing him say as he touched the swelling buds, 'Blessed be the Creator. He is the Supreme Giver. May He protect the blessed increase.' Of this I almost always think when I read the words of the psalmist, 'The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof!'

Now I do not feel at all inclined to say whether the undisguised realism of the Orientals in speaking of reproduction is better

than the delicate reserve of the Anglo-Saxons. In fact I have been so reconstructed under Anglo-Saxon auspices as to feel that the excessive reserve of this race with regard to such things is not a serious fault, but rather the defect of a great virtue. My purpose is to show that the unreconstructed Oriental, to whom reproduction is the most sublime manifestation of God's life, cannot see why one should be ashamed to speak anywhere in the world of the fruits of wedlock, of a 'woman with child.' One might as well be ashamed to speak of the creative power as it reveals itself in the gardens of roses and the fruiting trees.

Here we have the background of the stories of Sarah, when the angel-guest prophesied fecundity for her in her old age: of Rebecca, and the wish of her mother for her, that she might become 'the mother of thousands'; of Elizabeth, when the 'babe leaped in her womb,' as she saw her cousin Mary; and of the declaration of the angel to Joseph's spouse, 'Thou shalt conceive in thy womb and bring forth a son.'

Here it is explained, also, why upon the birth of a 'man-child,' well wishers troop into the house,—even on the very day of birth,—bring their presents, and congratulate the parents on the divine gift to them. It was because of this custom that those strangers, the three 'Wise Men' and Magi of the Far East, were permitted to come in and see the little Galilean family, while the mother was yet in childbed. So runs the Gospel narrative: 'And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down and worshipped him: and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts,—gold, frankincense and myrrh.'

So also were the humble shepherds privileged to see the wondrous child shortly after birth. 'And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, "Let us now go to Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us." And they came with haste, and found Mary and Joseph and the babe lying in a manger.'

In the twelfth verse of the second chapter of the Gospel of Saint Luke, the English version says, 'And this shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.' Here the word *clothes* is somewhat misleading. The

Arabic version gives a perfect rendering of the fact by saying, 'Ye shall find a *swaddled* babe, *laid* in a manger.'

According to general Syrian custom, in earliest infancy a child is not really clothed, it is only swaddled. Upon birth the infant is washed in tepid water by the midwife, then salted, or rubbed gently with salt pulverized in a stone mortar especially for the occasion. (The salt commonly used in Syrian homes is coarse-chipped.) Next the babe is sprinkled with *rehan*,—a powder made of dried myrtle leaves,—and then swaddled.

The swaddle is a piece of stout cloth about a yard square, to one corner of which is attached a long narrow band. The infant, with its arms pressed close to its sides, and its feet stretched full length and laid close together, is wrapped in the swaddle, and the narrow band wound around the little body, from the shoulders to the ankles, giving the little one the exact appearance of an Egyptian mummy. Only a few of the good things of this mortal life were more pleasant to me when I was a boy than to carry in my arms a swaddled babe. The 'salted' and 'peppered' little creature felt so soft and so light, and was so appealingly helpless, that to cuddle it was to me an unspeakable benediction.

Such was the 'babe of Bethlehem' that was sought by the wise men and the shepherds in the wondrous story of the Nativity.

And in describing such Oriental customs it may be significant to point out that, in certain localities in Syria, to say to a person that he was not 'salted' upon birth is to invite trouble. Only a *bendu*, or the child of an unrecognized father, is so neglected. And here may be realized the full meaning of that terrible arraignment of Jerusalem in the sixteenth chapter of the Book of Ezekiel. The Holy City had done iniquity, and therefore ceased to be the legitimate daughter of Jehovah. So the prophet cries, 'The Lord came unto me, saying, "Son of man, cause Jerusalem to know her abominations, and say, Thus saith the Lord God unto Jerusalem; Thy birth and thy nativity are of the land of Canaan; thy father was an Amorite, and thy mother a Hittite. And as for thy nativity, in the day thou wast born—neither wast thou washed in water to supple[3] thee; thou wast not salted at all, nor swaddled at all. No eye pitied thee, to do any of these things for thee, to have compassion upon thee; but thou wast cast out in the open field, to the loathing of thy person, in the day thou wast born."'

[3] *Cleanse* in the Revised Version.—The Author.

III

And how natural to the thought of the East the story of the 'star' is! To the Orientals 'the heavens declare the glory of God,' and the stars reveal many wondrous things to men. They are the messengers of good and evil, and objects of the loftiest idealization, as well as of the crudest superstitions.

I was brought up to believe that every human being had a star in heaven which held the secret of his destiny and which watched over him wherever he went. In speaking of an amiable person it is said, 'His star is attractive' (*nejmo jeddeeb*). Persons love one another when 'their stars are in harmony.' A person is in unfavorable circumstances when his star is in the sphere of 'misfortune' (*nehiss*), and so forth. The stars indicated the time to us when we were traveling by night, marked the seasons, and thus fulfilled their Creator's purpose by serving 'for signs, and for seasons, and for days and years.'

In every community we had 'star-gazers' who could tell each person's star. We placed much confidence in such mysterious men, who could 'arrest' an absent person's star in its course and learn from it whether it was well or ill with the absent one.

Like a remote dream, it comes to me that as a child of about ten I went out one night with my mother to seek a 'star-gazer' to locate my father's star and question the shining orb about him. My father had been away from home for some time, and owing to the meagreness of the means of communication in that country, especially in those days, we had no news of him at all. During that afternoon my mother said that she felt 'heavy-hearted' for no reason that she knew; therefore she feared that some ill must have befallen the head of our household, and sought to 'know' whether her fear was well grounded. The 'star-arrester,' leaning against an aged mulberry tree, turned his eyes toward the stellar world, while his lips moved rapidly and silently as if he were repeating words of awful import. Presently he said, 'I see him. He is sitting on a cushion, leaning against the wall and smoking his *narghile*. There are others with him, and he is in his usual health.' The man took pains to point out the 'star' to my mother, who, after much sympathetic effort, felt constrained to say that she did see what the

star-gazer claimed he saw. But at any rate, mother declared that she was no longer 'heavy-hearted.'

In my most keen eagerness to see my father and his *narghile* in the star, at least for mere intellectual delight, I clung to the arm of the reader of the heavens like a frightened kitten, and insisted upon 'seeing.' The harder he tried to shake me off, the deeper did my organs of apprehension sink into his sleeve. At last the combined efforts of my mother and the heir of the ancient astrologers forced me to believe that I was 'too young to behold such sights.'

It was the excessive leaning of his people upon such practices that led Isaiah to cry, 'Thou art wearied in the multitude of thy counsels. Let now the astrologers, the star-gazers, the monthly prognosticators, stand up and save thee from these things that shall come upon thee. Behold, they shall be as stubble; the fire shall burn them; they shall not deliver themselves from the power of the flames.'

Beyond all such crudities, however, lies the sublime and sustaining belief that the stars are alive with God. The lofty strains of such scriptural passages as the nineteenth Psalm and the beautiful story of the star of Bethlehem, indicate that to the Oriental mind the 'hosts of heaven' are no mere masses of dust, but the agencies of the Creator's might and love. So the narrative of the Nativity in our Gospel sublimates the beliefs of the Orientals about God's purpose in those lights of the firmament, by making the guide of the Wise Men to the birthplace of the Prince of Peace a great star, whose pure and serene light symbolized the peace and holiness which, in the 'fullness of time,' his kingdom shall bring upon the earth.

IV

Of Jesus' life between the period spoken of in the narrative of the Nativity and the time when he appeared on the banks of the Jordan, seeking to be baptized by John, the New Testament says nothing. One single incident only is mentioned. When twelve years old, the boy Jesus went with his parents on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. In this brief but significant record, of all the filial graces which Jesus must have possessed one only is mentioned in the second chapter of the Gospel of Luke, where it is stated that

he went down to Nazareth with his parents 'and was subject unto them.'

This seemingly casual remark is full of significance. With us in Syria, *ta'-at-el-walideen*—obedience to parents—has always been youth's crowning virtue. Individual initiative must not overstep the boundary line of this grace. Only in this way the patriarchal organization of the family can be kept intact. In my boyhood days in that romantic country, whenever my father took me with him on a 'visit of homage' to one of the lords of the land, the most fitting thing such a dignitary could do to me was to place his hand upon my head and say with characteristic condescension, 'Bright boy, and no doubt obedient to your parents.'

The explanation of the origin of sin in the third chapter of Genesis touches the very heart of this matter. The writer ascribes the 'fall of man,' not to any act which was in itself really harmful, but to disobedience. Adam was commanded by his divine parent not to eat of the 'tree of knowledge of good and evil'; but he did eat, and consequently became a stranger to the blessings of his original home.

This idea of filial obedience has been at once the strength and weakness of Orientals. In the absence of the restraining interests of a larger social life this patriarchal rule has preserved the cohesion of the domestic and clannish group, and thus safeguarded for the people their primitive virtues. On the other hand, it has served to extinguish the spirit of progress, and has thus made Oriental life a monotonous repetition of antiquated modes of thought.

And it was indeed a great blessing to the world when Jesus broke away from mere formal obedience to parents, in the Oriental sense of the word, and declared, 'Whosoever shall do the will of my Father in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother.'

V

Of Jesus' public ministry and his characteristics as an Oriental teacher, I shall speak in later papers. The remainder of this article must be devoted to a portrayal of the closing scenes in his personal career. The events of the 'upper room' on Mount Zion, and of Gethsemane, are faithful photographs of striking characteristics of Syrian life.

The Last Supper was no isolated event in Syrian history. Its

fraternal atmosphere, intimate associations, and sentimental intercourse are such as characterize every such gathering of Syrian friends, especially in the shadow of an approaching danger. From the simple 'table manners' up to that touch of sadness and idealism which the Master gave that meal,—bestowing upon it the sacrificial character that has been its propelling force through the ages,—I find nothing which is not in perfect harmony with what takes place on such occasions in my native land. The sacredness of the Last Supper is one of the emphatic examples of how Jesus' life and words sanctified the commonest things of life. He was no inventor of new things, but a discoverer of the spiritual significance of things known to men to be ordinary.

The informal formalities of Oriental life are brimful of sentiment. The Oriental's chief concern in matters of conduct is not the correctness of the technique, but the cordiality of the deed. To the Anglo-Saxon the Oriental appears to be perhaps too cordial, decidedly sentimental, and over-responsive to the social stimulus. To the Oriental, on the other hand, the Anglo-Saxon seems in danger of becoming an unemotional intellectualist.

Be that as it may, the Oriental is never afraid to 'let himself go' and to give free course to his feelings. The Bible in general, and such portions of it as the story of the Last Supper in particular, illustrate this phase of Oriental life.

In Syria, as a general rule, the men eat their fraternal feasts alone, as in the case of the Master and his disciples at the Last Supper, when, so far as the record goes, none of the women followers of Christ were present. They sit on the floor in something like a circle, and eat out of one or a few large, deep dishes. The food is lifted into the mouth, not with a fork or spoon,—except in the case of liquid food,—but with small 'shreds' of thin bread. Even liquid food is sometimes 'dipped up' with pieces of bread formed like the bowl of a spoon. Here may be readily understood Jesus' saying, 'He that dippeth his hand with me in the dish, the same shall betray me.'

'Now there was leaning on Jesus' bosom one of his disciples, whom Jesus loved.' The posture of the 'beloved disciple,' John,—so objectionable to Occidental taste,—is in perfect harmony with Syrian customs. How often have I seen men friends in such an attitude. There is not in it the slightest infringement of the rules of propriety; the act was as natural to us all as shaking hands. The

practice is especially indulged in when intimate friends are about to part from one another, as on the eve of a journey, or when about to face a dangerous undertaking. They then sit with their heads leaning against each other, or the one's head resting upon the other's shoulder or breast.

They talk to one another in terms of unbounded intimacy and unrestrained affection. The expressions, 'My brother,' 'My eyes,' 'My soul,' 'My heart,' and the like, form the life-centres of the conversation. 'My life, my blood are for you; take the very sight of my eyes, if you will!' And lookers-on say admiringly, 'Behold, how they love one another! By the name of the Most High, they are closer than brothers.'

Was it, therefore, strange that the Master, who knew the deepest secret of the divine life, and whose whole life was a living sacrifice, should say to his intimate friends, as he handed them the bread and the cup on that momentous night, 'Take, eat; this is my body'; and 'Drink ye all of it; for this is my blood'? Here again the Nazarene charged the ordinary words of friendly intercourse with rare spiritual richness and made the common speech of his people express eternal realities.

The treachery of Judas is no more an Oriental than it is a human weakness. Traitors can claim neither racial nor national refuge. They are fugitives in the earth. But in the Judas episode is involved one of the most tender, most touching acts of Jesus' whole life. To one familiar with the customs of the East, Jesus' handing the 'sop' to his betrayer was an act of surpassing beauty and significance. In all my life in America I have not heard a preacher interpret this simple deed, probably because of lack of knowledge in its meaning in Syrian social intercourse.

'And when he had dipped the sop, he gave it to Judas Iscariot, the son of Simon.' At Syrian feasts, especially in the region where Jesus lived, such sops are handed to those who stand and serve the guests with wine and water. But in a more significant manner those morsels are exchanged by friends. Choice bits of food are handed to friends by one another, as signs of close intimacy. It is never expected that any person would hand such a sop to one for whom he cherishes no friendship.

I can never contemplate this act in the Master's story without thinking of 'the love of Christ which passeth knowledge.' To the one who carried in his mind and heart a murderous plot against

the loving Master, Jesus handed the sop of friendship, the morsel which is never offered to an enemy. The rendering of the act in words is this: 'Judas, my disciple, I have infinite pity for you. You have proved false, you have forsaken me in your heart; but I will not treat you as an enemy, for I have come, not to destroy, but to fulfill. Here is my sop of friendship, and "that thou doest, do quickly."'

Apparently Jesus' demeanor was so cordial and sympathetic that, as the evangelist tells us, 'Now no man at the table knew for what intent he spoke this unto him. For some of them thought, because Judas had the bag, that Jesus had said unto him, "Buy those things that we have need of against the feast," or that he should give something to the poor.'

Thus in this simple act of the Master, so rarely noticed by preachers, we have perhaps the finest practical example of 'Love your enemies' in the entire Gospel.

Is it therefore to be wondered at that in speaking of Judas, the writer of St. John's gospel says, 'And after the sop Satan entered into him'? For, how can one who is a traitor at heart reach for the gift of true friendship without being transformed into the very spirit of treason?

Again, Judas' treasonable kiss in Gethsemane was a perversion of an ancient, deeply cherished and universally prevalent Syrian custom. In saluting one another, especially after having been separated for a time, men friends of the same social rank kiss one another on both cheeks, sometimes with very noisy profusion. When they are not of the same social rank, the inferior kissses the hand of the superior, while the latter at least pretends to kiss his dutiful friend upon the cheek. So David and Jonathan 'kissed one another, until David exceeded.' Paul's command, 'Salute one another with a holy kiss,' so scrupulously disobeyed by Occidental Christians, is characteristically Oriental. As a child I always felt a profound reverential admiration for that unreserved outpouring of primitive affections, when strong men 'fell upon one another's neck' and kissed, while the women's eyes swam in tears of joy. The passionate, quick, and rhythmic exchange of affectionate words of salutation and kisses sounded, with perhaps a little less harmony, like an intermingling of vocal and instrumental music.

So Judas, when 'forthwith he came to Jesus, and said, "Hail, Master," and kissed him,' invented no new sign by which to point

Jesus out to the Roman soldiers, but employed an old custom for the consummation of an evil design. Just as Jesus glorified the common customs of his people by using them as instruments of love, so Judas degraded those very customs by wielding them as weapons of hate.

Perhaps nowhere else in the New Testament do the fundamental traits of the Oriental nature find so clear an expression as in this closing scene of the Master's life. The Oriental *dependence*, to which the world owes the loftiest and tenderest scriptural passages, finds here its most glorious manifestations.

As I have already intimated, the Oriental is never afraid to 'let himself go,' whether in joy or sorrow, and to give vent to his emotions. It is of the nature of the Anglo-Saxon to suffer in silence and to kill when he must, with hardly a word of complaint upon his lips or a ripple of excitement on his face. He disdains asking for sympathy. His severely individualistic tendencies and spirit of endurance convince him that he is 'able to take care of himself.' During my early years in this country the reserve of Americans in times of sorrow and danger, as well as in times of joy, was to me not only amazing, but appalling. Not being as yet aware of their inward fire and intensity of feeling, held in check by a strong bulwark of calm calculation, as an unreconstructed Syrian I felt prone to doubt whether they had any emotions to speak of.

It is not my promise here to undertake a comparative critical study of these opposing traits, but to state that, for good or evil, the Oriental is preeminently a man who craves sympathy, yearns openly and noisily for companionship, and seeks help and support outside himself. Whatever disadvantages this trait may involve, it has been the one supreme qualification that has made the Oriental the religious teacher of the whole world. It was his childlike dependence on God that gave birth to the twenty-third and fifty-first Psalms, and made the Lord's Prayer the universal petition of Christendom. It was also this dependence on companionship, human and divine, which inspired the great commandments, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself.'

Now it is in the light of this fundamental Oriental trait that we must view Christ's utterances at the Last Supper and in Gethsemane. The record tells us that while at the Supper he said to his

disciples, 'With desire I have desired to eat this passover with you before I suffer,'—or, as the marginal note has it, 'I have heartily desired,' and so forth, which brings it nearer the original text. Again, 'He was troubled in spirit, and testified and said, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me." "This is my body. . . This is my blood. . . Do this in remembrance of me."' We must seek the proper setting for these utterances, not merely in the upper room in Zion, but in the deepest tendencies of the Oriental mind.

And the climax is reached in the dark hour of Gethsemane, the hour of intense suffering, imploring need, and ultimate triumph in Jesus' surrender to the Father's will. How true to that demonstrative Oriental nature is the scriptural record, 'And being in an agony he prayed more earnestly: and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground.'

The faithful and touching realism of the record here is an example of the childlike responsiveness of the Syrian nature to feelings of sorrow, no less striking than the experience itself. It seems to me that if an Anglo-Saxon teacher in similar circumstances had ever allowed himself to agonize and to sweat 'as it were great drops of blood,' his chronicler in describing the scene would have safeguarded the dignity of his race by simply saying that the distressed teacher was 'visibly affected'!

The darkness deepened and the Master 'took with him Peter and the two sons of Zebedee, and began to be sorrowful and very heavy. Then saith he unto them, "My soul is exceedingly sorrowful, even unto death; tarry ye here, and watch with me."' Three times did the Great Teacher utter that matchless prayer, whose spirit of fear as well as of trust vindicates the doctrine of the humanity of God and the divinity of man as exemplified in the person of Christ: 'O, my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt!'

The sharp contrast between the Semitic and the Anglo-Saxon temperament has led some unfriendly critics of Christ to state very complacently and confidently that he 'simply broke down when the critical hour came.' In this assertion I find a very pronounced misapprehension of the facts. If my knowledge of the traits of my own race is to be relied on, then in trying to meet this assertion I feel that I am entitled to the consideration of one who speaks with something resembling authority.

The simple fact is that while in Gethsemane, as indeed everywhere else throughout his ministry, Jesus was not in the position of one trying to 'play the hero.' His companions were his intimate earthly friends and his gracious heavenly Father, and to them he spoke as an Oriental would speak to those dear to him,—*just as he felt,* with not a shadow of show or sham. His words were not those of weakness and despair, but of confidence and affection. The love of his friends and the love of his Father in heaven were his to draw upon in his hour of trial, with not the slightest artificial reserve. How much better and happier this world would be if we all dealt with one another and with God in the warm, simple, and pure love of Christ!

As the life and words of Christ amply testify, the vision of the Oriental has been to teach mankind not science, logic, or jurisprudence, but a simple, loving, childlike faith in God. Therefore, before we can fully know our Master as the cosmopolitan Christ, we must first know him as the Syrian Christ.

THE CATHOLIC FAITH[1]

SIGRID UNDSET

"EVANGELICAL conversion has in well-marked cases as its normal and expected resultant a state of *assurance,* Catholic conversion a state of *compunction.* If you address the question 'Are you saved?' to the average Protestant who has experienced 'conversion,' he will have no hesitation in answering affirmatively, but no Catholic would dare say more than he hoped to be. The two answers are not merely expressions of dogmatic prejudices; they have a psychic value of their own. The Protestant *feels* that he is saved, that he is conscious of a state of assurance, of unbounded confidence. He theologizes the cause and end of this assurance and this confidence; that is challengeable interpretation, but he feels and is acutely aware of these affective states. He is 'saved' psychologically, for he feels safe. The dominant feeling of the Catholic, on the other hand, is sorrow and hope, the warp and woof of compunction. Dogma apart, he cannot truthfully answer the question, 'Are you saved?' in the affirmative, for his sins are ever before him. That this is a normal psychic state in the truly converted Catholic, no reader of the lives of the saints, no student of *The Imitation of Christ* can venture to deny. It was in no perfunctory ceremonial sense that St. Theresa speaks of herself as a great sinner, and is always recalling her sins to the no little scandal of many good tepid worldly Catholics. She who had led a singularly blameless life is at one with such great penitents like St. Augustine in the permanence of her compunction. Is it not playing with words then, to regard these two species of conversion as one and the same? They are manifestly two distinct psychoses."[2]

The Catholic feeling of insecurity, however, has reference not to God but to man himself. The Catholic church has no room for varying conceptions of God, or of the divine-human nature of Christ, or of the motherhood of the Virgin Mary. For the church,

[1] From *Katholsk Propaganda,* Oslo, 1927. Translated by Gerda Oker-lund with permission of the author.

[2] John Howley, M.A., *Psychology and Mystical Experience,* London, 1920.

Christ is himself the way to the kingdom of God, and His death upon the cross the secret which opens the Kingdom of God for the race of Adam; His blood really does wash the sinner free from his sins; His body is really the nourishment upon which the faithful live. Whoever does not believe this is not a Catholic, but something else. If he is a priest, the church maintains that he is not its priest; if he is a layman, the churches refuses him the sacraments because it believes that the sacraments harm rather than help the unbeliever; the church excommunicates him, that is, it breaks off their relations. And the Catholic will maintain that it is both the duty and the right of the church to do so. If Jesus Christ is the Word incarnate who was in the beginning, the way, the truth, and the life, who has promised to be with his own all days even to the consummation of the world, who said to his apostles, "He who heareth you heareth me,"—then the essence of the church is infallibility, the infallibility of God.

But redemption is a drama enacted between two. Within the boundless personality of God rests the human personality, a tiny speck in the infinite, as the earth itself is a mere speck in that portion of the universe which our consciousness can grasp. Compared with the infinite, earth, humankind, and atoms are about equally small. With the same sense for dimensions of space and time with which man comprehends the distances between the heavenly bodies, he understands his own minuteness in comparison to Sirius, the age of the earth and the relative insignificance of his own span of life; and he senses, if he does not understand, such conceptions as eternity—the infinity of space and time. . . .

Christianity, in common with other religions, declares that this unseen infinity is God: everything visible or invisible He has created out of himself, and everything rests in Him. As a separate act He created man in His image; according to Catholic theology, as white light is broken by a prism, so God's simple nature is broken into human powers. (The image is incomplete, for, as St. Thomas Aquinas bids us remember, all attempts to explain God are limited by the limitations of human nature. All talk about the finger of God, the shadow of God's wings, and the anger of God are unavoidable anthropomorphisms.) . . .

It is the Catholic belief that an act of will on the part of man is absolutely essential if he is to be saved. The will is the very

center of the individual character. Together with external capacities, such as intellect, emotion, and imagination, it forms a whole, just as the glowing center of the earth together with mountains, soil, water, and vegetation form a globe. Of his own will man turned away from God; of his own will he may return to God. God pours out his saving grace upon us out of love alone and without our having in the least degree merited or deserved it. . . . But this grace through Christ man must "receive" as St. John expresses it.

The battle between the Church and the men of the reformation was in reality fought over the question: What is man's will? What is it worth? The will is free, says the church; the will is bound, said Luther. God has foreknowledge of who is to be saved and who is to be lost. According to Calvinism, God has this foreknowledge because He has Himself chosen some men for eternal light and others for eternal fire. According to the Church, God does not desire the death of any sinner, but he has from eternity known each man's will better than that man does himself. It is true that for the tamed men of our time the question thereupon arises, why then did God create us? Scholasticism answers boldly: that we may realize ourselves. A reading of Dante's *Inferno* will explain a little more clearly what scholasticism meant. In the Inferno, Farinata degli Uberti is still Farinata the proud.—The conclusion is therefore forced upon us: all that about the sale of indulgences was, for the most part, merely the pretext, and the battle against the papacy was the consequence. But if the numerous sects which have arisen as further developments of the work of Luther and Calvin have forgotten what the issue was over which the battle was fought, Rome still remembers and maintains its position: no man is saved unless he himself wills to be saved; no man is lost unless he wills to be lost rather than let his will fall in harmony with the will of God.

Arguing from his own premises Luther maintains that human nature was so corrupted by original sin that it lies like a disintegrating piece of wood; it becomes enveloped in grace. The merits of Christ cover the sinner with forgiveness of his sins if only he has faith. . . . To find any consistently sustained principle in Luther's writings other than the attack upon the freedom of the will and the divinely instituted doctrinal authority is a doubtful

puzzle, and Protestants and Catholics will never reach the same solution.

The teaching of the Church as to original sin is that it is a kind of inherited myopia of the soul. Man was created for blesssedness—for the sight of God as He is. But with the fall of man he lost this supernatural power of sight. In the supernatural world, which has now become an invisible world for him, he feels his way like a blind man. Not everything he has felt is a mistake; it is only incompletely comprehended. When "the morning sun visited us from on high," men knew what they had touched in the darkness; venomous monsters as well as flowers and stones that gleam like jewels in the light. This explains the position of Catholicism toward paganism: why, as non-Catholics maintain, it has accepted pagan elements. In the country surrounding the newly founded Rome, the peasants worshiped the benevolent powers which they felt to be watching their children. What the powers were that they had sensed in the darkness they did not know until our Lord gave them the radiant solution: they are your good angels. Our forefathers made offerings to their forefathers in the grave as nearly all early peoples have done. The church asserts that to do so was right. Death does not destroy the fellowship between friends and kindred, but it is a fellowship in prayer and in the worship of God; of food and drink the dead have no need. . . .

But it follows from this blindness to the supernatural light not only that man touches poisonous serpents or steps into a bog or off a precipice, but also that he fears the dark and takes perverse delight in pushing others down and in harming himself and others so that they become moral cripples.

Through grace man is given back his supernatural sight; he is really freed from original sin. But the power of sight which is now to be trained to endure God's full light is still weak. God must lead his child, and the hardening process is purgatory, here or hereafter or both. Morally man has grown more or less distorted. There are people who have so much moral power and beauty that from our point of view they are good enough, but if they have been given back their supernatural sight and can begin to discern God, they themselves know what miserably barren images they are of God. For Catholics, grace is a healing remedy which the sinner must use unremittingly if he is to grow straight and become a

saint,[3] be perfect as our heavenly Father is perfect. Not until we really are as good as God are we good enough.

Since religious awakening, according to the Catholic conception, is awakening to activity—to work with God, not against him—no Catholic can settle down contented that he is saved. Nor can he, if after the conversion he is unfaithful, comfort himself with the thought that it is man's nature to sin. He cannot understand those human-legal conceptions of sin and punishment and divine retribution which make God sit like a criminal judge meting out so much suffering for so much sin, whereas the believer escapes punishment because Christ has paid for him, or which show the man who is punished complaining that God's punishment is not fair. For the Catholic, to sin after awakening is precisely what is not natural. It is a bent toward an unnatural life, and each breach of faith is an indication of how much he lacks to reach complete spiritual health, the health of the saints. It is not enough that he unceasingly pray God to grant him His forgiveness, to give him more of His healing remedy, and never to relax His hold upon the soul even if there are times when man involuntarily struggles to be free because the healing hand touches spots so sensitive that it seems more comfortable to let the disease take its course than to have it treated. Man must in any case have an honest desire to submit, to do what God commands; then, according to God's own promise, shall he see. Hence the dogma that good deeds are indispensable if man is to be saved.

The tendency of the human mind to form associations of ideas, to gather impressions into complexes, to hide ugly or shameful desires and thoughts in a kind of cellar of the soul, or, if we wish to let them remain in the open, to disguise them in trim and modern costumes—all this the Church has always known, and it has based its work upon this knowledge of human nature which it has demonstrated in various ways throughout the ages. Richard of St. Victor (c1140), for example, expressed it sometimes in hopelessly tedious allegories, sometimes in brief passages wherein each phrase

[3] By saints the Church means all the dead who have come to see God as He is. In the case of a few, God makes known through signs that they have reached their goal. To these saints Catholics address prayers for intercession, even if they may not have known them in life, and from the saints they select examples to follow. But in all Catholic families where children have died while small, their parents and brothers and sisters pray to them for intercession.

gleams like a naked sword. To us it is natural that the Church should have this knowledge since we believe that the church is in some mysterious way identical with Him who made us. Yet it is curious to see how modern psychology busies itself with the laws governing the formation of complexes—it was upon these laws that St. Ignatius built his spiritual exercises—or how psychoanalysis claims to be the discoverer of the phenomenon against which every confessional, at least from the twelfth century on, has in some way been directed. (For that matter I cannot see how anyone can bring himself to confess anything, whether great or small, to another human being unless he is convinced that he is making his confession not to a human being but to a priest acting for God. That people can put their faith in a physician in this respect, revealing their inmost soul to gain physical well-being, is something I have never been able to understand.)

The Catholic church seeks to find the center within each complex of emotions that conflicts with the influence of Christ. . . . The worst weeds must first be pulled; it will then be comparatively easy to clear the loosened soil of the smaller weeds. In their place must be planted those "theological virtues" which with their complex of ideas are best fitted to choke down the weeds sprouting anew. Obviously no Catholic can believe that he is himself able to do this without a continuous influx of superhuman grace through prayer and sacraments. To use the image of St. Theresa: if the silkworm is to become a butterfly, it must work unremittingly and spin the envelope in which the mysterious development is to be completed; but the power to spin the thread the silkworm has not given to itself any more than it has created the world of law in which and by which it lives. . . .

We Catholics are encouraged to doubt ourselves but to have faith in God and in other people, to judge ourselves but no one else. The Church refuses to have anything to do with human opinion in matters where it recognizes a revealed dogma, and it forbids us to speak of what our Lord calls sin by any other name. Here it is exclusive and uncompromising. But it also refuses to elevate into dogmas purely human opinions in secular matters, such as forms of government or foreign relations. There it reserves for itself and for us the freedom to act and counsel as seems wisest in any given situation in so far as we can do so without sin. And it forbids us also to pass judgment upon the inmost character of any human be-

ing. It cannot give a ceremonious funeral to heretics and suicides, in part because it can give its help only to believers—and for that matter it is not customary in worldly affairs to bury rebels and deserters under the regimental colors. But the church does not forbid either priest or layman to hope and pray for all; no one knows what may have taken place between the soul and God even in the very last moment. Its saints have never felt themselves sure of victory before death, and it gives the same consolation to the sinner who prays for grace at the last, frightened by the thought of hell, as it gives to him who has sorrowed all his life over his own unlikeness to the Lord of eternal love. . . .

From this intense vitality, restlessness, anxiety, and strain, from the difficult command to look upon our own sin and not upon that of others—for the confession becomes a sacrilege if the penitent tries directly or indirectly to blame others or to urge extenuating circumstances before the father confessor—there arises the deep peace in Catholic churches, the idyll and festivity in the daily life in Catholic lands. We can agree with the Protestants that this world is a vale of tears. The Protestant may feel convinced that he will escape from it; the Catholic, on the other hand can never be sure. In fear and trembling he must work his own sanctification, but work he will. And yet—or therefore—the heaviness of spirit and the cheerlessness which are so often met with in "awakened" Protestant circles are virtually unknown among Catholics. Is it strange if we believe that underneath the apparent logic and consistency of other Christian and non-Christian philosophies there lies a deep fallacy: they are divorced from life. The inconsistencies and the incongruities of Catholicism point to a fundamental inner and organic consistency. The church is built upon rock. Catholicism does not explain all the mysteries of existence, but it explains more of them and goes deeper than any other philosophy of life.

A PROTESTANT VIEW OF RELIGION[1]

ERNEST FREMONT TITTLE

THE indefinite article in this title needs to be stressed. What follows is *a*, not *the*, Protestant view of the social function of religion. Who would be rash enough to present *the* Protestant view of anything, even God? Theologically, Protestantism is both Doctor Fosdick and Doctor Machen. In its social consciousness, it is both Harry Ward and Frank Buchman, Sherwood Eddy and Mark Matthews, Bishop McConnell and Bishop Candler, the pronouncements of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ and those members of its constituent bodies (probably a majority) who bitterly oppose such "extreme" (!) pronouncements. Protestantism has its creeds, theological and social, but it has no conception of life and the world which is "official."

The Protestant Church (with deplorable exceptions) is now fully awake to the awful sin and peril of international war. Ashamed of its ignorance, it is now seeking to become informed concerning the underlying causes of war. Even more ashamed of the fact that during the last war it gave to Caesar what belongs to God, it is now, in the name of God and humanity, condemning war and insisting upon the creation of adequate machinery for the pacific settlement of international disputes. In its demand for the outlawry of war and the building of "institutions of peace" is any voice so persistent or so powerful as that of the church (both Protestant and Catholic) and the synagogue?

But within the churches, as outside them, there is as yet no general recognition of the fact that the chief cause of modern war is economic. Hence the sad and anomalous spectacle of earnest churchmen demanding the outlawry of war and, at the same time, insisting upon the retention of the economic practices which, motivated by selfish profit-seeking, make for war as inevitably as unsanitary streets and houses make for disease. Even now the

[1] The *World Tomorrow*, March 29, 1933. Reprinted by permission of the author and the publishers of the *Christian Century*, with which the former publication has been merged.

attention of the church is mostly fixed upon armaments, which undoubtedly ought to be scrapped but never will be so long as the world is *organized* to secure individual gain, whether personal or national, and not the welfare of mankind.

Nevertheless, Protestantism is not wholly blind to the flagrant evils and inherent perils of the present social order. Many Protestant bodies (mostly clerical) have expressed the deliberate judgment that concerning the social order which we now have the hand of God has written: "Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin." Witness the declaration[2] of the Reformed Church of the United States: "Unemployment is the product of an unchristian economic order built upon greed and ruthless competition"; the declaration of the Conference of Protestant Ministers of Ohio: "A just regard for human beings has never been central in the capitalist system"; the judgment expressed by the Protestant Episcopal Church: "Too often conditions have fostered a freedom to win great rewards through privilege"; the judgment voiced by the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church upon "the ruthlessness of the pagan forces which now so largely rule the affairs of men and nations . . . providing big profits for these at the top while often disregarding the welfare of the common man"; and the declaration of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church (1932): "The present industrial order is unchristian, unethical, and antisocial." It is doubtless true that such declarations as these do not represent the deliberate judgment of the present majority of Protestant laymen or even clergymen. But they do represent a significant trend in Protestant thinking; and it is worth remembering that, hitherto, progress has come through far-seeing minorities who, daring to think and live ahead of the majority, have at last succeeded in making their own view prevail.

As to the new social order which, it is hoped, will rise out of the ruins of the old, the voice of Protestantism is somewhat vague. Recent pronouncements of clerical bodies have for the most part laid down principles rather than programs. They have called for "a reconstruction of our whole economic system upon the basis of brotherhood and justice";[3] "a social way of life in which all men

[2] For the quotations in this and the following paragraph I am idebted to the Social Service Bulletin (Jan. 1, 1933) of the Methodist Federation for Social Service.

[3] Reformed Church of the United States, 1932.

have opportunity to develop their capacity to the fullest possible extent";[4] "the administration of our economic and social affairs so that men can live happy and useful lives free from the dread of poverty or the fear of war";[5] the enforcement of "the principle of human rights above property rights";[6] "an industrial system which shall be conducted primarily for the human well-being rather than for huge profits for the few."[7] Only a few pronouncements have made specific recommendations, as, for example, the declaration of the New York East Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church that "the principal means of production and distribution, which are now primarily organized, controlled, and operated mainly for the benefit of a relatively small proportion of our population, must be brought under some form of social ownership and management"; and the article in the new Social Creed adopted by the Federal Council of Churches which calls for "social planning and the control credit, of the monetary system, and of economic processes for the common good."

Generally speaking, these clerical pronouncements concerning a new social order have been idealistic pictures, not realistic programs. But the latter they could hardly be in view of the fact that they have emanated from socially minded clergymen who recognize the unchristian character of our present social order, and who clearly see the principles which must be applied in the building of a more Christian order, but whose training has not equipped them with the technical knowledge needed to draw blueprints for such an order. It is not today as it was in the day of Amos, when men of ethical insight could trust themselves to offer concrete political and economic panaceas for the ills of a relatively simple society. In a society as complex as ours, the religious idealist may well hesitate to be *too* specific lest he not only speak without knowledge but allow his idealism to become merely the executive, not the judge, of political and economic proposals. There is, to be sure, the opposite danger that an idealism which does not endorse concrete proposals for the attainment of its own ends will presently become impotent, if not cowardly and hypocritical. Without technical training, the religious idealist must steer a perilous course

[4] General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, 1932.
[5] New England Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Chu.ch, 1931.
[6] Northern Baptist Convention, 1931.
[7] Conference of the Congregational Churches, 1931.

between the Scylla of a premature concreteness and the Charybdis of an impotent indefiniteness. God help him.

Religion, as I see it, is both refuge and challenge, security and adventure. Religion provides security because it gives men needed assurance that they are not alone in a universe that is hostile or indifferent to them and their cause. It fortifies them with the conviction that underneath all the confusion and strife, all the suffering and madness of the world, are the everlasting arms of a power which always has been and is now wresting life from death and victory from defeat. Hence you find Jesus saying, "I am alone, yet not alone, for the Father is with me"; and you find him, in utter devotion to what he conceives to be the will of God, steadfastly setting his face to go to Jerusalem, though he knows what awaits him there is probably a cross. Religion provides refuge because it enables men to transcend the limitations and hardships, the disappointments and frustrations, of their earthly lot in contemplation of an eternal world of truth, beauty and love in which they may find satisfaction for all the deepest hungers of their hearts. At the same time, it provides a continuous summons to heroic adventure because, inasmuch as it does open men's eyes to this eternal world of truth, beauty and love, it makes them forever dissatisfied with the world they now have—and forever hopeful that a better world is possible. Hence you find religious men saying,

"A mighty fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing:
Our helper he, amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing."

Religion presents the most sublime goal for human striving—the kingdom of God. And note should be taken of the fact, pointed out by Rabbi Israel in his article in *The World Tomorrow*, that the goal of religion is a flying goal, an ever new heaven, an ever new earth. For this reason a high religion is altogether the most disturbing force in the world. It is not content with *any* present achievement, personal or social. Historically speaking, idealism has been born in the souls of seers who, in lonely communion with the Eternal, have caught glimpses of a good as yet unachieved and even unenvisaged by the masses of mankind. And, as history also shows, it is only the profoundly religious man who,

continuously disturbed by that haunting vision of a good as yet unachieved, manages to avoid the pitfalls of self-satisfaction and premature contentment. The sons of revolutionists may become conservatives, even reactionaries; but never the true sons of God! Related in spirit to that which is Most High, they remain revolutionists to the end of the day. Religion, which is the historic mother of social idealism, is ever needed to keep her offspring alive. If Russia does succeed in reaching her goal, only religion can save her from a deplorable contentment with things as they are!

Religion generates the motive needed for social change. It does not believe that man is "an ape who chatters to himself of kinship with archangels while filthily he digs for ground nuts"; or that "man's life has no more significance than that of the humblest insect which crawls from one annihilation to another." It maintains that man is a spiritual being with a spiritual background and a spiritual destiny. It declares that he is a son of God. Having this high conception of man, religion can never consent to his exploitation. Its prophets have always denounced "man's inhumanity to man." They have always cried out against greed and injustice. They *must* decry "the profit motive" inasmuch as it springs from greed and produces injustice. They *must* insist upon the "service motive," which has in view the welfare of mankind. They *are* demanding that society shall be so organized as to give to the service motive a real and an expanding chance to function. Before long, I think, they will be stressing the need of social insurance and a socially planned economy.

As to the method of securing desperately needed social changes, Protestants differ. The majority deplore violence, especially when it is employed by the underdog. If only they were equally vigorous in their condemnation of violence when it is used by power and privilege to beat the underprivileged into submission! A few even of Christian idealists are prepared to believe that violence is inevitable in any serious struggle for a better world. Speaking for myself, I can but say that to me the method of violence appears to be both unchristian and ineffective. It is, I think, beyond dispute that it is opposed not only to the Christian ethic but to the Christian conception of God. A teacher who said, "Whosoever smiteth thee on thy right cheek turn to him the other also" can hardly be brought forward as an advocate of violent means of securing needed social changes. A God who reveals his glory in

the face of Jesus Christ and who secures his triumphs through the instrumentality of a cross (vicarious suffering) can hardly be supposed to give his blessing to any revolutionary method which involves the use of violence—the killing, let it be frankly said, of men, women and children. And if anyone feels disposed to exclaim, "So much the worse, then, for the Christian ethic and the Christian conception of God," the reply is—an appeal to history, including that which is now in the making.

In the limited space allotted to this article it is obviously impossible to debate the outcome of such an appeal. I can only express a personal judgment that violence has always produced more of evil than it has been able to overcome. Its immediate results, as in the case of Russia, may be spectacular, but what of its final results? In the case of Russia it is too early to say. But, historically, it may be said that even such apparently good results as have been achieved by violence have turned out to be superficial and impermanent, whereas its evil results have lingered on to curse the lives of succeeding generations. At best, the advocate of violence appears to me to be an impatient man whose eagerness for quick results has led him into a position which is far more "sentimental" than that of the most thorough-going pacifist. To say this is not to say that idealism must be content only to talk. It is to say that idealism, if it desires to be radically redemptive, must not employ the bloody hands of violence. It may, if necessary, employ police power and even economic power to secure the ends of justice. *It may not kill men, women, and children.*

Religion, as I view it, provides the one true goal for human striving—a flying goal of increasing splendor. It provides the one dependable motive for social change—a regard for man which creates an everlasting desire to promote his welfare and secure his advancement. It insists upon the one method of securing social change which offers any chance of radical and permanent success—the slow, costly method of truth and love, employing, when necessary, non-violent forms of justly controlled coercion. And further, religion provides the *sine qua non* of any new and glorious society, namely, faith in the possibility of its achievement—a faith which appeals not only to history but, in spite of much history, to the moral constitution of the world, and which, therefore, is not daunted by immediate defeat or long delay, being supported by

the assurance that the fight is not only man's but God's and that soon or late God is destined to win.

Such, as I conceive it, is the social function of religion. But ill religion be allowed thus to function in our time? Unmistakably, on the part of some, there is a tendency to flee for refuge to religions of authority; and, on the part of many, there is a tendency to fall in with movements such as Buchmanism—movements which secure to the individual an inexpensive private adjustment to life and the world. But, these tendencies notwithstanding, steadily increases the number of those who find in prophetic religion the only goal worth striving for and the only consolation for their own tormented hearts.

RELIGION MEETS SCIENCE[1]

JULIAN S. HUXLEY

I

RELIGION and Science—it is a difficult subject, not one that is easy to discuss fully and frankly without arousing angry emotions or bruising intimate and sacred feelings. Yet the task is one which ought to be attempted. Provided that a man treats of these things honestly and sincerely, with no desire to sneer at or provoke others, those who differ from him have indeed no right to be angry or feel hurt.

I have devoted most of my life to science. But I have always been deeply interested in religion, and believe that religious feeling is one of the most powerful and important of human attributes. So here I do not think of myself as a representative of science, but want to talk as a human being who believes that both the scientific spirit and the religious spirit are of the utmost value.

No one would deny that science has had a great effect on the religious outlook. If I were asked to sum up this effect as briefly as possible, I should say that it was twofold. In the first place, scientific discoveries have entirely altered our general picture of the universe and of man's position in it. And, secondly, the application of scientific method to the study of religion has given us a new science, the science of comparative religion, which has profoundly changed our general views on religion itself.

To my mind, this second development is in many ways the more important, and I shall begin by trying to explain why.

There was a time when religions were simply divided into two categories, the true and the false; one true religion, revealed by God, and a mass of false ones, inspired by the Devil. Milton has given expression to this idea in his beautiful hymn, "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity." Unfortunately this view was held by the adherents of a number of different religions—not only by

[1] From the *Atlantic Monthly*, March, 1931. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

Christians, but also by Jews, Mohammedans, and others; and with the growth of intelligent tolerance many people began to feel doubtful about the truth of such mutually contradictory statements. But in any case the rise of the science of comparative religion made any such belief virtually impossible. After a course of reading in that subject, you might still believe that your own religion was the best of all religions; but you would have a very queer intellectual construction if you still believed that it alone was good and true, while all others were merely false and bad.

I would say that the most important contribution which the comparative study of religions has made to general thought is this. We can no longer look on religions as fixed; there is a development in religion as there is in law, or science, or political institutions. Nor can we look on religions as really separate systems; different religions interconnect and contribute elements to one another. Christianity, for instance, owes much not only to Judaism, but also to the so-called mystery religions of the Near East, and to Neo-Platonism.

From this point of view, all the religions of the world appear as different embodiments of the religious spirit of man, some primitive and crude, some advanced and elaborate, some degenerate and some progressive, some cruel and unenlightened, some noble and beautiful, but all forming part of the one general process of man's religious development.

But does there really exist a single religious spirit? Are there really any common elements to be found in Quakerism, say, and the fear-ridden fetishism of the Congo, or in the mysticism and renunciation of pure Buddhism and the ghastly cruelties of the religion of ancient Mexico? Here, too, comparative study helps us to an answer. The religious spirit is by no means always the same at different times and different levels of culture. But it always contains certain common elements. Somewhere at the root of every religion there lies a sense of sacredness; certain things, events, ideas, beings, are felt as mysterious and sacred. Somewhere, too, in every religion is a sense of dependence; man feels himself surrounded by forces and powers which he does not understand and cannot control, and he desires to put himself into harmony with them. And, finally, into every religion there enters a desire for explanation and comprehension; man knows himself sur-

rounded by mysteries, yet he is always demanding that they shall make sense.

The existence of the sense of sacredness is the most basic of these common elements; it is the core of any feeling which can properly be called religious, and without it man would not have any religion at all. The desire to be in harmony with mysterious forces and powers on which man feels himself dependent is responsible for the expression of religious feeling in action, whether in the sphere of ritual or in that of morals. And the desire for comprehension is responsible for the explanations of the nature and government of the universe, and of the relations between it and human destiny, which in their developed forms we call theology.

This is all very well, some of my readers will have been saying to themselves, but there has been no mention of God and no mention of immortality; surely the worship of some God or gods, and the belief in some kind of future life, are essentials of religion? Here again, comparative religion corrects us. Those are undoubtedly very general elements of religion; but they are not universal, and, therefore, not essential to the nature of religion. In pure Buddhism there is no mention of God; and the Buddhist's chief preoccupation is to escape continued existence, not to achieve it. Many primitive religions think in terms of impersonal sacred forces permeating nature; personal gods controlling the world either do not exist for them, or, if they do, are thought of vaguely as creators or as remote final causes, and are not worshiped. And a certain number of primitive peoples either have no belief at all in life after death, or believe that it is enjoyed only by chiefs and a few other important persons.

II

The three elements I have spoken of seem to be the basic elements of all religions. But the ways in which they are worked out in actual practice are amazingly diverse. To bring order into the study of the hundreds of different religions known, we must have recourse to the principle of development. But before embarking on this I must clear up one point.

I said that an emotion of sacredness was at the bottom of the religious spirit. So it is; but we must extend the ordinary meaning of the word "sacred" a little if we are to cover the facts. For

the emotion I am trying to pin down in words is a complex one which contains elements of wonder, a sense of the mysterious, a feeling of dependence or helplessness, and either fear or respect. And not only can these ingredients be blended with each other and with still further elements in very different proportions, so as to give in one case awe, in another case superstitious terror, in one case quiet reverence, in another ecstatic self-abandonment, but the resulting emotion can be felt about what is horrifying or even evil, as well as about what is noble or inspiring. Indeed, the majority of the gods and fetishes of various primitive tribes are regarded as evil, or at least malevolent; and yet this quality which I have called sacredness most definitely adheres to them. As Dr. Marett points out in one of his books, we really want two words—"good-sacred" and "bad-sacred."

It will, perhaps, help to explain what I mean if I remind you that Coleridge in *Kubla Khan* uses the word "holy" in this same equivocal way, of the "deep romantic chasm" in Xanadu:—

> A savage place, as holy and enchanted
> As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
> By woman wailing for her demon-lover.

In most primitive religions the two feelings are intimately blended and equally balanced; it is only later that the idea of the "good-sacred" gets the upper hand and the "bad-sacred" dwindles into a subordinate position, as applied to witchcraft, for instance, or to a Devil who is inferior to God in power as well as goodness.

Do not be impatient at my spending some time over these barbaric roots of religion. They may not at first sight seem to have anything to do with our modern perplexities, but they are as a matter of fact of real importance, partly because they are fundamental to our idea of what religion is, partly because they represent the base line, so to speak, from which we must measure religious development. And, I repeat, the idea of development in religion is perhaps the most important contribution of science to our problem.

It is not possible for me to go fully into this huge subject of religious development. But I can, perhaps, manage to remind you of some of its major stages.

In the least developed religions, then, it is universally agreed that magic is dominant. And by magic is meant the idea that

mysterious properties and powers inhere in things or events, and that these powers can be in some measure controlled by appropriate formulas or ritual acts. It is also universally agreed that the ideas behind magic are not true. Primitive man has projected his own ideas and feelings into the world about him. He thinks that what we should call lifeless and mindless objects are animated by some sort of spirit; and because they have aroused an emotion of fear or mystery in him, he thinks that they are themselves the seat of a mysterious and terrifying power of a spiritual nature. He also used false methods in his attempts at achieving control; an obvious example is the use of "sympathetic magic," as when hunting savages kill game in effigy, believing that this will help them to kill it in reality.

But, though the ideas underlying magic are demonstrably false, a good many magic beliefs still linger on, either still entwined with religion, or disentangled from it as mere isolated superstition, like superstitions about good and bad luck, charms and mascots. Anyone who really believes in the efficacy of such luck bringers is in that respect reasoning just as do the great majority of savages about most of the affairs of their life.

As I said before, in the magic stage, gods may play but a small part in religion. The next great step is for the belief in magic to grow less important, that in gods to become dominant. Instead of impersonal magic power inherent in objects, man thinks of personal Beings, controlling objects that are themselves inanimate.

When we study different religions at the beginning of this stage, we find an extraordinary diversity of gods being worshiped. Man has worshiped gods in the semblance of animals; gods that are represented as half human and half bestial; gods that are obviously deified heroes (in Imperial Rome even living emperors were accorded divine honors); gods that are the personification of natural objects or forces, like sun gods, river gods, or fertility gods; tribal gods that preside over the fortunes of the community; gods that personify human ideals, like gods of wisdom; gods that preside over human activities, like gods of love or gods of war.

From these chaotic origins, progress has been mainly in two directions—ethical and logical. Beginning often by assigning barbaric human qualities to deity, qualities such as jealousy, anger, cruelty, or even voluptuousness, men have gradually been brought to higher conceptions. Jehovah was thought of in very different

terms after the time of the Hebrew prophets. His more spiritual and universal aspects came to be stressed, in place of the less spiritual and more tribal aspects which appealed to the earlier Jews. Many men in the great age of Greece revolted against the traditional Greek theology which made the gods lie and desire and cheat like men. A great many modern Christians have put away the traditional idea of Hell from their theology because they hold fast to a more merciful view of God. We may put the matter briefly by saying that, as man's ethical sense developed, he found it impossible to go on ascribing "bad-sacred" elements to divine personality, and came to hold an ethically higher idea of God.

On the logical side, the natural trend has been toward unity and universality. The many incomplete and partial gods of polytheism give place to a complete and single God; warring tribal gods give place to the universal God of all the world.

What exactly this means, whether man, as his powers develop, is seeing new aspects of God which previously he could not grasp, whether he is investing with his own ideas something which is essentially unknowable, or whether, as some radical thinkers believe, the concept of God is a personification of impersonal powers and forces in nature, it is not possible to discuss here. What is assuredly true is that man's idea of God gradually alters, and becomes more exalted. Theology develops; and, with the change in theology, religious feeling and practice alter, too.

At the moment a new difficulty is cropping up as a result of the progress of science. If nature really works according to universal automatic law, then God, regarded as a ruler or governor of the universe, is much more remote from us and the world's affairs than earlier ages imagined. Modern theology is meeting this by stressing the idea of divine immanence in the minds and ideals of men.

III

Here I must get back to the general idea of religious development. There is one rather curious fact about this. The intensity of religious feeling may be as great, the firmness of belief as strong, in the lowest religions as they are in the highest. The difference between a low and a high religion is due to the ethical, moral, and intellectual ideas which are interwoven with the religious spirit, which color it and alter the way it expresses itself in action.

The spiritual insight of the Hebrew prophets could not tolerate the idea that material sacrifices and burnt offerings were the best means of propitiating God, and they inaugurated a new and higher stage in Hebrew religion, epitomized in the words of the psalmist, "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise." Jesus could not tolerate the idea that forms and ritual observances were the road to salvation, and inaugurated not only a new religion but a new phase in world history by his insistence on purity of heart and self-sacrifice, epitomized in the words, "The kingdom of God is within you." Paul could not tolerate the idea that God would offer salvation to one nation only, and made of infant Christianity a world religion instead of merely an improved religion for the Jews.

Those are cases where the new insight was from the start applied directly to religion. But often the new ideas begin their career quite independently of religion, and only later come to influence it. Orthodox religion, for instance, was on the whole favorable to the institution of slavery. The abolition of slavery was due at least as much to new humanitarian and social ideas, often regarded at the time as heterodox or even subversive, as to religious sentiment. But, the change in public sentiment once effected, it had a marked effect on religious outlook. The same sort of thing could be said about our changed ideas on the use of torture, on the treatment of criminals and paupers and insane people, and many other subjects.

But it is in the intellectual sphere, during the last few centuries at least, that changes which in their origin were unrelated to religion have had the most considerable effect upon the religious outlook. Those who are interested will find a lucid and thought-provoking treatment of the whole subject in Mr. Langdon-Davies's new book, *Man and His Universe*. Here I must content myself with two brief examples. When Kepler showed that the planets moved in ellipses instead of circles, when Galileo discovered craters on the moon, and spots on the sun, or showed that new fixed stars could appear, their discoveries were not indifferent to religion, as might have been supposed. On the contrary, they had as much influence on the religious outlook of the day as did the ideas of Darwin on the religious outlook of the Victorian age, or as the ideas of Freud and Pavlov are having on that of our own times. For to the Middle Ages a circle was a perfect form, an ellipse an imperfect

one; and the planets ought to move in circles to justify the perfection of God.

So, too, mediæval religious thought was impregnated with the idea (which dates back to Aristotle) that change and imperfection were properties of the sublunary sphere—the earth alone. All the heavenly regions and bodies were supposed to be both perfect and changeless. So that the discoveries of imperfections, like the sun's spots or the moon's pockmarks, or of celestial changes like the birth of a new star, meant an overhauling of all kinds of fundamental ideas in the theology of the time.

As a second example, take Newton. We are so used to the idea of gravity that we forget what a revolution in thought was caused by Newton's discoveries. Put simply, the change was this. Before Newton's time, men supposed that the planets and their satellites had to be perpetually guided and controlled in their courses by some extraneous power, and this power was almost universally supposed to be the hand of God. Then came Newton, and showed that no such guidance or controlling power was, as a matter of fact, needed; granted the universal property of gravitation, the planets could not help circling as they did. For theology, this meant that men could no longer think of God as continually controlling the details of the working of the heavenly bodies; as regards this aspect of the governance of the universe, God had to be thought of at one remove farther away, as the designer and creator of a machine which, once designed and created, needed no further control.

And this new conception did, as a matter of historical fact, exert a great influence on religious thought, which culminated in Paley and the Bridgewater School, early in the last century.

IV

It is considerations like these which lead us on to what is usually called the conflict between science and religion. If what I have been saying has any truth in it, however, it is not a conflict between science and religion at all, but between science and theology. The reason it is often looked on as a conflict of science with religion is that the system of ideas and explanations and reasonings which crystallizes out as a theology tends to become tinged with the feeling of sacredness which is at the heart of religion. It thus gets

looked on as itself sacred, not to be interfered with, and does, in point of fact, become an integral part of the particular religion at its particular stage of development. So we may, if we like, say that science can be in conflict with particular stages of particular religions, though it cannot possibly be in conflict with religion in general.

Now the man of science, if he is worth his salt, has a definitely religious feeling about truth. In other words, truth is sacred to him, and he refuses to believe that any religious system is right, or can satisfy man in his capacity of truth seeker, if it denies or even pays no attention to the new truths which generations of patient scientific workers painfully and laboriously wrest from nature. You may call this a provocative attitude if you like; but on this single point the scientist refuses to give way, for to do so would be for him to deny himself and the faith that is in him—the faith in the value of discovering more of the truth about the universe.

He knows quite well that what he has so far discovered is the merest fraction of what there is to know, that many of his explanations will be superseded by the progress of knowledge in the future. But he also knows that the accumulated effect of scientific work has been to produce a steady increase in the sum total of knowledge, a steady increase in the accuracy of the scientific explanation of what is known. In other words, scientific discovery is never complete, but always progressive; it is always giving us a closer approximation to truth.

Thus, knowing as he does that both science and religion have grown and developed, and believing that they should continue to do so, he does not feel he is being subversive, but only progressive, in what he asks. And what he asks is that religion, on its theological side, shall continue to take account of the changes and expansions of the picture of the universe which science is drawing.

I say *shall continue*, for it has done so in the past, although often grudgingly enough. It gave up the idea of a flat earth; it gave up the ideas that the earth was the centre of the universe and that the planets moved in perfect circles; it gave up the idea of a material heaven above a dome-like sky, and accepted the idea of an enormous space peopled with huge numbers of suns, and indeed with other groups of suns each comparable to what we for long thought was the whole universe; it accepted Newton's discovery that the heavenly bodies need no guidance in their courses, and the

discoveries of the nineteenth-century physicists and chemists about the nature of matter; it has abandoned the idea that the world is only a few thousand years old, and has accepted the time scale discovered by geology. And it finds itself no worse off for having shed these worn-out intellectual garments.

But there are still many discoveries of science which it has not yet woven into its theological scheme. Only certain of the churches have accepted evolution, though this was without doubt the most important single new idea of the nineteenth century. Religion has not yet assimilated recent advances in scientific knowledge of the brain and nervous system, of heredity, of psychology, or of sex and the physiology of sex. And in a great many cases, while accepting scientific discoveries, it has only gone halfway in recasting its theology to meet the new situation.

But, whatever this or that religion may choose to do with new knowledge, man's destiny and his relation to the forces and powers of the world about him are, and must always be, the chief concerns of religion. It is for this reason that any light which science can shed on the nature and working of man and the nature and working of his environment cannot help being relevant to religion.

V

What, then, is the picture which science draws of the universe to-day, the picture which religion must take account of (with due regard, of course, for the fact that the picture is incomplete) in its theology and general outlook? It is, I think, somewhat as follows. It is the picture of a universe in which matter and energy, time and space, are not what they seem to common sense, but interlock and overlap in the most puzzling way. A universe of appalling vastness, appalling age, and appalling meaninglessness. The only trend we can perceive in the universe as a whole is a trend toward a final uniformity when no energy will be available, a state of cosmic death.

Within this universe, however, on one of the smaller satellites of one of its millions of millions of suns, a different trend is in progress. It is the trend we call evolution, and it has consisted first in the genesis of living out of non-living matter, and then in the steady but slow progress of this living matter toward greater efficiency, greater harmony of construction, greater control over

and greater independence of its environment. And this slow progress has culminated, in times which, geologically speaking, are very recent, in the person of man and his societies. This is the objective side of the trend of life; but it has another side. It has also been a trend toward greater activity and intensity of mind, toward greater capacities for knowing, feeling, and purposing; and here, too, man is preeminent.

The curious thing is that both these trends, of the world of lifeless matter as a whole, and of the world of life on this planet, operate with the same materials. The matter of which living things are composed is the same as that in the lifeless earth and the most distant stars; the energy by which they work is part of the same general reservoir which sets the stars shining, drives a motor car, and moves the planets or the tides. There is, in fact, only one world-stuff. And since man and life are part of this world-stuff, the properties of consciousness or something of the same nature as consciousness must be attributes of the world-stuff, too, unless we are to drop any belief in continuity and uniformity in nature. The physicists and the chemists and the physiologists do not deal with these mind-like properties, for the simple reason that they have not so far discovered any method of detecting or measuring them directly. But the logic of evolution forces us to believe that they are there, even if in lowly form, throughout the universe.

Finally, this universe which science depicts works uniformly and regularly. A particular kind of matter in a particular set of circumstances will always behave in the same way; things work as they do, not because of inherent principles of perfection, not because they are guided from without, but because they happen to be so made that they cannot work in any other way. When we have found out something about the way things are made so that we can prophesy how they will work, we say we have discovered a natural law; such laws, however, are not like human laws, imposed from without on objects, but are laws of the objects' own being. And the laws governing the evolution of life seem to be as regular and automatic as those governing the movements of the planets.

In this universe lives man. He is a curious phenomenon: a piece of the universal world-stuff which, as a result of long processes of change and strife, has become intensely conscious—conscious of itself, of its relations with the rest of world-stuff, capable of con-

sciously feeling, reasoning, desiring, and planning. These capacities are the result of an astonishingly complicated piece of physical machinery—the cerebral hemispheres of his brain. The limitations to our capacities come from the construction of our brains and bodies which we receive through heredity; with someone else's body and brain, our development even in the same environment could have been different. And these differences in human capacity due to differences in inheritance may be enormous. The method of inheritance in men is identical in principle with the method of inheritance in poultry or flies or fish. And by means of further detailed knowledge we could control it, and therefore control human capacity, which is only another way of saying that man has the power of controlling his own future; or, if you like to put it still more generally, that not only is he the highest product of evolution, but, through his power of conscious reason, he has become the trustee of the evolutionary process. His own future and that of the earth are in large measure in his hands. And that future extends for thousands of millions of years.

Lastly, we must not forget to remind ourselves that we are relative beings. As products of evolution, our bodies and minds are what they are because they have been moulded in relation to the world in which we live. The very senses we possess are relative—for instance, we have no electric sense and no X-ray sense, because electrical and X-ray stimuli of any magnitude are very rare in nature. The working of our minds, too, is very far from absolute. Our reason often serves only as a means of finding reasons to justify our desires; our mental being, as modern psychology has shown, is a compromise—here antagonistic forces in conflict, there an undesirable element forcibly repressed, there again a disreputable motive emerging disguised. Our minds, in fact, like our bodies, are devices for helping us to get along somehow in the struggle for existence. We are entrapped in our own natures. Only by deliberate effort, and not always then, shall we be able to use our minds as instruments for attaining unvarnished truth, for practising disinterested virtue, for achieving true sincerity and purity of heart.

I do not know how religion will assimilate these facts and these ideas; but I am sure that in the long run it will assimilate them as it has assimilated Kepler and Galileo and Newton and is beginning to assimilate Darwin; and I am sure that the sooner the assimilation is effected, the better it will be for everybody concerned.

VI

So far I have spoken almost entirely of the effect of science upon the religious outlook—of the effect of scientific method upon the study of religion itself, leading us to the idea of development in religion; and of the effect of scientific discoveries in general upon man's picture of the universe, which it is the business of religion to assimilate in its theology. Now I must say something about the limitations of science. Science, like art, or morality, or religion, is simply one way of handling the chaos of experience which is the only immediate reality we know. Art, for instance, handles experience in relation to the desire for beauty, or, if we want to put it more generally and more philosophically, in relation to the desire for expressing feelings and ideas in aesthetically satisfying forms. Accuracy of mere fact is and should be a secondary consideration to art. The annual strictures of the Tailor and Cutter on the men's costumes in the Academy portraits are more or less irrelevant to the question of whether the portraits are good pictures or bad pictures.

Science, on the other hand, deals with the chaos of experience from the point of view of efficient intellectual and practical handling. Science is out to find laws and general rules, because the discovery of a single law or rule at once enables us to understand an indefinite number of individual happenings—as the single law of gravitation enables us to understand the fall of an apple, the movement of the planets, the tides, the return of comets, and innumerable other phenomena. Science insists on continual verification by testing against facts, because the bitter experience of history is that, without such constant testing, man's imagination and logical faculty run away with him and in the long run make a fool of him. And science has every confidence in these methods because experience has amply demonstrated that they are the only ones by which man can hope to extend his control over nature and his own destiny. Science is in the first instance merely disinterested curiosity, the desire to know for knowing's sake; yet in the long run the new knowledge always brings new practical power.

But science has two inherent limitations. First, it is incomplete, or perhaps I had better say partial, just because it only concerns itself with intellectual handling and objective control. And sec-

ondly, it is morally and emotionally neutral. It sets out to describe and to understand, not to appraise or to assign values. Indeed, science is without a scale of values; the only value which it recognizes is that of truth and knowledge.

This neutrality of science in regard to emotions and moral and aesthetic values means that, while in its own sphere of knowledge it is supreme, in other spheres it is only a method or a tool. What man shall do with the new facts, the new ideas, the new opportunities of control which science is showering upon him does not depend upon science, but upon what man *wants* to do with them; and this in turn depends upon his scale of values. It is here that religion can become the dominant factor. For what religion can do is to set up a scale of values for conduct, and to provide emotional or spiritual driving force to help in getting them realized in practice. On the other hand, it is an undoubted fact that the scale of values set up by a religion will be different according to its intellectual background: you can never wholly separate practice from theory, idea from action. Thus, to put the matter in a nutshell, while the practical task of science is to provide man with new knowledge and increased powers of control, the practical task of religion is to help man to live and to decide how he shall use that knowledge and these powers.

The conflict between science and religion has come chiefly from the fact that religion has often been afraid of the new knowledge provided by science, because it had unfortunately committed itself to a theology of fixity instead of one of change, and claimed to be already in possession of all the knowledge that mattered. It therefore seemed that to admit the truth and the value of the new knowledge provided by science would be to destroy religion. Most men of science and many thinkers within the churches do not believe this any longer. Science may destroy particular theologies; it may even cause the downfall of particular brands of religion if they persist in refusing to admit the validity of scientific knowledge. But it cannot destroy religion, because that is the outcome of the religious spirit, and the religious spirit is just as much a property of human nature as is the scientific spirit.

What science can and should do is to modify the forms in which the religious spirit expresses itself. And once religion recognizes that fact, there will no longer remain any fundamental conflict be-

tween science and religion, but merely a number of friendly adjustments to be made.

In regard to this last point, let me make myself clear. I do not mean that science should dictate to religion how it should change or what form it should take. I mean that it is the business and the duty of the various religions to accept the new knowledge we owe to science, to assimilate it into their systems and to adjust their general ideas and outlook accordingly. The only business or duty of science is to discover new facts, to frame the best possible generalizations to account for the facts, and to turn knowledge to practical account when asked to do so. The problem of what man will do with the enormous possibilities of power which science has put into his hands is probably the most vital and the most alarming problem of modern times. At the moment, humanity is rather like an irresponsible and mischievous child who has been presented with a set of machine tools, a box of matches, and a supply of dynamite. How can religion expect to help in solving the problem before the child cuts itself or blows itself up if it does not permeate itself with the new ideas, and make them its own in order to control them?

That is why I say—as a human being and not as a scientist—that it is the *duty* of religion to accept and assimilate scientific knowledge. I also believe it to be the *business* of religion to do so, because if religion does not do so, religion will in the long run lose influence and adherents thereby.

I see the human race engaged in the tremendous experiment of living on the planet called earth. From the point of view of humanity as a whole, the great aim of this experiment must be to make life more truly and more fully worth living; the religious man might prefer to say that the aim was to realize the kingdom of God upon earth, but that is only another way of saying the same thing.

The scientific spirit and the religious spirit both have their parts to play in this experiment. If religion will but abandon its claims to fixity and certitude (as many liberal churchmen are already doing), then it can see in the pursuit of truth something essentially sacred, and science itself will come to have its religious aspect. If science will remember that it, as science, can lay no claim to set up values, it will allow due weight to the religious spirit.

At the moment, however, a radical difference of outlook obtains as between change in science and change in religion. An alteration

in scientific outlook—for instance the supersession of pure Newtonian mechanics by relativity—is generally looked on as a victory for science; but an alteration in religious outlook—for instance, the abandonment of belief in the literal truth of the account of creation in Genesis—is usually looked on as in some way a defeat for religion. Yet, either both are defeats or both are victories—not for particular activities such as religion or science, but for the spirit of man. In the past, religion has usually been slowly or grudgingly forced to admit new scientific ideas; if it will but accept the most vivifying of all the scientific ideas of the past century,—that of the capacity of life, including human life and institutions, including religion itself, for progressive development,—the conflict between science and religion will be over, and both can join hands in advancing the great experiment of man, of ensuring that men shall have life and have it more abundantly.

THE GREAT SPORTS MYTH[1]

JOHN R. TUNIS

"Suppose that while the motor pants,
We miss the nightingale?"
—*E. V. Lucas*

I HAVE an English friend who, some thirty years ago, was champion of a little golf club situated on the Sussex Downs between Hove and Worthing. During the Boer War, in which he served as a subaltern, he lost his left arm, which incapacitated him for golf. With zeal he turned to tennis, developed a good game and in a few years became, despite his handicap, one of the best players in the local club. When the World War arrived he somehow wangled a commission for himself and, leading a battalion into action on the Somme, lost his right leg. My last meeting with him took place several winters ago at a British Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club on the French Riviera. He had learned croquet and was by then a low handicap player, pressing the club champion closely.

That man, I submit, is a sportsman. He knows the thrill of real sport, of playing, not for championships, for titles, for cash, for publicity, for medals, for applause, but simply for the love of playing. Everyone knows the thrill who has felt a golf ball soar from his club and watched it bound down the middle of the course, two hundred and fifty yards ahead; who has finished a long, tense rally at tennis with a passing shot that cuts the sideline and leaves a helpless adversary shaking his head in admiration at the net; who has followed two Airedales jumping and leaping through country uplands on a mellow, crisp afternoon in fall. A long cross-country walk with a dog, three close sets of tennis, a foursome on a day when the course is uncrowded and the sun shines high above—this is sport, real sport, the expression of the sporting spirit at its best. On these occasions one tastes the full flavor of the game, one

1 From *Sports, Heroics, and Hysterics.* John Day Company, 1928. Reprinted by permission of the author and the publishers.

finds that complete and satisfying relaxation of mind and body which to the work-weary brain is such perfect solace. In this informal and unorganized sport one finds not only the game, but the player at his best. Umpires? Referees? Officials? The need of them does not exist. Implicitly one trusts one's opponent because one trusts oneself; impossible to question the score, impossible to hesitate as to whether a shot did or did not touch the line. All that is finest in sport can be found—is found—in such friendly encounters upon golf links and tennis courts.

But of late years a strange and curious fiction appears to have grown up regarding sport, whereby the effects of such friendly sport are improperly attributed to those highly organized athletic competitions that take place each year from January to December.

Let us grant that sport between individuals is a working laboratory for the building of character. Let us admit freely that the health of nations is being improved by friendly outdoor games. By all means let us give thanks and sing praises for the opportunities afforded by such sports to get out into the open air and freshen ourselves for the burdens of life that grow daily more exhausting. But let us not confound the precious informality of individual sport with the huge, widely advertised sporting contests with which we are being inundated from year's end to year's end.

This fiction I call the Great Sports Myth. It is a fiction sustained and built up by the large class of people now financially interested in sport. There are the newsgatherers and the sports functionaries for the daily press; in their very natural efforts to glorify their trade, they have preached unceasingly the notion that all the values to be found in informal athletic games are present as well in the huge, organized, sporting spectacles. There is the paid instructor, the football or baseball or track coach, the trainer or association head who, after all, can hardly be blamed if he attempts to depict his efforts as a cross between those of a religious revivalist and of a social service uplifter. These gentry—the newsgatherer, and the new professional sports uplifter—tell us that competitive sport, as well as informal, unorganized sport, is health-giving, character-building, brain-making. They imply, more or less directly, that its exponents are heroes, possessed of none but the highest moral qualities; tempered and steeled in the great white heat of competition; purified and made holy by their devotion to intercollegiate and international sport. Thanks to them—and to

others not entirely disinterested—there has grown up in the public mind an exaggerated and sentimental notion of the moral value of great, competitive, sport spectacles.

The sports writers are required to regard the whole sporting panorama with an almost religious seriousness. It is their job; their bread and butter. Hardly one dares publicly to question the sanctity of organized competitive athletics. One who should dare to suggest that our idols of the sporting world have feet of clay might find himself in serious trouble when next he went out upon a story. If he intimates that this or that sport has become a vast and complicated business, he will get short shrift should he ever visit its Association headquarters. What more natural, therefore, than that everyone so employed should further embroider that delightful fiction, the Great Sports Myth? Hence the annual appeal to rally to the defense of the Davis Cup is as solemn as if our national life hung in the balance. And the amount of space given by the press to the college football system is proof of the hold the Great Sports Myth has upon us. On the evening before the Harvard-Yale game at Cambridge, even as sedate a newspaper as the Boston *Transcript* devotes no less than four pages to the conflict; special writers, sporting writers, feature writers, editors, and their more humble *confrères*, treat the morrow's match as earnestly and sententiously as they do the forecasts of a Presidential election upon Election Eve.

The manner in which the American public is fostered and fed upon the Great Sports Myth is not only amazing; for anyone who gets an opportunity to peek behind the scenes it is one of the most disconcerting signs of the times. For the sporting heroes of the nation are its gods. From day to day, from month to month, from year to year, we are deluged with a torrent of words about these Galahads of sport—the amateur football players of the colleges, and the "shamateur" golf or tennis players, who often take a hand in exalting their own personalities through the medium of the press. In the winter months we are treated to columns of "dope" about these supermen, of chatter and gossip about their every movement. In early spring the star of sport moves eastward; for six weeks we are regaled, via the Atlantic cables, with the feats of Mr. Tilden, Mr. Hagen, Miss Wills, or Mrs. Mallory, in the great French and British tennis and golf championships. By July the travelers are back again in their native haunts—not infrequently with hard words to say about conditions and competitors across the sea—and

then the deluge of sporting bunk begins in earnest. The channel swimmers are busy explaining why channels are so broad and trainers so thick. In August come the big aquatic events, the yachting and motor boat races; in early September, the matches for the Davis Cup. Almost every fall we have a "major league" prize fight. October brings colds, coal bills, and the World's Series, with its front page cavortings of Home-run Kings and Strike-out Emperors. And as the sporting year draws to an end in late November, the nation goes completely daft over intercollegiate football. Except for the imposing lists of All-American teams—composed by gentlemen who have perhaps seen in action some three hundred of the thirty thousand football players of the United States—we have a rest in December. And we need it!

Man has always, I suppose, been a hero worshiper. Doubtless he always will be. We Americans do not seem to take to religious prophets. We have no Queen Marie, nor even a Mussolini, to raise upon a pedestal. Consequently we turn hopefully to the world of sports. There we find the material to satisfy our lust for hero worship; there we discover the true gods of the nation. Messrs. Hagen, Tunney, Tilden, Jones, Ruth, Cohen, Dempsey—these are becoming the idols of America's masculine population, young and old. And why not? After all, we ask ourselves, are they not athletes? Have they not been cleansed (and so sanctified) in the great white heat of competition, upon the links or the gridiron, the court or the diamond? That competitive sport—any kind of competitive sport from squash tennis to prize fighting—makes for nobility of character, such is the first commandment of the American sporting public. This, in fact, is the foundation of the Great Sports Myth.

Yet, in plain truth, highly organized competitive sports are not character-building; on the contrary, after a good deal of assistance at and some competition in them, I am convinced that the reverse is true. So far are they from building character that, in my opinion, continuous and excessive participation in competitive sports tends to destroy it. Under the terrific stress of striving for victory, victory, victory, all sorts of unpleasant traits are brought out and strengthened. Too frequently the player's worst side is magnified; his self-control is broken down much more than it is built up. I know this is heresy. I realize that the contrary is preached from every side. (Most fervently, however, by the sports writers,

football coaches, or others who have some other direct and personal interest in the furtherance of the Great Sports Myth.) I am aware that the participants in American sports are all supposed to be little short of demi-gods. Yet if football, for instance, is the noble, elevating and character-building sport it is supposed to be, why, I wonder, is it necessary to station an umpire, a field judge, a head linesman, and half a dozen assistants to follow the play at a distance of a few yards and to watch zealously every one of the twenty-two contestants in order that no heads and no rules may be simultaneously broken?

"NERVE TENSED STALWARTS KEYED UP FOR SUPREME EFFORT OF SEASON."

So ran the headline of a pre-game football story in a big New York daily last fall. Anyone who has seen the average athletic contest at close range will testify to the accuracy of this characterization. Instead of being in sound mental and physical condition when they go out on the links, the gridiron, or the river, our gods are actually in a state of nerves which often leads them to do things otherwise incomprehensible. The plain truth is that the intensive strain of modern competition and the glare of publicity created by the press, the movies, and the radio, wear down and destroy the nerve tissue of the average competitor. How else can one explain the petulant outburst and the no less petulant actions of Mr. Walter Hagen on his return from his trip to England after having failed to win their golfing title some years ago? Or the performances of Mr. Tilden upon the court? Off the court, Mr. Tilden, as his friends will testify, is a charming and urbane gentleman. Once he gets into combat, however, he becomes, in his zest for victory—a zest that every champion in competitive sport must have or perish—something totally unlike his normal self. He will turn and glare at any linesman who dares give a decision against his judgment; before the thousands in the stands he will demand the removal of the offender; he will request "lets" at crucial moments, object when new balls are thrown out, in short do things he would never do were he not so intensely concentrated on winning.

Nor would it be just to Mr. Tilden to single him out for criticism. Those who saw the Davis Cup Challenge Round in 1914 will remember the childish behavior of the man who is considered by many the greatest tennis player of all time, Mr. Norman

Everard Brookes. After the third set of his match with Mr. R. N. Williams (which was won by the American, 10-8) the crowd, anticipating a victory for the United States, rose—as was but natural—in loud and vociferous cheering. Mr. Brookes promptly clapped his hands to his ears and kept them there as long as the cheering went on.

Any one who has spent a winter in the south of France during the reign of the late Queen of French tennis, Mademoiselle Suzanne Lenglen, will testify to her strenuous efforts to avoid defeat by remaining out of tournaments in which she seemed likely to be beaten. In 1926, during the visit of Miss Helen Wills to the Riviera, her attempts to avoid the American were so amusing that a famous Parisian daily ran an article entitled, *"Tennis ou Cache-Cache?"* (Tennis or Hide and Seek?) This, mind you, is not the conduct of youngsters new to competitive sport; it is the conduct of champions and super-champions. Concentrating as they must to win, they hardly know what they are doing or saying. For the time being, they become self-hypnotized. Follow them around the sport circle from week to week, and from year to year, and you will, I am sure, lose any illusion you may have about the uplifting effect of present-day competitive sport.

The popular belief is that sport teaches self-control, that it shows us how to accept not only victory but defeat with a graceful and sincere smile. If you are a believer in the Great Sports Myth, I wish you might visit the locker-rooms and dressing-quarters of our clubhouses and athletic buildings and mingle with our champions before and after their contests.

"He beat the gun, that's why he copped."

"I was interfered with in the last quarter, on that forward pass, or I'd have scored a touchdown."

"I'll beat that big stiff or burst a blood vessel."

"That decision in the third set cost me the match—sure the ball was on the line, I saw it."

"This man Smith has always been against us; we'll have to see he doesn't get a chance to referee any of the 'varsity games again."

These—with embellishments unprintable—are the sort of things you hear on the inside at every big sporting contest. You may, perhaps, imagine this to be an exaggeration. Get someone who has umpired a match between Mr. Tilden and Mr. Richards to tell you how they addressed each other as they shook hands across the net

after a tense, five-set battle! It is no accident that Mr. Robert T. Jones is almost the only champion in any branch of sport who is genuinely popular with those who play against him and, therefore, see him under the stress of modern competition. The strain at the top is too great for most men.

Curiously enough, although the majority of our sporting heroes are magnified and worshiped, Mr. Jones seems to have had something less than the breaks from the gentry of the sporting press. This doubtless came about because these devotees of the Great Sports Myth have created a charming fable about Mr. Jones which exactly fitted into their ideas about the character-building benefits of competitive sport. Mr. Jones as a youngster, they aver, was a perfectly terrible chap. When he first took up golf he threw his clubs about. He broke them up whenever he missed a six-foot putt. He swore. He cursed. Really, he was a perfectly terrible fellow! But behold the influence of the game! Now a more charming young sportsman it would be hard to find. Due, of course, the inference is, to the soul-saving and character-forming effects of sport.

A lovely fiction. But untrue. Yet I have never seen this untruth refuted in an American newspaper; to do so would tend to destroy the Great Sports Myth. However, to an English reporter, about a year ago in London, Mr. Jones vouchsafed the following:

"I've read newspaper comments in which I am told that I not only won the British championship at St. Andrews but conquered myself as well. What is it all about? Have I ever been a bunch of fireworks? I played my first championship when I was fourteen years old, and I am twenty-five now. In all that time I have made a fool of myself only twice, once at the Red Cross tournament in Boston in 1915, when I was fifteen years old, and once at the British open championship at St. Andrews when I was nineteen. Is that being worse than anyone else? Chick Evans can throw a club away in the midst of a championship and nobody minds. Why pick on me?

"The only break I ever made at home was in Boston ten years ago. I've played right along since then. Where's the sense of throwing Boston at me now? Of course it's nice to have people say nice things about you, but honestly, when New York papers make me out such a glowing example of moral discipline I don't know what to make of it."

Poor Mr. Jones. Of all our athletic stars, he is most surely the one who deserves a fair break and yet, thanks to the obsession of sporting writers and their devotion to the Great Sports Myth, he has received a bad one. There is a moral in this for those who have the time and patience to discover it.

Yet another tenet of the Great Sports Myth is the time-worn belief that international competition in sports strengthens the bonds between nations and between individuals. It usually does nothing of the sort! Surely, if football players from two of the largest universities in the United States indulge in fisticuffs before eighty thousand spectators in their big test of the season, there is little chance for a general kissing-match at an international sporting reunion such as the Olympic games!

When these games approach and one hears the usual platitudes about the great good they do in international relations and the benefits they confer upon humanity at large, I am minded of a small paragraph which was culled from the *Auto*, the great Parisian sporting newspaper. Translated exactly, it reads: "M. Moneton, the referee of the match between the Racing Club de Calais and the Stade Roubaisienne, thanks the members of the Racing Club de Calais team for saving his life directly after the match."

Not every sporting contest ends in a free fight as this one presumably did, but there is far more hard feeling generated by sport than is usually admitted by the adherents of the Great Sports Myth. When the Irish Rugby team played France last winter, the crowd got out of hand and rushed for the referee, the Captain of a Scottish team twenty-five years ago. He managed to escape to the dressing-room, whence, as the mob stood outside howling for his blood, he was eventually escorted from the grounds under police protection.

You never hear much about such things? Certainly not. The sporting writers do not dwell upon them for very obvious reasons. The sort of thing they prefer to play up can be illustrated by an article which appeared several years ago in the *Princeton Alumni Weekly* entitled, "The Sublimation of War." The writer's argument was to the effect that if all nations were "sport loving and dominated by the true instincts of sport," war would be completely eradicated. The Sublimation of War! We had a taste of it several months later when the break came between Harvard and Princeton.

Dignified in front-page headlines by the sonorous title, "SEVERANCE OF ATHLETIC RELATION," this episode reflected credit upon neither of the universities nor upon their followers. According to the tenets of the Great Sports Myth, Princeton and Harvard undergraduates should have been loyal friends and good fellows both on the field and in the stands. Such, as the saying goes, was not the case. Trouble began early in 1922 when one after another of the best Harvard players were taken from the gridiron in the Princeton game with various injuries which removed them from the "sublimation" effects of sport for the rest of the season. Murmurs of rough play were heard at Cambridge; they continued, in increasing volume, as Princeton went on defeating Harvard by overwhelming scores. The climax was reached in the season of 1926 when, the day before the game, the Harvard *Lampoon* appeared with a disgraceful attack upon Princeton and her supporters. The game which followed was a sorry spectacle; hisses and groans arose from both sides of the field and, in their comments during the following week, even the most ardent devotees of the Great Sports Myth, in writing for the press, agreed that such an affair was neither stimulating nor worth repeating. After the game the undergraduates of the two universities regarded one another much as did Germans and Americans in 1918. With all the solemnity of a nation rupturing diplomatic relations with a powerful neighbor, Princeton "broke with Harvard," as the newspapers screamed in headlines from their front pages.

Recriminations, insinuations, rhetorical attacks, and counter-attacks ensued; the press carried columns and pages of the effect of this break upon the world of sport—and not a soul who commented on the fracas appeared to see the amusing side of the whole affair. Sport, the healer of relationships between nations; sport, the promoter of good feeling and good comradeship; sport, that brings forth all that is best and noblest in human nature, was producing—what? Gouged noses, broken ankles, bad feeling, cursing, and reviling in the sanctity of dressing-rooms; coarse accusations and cheap humor in the publications of a great university. If sport cannot do better than this among representatives of two of the principal American colleges, how can it be expected to unite Gaul and Teuton, Arab and Scandinavian, black man and white, as it is popularly supposed to do by those who prate glibly about peoples "dominated by the true instincts of sport."

Such breaks in relations between our universities, are not, it appears, uncommon in intercollegiate football. The facts are not generally known; but almost every large college in the country has, at some time in its history, broken with some great rival. Thus the Army and Navy broke between 1893 and 1899; now they are at it again. Harvard and Yale broke between 1894 and 1897. Pennsylvania and Lafayette broke between 1900 and 1903. Princeton and Harvard, after breaking between 1897 and 1912, broke again in 1926 until some future date unknown, thereby bidding fair to establish a National Intercollegiate Breaking record for all time. At the present moment the list of colleges is a fairly large one; should it increase materially it would seem that our universities might have difficulty in completing their schedules. Thus Princeton, having broken with Pennsylvania years ago, has now broken with Harvard; the Army has broken with Syracuse; Columbia has broken with New York University; and the Navy has broken with the Army. These are some of the breaks publicly announced. Others are being kept under cover.

Now, if our highly organized sports taught as much of mutual understanding, generosity, and forbearance as their advocates claim they do, there might be some excuse for the elevation of sport into a kind of national religion. Yet why is it that the United States, by common acclaim the greatest sporting nation in the world, is so sensitive to criticism, so open to flattery? In point of fact, what the fetish of competitive sport inculcates in us most successfully is the desire to win. Not at any cost? Certainly not! There are far too many linesmen, referees, umpires, field judges, and minor officials to permit of that sort of thing. But our gods are all winners: it is Tunney, Hagen, Jones, Miss Wills, not Mrs. Mallory, Johnston, or Ouimet who are worshiped and glorified. It is the champion, not the way in which the championship is won or lost, that attracts the plaudits of the mob whose creed is the Great Sports Myth. The King can do no wrong. And the King (pro tem) is always the man at the top of the pile.

Moreover, by thus elevating our athletic heroes to peaks of prominence, by prying into their private lives, by following them incessantly in the columns of the daily press, by demanding of them victories and yet more victories, we force them to lose all sense of proportion—if indeed they ever had any. For it is a debatable

question whether any one with a sense of proportion—or a sense of humor, which comes to much the same thing—could so far lose himself in this sporting miasma as to become a champion. Judging by their remarks in public, one is forced to conclude that many, if not all, of our sporting gods are muscle bound between the ears.

THE SPOTLIGHT—DOES WOMAN DESERVE IT?[1]

EDNA YOST

I HAVE been a fascinated reader in recent years of what the magazines for Intellectuals have had to say on the subject of woman. Any one who has followed these periodicals with some degree of regularity realizes that the revelation of woman's mind and soul has been played upon by certain magazines for a fifty-cent audience just as definitely as physical nudity has been played upon by others for a fifteen-cent one. The editorial psychology is fundamentally identical; the aim in either case is to increase sales.

As a member of the frequently exposed sex, I am forced to admit that I do not believe that, as a human being separate and apart from man, woman is worth the paper and printer's ink recently devoted to her. But it is satisfying to the feminine ego to consult the *Readers' Guide* for recent years and compare the amount of material listed under Woman, as a genus *per se*, with that listed under Man. For the comparison seems to indicate that we women really are far the more important and interesting of the two. Such a conclusion, however, is rooted more in the shallow printed page than in life itself. For to one who attempts to live as well as to read, any discussion about human beings which is based upon their physical separation into two sexes and then treats of one of them as an entity separate and apart from the rest of the race is seen to be an evasion of one sort or another.

Yet it would be a simple matter to name a lengthy list of presumably serious articles bought and published by editors of our better magazines in the past few years which treat woman as a distinct and separate species with laws peculiar to herself—articles which discuss her problems as if they are apart from, rather than an inseparable part of, the problems of the whole race. Let me recall a few of them: "Can Intellectual Women Live Happily?" "Are Women Pikers?" "Logic and the Ladies," "Can a Woman Drive a Car?" "Do Women Lose Their Power to Think Earlier Than

[1] From *Scribner's Magazine*, May, 1931. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

Men?" "Ladies and Lawlessness," "Are Brains a Handicap to a Woman?" "Are Women Inferior or Are They Trying to Side-Track Nature?" "Do Women Really Like Each Other?" "Are Women More Irritable Than Men?" "Things I Can't Understand About Women," and "Some Masculine Thoughts About Women." Though why this last title seemed necessary I scarcely know, since practically all the above articles record masculine thoughts on women.

Examination of these articles and of innumerable others easily reveals the lop-sided point of view on life which brought them into existence. Discussions about the unmarried woman are indulged in, for example, instead of discussions about unmarried people. Whether or not the intellectual woman can be happy is written about in these modern days as if intellectual development in woman is some feminine abnormality instead of an inevitable part of the intellectual progress of the race. And certainly the insertion of the feminine, or protective, point of view (that is, that the human race is more important than the cash profits from the work it does) into the highly efficient capitalistic system which the masculine half of the race alone has created in the world of business and industry, will be accomplished as much through man's readjustment as through woman's adjustment. Yet when or where do we see the matter discussed from some fundamental standpoint which recognizes the need for the feminine contribution here before the system will be completely human instead of just masculine? From reading the magazines one would think that the economic world is some perfect creation into which woman fits imperfectly, and that the fault lies in her rather than in both.

It seems to me that this extensive focussing of the spot-light on woman alone is the result of somebody's failure to recognize the essential unity of all human life; and that in these modern days such a failure is becoming more and more deliberate and stupid. For any intelligent person knows that a spot-light not only shows up the chosen object, but that its glare casts shadows over surrounding objects. Since it is impossible to view human beings fairly except in their setting in the rest of the world, this constant focussing of a spot-light on woman alone looks suspiciously at times like somebody's clever attempts to keep the other half of the race away from the Kleigs. Of course it turns out to be a compliment to woman. It gives the feminine half of the race a tremendous

confidence in itself—a confidence which is bound to get it somewhere. But it does not help any of us, male or female, to see ourselves in the proper perspective.

Intellectuals of either sex are funny. And never are they funnier than when they write from their own deep-seated prejudices. They make one think of Vesuvius trying to be gentle. When they erupt it's always white-hot lava. Whatever else an Intellectual may be, he (or she) often seems to be an individual who transfers to the opposite sex all those not quite admirable traits which his mind knows all about but which emotionally he has never accepted in himself or in members of his own sex. Thus, men Intellectuals are able to write scathingly about selfishness or a lack of logic, et cetera, et cetera, as if they are predominantly the traits of women rather than of many, many human beings regardless of sex.

Lest I seem to be betraying my own prejudices in the next few pages in naming men rather than women as examples of funny Intellectuals, I refer again to the *Readers' Guide* for recent years as proof of the fact that articles about Man as a biological and psychological specimen are not being indulged in by the best magazines. This does not mean that Intellectuals of the feminine persuasion are above writing them, but merely that editors are not publishing them. Women are as blind and prejudiced about men as men are about women—though most of them do not believe it. Virginia Woolf has recently attributed the lack of books written by women about men (in the British Museum) to the fact that women do not write them, a judgment which I accept. I think it is true, however, that plenty of women Intellectuals have written magazine-length articles about man as blindly prejudiced as a John Macy or an Ernest Boyd could ever be about woman. But as long as men are the final judges of what is to be published in our high-class magazines, the public may depend upon it that articles which are distinctly unfair to men in a derogatory way will have little opportunity of appearing in print. This does not mean that they are deliberately tabooed because they tramp on an editor's masculine toes. But when an editor judges an article for publication (this is not true of fiction) he not only wants it to have sales value, but he usually wants to believe that its underlying thought is sound. It need not be deep always, but it should be sound. And snow me the man who is able to believe a woman is thinking soundly about men when she does it from a reverse Ernest Boyd-John Macy slant,

and I'll show you a flying rhinoceros with six delicate gossamer wings.

Back in the middle of the eighteenth century when Lord Chesterfield was trying by correspondence to instruct his illegitimate son in the art of being a gentleman, he wrote him: "Your conversation with women should always be respectful, but at the same time *enjoué*, and always addressed to their vanity. Everything you say or do should convince them of the regard you have (whether you have it or not) for their beauty, their wit, or their merit. . . ." And later, "The penetration of princes seldom goes deeper than the surface. It is the exterior which always engages their hearts, and I would never advise you to give yourself much trouble about their understanding. Princes in general (I mean those who are born and bred to the purple) are about the pitch of women; bred up like them, and to be addressed and gained in the same manner."

Now our modern Intellectuals have little in common with Chesterfield in their approach to women. Much of what they write is an attempt to convince us that they have no regard whatsoever for our wit or merit (whether they have it or not!) and their conversation is quite as likely to be persimmony as *enjoué*. But like Chesterfield they have never given themselves "much trouble about their understanding." Like that old gallant, too, they possess an ego-protecting blindness which enables them to see that it is the other fellow only who is not penetrating beneath the surface. They have created their own two-dimensional canvases, one of man and another of woman, to suit their own intellectual and physical needs, and because woman does not stay framed nicely within hers they blame her for spoiling the picture rather than themselves for putting on the frame.

For example: James Truslow Adams wrote in a recent article, "I think it cannot be denied that woman in America has failed in her age-long duty of civilizing her man. . . . Woman having failed to socialize and humanize her man, it may yet be his job to civilize *her*." This is a point of view which antedates even Chesterfield—this canvas which paints woman as with an "age-long duty of civilizing her man." The modern idea is that here we are, male and female, each with a contribution to make toward humanizing (not masculinizing or femininizing) the world we live in, and each achieving our own salvation through learning to make that con-

tribution. Adult growth comes through doing, not in being done to. If Mr. Adams is right in his contention that the American man is not yet civilized, it merely means that man has not yet made his rightful contribution. When he does, he will be civilized. And all that woman would ever be able to do *to* him is highly unimportant. The only function either sex has in the life of the other is that of honest, unthwarting cooperation. Any other idea is far too antiquated for modern life. And I blush with shame for those published males and unpublished females who still think of their own sex as capable of acting as God for the rest of us, and of the opposite sex as responsible for the lack of human perfection in the world.

Frankly, the point of view which the Intellectual so often has on the opposite sex fascinates me. When John Macy, who humbly admits that "it is from women that I try to learn about women," says bluntly that "the reason women are more subject to hysteria than men, in the proportion of twenty to one, is in plain terms that their brains are weaker," I marvel in all sincerity at his ability to discard other explanations in favor of this one. It is the "why" of the ability of people of recognized intellectual capacity to be utterly stupid when it comes to an attempted understanding of the opposite sex which intrigues me. Why, for instance, did Mr. Macy not say that the reason might be that women are capable of much greater emotional heights than men, that they are, hence, more capable of all forms of emotional enjoyment, including sex, and that with external conditions made favorable, this force (controlled) will doubtless lead them to eclipse man in many forms of artistic creativeness. Not that I believe it! But from the coldly logical standpoint (and Mr. Macy was talking about logic and the ladies) one explanation is just as rational as the other. The trouble is that both are somewhat removed from life.

Then there is D. H. Lawrence who frankly studied the barnyard to learn about women before writing his "Cocksure Women and Hensure Men," and devoted, I hasten to add, but five lines of type to hensure men. Observing that when an airplane swoops over the chickenyard it is always the cock who flaps his wings and calls the hens to shelter (though why they need shelter from something harmless and interesting he does not discuss), he somehow arrives at the conclusion that the tragedy of the modern woman is that having lived her life with so much cocksureness, the hensure-

ness which is the real bliss of every female (chicken or human, obviously) has been denied her, so she has missed life altogether. Poignantly he summarizes this awful woman tragedy with one word. "Nothingness!" says he! Which aptly summarizes much of the drivel being written by the Intellectuals about women, it seems to me.

Men and women are different—no question about that. But not so different as this spot-light on women is tending to suggest. There is more of the man in civilized woman and more of the woman in civilized man than most of us are willing to admit. Somehow the feeling still clings that it unsexes either sex to cultivate, or even admit, its similarities with the other. Strong-minded women are still loath to be called intellectual, and tender-hearted men still cringe at being called emotional. The significance of "human" has not yet gripped us; because mental and emotional adolescence must be put behind us before we are able to understand where qualities that are merely male and female leave off and those which are truly human begin. Until both men and women realize that the acceptance and development of their human qualities will make them greater rather than feebler male and female men and women, the antagonisms which arise from sex fears will crowd out the co-operation which would arise from genuine sex understanding—which is love. Let's learn to be chickens as well as mere, though excellent, cocks and hens.

I suppose from the strictly logical standpoint the one thing which would counterbalance easiest the unfair effects of all the spot-light which has been played upon woman would be a similar spot-light on man as a species separate and apart from the rest of the race. Stick him on a pin, too, and watch him wriggle. But two stupidities rarely bring forth wisdom, even in print. Rather we need to hear more from both men and women who have achieved the state of being human beings instead of that of only maleness or femaleness.

I think we have been hearing far too little from women of this caliber. The policies of our high-grade magazines have been interesting in recent years not only for what has been said in them about woman but for what they have permitted women to say in their valuable pages. I have talked considerably with editors who help to create magazines and infinitely more with the public which reads them. The idea seems to be prevalent that, in comparison with the other sex, women who really think are few; and that this

accounts for the dearth of thought material which has been published over women's names, and for the fact that when you find an article by a woman on a subject which would allow for personal thought, it is almost always either cleverly amusing or merely reportorial. There may be truth in their explanation of this—that women who think are few—but life has not convinced me of it. Too many women have the experience of being told, "You think exactly like a man" (it is supposed to be a compliment), and then, when they arrive at some conclusion which seems simple and inevitable to them, of being told paternally, "But no; I don't follow you there. I'm afraid you're being emotional (or illogical)." It is not likely to happen in a discussion on some impersonal subject like mathematics. (It is surprising how well we get along with men on mathematics!) But once let us get into a discussion on some phase of what we call "life," and what appears to be legitimate thought to us is too often held to be the sheerest emotionalism, or lack of logic, by men—including editors. I am willing to admit that men may be right. But then again, they may not be. I submit as a fact that nobody yet knows. And until women who believe they are thinking break into print and think further on those very topics where men find them illogical, the whole subject of thought which is completely human is being kept much darker than is good for us. The field of thought, like the business and industrial world, may be more purely masculine and, hence, less human, than we suspect.

Woman, I think, needs not so much to be talked about as to be permitted a natural light and a natural setting. Until the spotlight is removed from her, she cannot be seen for what she really is. For, as long as she must face the glare, she is bound to keep her make-up on. Which is a silly performance both for her and for the spot-light tenders. Woman alone, as a species separate and apart from man, actually is not worth a hill of beans, for the simple reason that she does not exist that way. Only the Intellectuals see life like that—the Intellectuals and those-to-be-pitied others whose inner disunion with reality prevents them from recognizing the essential oneness of all life.

ROMANTIC GOVERNMENT VERSUS UNROMANTIC GOVERNMENT[1]

MAURICE C. HALL

THE human animal is an incurable romantic. Other animals seem to view life rather objectively, taking it as it comes for what it seems to be, but man prefers to view it subjectively, painting it over in his favorite gay or somber colors, dramatizing it, and in one way or another transforming the spectacle and action into something befitting the animal which lives at the center of the universe and is the most important of created things. Through his animistic romanticism he achieves his religion, by chivalrous and gallant romanticism he elevates passion or the routine of marriage to the status of love, and by an admixture of hero worship and fetishism he formulates his governments.

This passion for romanticism in our personal life has some desirable aspects. In its religious phases it has taken form in some commendable ethics and some noble architecture, painting and sculpture. In the field of individual emotions, it leads to pleasant relationships and the works of Lucian and Cabell. In personal matters, the right to romance and romanticism is well within our circle of personal rights. But in government romanticism expresses itself, only too clearly as regards the comfort and safety of mankind, in democracy, autocracy, aristocracy, dictatorship and similar romantic ideology.

It must be admitted that in all probability the romanticism which has colored all government from ancient times to the present was and still is inevitable and inescapable. The reasons for a human behavior that is world-wide and rooted in the ages must be real, profound and convincing. But at this time I challenge the necessity for continuing to regard government from a romantic point of view.

From the romantic point of view, government is a matter of poli-

[1] From the *Scientific Monthly*, November, 1934. Reprinted by permission of the author and the publishers.

tics, statecraft, diplomacy, principles, tradition, leaders and similar components. All these things can be defined objectively, and all are rich in connotation and prone to arouse warm emotional reactions. To one man democracy is a fetish, and dictatorship an abomination; to another man dictatorship is a fetish, and democracy an abomination. Such emotional reactions have carried governments through alternate cycles of one thing and another, but there is little profit in the alternate testing and disapproving of this and that.

It is proposed here to examine the concepts of government somewhat briefly and critically, not to settle anything whatever, but to present a point of view which is seldom utilized in considering governments. Briefly, we think that governments are not good subjects for romantic treatment, that romantic ideas of government obscure facts that are self-evident except to romanticists, and that an existing move towards unromantic government, a move not generally recognized, should be given consideration as offering something more fitting for modern times and present-day needs.

To make clear the distinction between romantic and unromantic concepts of government and to provide a background for discussion, we define unromantic government as the conduct of the communal business, government that attends to such business as is not attended to by individuals or non-governmental groups, such business as the commonplace routine of public works, roads, taxes and public health. If we look at government in this light, we can regard it as a matter calling for the employment by the state, whether the state be federal or town in scope, of persons well informed and well trained in such subjects as public works, roads, taxes and public health. This simple and unromantic view of government is remote from the accepted views, and we proceed to take issue with those views.

One of the romantic elements of government is the entire concept of politics. It finds romantic expression in the American devotion to a two-party system, supposedly expressive of the Gilbert and Sullivan concept that "Every boy and every gal that's born into the world alive is either a little liberal or else a little conservative." How true this concept of a right and left wing may be can be judged by the national political platforms of our leading parties in 1928, when the left wing, not unnaturally, proved to be a mirror image of the right wing.

The romantic American sees nothing incongruous in selecting as

mayor of a city a Democrat or a Republican at a time when a Democrat is defined as a believer in tariff for revenue, and a Republican as a believer in a protective tariff. Obviously, one's tariff beliefs have nothing to do with judging whether Main Street should be repaved, nor does a mayor vote on tariff legislation, but to the romantic American that does not matter.

Romantic government deals in emotionalism, in patriotism exemplified in ritual, ceremony and formula, in international hatreds, in the reform of its citizenry by Mann acts, Volstead acts and similar noble experiments and acts of faith in unbelievable things.

The smart politician is not in the least deceived in this matter. Voters may think that there is a principle at stake in local elections on a national party basis, but the shrewd politico knows that the thing at stake is the question of who gets the office and influence, and, too frequently, who gets the concessions, graft and other perquisites. The smart business man realizes that in a world of romanticists government will control government, so he and the politician have an understanding from which romanticism is eliminated.

Another priceless pair of romantic concepts is that of statecraft and diplomacy. These elements of grand strategy are eternally conjoining with the military forces to seize some Alsace-Lorraine and thereby sow the seeds of new wars, all of them destructive to winner and loser alike. Their smartest achievements of to-day are seen in some not remote to-morrow to be stupid and vicious, and it is difficult to find in the long list of statesmen and diplomats any whose judgment and achievements have had historical justification.

Traditions are the special heritage of romantic government. Many of them are immensely valuable to the stage, the movies and literature, since it is undeniably fascinating to find in such places as London the endless picturesque doing of elaborate things for no reason other than that these things were done a thousand years ago for reasons long ago forgotten or no longer applicable. As a spectator one can approve these things almost whole-heartedly; as a citizen one could ask that they be transported from the field of government to the field of histrionics, where they belong. Traditions ennoble not merely the gaudy and useless, but also the preposterous and iniquitous. They tie us with the fetters of dead men, dead beliefs, dead emotions. They close the avenues to change, experimentation and progress, and force on the unromantic element of government the rôle of iconoclast.

At this time the world is in a mad search for leaders, and the supply of leaders is, as usual, quite equal to the demand. Leaders are such a simple solution for a lot of baffling problems. They answer all the moronic demands of bewildered minds for a Moses to lead them to some Promised Land, for a magician who can solve all problems, national and international, by the magic of personality and leadership. It is a comforting idea to romanticists, who find that thought is conducive to headaches, and hard work productive of backaches. The history of the world's leaders shows that if the mob will follow, leaders will lead them somewhere, but not to the land of heart's desire. A Peter the Great may learn ship-building and lead in that art a people that are not ship-builders, but in general the political romanticist wishes nothing so simple and so difficult. He wishes leaders of an inspirational sort, who by inspiration know the answers to the questions of tariff, coinage, transportation, communication, immigration, international trade and such bagatelles of government. The realist in government does not wish to be led; he wants trained, capable, intelligent, honest public officials who will attend to the public business.

Among the romantic concepts of government is democracy. Democracy is too valuable to be subjected to the fetishistic treatment of romanticists, for this sort of treatment endangers the existence of realistic democratic government. Democracy has this valuable characteristic: it ensures individual safety as no other forms of government have ensured it, and on that one score alone democracy should be saved from its friends and its foes alike. It is notorious that democracies have often proved inefficient, but thousands of years of dangerous autocracy of one sort and another have driven nations to democracy. All Latin America knows that when dictators have destroyed the machinery of democracy elections must be by revolution, and that revolutions are the inevitable sequel to dictators.

Nevertheless, we have the swing to the romantic concept of the ancient cult of the dictator, the Man on Horseback. It is astounding to have in modern times this recrudescence of belief in the Able Man, with its flavor of divine right of kings, of the law of *lèse-majesté*, its suppression of opposition, criticism, alien groups and the like. To a realist there is nothing surprising in a band of vikings hailing as leader their best fighting man, for theirs was a government that dealt in war; these men were realists, the greatest war-

rior was their expert in government, and he gave them precisely what the realist wishes, expert government. To-day, the dictator is an anachronism, the skeleton of an ancient realist dug up by romanticists and set to rule over romanticists. Your hero worshipper has the faith of all romanticists, the faith that a dictator can know all the complex business of government. To a realist it seems evident that dictators are too small for the large job of government, and too impermanent for its long-time needs.

It is said that dictators are efficient. To this assertion the realist may cock an incredulous ear. It is admitted that dictators have the unimpaired authority to do things that their title implies. It is admitted that they do the things they wish to do. But it is not admitted that doing what one wishes to do is efficiency. A child may break its toys quite painstakingly, and not be efficient or admirable. Efficiency in government implies not only that things are done but that these things are desirable things and are for the general welfare. On any such basis we note that dictators, unpredictably, may do preponderantly good things, or preponderantly bad things, or, as in the case of Napoleon, may balance a Code Napoleon and some good roads against devastating wars and "forty battles won." On the whole their record of efficiency is little, if any, better than that of democracies. Against any efficiency dictators may exhibit, we set the fact that the dictator is dangerous to the life, liberty and happiness of the citizens he governs. He imposes on them the necessity of agreeing with him or suffering, a thing for which only a romanticist can hurrah; your realist in government, who believes the whole greater than any of its parts, finds this a droll concept of a government attending to the communal business by molding a nation in the form of one of its citizens. One can see the workings of a dictator to very great advantage in the small-scale operations of a Latin-American country, and having seen it on such a small scale the realist will not wish to see it on a larger scale. The romanticist, of course, will continue to find Diaz of Mexico, Emiliano Chamorro of Nicaragua and Machado of Cuba admirable dictators, just as he finds Caesar, Tamerlane, Napoleon, Mussolini, Stalin and Hitler admirable dictators. As individuals these men may have great charm and ability, but the unromantic realist will look askance at all dictators as dictators.

As a realist in matters of government, I speak now for unromantic government. For a quarter of a century I have participated

in the unromantic government of the United States, and, at the same time and at close range, have been a spectator of the romantic government. During that time romantic government has been represented in the White House by the strenuous Teddy Roosevelt, the judicial Taft, the scholarly Wilson, the genial Harding, the calm Coolidge, the engineer Hoover, and Franklin Roosevelt, whom history will characterize better after all the returns are in. It is sufficient to name these men, to recall their characteristics and the manner and reasons of their accession to power, to see how romantic government functions. Do you recall how up to a certain March fourth, each of them was to almost half of our citizens the embodiment of all objectionable things, and how after that certain date each became imposing, oracular and incredibly important? This is magic, the magic of the romanticists.

And in the same period, who constituted the unromantic government? During that period the unromantic government consisted of bureau chiefs, division chiefs, editors, scientists, physicians, veterinarians, lawyers, officers and men of the army and navy, clerks and other workers. You probably know little about the personnel of this unromantic governing group, but you may recall Goethals, Gorgas, Reed, Carroll, Asaph Hall, Peary, Byrd, Stiles, Walcott, Stratton, Galloway, Taylor, Mohler, Harvey Wiley, Gifford Pinchot, L. O. Howard, Goldenweiser, Durand or Atwater as some of the distinguished representatives of unromantic government.

And what did these realists in government do? They proved that yellow fever was carried by mosquitoes, they drove yellow fever from the Isthmus of Panama, and they built the Panama Canal; they lessened the incidence of amebiasis, malaria and hookworm disease; they developed high-frequency radio communication; they gave over 5,000 bearings a month to merchant ships to make navigation safe; they devised the sonic depth-finder for rapid surveys of ocean depths; they invented smokeless gunpowder; they provided precise time for surveying, astronomy and gravity determinations; they published the *Nautical Almanac* and *American Ephemeris*; they conquered the North Pole and the South Pole; they brought relief to sufferers from pellagra and Rocky Mountain spotted fever; they developed the anticlinal theory and the carbon ratio theory for the use of the petroleum industry; they devised a system for the blind landing of aircraft; they supplied data for ventilating the Holland Tunnel; they built the tide-calculating machine which, with one

operator, does the work of 70 mathematicians and saves $150,000 in salaries annually; they developed disease-resistant plants; they introduced durum wheat into this country; they synthesized ammonia directly from hydrogen and nitrogen to make fertilizers; they developed control measures for dust explosions and lowered insurance rates; they found a method of making furfural for 10 to 17 cents a pound instead of $30 a pound; they found that Southern cattle fever was carried by the cattle tick, and they drove the tick from over 89 per cent of its range and are driving it from the parts of those states where it makes its final stand, saving $40,000,000 annually for a total cost of less than $40,000,000; they developed a treatment for human hookworm disease, and for hookworm disease and heartworm disease in your dogs; developed the hog cholera serum which saves millions of dollars worth of swine annually; they protected you from adulterated foods and inert drugs; they inspected your meats; they compelled the adoption of safety devices on railroads, ships and airplanes for your protection; they supplied expert information on finance, tariffs and similar subjects; and in a thousand ways they carried out the communal business, the work of the United States Government, the unromantic government that is overshadowed by the more gaudy and vocal romantic government.

The personnel of this unromantic government is selected by Civil Service competitive examination on the basis of education, experience, training and knowledge. Any one of several qualified persons at the top of a list may be appointed to a position, but all these persons are qualified. Compare this with our romantic government, elected on a platform of ballyhoo, favorite sons, stupid slogans, election promises, vilification, innuendo, such magical cantraps and abracadabras as will most certainly enchant the romanticist, and such doodads, dingbats and thingumabobs as will delight the grown-up children. Does this system secure qualified persons? Perhaps it does in your party, but it quite obviously does not in the other party.

The unromantic government is expert government. In the list of names given here are many of men who are rated as the best or among the best in the world in their field. Most of them had this rating when they were being paid from $1,400 to $5,000 a year. How many Congressmen selected on the romantic basis of politics are the best or among the best in the world in their field? How many have an expert rating in any field? . . .

But, you may ask, what of it? We have two kinds of government; granted. So what? I answer: Why not abolish the romantic methodology and substitute the unromantic? How? Continue to substitute the professional non-political type of government for the political non-professional type, and keep on until the professional type is carrying on all the nation's business instead of sharing it with the political type. How could this be done? By the extension of a sound civil service or other merit system, gradually encroaching, as it has in the past, on the field of the spoils system, of the political henchman and of political nepotism, until romantic government is replaced by unromantic government. We should lose nothing from our romantic selections except the incompetents, as the competent would be more certain of selection under a merit system.

Does this seem difficult? It is no more difficult to hold a Civil Service examination for a sheriff than for a geologist, for a judge than for a psychologist, for a congressman than for an economist, for a president than for a sociologist. Let us grant that you can name a half dozen presidents, selected by romanticist measures, whom you regard as highly competent presidents; you can also name a half dozen whom you regard as highly incompetent. Unromantic government would retain all the safety of democracy by allowing the electorate to vote for presidents, but would eliminate the inefficiency of democracy by limiting the candidacies to qualified candidates only, so that regardless of who was elected the president would be a qualified person. Such a system would not get ideal executives, but it would eliminate preposterous persons from the presidency, governorships and mayoralties. It would ensure that judges were competent in judicial matters, and that legislators knew something of law-making and were never elected merely as good fellows, hand-shakers and donors of cigars.

The objections that will occur to you are easily foreseen. Some persons without education, training or experience, but with qualities of leadership, would be disqualified. However, the unromantic realist will refuse to weep if there is never again a Jackson in the White House. Jackson fitted his era, but the era is over and we face complicated problems through which no amount of hardheadedness can butt a way. Courage alone will not solve banking and monetary problems.

Another objection is that this unromantic government is merely

bureaucracy under another name. There would be good grounds for this objection. Bureaucracy is government by bureaus, according to definition, and on this basis you have bureaucracy already, since a half million persons, from admirals, generals and bureau chiefs to the doughboys, gobs, mail carriers and messengers, quietly carry on your bureaucratic government twelve months in the year, while your romantic government puts on its lesser and noisier show for a small part of the year and then joyfully rushes home to take up its more serious occupations.

But bureaucracy may have an unpleasant connotation, and this unpleasant term is defined as officialism with officials endeavoring to concentrate power in their individual bureaus. Speaking as a bureaucrat, in the sense of an officer in a government bureau, I note that in the government bureaus one finds about the same variety in ambition that one finds elsewhere, some officials being satisfied with small organizations and some desiring large organizations. There is little damage evident in either case, but it is evident that a too small organization may be inadequate for the demands made on it, just as a large organization may be too large for the demands on it.

But, you may say, bureaucracy implies officiousness. Admittedly, we occasionally meet with officiousness, usually on the part of lesser and relatively unimportant persons, among bureaucrats as among bankers and ribbon clerks. Officiousness is a nuisance, and nuisances are objectionable. But if we weigh the nuisances of our unromantic government against the dishonesty of some romantic administrations, the stupidity of some others and the danger from fanatical legislation in some others, we must see the officiousness of a minor bureaucrat as the least of the evils named.

In the high but not so far-off days of the spoils system, when all American politics was romantic politics, one section of the government service was known as The Harem, and there were Congressmen's lady friends who were paid as artists, although they never drew anything except their salaries. Finally, a disappointed office-seeker shot a President, and a Civil Service that should have been born earlier of common sense and realism was born of anger and grief. The political romanticists provided that the unromantic government it had created must keep out of the romantic side of government. Why? Because political romanticism was ruinous to efficiency and unbiased honesty. It was not noticed at the moment that political romanticism is quite generally ruinous to efficiency or

honesty or both, and not merely in the Civil Service. It is, of course, as ruinous in a legislative body as it is in a scientific laboratory. A really able legislator, La Guardia, has said: "The most humble research scientist in the Department of Agriculture is at this time contributing more to his country than the most useful member of Congress." If this is even partially true, it is because the selection of legislators on a romantic basis can be depended on to turn up very few La Guardias, whereas a merit system of selection, such as the Civil Service, can be depended on to turn up qualified persons with great regularity.

By virtue of the prohibition of activity in the field of romantic government, and by virtue of residence in the District of Columbia which deprives them of their right to vote and ensures that they will be taxed without representation, the Washington representatives of our unromantic government may be said to have been deprived of their political rights. Now, there is no fetish more dear to political romanticists than political rights. Undoubtedly they are important. But just what are our political rights? Are they what the political romanticist thinks they are? Are they the right to shout and write for this, that or the other action on subjects of which the romantics know little or nothing, and ultimately to vote for persons with whom they agree and who likewise know little about these subjects? Apparently they are just these things. And is this important or valuable? Was all the oratory and ink that went into the McKinley-Bryan campaign of 1900 of any more value and benefit than the concurrent debate as to whether the century began in 1900 or 1901? Was all the Coolidge-Davis debate and controversy of more importance than the question: How old is Ann?

There are certain personal rights which are of value. One is the right to be safe in one's person, liberty, property and freedom of expression within the bounds of law and of consideration for the rights of others. If this right is important, dictatorships of all varieties are intolerable. There are certain political rights which are of value. One of them, not generally recognized, is the right to have only qualified persons appointed to office or presented to the electorate as candidates for office. This is a very different thing from fetishistic democracy and all other forms of political romanticism. Political romanticism allows one to appoint officials and to vote for candidates regardless of qualifications, and the right to do this is a highly cherished right of fetishistic democracy. In religion

one must have the right to go to hell if one does not wish to go to heaven, but that is a personal matter. No such option should be tolerated in government. In the field of politics we can maintain our personal rights only by maintaining the community rights, and it is a violation of the community rights to permit unqualified persons to govern.

Hence we may say that our Washington representatives of unromantic government have been deprived of nothing of value in not being allowed to vote for Tweedledee instead of Tweedledum, or for a second-rate orator instead of a third-rate orator, or for any of the other offerings of political romanticism. However, they have been deprived of the right to have only competent persons appointed or presented to the electorate, and this is a serious matter, as it exposes them and the majority of our citizens, if not all of us, to the stupidities and iniquities of incompetent romanticism. . . .

And since we are dealing with romantic government, what do we mean by romantic? According to the dictionary, romantic is relating to romance; fanciful; visionary; fictitious and improbable; fantastic; sentimental. Romance is prose fiction, an extravagant story, things strange, fascinating, heroic, adventurous or mysterious. These things are the essence of romantic politics—the spells of the spellbinder, the painfully concocted ambiguities of political platforms, the campaign promises, the sentimental misuse of the Washington, Jefferson and Hamilton traditions, the mysterious misdeeds of opposing parties and candidates and the rest of the propaganda regarding our fictitious virtues and our opponent's improbable vices.

As regards things fanciful, visionary, fictitious and heroic in politics, the writer has this thought in common with Stalin, Mussolini, Kemal Pasha and Hitler, that political parties should be abolished. But where the dictators' solution is merely a change from the romantic plural to the romantic singular, from fanciful parties to one allegedly heroic party, the writer would go farther and abolish all political parties, leaving only the professional force charged with the serious, commonplace business of government.

What is the prospect of our giving up our romantic government in favor of unromantic government? There is a fair prospect. The unromantic civil service and other merit systems are actually making headway, slowly but surely, against romantic government. The United States and Britain have sound civil service systems, extending in Britain up to under-secretaries in the cabinet, and just stopping

short of assistant secretaries in the United States. A few of our states have merit systems, some of them effective. A very few counties have merit systems. Among our cities, 445 have changed from the romantic mayor to the unromantic city manager, and 165 other cities have city managers of limited responsibility. Historians may find that the greatest advance of Franklin Roosevelt's administration was his employment of expert advisers in economics and sociology. . . .

Romantic government has a strong hold on a humanity that reluctantly ceases to play with its toys. Mankind does not quickly give up its torch-light processions, its love of royal pageantry, its affection for the catchwords of democracy or autocracy, its belief in the magic of politicians, its desire for leaders to find the way to happiness along some road that does not involve thinking or hard work. But in time it does give them up. The torch-light processions are gone, in most countries the thrones have fallen, and although we still play at romantic democracy, indulge in the ceremonials of the fascist salute or the adoration of the Hakenkreuz, and still manifest faith in political promises and leaders, we shall come, sooner or later, to a realization that accomplishment of our ends lies in the direction of sound thinking and hard work. We shall employ more trained thinkers and competent workers, not as adjuncts to romanticists temporarily in office, but as the real and permanent government. We shall in time abandon romantic government, as we have abandoned fire worship, witchcraft and medieval chivalry, in favor of unromantic government by qualified persons only.

OUR FEAR OF EXCELLENCE[1]

MARGARET SHERWOOD

IN THIS age crying out for democracy there come, even to loyal Americans, ardent believers in America and the potentialities of America, moments of question as to whether it is not possible to carry democracy too far. On the street, in railway trains, in market place and lecture hall, misgivings creep into the minds of the stoutest-hearted among us; and the printed word does not always reassure. Liberty, equality, fraternity, are for us a glorious heritage, a privilege, a responsibility, but the haunting sense will not down that there may be an excess of liberty, equality, and fraternity.

The hard and cutting blows that, from time to time, strike at the very root of our political faith, do not always concern political matters; it is increasingly apparent that great and beneficent movements may have, as by-products, wholly disconcerting results. A remark, heard long ago on a steamer deck, of a fellow-passenger who declared to admiring listeners, that, in her recent visit to the continent, she had seen many famous pictures, at Antwerp, Paris, Florence, and elsewhere, but that nothing she had seen abroad could at all compare in excellence with those exhibited a year before at Pebble, Colorado, the work of local talent, comes back to me now and then as a suggestion of the influence of our civic faith upon our ways of thinking, as a possible foreshadowing of the goal toward which our feet are set.

Among the various aspects of a triumphing democracy, none is more distressing than this tendency of a consciousness of liberty, equality, and fraternity to creep into the wrong place, this fatal confusion of liberty, equality, and fraternity with intellectual and aesthetic ideals. The remark, and others like it, which float in our buoyant American air, could hardly come from any country but our own. Reading the records of early days, of the endeavor, the aspirations of the founders of our country, and watching in-

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numerable manifestations of life, east, west, north, and south, we are forced to realize that our national creed has had wholly unexpected, and not always happy, results. Urged on by a desire to secure rightness of condition for the many, justice among men, our ancestors looked forward to a fairer commonwealth where no man should be oppressed. They hardly foresaw the effect of their doctrine in a new attitude toward men's feeling, judgment, or dreamed for the future anything so disastrous as the triumphant conviction prevalent to-day that one man's opinion is as good as another's, with the threatened loss of standards inherent in this belief.

Doubtless out of the struggle for liberty and equality has come our sheep-like tendency, our longing to be gathered into one aesthetic or intellectual fold. One must not protest, of course, against the desire of the young to look alike, act alike, dress alike, resulting in so precise a similarity in thousands upon thousands of the new generation that one might imagine them a manufactured product, turned out with a stamp by some gigantic machine. Fashion lays all low in whatsoever country, and the passion for sameness in dress is not so extraordinary nor so deplorable as a curious levelling tendency manifest here in standards of thought and of action. The desire shown, the country over, to be alike in ways of thinking and of appreciation would suggest that one article in our national creed had defeated another, and that, however far we may have gone in achieving equality, we are far, very far from achieving liberty. In the community at large, in schools, in colleges we are slaves to the fear of being unlike the others, and no Clarkson, no Wilberforce rises to break the fetters of the human soul, as the fetters binding the human body were broken. The country over, we thrill to the same cheap oratory; the standardized prettiness of our magazine covers triumphantly sweeps the land; best sellers delight us because they are best sellers.

Even in institutions of learning, if I may so designate our colleges, the young are, as a rule, ashamed of intellectual distinction, concealing any unusual interest in things of the mind, feeling that they have disgraced their families if they win Phi Beta Kappa, hiding artistic ability as if it were a sign of shame. There is certainly an idea abroad among us in America, and especially astir in the hearts of the young, that to see a bit farther, to hold one's standard a bit higher than one's fellows, is not being a good sport, as if some advantage were being taken in the great game. He who

betrays finer appreciation or unusual insight is as one playing with marked cards.

Undoubtedly this is, in part, the effect of a new generosity. When we take our place in the long list of the prehistoric, in line with the Stone Age, the Age of Bronze, and other ages which have had their day, as we are having ours, we shall doubtless be known as the Chemical Age. Yet if periods were named, not for the weapons which men used, or the material for fashioning household equipment, but for their inner trend of life, this would perhaps be known as the Age of Sympathy. For that vast awakening to the needs, the suffering of others, in progress for a century and a half, no one can be too grateful. It is almost as limitless, as many-sided as human life itself, this new discernment of another's woes, this penetrative understanding of another's need, this swift effort to help. Everywhere is a literature of sympathy, pleas for the oppressed in mine and in factory; sympathy of working man for working man, of pal for pal, of criminal for criminal, even of good man for good man. It is, preeminently, the mark of our advance, this extension of one's interest beyond the narrow bounds of one's own, this ability to put oneself into another's place. So great is our pride in the breaking of the old Puritan sternness, when cruelty often masqueraded as righteousness, that one hesitates to speak questioningly, yet there is cause for fear in this extreme, possibly as great as the other.

All great gifts have peril in their holding. Sympathy is almost the most beautiful thing in the world, but it is also the most dangerous, to be cherished with prayer and fasting and heart searching. All lofty places are fraught with hazard; standing on them it may be well to remember the depth to which we must plunge. The greater the height, the greater the possible fall, and this supreme human attribute carries with it a supreme menace. Hearts of great saints meet in this great accord, but sympathy for one another, loyalty to one another is also one of the most marked characteristics of thieves. With one's brother, yes, our whole modern hope is here, but with one's brother on the downward path is a different story. Keeping step is highly desirable, but one has to remember not only the union, but the direction of the step. Triumphant democracy will do well to recall that ancient, picturesque, yet accurate statement of spiritual truth, that broad is the path leading to destruction, and many feet in unison go down it together. Are

we forgetting entirely the direction of our step in the feeling that all will be well because we are altogether?

Narrow the way,—just as narrow as ever,—that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find time to look for it: we have so many engagements now-a-days!

One welcomes this new sympathy, much of it at least; one recognizes it as, in part, a consequence of that determination toward justice in which our civic history began. Increasingly we thrill to the finer hope of a liberty, equality, and fraternity, wherein all human beings shall have their rights and their privileges; yet, looking the country over, observing the present condition of things, we are aware of something subtly wrong. The new generosity in spirit is not matched in practice; our deeds limp haltingly behind our facile emotions. That likeness, kinship, sameness of which we are aware in listening to public speakers, reading the printed word, hearing the conversation of our fellows in mart, market place, and on the street, this one stamp of idea and manner, reaching from Maine to California, disappears when we fix our attention on material things. Turning from the intangible to the tangible, from men's thoughts and feelings to their possessions, the similarity vanishes; one is aware in the spectacle of life in our land of hideous contrasts, of a something, in spite of the vast increase in human sympathy, unfulfilled in the hope of the world. No royalty-ridden country of Europe can show more appalling differences between wealth and poverty, more appalling inequalities in the matter of food, clothing, and material things. The question inevitably arises as to whether the levelling has not been in the wrong place, whether the sharing has not been of the wrong things, whether we have not become free and equal in the wrong way. We have pooled our ideas, our standards, and have clung fast to our material possessions; that which should be kept sacred and individual, our ideals and aspirations, we have tossed into the general store, while we have clung tightly to that which should have been shared. Our only communism is a commonness of thought and of belief, a lack of standards. Men and women who pride themselves on the exclusive foods they eat, on the individual distinctiveness of the cut of their clothing, yet thrill to the same cheap eloquence of the stump orator, and are content, by way of diversion, with the crude emotional appeal and the distorted lines of the same moving pictures. In matters where there should be difference, constant personal effort

to work out standards, to bring to bear upon the mass the impress of higher endeavor, thought, feeling,—that right development of individuality which is the goal of democracy, and the hope at the heart of Christianity,—mass opinions are substituted for finer individual judgments; mob psychology invades our standards. It is not the unique jewels, the priceless fur coats, the automobiles that cannot be duplicated, but souls that are thrown into the melting pot.

All this is sad, but undeniable; who can tell the reasons? Perhaps it means that we are but following the line of least resistance; it is easier to give up standards than it is to give up bodily comforts and luxuries; moreover, the excellent is more difficult to discern in the world of thought and of spiritual endeavor than in the "emporium." The truth is that we have grown to have a certain fear of standards, both of thought and of action, because they are above the comprehension of the many; while we delight in outstripping Brown, Jones, and Robinson in the matter of wearing apparel, and glory in getting the better of them, even through a little trickery, in business, we do not want to have any ideas or ideals which these fellow human beings do not share. We are shamefaced in owning a loftier aspiration, a finer insight, and hide the better man within us under a hail-fellow-well-met manner, and bluff Yankee speech, preferably slangy, or a bit ungrammatical. There are moments when one wonders whether we have not wholly mistaken the point of that great endeavor in which our country had its birth; our forefathers struggled to break the rule of force, so that spirit might be free to rule. I cannot believe that they wished to eliminate leadership; rather, they severed bonds in order to let real leaders emerge and take their rightful places. In our deification of the average man we defeat their high intent, and prevent the future. We must outgrow our naïve and childish fear,—whether it mean recognition in others or cultivation in ourselves,—of that which is beyond the mass, if we are ever to achieve anything of value, morally, politically, or in the world of art and of letters. When liberty and equality get into our intellectual and aesthetic standards, the result is intellectual and aesthetic chaos. All men's judgments may be free, but they can never, please God, be equal.

Whether or not our present condition is the inevitable result of democracy we do not know; historians have suggested that it is by way of democracies that civilizations go out. If democracy is, as we believe, a glorious opportunity, the best solution that has

been found for the problem of human rule, it is also a great and perilous experiment for the human soul, full of a fatal impulsion toward levelling down. Its watchword may be a golden thread leading us to the very heart of God, or a trail ending in a quicksand where aspiration, endeavor, higher hope go down. Its subtle menace was as apparent in ancient as in modern times. We should pause, in our triumphant praise of democracy, to recall the fact that an ancient democracy put to death its greatest philosopher, Socrates, for proclaiming, in an age enchanted with the sophist conviction that this man's idea and that man's idea were the measure of things, and all that men could know of truth,—a belief in the existence of universal standards of excellence, standards of truth, of conduct, objective, enduring, different from the mere subjective judgment, the momentary whim, conviction, impulse, of this person or that.

Thinking of our period, thinking of our own country, one realizes that, in our present self-complacence is the measure of our failure, in our persistent belief that a deeper faith, a higher conviction cannot be true, because our neighbors do not believe them to be true. We are tolerant of our fellow sophist, and gladly grant him a freedom as great as our own, but there is something lacking in the programme of both of us. Tolerance is undoubtedly a virtue, but not sufficient as the sole basis of a civilization, into which, if it is to endure, must be mortised not only negative but positive virtues, knowledge, wisdom, faith, and unshrinking conviction as to the difference between right and wrong.

As for the future, it is fairly evident where we are going to get tolerance, where we are going to get sympathy, but where are we going to get standards to guide mind and soul? The young *are* the future, and, in the unwillingness of the young to admit a gift or to confess an aspiration not shared by the crowd, we see the most menacing aspect of our contemporary tendency. Full of generosity to one another, of desire not to be conspicuous, they yet betray, these children of triumphant democracy, a certain spiritual short-sightedness. Perhaps the trouble comes from thinking too much in terms of things, of confusing intellectual superiority and high inner endeavor with delicacies pleasing to the palate at the human banquet, with choice bits of sweet, in regard to which the young are perhaps more scrupulous than their elders as to claiming more than their share. There is a mistake here, for there is a

fundamental difference between standards of life, intellectual, moral, spiritual, artistic, and chocolate creams. In any assembled company one does not want more than one's share of these; so should it be with all material things. But generosity in matters of mind and spirit is a different thing; it is a very energy of life, showing itself in search for hid treasure, the finder, the darer, being under stern obligation to seek out and share with his fellows what perhaps he only could discover; it may be a lone search for lost trails, for the higher trail, that others may follow after.

He who shirks the responsibility of the greater gift, the keener insight, betrays a species of mental obliquity, a lack of vision. In striving toward excellence, winning it, there is something impersonal; aspiration is not necessarily vanity, genuine aspiration never; the attainment of the fine and high in thought and in conduct should be for the sake of that ever clearer discernment of the better whereby the race measures its inner growth. Refusing to try to win, because all may not win together, may not the very conception of the fine and high vanish? In this scruple, this hesitation to put forth one's utmost, there is fallacy, subtle and insidious, a thinking about people, rather than about intellectual or spiritual excellence. The quest of the greater, the unattained, represents no selfish claim; absolute self-forgetfulness may come in winning toward the goal; honestly facing the greatest, one loses sight of the ego. It is a mistaken sympathy which means thinking of oneself and the other man, rather than of that which draws attention from both to something higher. Here is failure to discover the presence of anything but individuals in our cosmos, the many, not the One.

Stern is the obligation to search beyond one's self and one's neighbor, in order to find stepping-stones leading to high places. One must do more than understand one's brother, and put oneself in his place; one must love him deeply enough to hurt him, if necessary, by failing to acquiesce in his present programme. It is a duty, not only to keep step with one's fellow, but to try to hasten that step. One must understand his possibilities, help keep quick and alive the principle of growth in him, help him discern a something beyond his or one's own present attainment. There must be something deeper than surface sympathy that pities his wrongs, profounder than that sympathy with the lesser self which holds potential menace, cutting off the future; there must be sympathy at times like a keen-edged, naked sword, piercing to the very heart of his lack or limita-

tion, as self-scrutiny pierces to one's own, cutting off all that hampers or keeps back. Without this higher sympathy one does not, in truth, understand one's brother at all.

The business of a true citizen of a democracy is to search out continually better and better standards of thought and of conduct, to carry on, worthily, in the face of new challenge, the effort of our forefathers, to justify the open road of freedom. The impact of mind on mind, of soul on soul, in a land where thought and speech are free, ought to mean, not a levelling down but a levelling up, each individual soul doing its utmost, by stern endeavor, by searching the ways of truth and beauty through life, to render its own individual interpretation, a something no other human soul could do, of possibilities of higher existence.

If mediaeval saint and Indian mystic of to-day err on the side of too exclusive contemplation of the Principle of Excellence,—too steady a gaze meaning, perhaps, a blinding of the eyes; if, thus, human sympathies shrivel, and one deep path of wisdom and understanding, knowledge of the human heart, of the facts of life, of human experience, the way of the Lord through human lives, be closed,—this excess is still no excuse for our closing our eyes to that other glorious way of the Lord, the long and splendid dream of human aspiration, the unwearied striving toward the best, the contemplation of the beauty of the Lord our God.

Of the great behests, Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and soul and mind, and love thy neighbor as thyself, the former was given first.

There is one simple, but absolute condition of growth, after the soul has become conscious of itself, the stern and constant measuring of oneself by something higher than oneself, rather than the excusing of one's defects and limitations because one's neighbors also have theirs. Our chief human business is, in truth, a discerning of values, all life being but a process of selection and refusal. Life without constant challenge of the higher is not life at all, nor subject to the laws of physical and spiritual development, as ancient intuition and modern logic have revealed them.

We must search out excellence, through great personalities, great artistic achievements, great faiths, gaining, by contemplation of the highest reach of thought and conduct of individuals, in different times and different places, a constantly enlarging intellectual and spiritual apprehension. Working on the stuff that human life

has wrought out, the best that the long struggle, the undying creative impulse have evolved, gaining acquaintance with great thought, great feeling, great men, we shall be constantly revising our idea concerning that which is excellent. Thus, measuring by great personalities, great deeds, great faiths, we shall at last discern more clearly the white light of truth, of which these are the breaking. Following the ways of those other neighbors of other times and other countries, thinkers, statesmen, creators of any kind, we shall learn some measure for our own self-assertion. Pebble, Colorado, must learn to make obeisance to the Uffizzi and the Louvre.

It is in contemplating human life and human thought at their greatest that we realize how inadequate our new standard of sympathy proves as a statement of the whole human case. This kindliness, this feeling for humanity which we are achieving, means great gain, but, in the very measure of our preoccupation with our contemporary fellow-man, there is danger, grave cause for fear lest, in learning to understand my brother, I lose desire or power to understand anything else. There may be farther reaches of the human soul than are manifest in my brother. This making the individual, the mere human characteristic the measure of excellence, putting the personality, the qualities of this man or that in place of a loftier conception, to whose formation all high thought and great deeds contribute, is a dangerous process; this great gust of common thinking may be the wind that blows civilization out. Another loyalty is necessary, loyalty to a higher ideal, a something beyond and above you, me, and those about us.

Fear God-Barebones could do great good among us now.

We are, in truth, face to face with the old problem of the many and the one, the need of the single, the perfect, the one to strain toward. Unless we take heed, in our content with present achievements and present ideas, we shall lose the challenge of the forever unsatisfied within us, the sense of something, in every aspect of thought and conduct, yet to be attained. We must not forget, for no aspect of modern development can compensate for this loss, the search of the religious instinct out of the worship of many gods toward the One; the search of the philosopher for the secret, the one, that will explain the manifold, that which the Greek Plato conceived as the Idea of Perfect Beauty, the Hebrew in his reverential thought of the Lord our God.

To tell the truth, we are in the throes of a new polytheism, forgetting the conception of oneness, which is the fundamental basis of belief of religious teacher, prophet, and philosopher. It is a new and dangerous polytheism, this worship of Brown, Jones, and Robinson; one misses in it something of the spirituality of one's father's faith; Brown, Jones, and Robinson after all go only so far.

The young say that the spiritual sense is as strong as ever, that it has gone into good works, the desire to serve. This is undoubtedly good, yet we need something to cut through our present complacency in our own good works, our tendency to look the country over and congratulate the age on having arrived, now when everything is being done for everybody who suffers, as if we all, in devoting ourselves to some measure or other of physical relief, had wholly met our eternal obligations. Yet surely we need something beyond; the manifold ideas and ideals regarding service,—this too a polytheism,—cannot fill the human heart and soul, direct and hold the human spirit, any more than the many gods of Greece could permanently hold the human spirit. In all their beauty, their manifold beauty, they failed.

This ethical polytheism, though it goes a bit farther than the worship of our contemporaries, is too many-sided to afford the necessary knitting up and centralizing of human thought and aspiration. Nor can self-engendered and self-directed ideas of duty, of service, fine, high, admirable though they may be, ever content us. There is that within the human soul which yearns for something beyond; only the Infinite can satisfy. For the true fulfillment of life we must find something better to worship than our own immediate neighbors, or our own Good Deeds.

SIX-CYLINDER ETHICS[1]

STUART CHASE

IT IS recorded that a certain advertising agency offered a reward of five hundred dollars to anyone on its staff who could secure the name of a very great lady in New York society as an indorser of a toilet preparation which the agency was handling. A young woman after several gallant attempts received the prize, amid the applause of her colleagues. The bait that she offered the matron was five thousand dollars; and her argument was to the effect that while the great lady did not need the money herself, the five thousand dollars would be very useful to help meet the constant appeals for charity with which all great ladies are deluged. What was a name and a picture against a Lady Bountiful helping as never before to bind up the broken hearted? The lady signed on the dotted line, and a million lesser ladies shortly learned the happy news that an idol of Fifth Avenue used daily the compound that was to be purchased in any drug store. As a matter of fact, she never used it, and never intended to.

In the winter of 1925 there was held a fashion show in New York City. Across the brilliantly lighted hall passed mannikin after mannikin, gowned and hatted to the second. Particularly hatted, as the milliners were underwriting the exhibit. A committee of distinguished artists watched the mannikins and scored them according to the beauty of their hats, their faces, their figures, and the rest of their costumes, if any. The winners were to be found in rotogravure sections the country over, the following Sunday. A committee of distinguished society women, headed by the Duchess of Richelieu, sponsored the occasion. The whole enterprise was the creation of an astute counsel on public relations who had been called in by desperate milliners to avert a tragedy. The tragedy lay in the fact that American women were buying cheap and deplorably durable felt hats, instead of the feathers and laces and

[1] From *The Forum*, January, 1928. Reprinted by permission of the author and the publishers.

ribbons dictated at once by fashion and duty. So the distinguished artists and the distinguished society women recalled them to their duty, the milliners began to sell more ribbons, the counsel on public relations received his honorarium, and everybody was happy. Save possibly a few millions of women who could ill afford the higher priced hats.

These cases can be duplicated with a hundred variations in a score of fields. They are so common that they may be regarded as normal behavior. Only an antediluvian would raise any question of ethics in respect to them. A woman sells her name, her picture, and a lie for five thousand dollars; a group of artists sell their professional integrity to help milliners stamp out felt hats—well, what of it? *For Gawd's sake, what of it? This is a free country, isn't it? They got away with it, didn't they? Apple-sauce! You ought to be ridin' in a herdic.*

Perhaps one ought. For the last speaker has all the weight of the ruling folkways behind him. His is the authentic voice of the herd, which, throughout all the records of anthropology, decrees that what is, is right. Before that sovereign law, one bows one's head. But it may not be altogether unprofitable to describe this new code of ethics which has won its way rather suddenly as such things go, and almost without our conscious knowledge, and to compare it with other codes which have been displaced.

In the last generation, the technical arts have built an industrial plant capable of producing goods a great deal faster than purchasing power has been released to absorb them. As an inevitable result, the world of business has shifted its accent from producing to selling. The great and pressing problem has been how to dispose of the volume of articles which mass production has made possible. Hence the higher salesmanship, advertising, sales quotas, the shattering of sales resistance, go-getters, the discovery of Jesus of Nazareth as the first advertising man, courses on the development of personality, pie charts, maps with red, orange, and violet pins, closing men, contact men, sucker lists, full line forcing, direct mail appeals, trade association drives, Paint Up Week, the conversion of real estate men into realtors, the conversion of advertising men into counsels on public relations, the conversion of undertakers into morticians. (One awaits expectantly the inauguration of a Get Buried Oftener Week.)

High speed selling has been so essential (with no fundamental change in the money and credit structure) and so universal, that it has profoundly affected both related and distant fields. Thus the clergy have taken over the technique in great numbers, and urge us to church with posters, sky signs, dodgers, and even veiled hints of sermons garnished with sex appeal. The charity organizations, the colleges, and the Y. M. C. A. yield to none in the consummate skill with which they sell the public their plans for new buildings, endowments, and the wherewithal to appease bigger and better breadlines. No politician worthy of the name is to be found without his publicity agent, endlessly busy on the job of selling the statesman to his customers. No respectable captain of industry fails to retain a counsel on public relations to sell his personality, his shiny new dimes, his marvelous whiskers, his throbbing brain, his great open heart, to the free citizens of the greatest republic ever heard of. Giant corporations sell at once the hind quarters of beef and a special brand of good will, as evidenced by full page spreads describing their worthy plans for the distribution of stock to their employees, or a glimpse at their welfare departments, or a modest appraisal of their secure niche upon the great scrolls of science. While the managers of tabloid newspapers will sell their movables, their shirts, their wives, their honor, and the immortal souls of themselves and their employees, for another fifty thousand circulation.

For better or for worse, we have entered the Age of the Salesman. The final objective of the salesman is to put it across, to get away with it, to secure the order. The signature on the dotted line becomes the Supreme Good. It follows that any methods involved in this consummation, are, *ipso facto,* good methods. The new ethics is thus built on the ability to get away with it, by whatever means.

Perhaps another reason for the change is to be found in the increasing interdependence and specialization of the means of livelihood. It is all very well for a self-supporting farmer to tell his tempters to get behind him, but how about a clerk in a bank, or a machine hand in a cotton factory? To such the doctrine of the main chance is part and parcel of the law of economic survival. To voice sturdy and independent opinions is tantamount to losing one's job. Where is one to find another? The most elementary common sense accordingly forces the taking of the cowl of the yes man. And for a yes man to have a sense of honor is unthinkable.

Finally, the sheer multiplication of the means of communication, particularly the telephone, the press, and the radio, has raised to the nth power both the demands made upon persons in the public eye, and the facilities for amplifying their pronouncements. The sense of speaking to 20,000,000 breakfast tables, to 4,000,000 subway riders, or into 10,000,000 receiving sets, is more than human nature, guided by the old ethics, can stand. There remains nothing golden about silence, figuratively, or practically, in the face of such unparalleled opportunities to inflate the ego.

By way of contrast let us glance briefly at some of the articles of the code which salesmanship and the doctrine of getting away with it, displaces. For want of a better title, it might be termed the code of the freeman and the gentleman. Among its major tenets are, or were:

To stand on one's own feet—without the aid of spokesmen, official or otherwise.

To hold one's honor unpurchasable, whether the bribe be fame, advancement, or cold cash. As between dishonor and starvation, to starve.

To make one's word as good as one's bond.

To build friendships on the basis of love and affection, rather than on the basis of what one can get out of it.

To shake hands, to greet, to wish Godspeed, and to speak kindly, without an ulterior motive based on cash considerations.

To criticize forcibly, directly, and passionately, if need be, without let or hindrance based on cash considerations or any considerations whatsoever.

To make honest goods and honestly to describe them—with no higher duties toward sales resistance at all.

To be modest, both in respect to one's achievements and one's goods, on the sound psychological premise that no reliability can attach to one's judgment of one's self. It has taken, at a conservative estimate, ten billion dollars' worth of advertising to uproot and utterly to destroy that premise in the public mind, but the job has been done. It is now, if you please, our duty to pat—nay, thwack—ourselves upon the back, as noisily, as frequently, and as expensively as possible.

Even to recite this ancient code, is to invite an odor of lavender and musk. It brings a tear, but it is quite, quite dead. Yet these are the imperatives which the generation that is now entering middle

age took in with its mother's milk. While still courtesied to in theory, it is as extinct as the dodo in the tangible practice of the great majority of adult, male Americans. A few white haired old gentlemen in the Back Bay, in Richmond, in Charleston, a very substantial, but declining, body of independent farmers, a handful of kindly faced country storekeepers still revere the ancient code and honestly try to act upon it. But no living specimens survive in either New York or Chicago, and for practical purposes it is unknown in any up and coming urban center. Floral Heights will have none of it; Main Street is shifting to six-cylinder ethics with incredible rapidity.

"Sell thyself" rather than "Know thyself" is the categorical imperative of the age. And the end of that selling is always and forever to be reckoned in thirty pieces of silver or its multiples.

The ethics of the merchant have been under suspicion since time out of mind. In many civilized communities down the ages, the business man has been placed rather below than above the house servant, when grading the professions. Never, until the industrial revolution, did he reach the top of the heap. That his dubious notions of what constitutes honorable conduct should ever come to dominate a great nation would have been frankly inconceivable to any philosopher before 1900. Even such a doubtful moralist as Napoleon, rather than calling them pigs, went even lower and called the English shopkeepers.

In an atmosphere of well-nigh universal opprobrium, one cannot blame the merchants and the manufacturers of the nineteenth century for seeking to get out of the ruck. In England, many of them succeeded, and in the finest conceivable way—by introducing the code of the gentleman into their business transactions. Closely they dealt, but honorably. A generation ago, no small number of American business houses were aware of the Forsyte method, and took pride in a service honorably performed, a house honorably built, a sound article honorably sold—and did not vent that pride to all the world, at space rates.

But it has been difficult for honor and decency to subsist against both the age-long tradition of commerce and the terrific pressure engendered by mass production and a failing purchasing power. The philosophy of the main chance is thus still paramount in business, but instead of receiving the shrugs of the citizenry as heretofore, it

now receives their shouts and applause; while every walk of life, from hod carrier to President, asks no more of God than the ability to emulate it. And so we have great ladies and great artists selling lies, counterfeit opinions, dishonorable indorsements, hack prose, hack pictures, or what have you, to any huckster that comes along whose words are sweet, whose check is large, and whose promise of publicity is unlimited. There is no sense of dishonor, we repeat, for everybody is doing it. It has been welded into the custom of the times.

They are doing it in so many ways that to describe the operations of the new ethics in any detail would fill a library. We can but observe briefly a few of the more outstanding exhibits.

Take for instance the rapid development of the phenomenon known to the trade as "ghost writing." This art, as practiced by a horde of bright young men and women, consists in the preparation of books, magazine articles, statements, speeches, and broadsides for the signature or delivery of dignitaries and celebrities—real and bogus—who employ the bright young persons. Thus captains of industry, moving picture sirens, famous murderesses, department store magnates, Mrs. Peaches Browning, elder statesmen, rush into print, or out upon platforms, with autobiographies, diaries, reminiscences, current comment, warnings, prophecies, and portents, not a word of which has come from their own pens, and Heaven and their secretaries alone know how much from their own brains. In this manner the personalities of both men of genuine talent and of stuffed shirts are lubricated in a common stream of standardized publicity, buttered with secondhand phrases, and made as monstrous and alien as any Mayan idol buried in the forests of Yucatan. They cease to be fallible human beings, susceptible to intelligent appraisal, and become corporate entities, with a good will valuation based on the publicity investment, and issues of preferred, common, and management shares, just around the corner. Who would not subscribe to a few shares in Charles M. Schwab, Inc., at 110 and accrued interest?

It took Mr. Ivy Lee hardly five short years to transform Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Senior, from an agent of Mephisto, to a kindly old gentleman, showering his caddies with dimes. Name your mask, and a reliable agent can be found to sell it to the country, doubtless on installment payments if you so desire.

Furthermore, a curious theory is held to apply to the whole

phenomenon. It is universally held that the cardinal requirement is to keep one's name in the headlines, regardless of whether the comment be favorable or unfavorable. No opportunity for free publicity, whatever its nature, is to be disregarded. This is axiomatic.

Consider the fundamental technique of advertising goods. (The word "goods" is euphonious, a quaint survival of the ancient code.) A manufacturer of God knows what retains an agency to market his product. Short of opium and the more deadly varieties of arsenic, the agency accepts the mandate with enthusiasm. Competition being what it is, clients are not to be found behind every bush. The problem is to break down consumer resistance to the product. The common citizen, by hook or by crook, must be made to want it, demand it, wake up at night and cry for it. In the struggle, all the sometime considerations of ordinary decency and humanity are thrown to the winds. The assault is founded upon the latest clinical and laboratory findings of psychology. No up-to-date advertising agency would think of doing business without the assistance of a staff of psychologists of the highest scientific attainments.

The product is considered, and the agency and its experts run down the table of available chords upon which to play. Shall it be snob copy, keeping up with the Joneses, an appeal to class prejudice, vanity, shame (halitosis), the accusing finger of scorn, the dear old flag, flattery, envy, fear (four-out-of-five), home and mother, greed, the pathetic desire for cultural advancement, or sex appeal? (The last type of copy is selling goods faster than any other technique at the present time.) These carefully prepared and doctored impulses, in the hands of trained canvassers and agents, and on a million printed advertisements, billboards, and letters, are frequently no fairer to the consumer than had the seller hit him over the head with a club, left a bottle of colored tap water beside him, and picked his pocket. The nearer the patient approaches a state of complete hypnosis, the more signal the honor to the advertiser.

Here are the instructions of an advertising manager to Mrs. Helen Woodward when she was preparing to write copy for an infants' food, as recounted in her recent book (she wrote it herself) *Through Many Windows:*

> As for this baby-food, for God's sake put some sob-stuff in it. You know. And make it beautiful, too. Make it

beautiful, make the words sing. Heavens! There isn't a woman that cares about facts. That kind of stuff you write for the *Woman's Home Companion*, that's what gets 'em. Tears! Make 'em weep!

That this technique sells goods is not to be denied. Often, indeed, it sells goods of excellent quality, reasonably priced. But caught in this net of primitive stimulus and response, the consumer is stripped of all standards of judgment, his native sense is overwhelmed with psychological reactions which reduce him almost to an automatic idiot, and he never knows whether the thing he buys is worth the money he pays for it, whether it is a good product ridiculously overpriced, or whether it is just so much junk. The advertising agency applies the same laws in selling the sound with the shoddy, and in the hurly-burly there is no court of appeal. How many manufacturers have gone cascading to eternity because their goods were better than their advertising? And how many jerry-builders taken up residence on Park Avenue?

A concern manufacturing roofing paper accumulated large stocks during the War hoping to sell the material to the government. The Bureau of Standards tested the product and found it far below quality requirements. Nothing daunted, the concern dumped the whole inventory on the general public by means of a well-engineered advertising campaign. They put it over. Good for them. Who is there to raise a word of criticism or objection—save possibly the vendees of the condemned roofing paper?

The significant fact, furthermore, is not the plight of the consumer upon whom is unloaded a misrepresented product, but the calm, nay cheerful acceptance by the advertising copy writer, of the chance to further the unloading. Instead of avoiding the opportunity as the ethics of the professional man have heretofore dictated, he accepts it eagerly, almost reverently, as a challenge to his ability to put it across. There is no higher crown than the simple motto: "P. S. He got the job."

Consider the million tangled trails girdling the country with indirect impulses to buy. How much did the florists have to do with the establishing of Mothers' Day? How much did the paint manufacturers have to do with the establishment of Clean Up Week?

Can you identify a "contact man" when he stands you a drink in your club or turns up at a week-end party or joins a theatre party of your friends? Do you know who is paying for his clothes

and his Harvard accent, and what he is trying to sell? Do you know what sucker lists you are on, and how much your name is worth on the open market to buyers of sucker lists? Do you know what private arrangements are behind the ostensibly fearless and independent book reviews you scan, and the number of drops of perspiration lost by publishers in consummating those arrangements? Do you know if the entertaining and instructive articles you read in the popular magazines are the honest opinions of their authors, or made to order merchandise, guaranteed to offend no advertiser, at so much a word?

Do you know by what means, and for what end, a certain tabloid newspaper forced the sovereign state of New Jersey to reopen the Hall-Mills case? Do you know what the selection of college presidents, skilled in the snaring of endowments, is doing to education? Do you know—if you live in New York—that the surgeon who takes out your appendix probably splits the fee with the doctor who recommended the operation? Do you know who engineers the changes in the style of clothes that you buy and the relentless principles upon which that engineering is based?

Do you know the "Mothers' Club" game in selling children's books from door to door? Do you know how many trade associations are organized at the present time to make you anything from halitosis to sauerkraut conscious? Do you know a tithe of the hidden forces allied to somebody's balance sheet which lie back of the publicity you scan, the news that you read, the pictures that you see? Do you know a gold digger when you meet one?

Business principles, having become the higher good, are embraced by all the world of labor. If there is a wageworker left alive who does not operate on the sovereign rule of all the traffic will bear, he should be put in a museum and preserved for posterity to boggle at. Giving the boss the minimum of work which will get by is exactly what the boss gives to his customers, and is so understandable, and perhaps not altogether deplorable. What is deplorable—yea, tragic—from the standpoint of the older ethics, is the collapse of the standards of workmanship which so frequently accompanies this wholesale adoption of businesslike principles. Again, it is not so much the effect on the wood or the metal—though the sheer waste of good, raw material runs into staggering totals—but the effect on the man who has lost all pride in the work of his hands. To tear from one's inner motivation the spirit of craftsman-

ship and the pride of work, is almost to destroy the very fabric of character, the very meaning of life itself.

A girl swims the English channel, a boy flies from New York to Paris, another becomes the greatest half-back ever known. Is there any limit to the callous proposals for capitalizing the achievement and so dragging these children into the dirt? Under the muddy boots of hucksters, the carved beauty of their deeds is trampled and disfigured. A brave and gallant spirit is flung into a sideshow and made to grimace and clown; to act when he is no actor; to write when he is no writer; to indorse cheeses and soaps and cigarettes that he has never touched; to play the fool for all the world to gape and titter at. And for this bottomless indignity, a bag of gold is universally held to balance the account in full. He, and the procurers who have exposed him for sale, have cleaned up big, and every requirement of the six-cylinder code has been met.

Have you looked into the eyes of the young men with the old faces who droop, smoking, from every doorway along Times Square and Broadway on a summer evening? Is there one of them, poor devil, who has not his price, in three figures? They only follow in miniature the Hon. Albert B. Fall, whose only fault lay in the fact that he did not quite get away with it.

And on all fours with this behavior is the conscious and deliberate fostering of arrested mental development, the writing down to the moron level, of the business men who run the tabloids, the movies, the true confession magazines, the radio. Such entrepreneurs recognize no responsibility whatever for trying to raise the level of popular education through the stupendous and unparalleled forces at their disposal. If more money is to be made by promoting the mass production of imbeciles, their mandate under the new ethics is clear. Make it.

Finally we have to record what is perhaps the most curious and the most significant item in the whole phenomenon of changing ethics—the ever growing number of barrels of holy water with which business is being sprinkled—nay, drenched. Commerce is taking upon itself all the sanctions of the church, and so slowly but surely transforming its common street behavior into a semisacred cult whose rituals are not to be profaned.

Witness for instance the pious historical labors of Mr. Bruce Barton and the phenomenal sale of his book, *The Man Nobody*

Knows. He discovers the welcome fact that the founder of Christianity was also the founder of the arts of selling and advertising. Here was the first man who knew how To Put It Across Big. Sober citizens the nation over read this book by the hundreds of thousands and nod their heads in approval. To them there is no longer any distinction between the ringing call of a prophet and the ringing call of a soap factory. The ringing is all that counts.

We note the Ten Commandments for Retail Dealers, widely distributed among shopkeepers. Commandment the first begins:

"Thou shalt love thy business, and it only shalt thou serve."

The identification of God with the cash register could hardly be more complete. So instant was the success of this new decalogue that other merchants' associations have followed suit. Indeed, on our desk lies the Ten Commandments for Philatelic Wholesalers.

The whole gospel of "Service" is an attempt to identify religion with commercial enterprise. Instead of a normal, profit-seeking individual with an eye single to all the traffic will bear, the business man becomes, under the sanctions of this gospel, a Servant to the People, a Washer of Feet at the Banquet, a Benefactor of Humanity, or what have you.

The Hon. Charles D. Marckles welcomes the Northwestern Lumbermen's Association into the everlasting arms with these words:

> As I sometimes wonder about the problem of life, and the reason we lumbermen are permitted to enjoy the blessings of this earth, the thought has come to me that we are expected to do something more than accumulate wealth for ourselves. . . . I sometimes think that our real purpose is to build, and create the desire to build, homes for the people. . . . When we stand before the Great Judge he will say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servants. As you have provided homes on earth for my children, even so I have provided a home for you where everlasting happiness and eternal peace shall be your reward in Heaven."

In the same strain is the speech of the Hon. Carl Weeks before the Rotary Club of Waterloo, Iowa:

> Men have sought to define what Rotary is—what is the secret of its hold upon man. I say Rotary is a manifestation of the divine.

While the chief editorial writer of the Chicago *Tribune* contributes the following:

> Just as Liberty Bonds, which have intrinsic value, are essential to the saving of the nation and of personal advantage to everyone who purchases them—but must nevertheless be urged upon the people; so the Bible must have back of it a group of men and women who will devote themselves to its general circulation.

In other words, sell the Bible as you sell Liberty Bonds, oil stock, or wall board.

To the older ethics this alliance between business and religion appears as cant and hypocrisy, but to the new it is accepted as sound and self-evident doctrine. The unbridgeable chasm between behavior animated by selfishness, however enlightened, and behavior animated by the true spirit of unselfish service—is utterly ignored.

To complete the picture, while business becomes more divine, the divines, following the dictum of the Chicago *Tribune*, become more businesslike, thus cementing the sacred bond. Here, for example, is the notice of a forthcoming sermon as announced by a pastor of New Kensington, Pennsylvania:

Listen Girls!

A BEAUTY SECRET THAT NEVER FAILS

This is the Sermon Topic
Sunday 7:45 P. M., First Baptist Church
Luxurious Hair—How to have it!
Keep that School-Girl Complexion!

Good Song Service Full Orchestra

The Rev. J. W. Ham speaking before the Roanoke, Virginia, Real Estate Board says, in part:

> Moses was a real estate man. He saw wonderful possibilities in Canaan. Quicker returns would come by developing Canaan than by fooling around in the deserts of Egypt.

The Rev. S. P. Weaver of West Bridgewater, Connecticut, offers five gallons of gasoline to the man or woman who brings the most people to church on Sunday. The title of his sermon is "Signs for

the Autoist." Not to be outdone, the pastor of the Methodist Church in Lauder, Pennsylvania, preaches on, "God's Selected Chauffeur." While the Rev. B. G. Hodge of Owensboro, Kentucky, takes the pulpit to speak on "Solomon, a Six-Cylinder Sport." All lit up with this inner glow, the business man proceeds upon his way, confident that whatever methods he employs to ease the customer of his money are, as it were, anointed methods. He serves. Furthermore, to do him no unwarranted injustice, it should be pointed out that the customer usually is also a disciple of the new ethics, equally intent on getting away with it, through whatever means may come to hand. Thus, as one big family, we cheerfully take whatever is not nailed down, on the highest moral grounds.

Enough of this speculative anthropology. The laws which govern the changes in the folkways are inscrutable, and no single commentator may hope to follow them with any accuracy. A tendency only has been recorded, and that with dubious verihood. It is more than time to get back to business.

A person whom the author knows as well as he knows himself goes to review a book which gives indirect stimulus to a young but aspiring industry. He is, this person, an accountant of sorts, as well as a writer. The review editor believes him independent, and desirous of describing the book. As a matter of fact he loathes the book, but a client (connected with the industry aforesaid), with his eye full of meaning, has asked him to review it favorably. The philosophy of putting it across demands it, the wife and kiddies expect it, his duty is clear.

And under the weight of the granite of a thousand churches, the iron of a million printing presses, the pulpwood of a billion newspapers bury the man who wrote:

> It matters not how strait the gate,
> How charged with punishment the scroll,
> I am the master of my fate,
> I am the captain of my soul.

THE ROOTS OF HONOR[1]

JOHN RUSKIN

I HAVE already alluded to the difference hitherto existing between regiments of men associated for purposes of violence, and for purposes of manufacture; in that the former appear capable of self-sacrifice—the latter, not; which singular fact is the real reason of the general lowness of estimate in which the profession of commerce is held, as compared with that of arms. Philosophically, it does not, at first sight, appear reasonable (many writers have endeavored to prove it unreasonable) that a peaceable and rational person, whose trade is buying and selling, should be held in less honor than an unpeaceable and often irrational person, whose trade is slaying. Nevertheless, the consent of mankind has always, in spite of the philosophers, given precedence to the soldier.

And this is right.

For the soldier's trade, verily and essentially, is not slaying, but being slain. This, without well knowing its own meaning, the world honors it for. A bravo's trade is slaying; but the world has never respected bravos more than merchants: the reason it honors the soldier is because he holds his life at the service of the State. Reckless he may be—fond of pleasure or of adventure—all kinds of bye-motives and mean impulses may have determined the choice of his profession, and may affect (to all appearance exclusively) his daily conduct in it; but our estimate of him is based on this ultimate fact—of which we are well assured—that, put him in a fortress breach, with all the pleasures of the world behind him, and only death and his duty in front of him, he will keep his face to the front; and he knows that this choice may be put to him at any moment, and has beforehand taken his part—virtually takes such part continually—does, in reality, die daily.

Not less is the respect we pay to the lawyer and physician, founded ultimately on their self-sacrifice. Whatever the learning or acute-

[1] From *Unto This Last,* 1862. The selection here used comprises the last third of the chapter, with the omission of the closing paragraph.

ness of a great lawyer, our chief respect for him depends on our belief that, set in a judge's seat, he will strive to judge justly, come of it what may. Could we suppose that he would take bribes, and use his acuteness and legal knowledge to give plausibility to iniquitous decisions, no degree of intellect would win for him our respect. Nothing will win it, short of our tacit conviction, that in all important acts of his life justice is first with him; his own interest, second.

In the case of a physician, the ground of the honor we render him is clearer still. Whatever his science, we should shrink from him in horror if we found him regard his patients merely as subjects to experiment upon; much more, if we found that, receiving bribes from persons interested in their deaths, he was using his best skill to give poison in the mask of medicine.

Finally, the principle holds with utmost clearness as it respects clergymen. No goodness of disposition will excuse want of science in a physician or of shrewdness in an advocate; but a clergyman, even though his power of intellect be small, is respected on the presumed ground of his unselfishness and serviceableness.

Now there can be no question but that the tact, foresight, decision, and other mental powers, required for the successful management of a large mercantile concern, if not such as could be compared with those of a great lawyer, general, or divine, would at least match the general conditions of mind required in the subordinate officers of a ship, or of a regiment, or in the curate of a country parish. If, therefore, all the efficient members of the so-called liberal professions are still, somehow, in public estimate of honor, preferred before the head of a commercial firm, the reason must lie deeper than in the measurement of their several powers of mind.

And the essential reason for such preference will be found to lie in the fact that the merchant is presumed to act always selfishly. His work may be very necessary to the community; but the motive of it is understood to be wholly personal. The merchant's first object in all his dealings must be (the public believe) to get as much for himself, and leave as little to his neighbor (or customer) as possible. Enforcing this upon him, by political statute, as the necessary principle of his action; recommending it to him on all occasions, and themselves reciprocally adopting it; proclaiming vociferously, for law of the universe, that a buyer's function is to cheapen, and a seller's to cheat,—the public, nevertheless, involun-

tarily condemn the man of commerce for his compliance with their own statement, and stamp him for ever as belonging to an inferior grade of human personality.

This they will find, eventually, they must give up doing. They must not cease to condemn selfishness; but they will have to discover a kind of commerce which is not exclusively selfish. Or, rather, they will have to discover that there never was, or can be, any other kind of commerce; that this which they have called commerce was not commerce at all, but cozening; and that a true merchant differs as much from a merchant according to laws of modern political economy, as the hero of the *Excursion* from Autolycus. They will find that commerce is an occupation which gentlemen will every day see more need to engage in, rather than in the businesses of talking to men, or slaying them: that, in true commerce, as in true preaching, or true fighting, it is necessary to admit the idea of occasional voluntary loss;—that sixpences have to be lost, as well as lives, under a sense of duty; that the market may have its martyrdoms as well as the pulpit; and trade its heroisms, as well as war.

May have—in the final issue, must have—and only has not had yet, because men of heroic temper have always been misguided in their youth into other fields, not recognizing what is in our days, perhaps, the most important of all fields; so that, while many a zealous person loses his life in trying to teach the form of a gospel, very few will lose a hundred pounds in showing the practice of one.

The fact is, that people never have had clearly explained to them the true functions of a merchant with respect to other people. I should like the reader to be very clear about this.

Five great intellectual professions, relating to daily necessities of life, have hitherto existed—three exist necessarily, in every civilized nation:

The Soldier's profession is to *defend* it.

The Pastor's, to *teach* it.

The Physician's, to *keep it in health.*

The Lawyer's, to *enforce justice* in it.

The Merchant's, to *provide* for it.

And the duty of all these men is, on due occasion, to *die* for it.

"On due occasion," namely:—

The Soldier, rather than leave his post in battle.

The Physician, rather than leave his post in plague.

The Pastor, rather than teach Falsehood.

The Lawyer, rather than countenance Injustice.

The Merchant—What is *his* "due occasion" of death?

It is the main question for the merchant, as for all of us. For, truly, the man who does not know when to die, does not know how to live.

Observe, the merchant's function (or manufacturer's, for in the broad sense in which it is here used the word must be understood to include both) is to provide for the nation. It is no more his function to get profit for himself out of that provision than it is a clergyman's function to get his stipend. The stipend is a due and necessary adjunct, but not the object, of his life, if he be a true clergyman, any more than his fee (or *honorarium*) is the object of life to a true physician. Neither is his fee the object of life to a true merchant. All three, if true men, have a work to be done irrespective of fee—to be done even at any cost, or for quite the contrary of fee; the pastor's function being to teach, the physician's to heal, and the merchant's, as I have said, to provide. That is to say, he has to understand to their very root the qualities of the thing he deals in, and the means of obtaining or producing it; and he has to apply all his sagacity and energy to the producing or obtaining it in perfect state, and distributing it at the cheapest possible price where it is most needed.

And because the production or obtaining of any commodity involves necessarily the agency of many lives and hands, the merchant becomes in the course of his business the master and governor of large masses of men in a more direct, though less confessed way, than a military officer or pastor; so that on him falls, in great part, the responsibility for the kind of life they lead: and it becomes his duty, not only to be always considering how to produce what he sells in the purest and cheapest forms, but how to make the various employments involved in the production, or transference of it, most beneficial to the men employed.

And as into these two functions, requiring for their right exercise the highest intelligence, as well as patience, kindness, and tact, the merchant is bound to put all his energy, so for their just discharge he is bound, as soldier or physician is bound, to give up, if need be, his life, in such way as it may be demanded of him. Two main points he has in his providing function to maintain: first, his engagements (faithfulness to engagements being the real root of all possi-

bilities in commerce); and, secondly, the perfectness and purity of the thing provided; so that, rather than fail in any engagement, or consent to any deterioration, adulteration, or unjust and exorbitant price of that which he provides, he is bound to meet fearlessly any form of distress, poverty, or labor, which may, through maintenance of these points, come upon him.

Again: in his office as governor of the men employed by him, the merchant or manufacturer is invested with a distinctly paternal authority and responsibility. In most cases, a youth entering a commercial establishment is withdrawn altogether from home influence; his master must become his father, else he has, for practical and constant help, no father at hand: in all cases the master's authority, together with the general tone and atmosphere of his business, and the character of the men with whom the youth is compelled in the course of it to associate, have more immediate and pressing weight than the home influence, and will usually neutralize it either for good or evil; so that the only means which the master has of doing justice to the men employed by him is to ask himself sternly whether he is dealing with such subordinate as he would with his own son, if compelled by circumstances to take such a position.

Supposing the captain of a frigate saw it right, or were by any chance obliged, to place his own son in the position of a common sailor; as he would then treat his son, he is bound always to treat every one of the men under him. So, also, supposing the master of a manufactory saw it right, or were by any chance obliged, to place his own son in the position of an ordinary workman; as he would then treat his son, he is bound always to treat every one of his men. This is the only effective, true, or practical RULE which can be given on this point of political economy.

And as the captain of a ship is bound to be the last man to leave his ship in case of wreck, and to share his last crust with the sailors in case of famine, so the manufacturer, in any commercial crisis or distress, is bound to take the suffering of it with his men, and even to take more of it for himself than he allows his men to feel; as a father would in a famine, shipwreck, or battle, sacrifice himself for his son.

THE CHINESE CHARACTER[1]

BERTRAND RUSSELL

THERE is a theory among Occidentals that the Chinaman is inscrutable, full of secret thoughts and impossible for us to understand. It may be that a greater experience of China would have brought me to share this opinion; but I could see nothing to support it during the time when I was working in that country. I talked to the Chinese as I should have talked to the English people, and they answered me much as English people would have answered a Chinese whom they considered educated and not wholly unintelligent. I do not believe in the myth of the "subtle Oriental": I am convinced that in a game of mutual deception an Englishman or an American can beat a Chinaman nine times out of ten. But, as many comparatively poor Chinese have dealings with rich white men, the game is often played only on one side. Then, no doubt, the white man is deceived and swindled; but not more than a Chinese mandarin would be in London.

One of the most remarkable things about Chinese is their power of securing the affections of foreigners. Almost all Europeans like China, both those who come only as tourists and those who live there for many years. In spite of the Anglo-Japanese alliance, I can recall hardly a single Englishman in the Far East who liked the Japanese as well as the Chinese. Those who have lived among them tend to acquire their outlook and their standards. New arrivals are struck by obvious evils: the beggars, the terrible poverty, the prevalence of disease, the anarchy and corruption in politics. Every energetic Westerner feels at first a strong desire to reform these evils, and of course they ought to be reformed.

But the Chinese, even those who are the victims of preventable misfortunes, show a vast passive indifference to the excitement of

[1] From *The Problem of China*, 1922, by Bertrand Russell. By permission of D. Appleton-Century Company, New York.

the foreigners; they wait for it to go off, like the effervescence of soda-water. And gradually strange hesitations creep into the mind of the bewildered traveler; after a period of indignation, he begins to doubt all the maxims he has hitherto accepted without question. Is it really wise to be always guarding against future misfortune? Is it prudent to lose all enjoyment of the present through thinking of the disasters that may come at some future date? Should our lives be passed in building a mansion that we shall never have leisure to inhabit?

The Chinese answer these questions in the negative, and therefore have to put up with poverty, disease, and anarchy. But, to compensate for these evils, they have retained, as industrial nations have not, the capacity for civilized enjoyment, for leisure and laughter, for pleasure in sunshine, and philosophical discourse. The Chinese, of all classes, are more laughter-loving than any other race with which I am acquainted; they find amusement in everything, and a dispute can always be softened by a joke.

I remember one hot day when a party of us were crossing the hills in chairs—the way was rough and very steep, the work for the coolies very severe. At the highest point of our journey, we stopped for ten minutes to let the men rest. Instantly they all sat in a row, brought out their pipes, and began to laugh among themselves as if they had not a care in the world. In any country that has learned the virtue of forethought, they would have devoted the moments to complaining of the heat, in order to increase their tip. We, being Europeans, spent the time worrying whether the automobile would be waiting for us at the right place. Well-to-do Chinese would have started a discussion as to whether the universe moves in cycles or progresses by a rectilinear motion or they might have set to work to consider whether the truly virtuous man shows *complete* self-abnegation, or may, on occasion, consider his own interest.

One comes across white men occasionally who suffer under the delusion that China is not a civilized country. Such men have quite forgotten what constitutes civilization. It is true that there are no trams in Peking, and that the electric light is poor. It is true that there are places full of beauty, which Europeans itch to make hideous by digging up coal. It is true that the educated

Chinaman is better at writing poetry than at remembering the sort of facts which can be looked up in *Whitaker's Almanac*. A European, in recommending a place of residence, will tell you that it has a good train service; the best quality he can conceive in any place is that it should be easy to get away from. But a Chinaman will tell you nothing about the trains; if you ask, he will tell you wrong. What he tells you is that there is a palace built by an ancient emperor, and a retreat in a lake for scholars weary of the world, founded by a famous poet of the Tang dynasty. It is this outlook that strikes the Westerner as barbaric.

The Chinese, from the highest to the lowest, have an imperturbable quiet dignity, which is usually not destroyed even by a European education. They are not self-assertive, either individually or nationally; their pride is too profound for self-assertion. They admit China's military weakness in comparison with foreign powers, but they do not consider efficiency in homicide the most important quality in a man or a nation. I think that, at bottom, they almost all believe that China is the greatest nation in the world, and has the finest civilization. A Westerner cannot be expected to accept this view, because it is based on traditions utterly different from his own. But gradually one comes to feel that it is, at any rate, not an absurd view; that it is, in fact, the logical outcome of a self-consistent standard of values. The typical Westerner wishes to be the cause of as many changes as possible in his environment; the typical Chinaman wishes to enjoy as much and as delicately as possible. This difference is at the bottom of most of the contrast between China and the English-speaking world.

We in the West make a fetish of "progress," which is the ethical camouflage of the desire to be the cause of change. If we are asked, for instance, whether machinery has really improved the world, the question strikes us as foolish: it has brought great changes and therefore great "progress." What we believe to be a love of progress is really, in nine cases out of ten, a love of power, an enjoyment of the feeling that by our fiat we can make things different. For the sake of this pleasure, a young American will work so hard that, by the time he has acquired his millions, he has become a victim of dyspepsia, compelled to live on toast and water, and to be a mere spectator of the feasts that he offers his guests. But he consoles himself with the thought that he can control politics, and provoke or prevent wars as may suit his investments. It

is this temperament that makes Western nations "progressive."

There are, of course, ambitious men in China, but they are less common than among ourselves. And their ambition takes a different form—not a better form, but one produced by the preference of enjoyment to power. It is a natural result of this preference that avarice is a wide-spread failing of the Chinese. Money brings the means of enjoyment; therefore money is passionately desired. With us, money is desired chiefly as a means to power; politicians, who can acquire power without much money, are often content to remain poor. In China the *tuchuns* (military governors), who have the real power, almost always use it for the sole purpose of amassing a fortune. Their object is to escape to Japan at a suitable moment, with sufficient plunder to enable them to enjoy life quietly for the rest of their days. The fact that in escaping they lose power does not trouble them in the least. It is, of course, obvious that such politicians, who spread devastation only in the provinces committed to their care, are far less harmful to the world than our own, who ruin whole continents in order to win an election campaign.

The corruption and anarchy in Chinese politics do much less harm than one would be inclined to expect. But for the predatory desires of the great powers—especially Japan—the harm would be much less than is done by our own "efficient" governments. Nine-tenths of the activities of a modern government are harmful; therefore the worse they are performed, the better. In China, where the government is lazy, corrupt, and stupid, there is a degree of individual liberty which has been wholly lost in the rest of the world.

The laws are just as bad elsewhere; occasionally, under foreign pressure, a man is imprisoned for Bolshevist propaganda, just as he might be in England or America. But this is quite exceptional; as a rule, in practice, there is very little interference with free speech and a free press.[2] The individual does not feel obliged to follow the herd as he has in Europe since 1914, and America since 1917. Men still think for themselves, are not afraid to announce the conclusions at which they arrive. Individualism has perished in the West, but in China it survives, for good as well as for evil. Self-respect and a personal dignity are possible for every coolie in China,

[2] This vexes the foreigners, who are attempting to establish a very severe press censorship in Shanghai. See "The Shanghai Printed Matter Bye-law," Hollington K. Tong, *Review of the Far East,* April 15, 1922.

to a degree which is, among ourselves, possible for a few leading financiers.

The business of "saving face," which often strikes foreigners in China as ludicrous, is only the carrying-out of respect for personal dignity in the sphere of social manners. Everybody has "face," even the humblest beggar; there are humiliations that you must not inflict upon him, if you are not to outrage the Chinese ethical code. If you speak to a Chinaman in a way that transgresses the code, he will laugh, because your words must be taken as spoken in jest if they are not to constitute an offense.

Once I thought that the students to whom I was lecturing were not as industrious as they might be and I told them so in just the same words that I should have used to English students in the same circumstances. But soon I found I was making a mistake. They all laughed uneasily, which surprised me until I saw the reason. Chinese life, even among the most modernized, is far more polite than anything to which we are accustomed. This, of course, interferes with efficiency, and also (which is more serious) with sincerity and truth in personal relations. If I were Chinese, I should wish to see it mitigated. But, to those who suffer from the brutalities of the West, Chinese urbanity is very restful. Whether on the balance it is better or worse than our frankness, I shall not venture to decide.

The Chinese remind one of the English in their love of compromise and in their habit of bowing to public opinion. Seldom is a conflict pushed to its ultimate brutal issue. The treatment of the Manchu emperor may be taken as a case in point. When a Western country becomes a republic, it is customary to cut off the head of the deposed monarch, or at least to cause him to fly the country. But the Chinese have left the emperor his title, his beautiful palace, his troops of eunuchs, and an income of several million dollars a year. He is a boy of sixteen, living peaceably in the Forbidden City. Once, in the course of a civil war, he was nominally restored to power a few days; but he was deposed again, without being in any way punished for the use to which he had been put.

Public opinion is a very real force in China, when it can be roused. It was, by all accounts, mainly responsible for the downfall of the An Fu party in the summer of 1920. This party was pro-Japanese and was accepting loans from Japan. Hatred of

Japan is the strongest and most wide-spread of political passions in China, and it was stirred up by the students in fiery orations. The An Fu party had, at first, a great preponderance of military strength; but their soldiers melted away when they came to understand the cause for which they were expected to fight. In the end, the opponents of the An Fu party were able to enter Peking and change the government almost without firing a shot.

The same influence of public opinion was decisive in the teachers' strike, which was on the point of being settled when I left Peking. The government, which is always impecunious, owing to corruption, had left its teachers unpaid for many months. At last they struck to enforce payment, and went on a peaceful deputation to the government, accompanied by many students. There was a clash with the soldiers and police, and many teachers and students were more or less severely wounded. This led to a terrific outcry, because the love of education in China is profound and wide-spread. The newspapers clamored for revolution. The government had just spent nine million dollars in corrupt payments to three *tuchuns* who had descended upon the capital to extort blackmail. It could not find any colorable pretext for refusing the few hundred thousands required by the teachers, and it capitulated in panic. I do not think there is any Anglo-Saxon country where the interests of teachers would have roused the same degree of public feeling.

Nothing astonishes a European more in the Chinese than their patience. The educated Chinese are well aware of the foreign menace. They realize acutely what the Japanese have done in Manchuria and Shantung. They are aware that the English in Hong-Kong are doing their utmost to bring to naught the Canton attempt to introduce good government in the South. They know that all the great powers, without exception, look with greedy eyes upon the undeveloped resources of their country, especially its iron and coal. They have before them the example of Japan, which, by developing a brutal militarism, a cast-iron discipline, and a new reactionary religion, has succeeded in holding at bay the fierce lusts of "civilized" industrialists. Yet they neither copy Japan nor submit tamely to foreign domination. They think not in decades, but in centuries. They have been conquered before, first by the Tartars and then by the Manchus; but in both cases they absorbed their conquerors. Chinese civilization persisted unchanged; and after a

few generations the invaders became more Chinese than their subjects.

Manchuria is a rather empty country, with abundant room for colonization. The Japanese need colonies for their surplus population, yet the Chinese immigrants into Manchuria exceed the Japanese a hundredfold. Whatever may be the temporary political status of Manchuria, it will remain a part of Chinese civilization, and can be recovered whenever Japan happens to be in difficulties. The Chinese derive such strength from their four hundred millions, the toughness of their national customs, their power of passive resistance, and their unrivaled national cohesiveness—in spite of the civil wars, which merely ruffle the surface—that they can afford to despise military methods, and to wait till the feverish energy of their oppressors shall have exhausted itself in internecine combats.

China is much less a political entity than a civilization—the only one that has survived from ancient times. Since the days of Confucius, the Egyptian, Babylonian, Persian, Macedonian, and Roman empires have perished; but China has persisted through a continuous evolution. There have been foreign influences—first Buddhism, and now Western science. But Buddhism did not turn the Chinese into Indians, and Western science will not turn them into Europeans. I have met men in China who knew as much of Western learning as any professor among ourselves; yet they had not been thrown off their balance, nor lost touch with their own people. What is bad in the West—its brutality, its restlessness, its readiness to oppress the weak, its preoccupation with purely material aims—they see to be bad, and do not wish to adopt. What is good, especially its science, they do wish to adopt.

The old indigenous culture of China has become rather dead; its art and literature are not what they were, and Confucius does not satisfy the spiritual needs of a modern man even if he is Chinese. The Chinese who have had a European or American education realize that a new element is needed to vitalize native traditions, and they look to our civilization to supply it. But they do not wish to construct a civilization just like ours; and it is precisely in this that the best hope lies. If they are not goaded into militarism, they may produce a genuinely new civilization, better than any that we in the West have been able to create.

So far, I have spoken chiefly of the good sides of the Chinese

character; but of course China, like every other nation, has its bad sides also. It is disagreeable to me to speak of these, as I experienced so much courtesy and real kindness from the Chinese that I should prefer to say only nice things about them. But for the sake of China, as well as for the sake of truth, it would be a mistake to conceal what is less admirable. I will only ask the reader to remember that, on the balance, I think the Chinese one of the best nations I have come across, am prepared to draw up a graver indictment against every one of the great powers. Shortly before I left China, an eminent Chinese writer pressed me to say what I considered the chief defects of the Chinese. With some reluctance, I mentioned three: avarice, cowardice, and callousness. Strange to say, my interlocutor, instead of getting angry, admitted the justice of my criticism, and proceeded to discuss possible remedies. This is a sample of the intellectual integrity which is one of China's greatest virtues.

The callousness of the Chinese is bound to strike every Anglo-Saxon. They have none of that humanitarian impulse which leads us to devote 1 per cent of our energy to mitigating the evils wrought by the other 99 per cent. For instance, we have been forbidding the Austrians to join with Germany, to emigrate, or to obtain the raw materials of industry. Therefore the Viennese have starved, except those whom it has pleased us to keep alive from philanthropy. The Chinese would not have had the energy to starve the Viennese, nor the philanthropy to keep some of them alive. While I was in China, millions were dying of famine; men sold their children into slavery for a few dollars, and killed them if this sum was unobtainable. Much was done by white men to relieve the famine, but very little by the Chinese, and that little vitiated by corruption. It must be said, however, that the efforts of the white men were more effective in soothing their own consciences than in helping the Chinese. So long as the present birth-rate and the present methods of agriculture persist, famines are bound to occur periodically; and those whom philanthropy keeps alive through one famine are only too likely to perish in the next.

Famines in China can be permanently cured only by better methods of agriculture combined with emigration or birth-control on a large scale. Educated Chinese realize this, and it makes them indifferent to efforts to keep the present victims alive. A great deal

of Chinese callousness has a similar explanation, and is due to perception of the vastness of the problems involved. But there remains a residue which cannot be so explained. If a dog is run over by an automobile and seriously hurt, nine out of ten passers-by will stop to laugh at the poor brute's howls. The spectacle of suffering does not of itself rouse any sympathetic pain in the average Chinaman; in fact, he seems to find it mildly agreeable. Their history, and their penal code before the revolution of 1911, show that they are by no means destitute of the impulse of active cruelty; but of this I did not myself come across any instances. And it must be said that active cruelty is practised by all the great nations, to an extent concealed from us only by our hypocrisy.

Cowardice is prima facie a fault of the Chinese; but I am not sure that they are really lacking in courage. It is true that, in battles between rival *tuchuns*, both sides run away, and victory rests with the side that first discovers the flight of the other. But this proves only that the Chinese soldier is a rational man. No cause of any importance is involved, and the armies consist of mere mercenaries. When there is a serious issue, as, for instance, in the Tai-Ping Rebellion, the Chinese are said to fight well, particularly if they have good officers. Nevertheless, I do not think that, in comparison with the Anglo-Saxons, the French, or the Germans, the Chinese can be considered a courageous people, except in the matter of passive endurance. They will endure torture, and even death, for motives which men of more pugnacious races would find insufficient—for example, to conceal the hiding-place of stolen plunder. In spite of their comparative lack of *active* courage, they have less fear of death than we have, as is shown by their readiness to commit suicide.

Avarice is, I should say, the greatest defect of the Chinese. Life is hard, and money is not easily obtained. For the sake of money, all except a very few foreign-educated Chinese will be guilty of corruption. For the sake of a few pence, almost any coolie will run an imminent risk of death. The difficulty of combating Japan has arisen mainly from the fact that hardly any Chinese politician can resist Japanese bribes. I think this defect is probably due to the fact that, for many ages, an honest living has been hard to get; in which case it will be lessened as economic conditions improve. I doubt if it is any worse now in China than it was in Europe in the

eighteenth century. I have not heard of any Chinese general more corrupt than Marlborough or of any politician more corrupt than Cardinal Dubois. It is, therefore, quite likely that changed industrial conditions will make the Chinese as honest as we are—which is not saying much.

I have been speaking of the Chinese as they are in ordinary life, when they appear as men of active and skeptical intelligence, but of somewhat sluggish passions. There is, however, another side to them: they are capable of wild excitement, often of a collective kind. I saw little of this myself, but there can be no doubt of the fact. The Boxer rising was a case in point, and one which particularly affected Europeans. But their history is full of more or less analogous disturbances. It is this element in their character that makes them incalculable, and makes it impossible even to guess at their future. One can imagine a section of them becoming fanatically Bolshevist, or anti-Japanese, or Christian, or devoted to some leader who would ultimately declare himself emperor. I suppose it is this element in their character that makes them, in spite of their habitual caution, the most reckless gamblers in the world. And many emperors have lost their thrones through the force of romantic love, although romantic love is far more despised than it is in the West.

To sum up the Chinese character is not easy. Much of what strikes the foreigner is due merely to the fact that they have preserved an ancient civilization which is not industrial. All this is likely to pass away, under the pressure of the Japanese, and of European and American financiers. Their art is already perishing, and being replaced by crude imitations of second-rate European pictures. Most of the Chinese who have had a European education are quite incapable of seeing any beauty in native painting, and merely observe contemptuously that it does not obey the laws of perspective.

The obvious charm which the tourist finds in China cannot be preserved; it must perish at the touch of industrialism. But perhaps something may be preserved, something of the ethical qualities in which China is supreme, and which the modern world most desperately needs. Among these qualities I place first the pacific temper, which seeks to settle disputes on grounds of justice rather than by force. It remains to be seen whether the West will allow

this temper to persist, or will force it to give place, in self-defense, to a frantic militarism like that to which Japan has been driven.

POOLED SELF-ESTEEM[1]

A. CLUTTON-BROCK

I AM, I confess, astonished at the lack of curiosity which even psychologists, and they more than most men, discover about the most familiar, yet most surprising, facts of the human mind. They have their formulae, as that the human mind is unconsciously always subject to the sexual instinct; and these formulae, while they make psychology easier for those who accept them, utterly fail to explain the most familiar, yet most surprising facts.

There is, for instance, self-esteem,—egotism,—we have no precise scientific name for it; if we go by our own experience, it seems to be far more powerful and constant than the sexual instinct, far more difficult to control, and far more troublesome. The sexual instinct gets much of its power from this egotism, or self-esteem, and would be manageable without it; but self-esteem is, for many of us, unmanageable. Often we suppress it, but still it is our chief obstacle to happiness or any kind of excellence; and, however strong or persistent it may be in us, we never value it. In others we dislike it intensely, and no less intensely in ourselves when we become aware of it; and, if a man can lose it in a passion for something else, then we admire that self-surrender above all things. In spite of the psychologists, we know that the sexual instinct is not the tyrant or the chief source of those delusions to which we are all subject. It is because we are in love with ourselves, not because we are in love with other people, that we make such a mess of our lives.

Now, what we ask of psychology, if it is to be a true science, is that it shall help us to manage ourselves so that we may achieve our deepest, most permanent desires. Between us and those desires there is always this obstacle of self-esteem, and if psychology will help us to get rid of that, then, indeed, we will take it seriously, more seriously than politics, or machinery, or drains, or any other science. For all of these, however necessary, are sub-

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sidiary to the management of the self; and all would be a thousand times better managed by a race of beings who knew how to manage themselves. There is not a science, or an art, that is not hampered by the self-esteem of those who practise it; for it blinds us both to truth and to beauty, and most of us are far more unconscious of its workings than we are of the workings of our sexual instinct. The Greeks were right when they said, "Know thyself"; but we have not tried to follow their advice. The self, in spite of all our attempts to analyze it away in physical terms, remains unknown, uncontrolled, and seldom the object of scientific curiosity or observation. . . .

Civilization means the acquirement of all the techniques needed for the full exercise of faculties and capacities, and, thereby, the release of the self from its own tyranny. Where men are vainest, there they are least civilized; and no amount of mechanical efficiency or complication will deliver them from the suppression of faculties and the tyranny of the self, or will give them civilization. But at present we are not aware how we are kept back in barbarism by the suppression of our faculties and the tyranny of our exorbitant selves. We shall discover that clearly and fully only when psychology becomes really psychology; when it concerns itself with the practical problems which most need solving; when it no longer tries to satisfy us with dogmas and formulae taken from other sciences.

II

And now I come to the practical part of this article. I, like everyone else, am aware that we are kept back in barbarism and cheated of civilization by war; but behind war there is something in the mind of man that consents to war, in spite of the fact that both conscience and self-interest are against it; and it seems to me that a real, a practical science of psychology would concern itself with this something, just as the science of medicine concerns itself with pestilence. And a real, a practical science of psychology would not be content to talk about the herd-instinct, which is not a psychological, but a biological hypothesis, and only a hypothesis. It would not say, "Man is a herd animal; therefore it is natural for herds of men to fight each other." In the first place, it would remember that herds of animals do not necessarily fight other herds;

in the second, that we do not know that man, in his remote animal past, was a herd animal; and, in the third place, that, as psychology, it is concerned with the mind of man as it is, not with what other sciences may conjecture about the past history of man.

Now, if psychology asks itself what it is in the present mind of man, of the peoples we call civilized, that consents to war, it will at once have its attention drawn to the fact that wars occur between nations, and that men have a curious habit of thinking of nations apart from the individuals who compose them; and of believing all good of their own nation and all evil of any other which may, at the moment, be opposed to it. This is commonplace, of course; but, having stated the commonplace, I wish to discover the reason of it. And I cannot content myself with the formula that man is a herd animal, not only because it is not proved, but also because there is no promise of a remedy in it. There is something in me, in all men, which rebels against this blind belief that all is good in my nation, and evil in some other; and what I desire is something to confirm and strengthen this rebellion. When we can explain the baser, sillier part of ourselves, then it begins to lose its power over us; but the hypothesis of the herd-instinct is not an explanation—it says, merely, that we are fools in the very nature of things, which is not helpful or altogether true. We are fools, no doubt, but we wish not to be fools; it is possible for us to perceive our folly, to discern the causes of it, and by that very discernment to detach ourselves from it, to make it no longer a part of our minds, but something from which they have suffered and begin to recover. Then it is as if we had stimulated our own mental phagocytes against bacilli that have infected the mind from outside; we no longer submit ourselves to the disease as if it were health; but, knowing it to be disease, we begin to recover from it.

The habit of believing all good of our own nation and all evil of another is a kind of national egotism, having all the symptoms and absurdities and dangers of personal egotism, or self-esteem; yet it does not seem to us to be egotism, because the object of our esteem appears to be, not ourselves, but the nation. Most of us have no conviction of sin about it, such as we have about our own egotism; nor does boasting of our country seem to us vulgar, like boasting of ourselves. Yet we do boast about it because it is our country, and we feel a warm conviction of its virtues which we do not feel about the virtues of any other country. But, when we

boast and are warmed by this conviction, we separate ourselves from the idea of the country, so that our boasting and warmth may not seem to us egotistical; we persuade ourselves that our feeling for our country is noble and disinterested, although the peculiar delight we take in admiring it could not be if it were not our country. Thus we get the best of both worlds, the pleasures of egotism without any sense of its vulgarity, the mental intoxication without the mental headaches.

But I will give an example of the process which, I hope, will convince better than any description of it. Most Englishmen and, no doubt, most Americans, would sooner die than boast of their own goods. Yet, if someone says—some Englishman in an English newspaper—that the English are a handsome race, unlike the Germans, who are plain, an Englishman, reading it, will say to himself, "That is true," and will be gratified by his conviction that it is true. He will not rush into the street uttering the syllogism: "The English are a handsome race; I am an Englishman; therefore I am handsome"; but, unconsciously and unexpressed, the syllogism will complete itself in his mind; and, though he says nothing of his good looks even to himself, he will *feel* handsomer. Then, if he sees a plain German, he will say to himself, or will feel without saying it, "That poor German belongs to a plain race, whereas I belong to a handsome one." Americans may be different, but I doubt it.

So, if we read the accounts of our great feats of arms in the past, we ourselves feel braver and more victorious. We teach children in our schools about these feats, and that they are characteristic of Englishmen, or Americans, or Portuguese, as the case may be; and we never warn them, because we never warn ourselves, that there is egotism in their pride and in their belief that such braveries are peculiarly characteristic of their own country. Yet every country feels the same pride and delight in its own peculiar virtues and its own preëminence; and it is not possible that every country should be superior to all others.

Further, we see the absurdity of the claims of any other country clearly enough, and the vulgarity of its boasting. Look at the comic papers of another country and their patriotic cartoons; as Americans, look at *Punch,* and especially at the cartoons in which it expresses its sense of the peculiar virtues, the sturdy wisdom, the bluff honesty, of John Bull, or the lofty aims and ideal beauty of

Britannia; or those other, less frequent, cartoons, in which criticizes or patronizes the behavior of Jonathan and the idea's of Columbia. Does it not seem to you incredible, as American, that any Englishmen should be so stupid as to be tickled by such gross flattery, or so ignorant as to be deceived by such glaring misrepresentations? Have you never itched to write something sarcastic to the editor of *Punch,* something that would convince even him that he was talking nonsense? Well, Englishmen have just the same feelings about the cartoons in American papers; and just the same blindness about their own. Disraeli said that everyone likes flattery, but with royalty you lay it on with a trowel; and nations are like royalty, only more so: they will swallow anything about themselves while wondering at the credulity of other nations.

What is the cause of this blindness? You and I, as individuals, have learned at least to conceal our self-esteem; we are made uneasy by gross flattery; we are like the Duke of Wellington, who, when grossly flattered by Samuel Warren, said to him: "I am glad there is nobody here to hear you say that."

"Why, your Grace?" asked Warren.

"Because," answered the duke, "they might think I was damned fool enough to believe you."

But when our country is flattered, and by one of our countrymen, we do not feel this uneasiness; at least, such flattery is a matter of course in the newspapers and at public meetings in all countries; there is such a large and constant supply of it, that there must be an equally large and constant demand. Yet no one can doubt that it is absurd and dangerous, if not in his own country, in others. Believe, if you will, that all the praises of your own country are deserved, and all the more because of that belief, you will see that the praises of other countries are not deserved. If America is superior to all other countries in all essential virtues, then, clearly, all the other countries cannot be superior, and there must be some cause for their blind belief in their superiority. Englishmen, for instance, however bad their manners, do not proclaim, or even believe, that they are individually superior to all other men —indeed, you hold that the bad manners of Englishmen come from their belief, not in their individual superiority, but in the superiority of England; if they could be rid of that, they might be almost as well-mannered as yourselves. It is a national vanity, a national blindness, that makes fools of them.

But what is the cause of a folly so empty of either moral, or aesthetic, or even biological value, so dangerous indeed, not only to the rest of the world, but even to themselves? For the danger of this folly, its biological uselessness, has been proved to us in the most signal and fearful manner lately by the Germans. They cultivated national vanity until it became madness; and we are all aware of the results. But, if we suppose that they behaved so because they were Germans and therefore born mad or wicked, we shall learn nothing from their disaster. They were, like ourselves, human beings. There, but for the grace of God, goes England, goes America even; and whence comes this madness from which the Grace of God may not always save us? Because it exists everywhere, and is not only tolerated but encouraged, it must satisfy some need of the mind, however dangerously and perversely. Where there is a great demand for dangerous drugs, it is not enough to talk indignantly of the drug-habit. That habit is but a symptom of some deeper evil, something wrong with the lives of the drug-takers, for which the drug is their mistaken remedy; and the right remedy must be found if the habit is to be extirpated.

National egotism, I believe, is a kind of mental drug, which we take because of some unsatisfied need of our minds; and we shall not cure ourselves of it until we discover what causes our craving for national flattery and also our dislike and contempt of other countries. Somewhere, as in the case of all drug-taking, there is suppression of some kind; and the suppression, I suggest, is of individual egotism. We are trained by the manners and conventions of what we call our civilization to suppress our egotism; good manners consist, for the most part, in the suppression of it. However much we should like to talk of ourselves, our own achievements and deserts, we do not wish to hear others talking about theirs. The open egotist is shunned as a bore by all of us; and only the man who, for some reason, is unable to suppress his egotism, remains an open egotist and a bore, persists in the I—I—I of childhood, and provokes the impatience caused by the persistence of all childish habits in the grown-up.

But this suppression of egotism is not necessarily the destruction of it, any more than the suppression of the sexual instinct is the destruction of that. And, in fact, our modern society is full of people whose egotism is all the more exorbitant and unconsciously troublesome to themselves, because it is suppressed. Their hunger

for praise is starved, but not removed; for they dare not even praise themselves. Ask yourself, for instance, whether you have ever been praised as much as you would like to be? Are you not aware of a profound desert in yourself which no one, even in your own family has ever fully recognized? True, you have your faults, but, unlike the faults of so many other people, they are the defects of your qualities. And then there is in you a sensitiveness, a delicacy of perception, a baffled creative faculty even, in fact, an unrealized genius, which might any day realize itself to the surprise of a stupid world. Of all this you never speak; and in that you are like everyone else in the stupid world; for all mankind shares with you, dumbly, this sense of their own profound desert and unexpressed genius; and if, by some ring of Solomon or other talisman, we were suddenly forced to speak out the truth, we should all proclaim our genius without listening to each other.

I, for my part, believe in it, believe that it does exist, not only in myself, but in all men, and the men of acknowledged genius are those who have found a technique for realizing it. I say *realizing*, because, until it is expressed in some kind of action, it does not fully exist; and the egos of most of us are exorbitant, however much we may suppress their outward manifestations, because they do not succeed in getting themselves born. The word in us is never made flesh; we stammer and bluster with it, we seethe and simmer within; and, though we may submit to a life of routine and suppression, the submission is not of the whole self: it is imposed on us by the struggle for life and for business purposes: and, unknown to ourselves, the exorbitant, because unexpressed, unsatisfied ego finds a vent somehow and somewhere.

III

Self-esteem is the consolation we offer to the self because it cannot, by full expression, win esteem from others. Each one of us is to the self like a fond mother to her least gifted son: we make up to it for the indifference of the world; but not consciously, for in conscious self-esteem there is no consolation. If I said to myself, "No one else esteems me; therefore I will practise self-esteem,"—the very statement would make the practice impossible. It must be done unconsciously and indirectly, if it is to be done at all and to give us any satisfaction. Most of us have now enough psychology

to detect ourselves in the practice of self-esteem, unless it is very cunningly disguised: and, what is more, we are quick to detect each other. It is, indeed, a convention of our society, and a point of good manners, to conceal our self-esteem from others, and even from ourselves, by a number of instinctive devices. One of the chief of these is our humor, much of which consists of self-depreciation, expressed or implied; and *we* delight in it in spite of the subtle warning of Doctor Johnson, who said, "Never believe a man when he runs himself down; he only does it to show how much he has to spare."

By all these devices we persuade ourselves that we have got rid of the exorbitant ego, that we live in a happy, free, civilized, de-egotized world. We are not troubled by the contrast between our personal modesty and our national boasting, because we are not aware of the connection between them. But the connection, I believe, exists; the national boasting proves that we have not got rid of our self-esteem, but only pooled it, so that we may still enjoy and express it, if only in an indirect and not fully satisfying manner. The pooling is a *pis-aller*, like the floating of a limited company when you have not enough capital to finance some enterprise of your own; but it is the best we can do with an egotism that is only suppressed and disguised, not transmuted.

If I have an exorbitant opinion of myself, it is continually criticized and thwarted by external criticism; I learn, therefore, not to express it, and even to deny that I have it; but all the while I am seeking, unconsciously, for some means by which I can give it satisfaction. It becomes impossible for me to believe that I am a wonder in the face of surrounding incredulity; so I seek for something, seeming not to be myself, that I can believe to be a wonder, without arousing criticism or incredulity; in fact, something which others also believe to be a wonder, because it seems to them not to be themselves.

There are many such things, but the largest, the most convincing, and the most generally believed in, is Our Country. A man may, to some extent, pool his self-esteem in his family; but the moment he goes out into the world, he is subject to external criticism and incredulity. Or he may pool it in his town; but, as I have heard, the Bostonian-born is subject to the criticism and incredulity of the inhabitants of other towns. What, therefore, we need, and what we get, is a something which at the same time distinguishes us

from a great part of the human race, and yet is shared by nearly all those with whom we come in contact. That we find in our country; and in our country we do most successfully and unconsciously pool our self-esteem. True, there are other countries also pooling their self-esteem in the same way, and apt to criticize us and to question our preëminence; but they are far away and we can think of them as an absurd, degenerate horde or rabble; we can look at their newspapers and cartoons in our own atmosphere, and laugh at them securely. They have, indeed, a useful function in the heightening of our own pooled self-esteem; for we are able, from a distance, to compare ourselves, *en masse,* with them, and to feel how fortunate we are, with a kind of hereditary merit, to be born different from them—

> When Britain first, at Heaven's command,
> Arose from out the azure main, ——

then also it was the command of Heaven that we should in due course be born Britons, and share in the glory of the mariners of England who guard our native seas; and there is not one of us who, crossing from Dover to Calais for the first time, does not feel that he is more at home on his native seas than any seasick Frenchman.

All this is amusing enough to Americans in an Englishman, or to Englishmen in an American; but it is also very dangerous. In fact, it is the chief danger that threatens our civilization, that prevents it from being civilized, and so, secure. We are all aware of private vices, even of individual self-esteem and its dangers; but this great common vice, this pooled self-esteem, we still consider a virtue and encourage it by all means in our power. And this we do because we are not aware of its true nature and causes. We think that it is disinterested, when it is only the starved ego, consoling itself with a *pis-aller*; we suppose that it is necessary to the national existence, when the Germans have just proved to us that it may ruin a most prosperous nation. Still we confuse it with real patriotism, which is love of something not ourselves, of our own people and city and our native fields, and which, being love, does not in the least insist that that which is loved is superior to other things, or people, unloved because unknown. We know that where there is real affection, there is not this rivalry or enmity; no man, because he loves his wife, makes domestically patriotic songs about her, proclaiming that she is superior to all other wives; nor

does he hate or despise the wives of other men. In true love there is no self-esteem, pooled or latent, but rather it increases the capacity for love; it makes the loving husband see the good in all women; and he would as soon boast of his own wife as a religious man would boast of his God.

So the true love of country may be clearly distinguished from the patriotism that is pooled self-esteem, by many symptoms. For the patriotism that is pooled self-esteem, though it make a man boast of his country, does not make him love his countrymen. Germans, for instance, before the war, showed no great love of other Germans, however much they might sing "Deutschland über Alles"; and in England, the extreme Jingoes, or nationalists, are always reviling their countrymen for not making themselves enough of a nuisance to the rest of the world. To them the British Empire is an abstraction, something to be boasted about and intrigued for; but real, living Englishmen are, for the most part, unworthy of it. Their patriotism, because it is pooled self-esteem, manifests itself in hatred rather than in love; just because it cannot declare itself for what it is, because it is suppressed and diverted, its symptoms are always negative rather than positive. For, being suppressed and diverted, it can never find full satisfaction like the positive passion of love. So it turns from one object of hate to another, and from one destructive aim to another. Germany was the enemy and Germany is vanquished; another enemy must be found, another danger scented; and there are always enough patriots in every country, suffering from pooled self-esteem, to hail each other as enemies, and to play the game of mutual provocation.

So no league of nations, no polite speeches of kings and presidents, prime ministers and ambassadors, will keep us from hating each other and feeling good when we do so, unless we can attain to enough self-knowledge to understand why it is that we hate each other, and to see that this mutual hate and boasting are but a suppressed and far more dangerous form of that vanity which we have learned, at least, not to betray in our personal relations. In fact, the only thing that can end war is psychology applied to its proper purpose of self-knowledge and self-control. If once it can convince us that, when we boast of our country, we are suffering from pooled self-esteem, then we shall think it as vulgar and dangerous to boast of our country as to boast of ourselves. And, further, we shall be ashamed of such boasting, as a symptom of failure in our-

selves. For pooled self-esteem is self-esteem afraid to declare itself and it exists because the self has not found a scope for the exercise of its own faculties.

Why did the Germans suffer so much from pooled self-esteem before the war? Because they were a suppressed and thwarted people. The ordinary German was wounded in his personal self-esteem by all the social conventions of his country; he was born and bred to a life of submission; and, though consciously he consented to it, unconsciously his self-esteem sought a vent and found it in the belief that, being a German, he was in all things superior to those who were not Germans. The more submissive he was as a human being, the more arrogant he became as a German; and, with unconscious cunning, his rulers reconciled him to a life of inferiority by encouraging him in his collective pride. So, even while he behaved as if he were the member of an inferior, almost conquered, race, to his military caste, he told himself that this was the price he gladly paid for national preëminence.

Before and during the war the Germans were always saying that they had found a new way of freedom through discipline and obedience; unlike the vulgar, anarchical, democracies of the West, they stooped to conquer; and, since they did it willingly, it was freedom, not servitude. But their psychology was as primitive as it was dangerous. That willingness of theirs was but making the best of a bad job. If only they had known it, they were not content with their submission; no people so intelligent in some things, so industrious and so self-conscious, could be content. There was in them a dangerous, unsatisfied stock of self-esteem, which, since they dared not express it in their ordinary behavior, found expression at last in a collective national madness. It seems to us now that the German people suffered from persecution mania; but that mania was the vent by which every German eased his sense of individual wrong and soothed his wounded personal pride. By a kind of substitution, he took revenge for the sins of his own Junkers upon all rival nations; and hence the outbreak which seemed to us incredible even while it was happening.

I speak of this now only because it is a lesson to all of us, Americans and English. We too are thwarted, not so systematically as the Germans, but still constantly, in our self-esteem; and we too are constantly tempted to console ourselves by pooling it. In all industrial societies, the vast majority never find a scope for the full

exercise of their faculties, and are aware of their inferiority to the successful few. This inferiority may not be expressed politically or in social conventions; in America, and even in England, the successful may have the wit not to insist in any open or offensive manner upon their success; but, all the same, it gives them a power, freedom, and celebrity which others lack. And this difference is felt far more than in the past, because now the poor live more in cities and know better what the rich are doing. Unconsciously, they are wounded in their self-esteem by all that they read in the papers of the doings of the rich; they have become spectators of an endless feast, which they do not share, with the result that they pool their wounded self-esteem either in revolutionary exasperation or in national pride. But, since national pride seems far less dangerous to the rich and successful than revolutionary exasperation, with the profound, unconscious cunning of instinct, they encourage national pride by all means in their power.

There, I think, they are wrong. I believe that national pride, and the hatred of other nations, is a more dangerous vent for pooled self-esteem even than revolutionary exasperation; for, sooner or later, it will, as in Russia, produce a revolutionary exasperation all the more desperate because it has been deferred and deceived. If we have another world war,—and we shall have one unless we discover and prevent the causes of war in our own minds,—there will be revolutionary exasperation everywhere; and it will be vain to tell starving mobs that it is all the fault of the enemy. The chauvinism of the disinherited mob is but a drug, which increases the evil it pretends to heal. Behind revolutionary exasperation, and behind chauvinism, there is the same evil at work, namely, the thwarting of faculties, the sense of inferiority, the disappointed ego; and we must clearly understand the disease if we are to find the remedy.

The remedy, of course, is a society in which faculties will no longer be suppressed, in which men will cure themselves of their self-esteem, not by pooling it, but by caring for something not themselves more than for themselves. To dream of such a society is as easy as to accomplish it is difficult; but we shall have taken the first step toward the accomplishment of it when we see clearly that we have no alternative except a relapse into barbarism. Suppression, good manners, discipline, will never rid us of our self-esteem; still it will find a vent in some collective, and so more dangerous, form,

unless we can, as the psychologists say, sublimate it into a passion for something not ourselves. If we believe that our country is not ourselves, we deceive ourselves; we may give our lives for it, but it is still the idol in which we pool our self-esteem; and the only way to escape from the worship of idols is to find the true God.

I am not now talking religion; I am talking psychology, though I am forced to use religious terms. The true God is to be found by every man only through the discovery of his deepest, most permanent desires; and these he can discover only through the exercise of his highest faculties. So that is the problem for all of us, and, as we now know, it is a collective problem, one which we can solve only all together. So long as other men are thwarted in the exercise of their highest faculties, you are thwarted also; you are kept always from happiness by the unhappiness of others.

You may be rich, brilliant, and a lover of peace; but, so long as the mass of men can do nothing with their self-esteem but pool it, you will live in a world of wars and rumors of wars. You may be an artist, a philosopher, a man of science; but, so long as the mass of men are set by division of labor to tasks in which they cannot satisfy the higher demands of the self, any demagogue may tempt them to destroy all that you value. Until they also enjoy and so value it, it is not secure for you or for the world.

In the past religion has failed because the problem of release from self-esteem has been for it a private and personal one. That is where psychology can now come to its aid. When once we understand that our self-esteem, if suppressed, is pooled, not destroyed, and that we can escape from it only by the exercise of our higher faculties, we shall see also that the problem of release is collective. We are, indeed, all members one of another, as the masters of religion have always said; but only now is it possible for us to see the full truth of their saying. In the past there often seemed to be some incompatibility between religion and civilization; but now we are learning that they are one, and have the same enemy. Once men sought for God alone, and in the wilderness; now we may be sure that they will not find Him unless they search all together. Salvation itself is not a private making of our peace with God: it is a common making of our peace with each other; and that we shall never do until, by self-knowledge, we remove the causes of war from our own minds.

LABOUR[1]

THOMAS CARLYLE

THERE is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in Work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works: in Idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Work, never so Mammonish, mean, *is* in communication with Nature; the real desire to get Work done will itself lead one more and more to truth, to Nature's appointments and regulations which are truth.

The latest Gospel in this world is, Know thy work and do it. "Know thyself": long enough has that poor "self" of thine tormented thee; thou wilt never get to "know" it, I believe! Think it not thy business, this of knowing thyself; thou art an unknowable individual: know what thou canst work at; and work at it, like Hercules! That will be thy better plan.

It has been written, "an endless significance lies in Work"; a man perfects himself by working. Foul jungles are cleared away, fair seedfields rise instead, and stately cities; and withal the man is composed into a kind of real harmony, the instant he sets himself to work! Doubt, Desire, Sorrow, Remorse, Indignation, Despair itself, all these like helldogs lie beleaguering the soul of the poor dayworker, as of every man: but he bends himself with free valour against his task, and all these are stilled, all these shrink murmuring far off into their caves. The man is now a man. The blessed glow of Labour in him, is it not as purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up, and of sour smoke itself there is made bright blessed flame!

Destiny, on the whole, has no other way of cultivating us. A formless Chaos, once set it *revolving,* grows round and ever rounder; ranges itself, by mere force of gravity, into strata, spherical courses; is no longer a Chaos, but a round compacted World. What would become of the Earth, did she cease to revolve? In the poor old Earth, so long as she revolves, all inequalities, irregularities dis-

[1] From *Past and Present,* 1843.

perse themselves; all irregularities are incessantly becoming regular. Hast thou looked on the Potter's wheel,—one of the venerablest objects; old as the Prophet Ezekiel and far older? Rude lumps of clay, how they spin themselves up, by mere quick whirling, into beautiful circular dishes. And fancy the most assiduous Potter, but without his wheel; reduced to make dishes, or rather amorphous botches, by mere kneading and baking! Even such a Potter were Destiny, with a human soul that would rest and lie at ease, that would not work and spin! Of an idle unrevolving man the kindest Destiny, like the most assiduous Potter without wheel, can bake and knead nothing other than a botch; let her spend on him what expensive colouring, what gilding and enamelling she will, he is but a botch. Not a dish; no, a bulging, kneaded, crooked, shambling, squint-cornered, amorphous botch,—a mere enamelled vessel of dishonour! Let the idle think of this.

Blessed is he who has found his work, let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose; he has found it, and will follow it! How, as a free-flowing channel, dug and torn by noble force through the sour mud-swamp of one's existence, like an ever-deepening river there, it runs and flows;—draining off the sour festering water gradually from the root of the remotest grass-blade; making, instead of pestilential swamp, a green fruitful meadow with its clear-flowing stream. How blessed for the meadow itself, let the stream and *its* value be great or small! Labour is Life: from the inmost heart of the Worker rises his God-given Force, the sacred celestial Life-essence breathed into him by Almighty God; from his inmost heart awakens him to all nobleness,—to all knowledge, "self-knowledge" and much else, so soon as Work fitly begins. Knowledge? The knowledge that will hold good in working, cleave thou to that; for Nature herself accredits that, says Yea to that. Properly thou hast no other knowledge but what thou hast got by working; the rest is yet all a hypothesis of knowledge; a thing to be argued of in schools, a thing floating in the clouds, in endless logic-vortices, till we try it and fix it, "Doubt, of whatever kind, can be ended by Action alone."

And again, hast thou valued Patience, Courage, Perseverance, Openness to light; readiness to own thyself mistaken, to do better next time? All these, all virtues, in wrestling with the dim brute Powers of Fact, in ordering of thy fellows in such wrestle, there and elsewhere not at all, thou wilt continually learn. Set down a

brave Sir Christopher in the middle of black ruined Stone-heaps, of foolish unarchitectural Bishops, redtape Officials, idle Nell-Gwyn Defenders of the Faith and see whether he will ever raise a Paul's Cathedral out of all that, yea or no! Rough, rude, contradictory are all things and persons, from the mutinous masons and Irish hodmen, up to the idle Nell-Gwyn Defenders, to blustering redtape Officials, foolish unarchitectural Bishops. All these things and persons are there not for Christopher's sake and his Cathedral's; they are there for their own sake mainly! Christopher will have to conquer and constrain all these,—if he be able. All these are against him. Equitable Nature herself, who carries her mathematics and architectonics herself, but deep in the hidden heart of her,—Nature strains her not! His very money, where is it to come from? The pious munificence of England lies far-scattered, distant, unable to speak, and say, "I am here";—must be spoken to before it can speak. Pious munificence, and all help, is so silent, invisible like the gods; impediment, contradictions manifold are so loud and near! O brave Sir Christopher, trust thou in those, notwithstanding, and front all these; understand all these; by valiant patience, noble effort, insight, by man's-strength, vanquish and compel all these,—and, on the whole, strike down victoriously the last topstone of that Paul's Edifice; thy monument for certain centuries, the stamp "Great Man" impressed very legibly on Portland stone there!—

Yes, all manner of help, and pious response from Men or Nature, is always what we call silent; cannot speak or come to light, till it be seen, till it be spoken to. Every noble work is at first "impossible." In very truth, for every noble work the possibilities will lie diffused through Immensity; inarticulate, undiscoverable except to faith. Like Gideon thou shalt spread out thy fleece at the door of thy tent; see whether under the wide arch of Heaven there be any bounteous moisture, or none. Thy heart and life-purpose shall be as a miraculous Gideon's fleece, spread out in silent appeal to Heaven; and from the kind Immensities, what from the poor unkind Localities and town and country Parishes there never could, blessed dew-moisture to suffice thee shall have fallen!

Work is of a religious nature:—work is of a *brave* nature; which it is the aim of all religion to be. All work of man is as the swimmer's: a waste ocean threatens to devour him; if he front it not bravely, it will keep its word. By incessant wise defiance of it,

lusty rebuke and buffet of it, behold how it loyally supports him, bears him as its conqueror along. "It is so," says Goethe, "with all things that man undertakes in this world."

Brave Sea-captain, Norse Sea-king,—Columbus, my hero royallest Sea-king of all! it is no friendly environment this of thine, in the waste deep waters; around thee mutinous discouraged souls, behind thee disgrace and ruin, before thee the unpenetrated veil of Night. Brother, these wild water-mountains, bounding from their deep bases (ten miles deep, I am told), are not entirely there on thy behalf! Meseems *they* have other work than floating thee forward:—and the huge Winds, that sweep from Ursa Major to the Tropics and Equators, dancing their giant-waltz through the kingdoms of Chaos and Immensity, they care little about filling rightly or filling wrongly the small shoulder-of-mutton sails in this cockle-skiff of thine! Thou art not among articulate-speaking friends, my brother; thou art among immeasurable dumb monsters, tumbling, howling wide as the world here. Secret, far off, invisible to all hearts but thine, there lies a help in them: see how thou wilt get at that. Patiently thou wilt wait till the mad South-wester spend itself, saving thyself by dexterous science of defence, the while: valiantly, with swift decision, wilt thou strike in, when the favouring East, the Possible, springs up. Mutiny of men thou wilt sternly repress; weakness, despondency, thou wilt cheerily encourage: thou wilt swallow down complaint, unreason, weariness, weakness of others and thyself;—how much wilt thou swallow down! There shall be a depth of Silence in thee, deeper than this Sea, which is but ten miles deep: a Silence unsoundable; known to God only. Thou shalt be a Great Man. Yes, my World-Soldier, thou of the World Marine-service,—thou wilt have to be *greater* than this tumultuous unmeasured World here round thee is: thou, in thy strong soul, as with wrestler's arms, shalt embrace it, harness it down; and make it bear thee on,—to new Americas, or whither God wills!

AN APOLOGY FOR IDLERS[1]

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

"BOSWELL: We grow weary when idle."

"JOHNSON: That is, sir, because others being busy, we want company; but if we were idle, there would be no growing weary; we should all entertain one another."

JUST now, when every one is bound, under pain of a decree in absence convicting them of *lèse*-respectability, to enter on some lucrative profession, and labor therein with something not far short of enthusiasm, a cry from the opposite party who are content when they have enough, and like to look on and enjoy in the meanwhile, savors a little of bravado and gasconade. And yet this should not be. Idleness so called, which does not consist in doing nothing, but in doing a great deal not recognized in dogmatic formularies of the ruling class, has as good a right to state its position as industry itself. It is admitted that the presence of people who refuse to enter in the great handicap race for sixpenny pieces, is at once an insult and a disenchantment for those who do. A fine fellow (as we see so many) takes his determination, votes for the sixpences, and in the emphatic Americanism, "goes for" them. And while such an one is plowing distressfully up the road, it is not hard to understand his resentment, when he perceives cool persons in the meadows by the wayside, lying with a handkerchief over their ears and a glass at their elbow. Alexander is touched in a very delicate place by the disregard of Diogenes. Where was the glory of having taken Rome for these tumultuous barbarians, who poured into the Senate house, and found the Fathers sitting silent and unmoved by their success? It is a sore thing to have labored along and scaled the arduous hilltops, and when all is done, find humanity indifferent to your achievement. Hence physicists condemn the unphysical; financiers have only a superficial toleration for those who know

[1] From *Virginibus Puerisque*. Reprinted by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

little of stocks; literary persons despise the unlettered; and people of all pursuits combine to disparage those who have none.

But though this is one difficulty of the subject, it is not the greatest. You could not be put in prison for speaking against industry, but you can be sent to Coventry for speaking like a fool. The greatest difficulty with most subjects is to do them well; therefore, please to remember this is an apology. It is certain that much may be judiciously argued in favor of diligence; only there is something to be said against it, and that is what, on the present occasion, I have to say. To state one argument is not necessarily to be deaf to all others, and that a man has written a book of travels in Montenegro, is no reason why he should never have been to Richmond.

It is surely beyond a doubt that people should be a good deal idle in youth. For though here and there a Lord Macaulay may escape from school honors with all his wits about him, most boys pay so dear for their medals that they never afterwards have a shot in their locker, and begin the world bankrupt. And the same holds true during all the time a lad is educating himself, or suffering others to educate him. It must have been a very foolish old gentleman who addressed Johnson at Oxford in these words: "Young man, ply your book diligently now, and acquire a stock of knowledge; for when years come upon you, you will find that poring upon books will be but an irksome task." The old gentleman seems to have been unaware that many other things besides reading grow irksome, and not a few become impossible, by the time a man has to use spectacles and cannot walk without a stick. Books are good enough in their own way, but they are a mighty bloodless substitute for life. It seems a pity to sit, like the Lady of Shalott, peering into a mirror, with your back turned on all the bustle and glamor of reality. And if a man reads very hard, as the old anecdote reminds us, he will have little time for thoughts.

If you look back on your own education, I am sure it will not be the full, vivid, instructive hours of truantry that you regret; you would rather cancel some lack-lustre periods between sleep and waking in the class. For my own part, I have attended a good many lectures in my time. I still remember that the spinning of a top is a case of Kinetic Stability. I still remember that Emphyteusis is not a disease nor Stillicide a crime. But though I would not willingly part with such scraps of science, I do not set the same

store by them as by certain other odds and ends that I came by in the open street while I was playing truant. This is not the moment to dilate on that mighty place of education, which was the favorite school of Dickens and of Balzac, and turns out yearly many inglorious masters in the Science of the Aspects of Life. Suffice it to say this: if a lad does not learn in the streets, it is because he has no faculty of learning. Nor is the truant always in the streets, for if he prefers, he may go out by the gardened suburbs into the country. He may pitch on some tuft of lilacs over a burn, and smoke innumerable pipes to the tune of the water on the stones. A bird will sing in the thicket. And there he may fall into a vein of kindly thought, and see things in a new perspective. Why, if this be not education, what is? We may conceive Mr. Worldly Wiseman accosting such an one, and the conversation that should thereupon ensue:—

"How, now, young fellow, what dost thou here?"

"Truly, sir, I take mine ease."

"Is this not the hour of the class? and should'st thou not be plying thy Book with diligence, to the end thou mayest obtain knowledge?"

"Nay, but thus also I follow after Learning, by your leave."

"Learning, quotha! After what fashion, I pray thee? Is it mathematics?"

"No, to be sure."

"Is it metaphysics?"

"Nor that."

"Is it some language?"

"Nay, it is no language."

"Is it a trade?"

"Nor a trade neither."

"Why, then, what is't?"

"Indeed, sir, as a time may soon come for me to go upon Pilgrimage, I am desirous to note what is commonly done by persons in my case, and where are the ugliest Sloughs and Thickets on the Road; as also, what manner of Staff is of the best service. Moreover, I lie here, by this water, to learn by root-of-heart a lesson which my master teaches me to call Peace, or Contentment."

Hereupon Mr. Worldly Wiseman was much commoved with passion, and shaking his cane with a very threatful countenance,

broke forth upon this wise: "Learning, quotha!" said he; "I would have all such rogues scourged by the Hangman!"

And so he would go his way, ruffling out his cravat with a crackle of starch, like a turkey when it spread its feathers.

Now this, of Mr. Wiseman's, is the common opinion. A fact is not called a fact, but a piece of gossip, if it does not fall into one of your scholastic categories. An inquiry must be in some acknowledged direction, with a name to go by; or else you are not inquiring at all, only lounging; and the workhouse is too good for you. It is supposed that all knowledge is at the bottom of a well, or the far end of a telescope. Sainte-Beuve, as he grew older, came to regard all experience as a single great book, in which to study for a few years ere we go hence; and it seemed all one to him whether you should read in Chapter xx., which is the differential calculus, or in Chapter xxxix., which is hearing the band play in the gardens. As a matter of fact, an intelligent person, looking out of his eyes and hearkening in his ears, with a smile on his face all the time, will get more true education than many another in a life of heroic vigils. There is certainly some chill and arid knowledge to be found upon the summits of formal and laborious science; but it is all round about you, and for the trouble of looking, that you will acquire the warm and palpitating facts of life. While others are filling their memory with a lumber of words, one-half of which they will forget before the week be out, your truant may learn some really useful art: to play the fiddle, to know a good cigar, or to speak with ease and opportunity to all varieties of men. Many who have "plied their book diligently," and know all about some one branch or another of accepted lore, come out of the study with an ancient and owl-like demeanor, and prove dry, stockish, and dyspeptic in all the better and brighter parts of life. Many make a large fortune, who remain underbred and pathetically stupid to the last. And meantime there goes the idler, who began life along with them—by your leave, a different picture. He has had time to take care of his health and his spirits; he has been a great deal in the open air, which is the most salutary of all things for both body and mind; and if he has never read the great Book in very recondite places, he has dipped into it and skimmed it over to excellent purpose. Might not the student afford some Hebrew roots, and the business man some of his half-crowns, for a share of the idler's knowledge of life at large, and Art of Living? Nay, and the idler

has another and more important quality than these. I mean his wisdom. He who has much looked on at the childish satisfaction of other people in their hobbies, will regard his own with only a very ironical indulgence. He will not be heard among the dogmatists. He will have a great and cool allowance for all sorts of people and opinions. If he finds no out-of-the-way truths, he will identify himself with no very burning falsehood. His way takes him along a by-road, not much frequented, but very even and pleasant, which is called Commonplace Lane, and leads to the Belvedere of Common-sense. Thence he shall command an agreeable, if no very noble prospect; and while others behold the East and West, the Devil and the Sunrise, he will be contentedly aware of a sort of morning hour upon all sublunary things, with an army of shadows running speedily and in many different directions into the great daylight of Eternity. The shadows and the generations, the shrill doctors and the plangent wars, go by into ultimate silence and emptiness; but underneath all this, a man may see, out of the Belvedere windows, much green and peaceful landscape; many fire-lit parlors; good people laughing, drinking, and making love as they did before the Flood or the French Revolution; and the old shepherd telling his tale under the hawthorn.

Extreme *busyness*, whether at school or college, kirk or market, is a symptom of deficient vitality; and a faculty for idleness implies a catholic appetite and a strong sense of personal identity. There is a sort of dead-alive, hackneyed people about, who are scarcely conscious of living except in the exercise of some conventional occupation. Bring these fellows into the country, or set them aboard ship, and you will see how they pine for their desk or their study. They have no curiosity; they cannot give themselves over to random provocations; they do not take pleasure in the exercise of their faculties for its own sake; and unless Necessity lays about them with a stick, they will even stand still. It is no good speaking to such folk: they *cannot* be idle, their nature is not generous enough; and they pass those hours in a sort of coma, which are not dedicated to furious moiling in the gold-mill. When they do not require to go to the office, when they are not hungry and have no mind to drink, the whole breathing world is a blank to them. If they have to wait an hour or so for a train, they fall into a stupid trance with their eyes open. To see them, you would suppose there was nothing to look at and no one to speak with; you would imagine

they were paralyzed or alienated, and yet very possibly they are hard workers in their own way, and have good eyesight for a flaw in a deed or a turn of the market. They have been to school and college, but all the time they had their eye on the medal; they have gone about in the world and mixed with clever people, but all the time they were thinking of their own affairs. As if a man's soul were not too small to begin with, they have dwarfed and narrowed theirs by a life of all work and no play; until here they are at forty, with a listless attention, a mind vacant of all material of amusement, and not one thought to rub against another while they wait for the train. Before he was breeched, he might have clambered on the boxes; when he was twenty, he would have stared at the girls; but now the pipe is smoked out, the snuffbox empty, and my gentleman sits bolt upright upon a bench, with lamentable eyes. This does not appeal to me as being Success in Life.

But it is not only the person himself who suffers from his busy habits, but his wife and children, his friends and relations, and down to the very people he sits with in a railway carriage or an omnibus. Perpetual devotion to what a man calls his business is only to be sustained by perpetual neglect of many other things. And it is not by any means certain that a man's business is the most important thing he has to do. To an impartial estimate it will seem clear that many of the wisest, most virtuous, and most beneficent parts that are to be played upon the Theater of Life are filled by gratuitous performers, and pass, among the world at large, as phases of idleness. For in that Theater, not only the walking gentlemen, singing chambermaids, and diligent fiddlers in the orchestra, but those who look on and clap their hands from the benches, do really play a part and fulfill important offices towards the general result. You are no doubt very dependent on the care of your lawyer and stockbroker, of the guards and signalmen who convey you rapidly from place to place, and the policemen who walk the streets for your protection; but is there not a thought of gratitude in your heart for certain other benefactors who set you smiling when they fall in your way, or season your dinner with good company? Colonel Newcome helped to lose his friend's money; Fred Bayham had an ugly trick of borrowing shirts; and yet they were better people to fall among than Mr. Barnes. And though Falstaff was neither sober nor very honest, I think I could name one or two long-faced Barabbases whom the world could

better have done without. Hazlitt mentions that he was more sensible of obligation to Northcote, who had never done him anything he could call a service, than to his whole circle of ostentatious friends; for he thought a good companion emphatically the greatest benefactor. I know there are people in the world who cannot feel grateful unless the favor has been done them at the cost of pain and difficulty. But this is a churlish disposition. A man may send you six sheets of letter-paper covered with the most entertaining gossip, or you may pass half an hour pleasantly, perhaps profitably, over an article of his; do you think the service would be greater, if he had made the manuscript in his heart's blood, like a compact with the devil? Do you really fancy you should be more beholden to your correspondent, if he had been damning you all the while for your importunity? Pleasures are more beneficial than duties because, like the quality of mercy, they are not strained, and they are twice blest. There must always be two to a kiss, and there may be a score in a jest; but wherever there is an element of sacrifice, the favor is conferred with pain, and, among generous people, received with confusion. There is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being happy. By being happy, we sow anonymous benefits upon the world, which remain unknown even to ourselves, or when they are disclosed, surprise nobody so much as the benefactor. The other day, a ragged, barefoot boy ran down the street after a marble, with so jolly an air that he set every one he passed into a good humor; one of these persons, who had been delivered from more than usually black thoughts, stopped the little fellow and gave him some money with this remark: "You see what sometimes comes of looking pleased." If he had looked pleased before, he had now to look both pleased and mystified. For my part, I justify this encouragement of smiling rather than tearful children; I do not wish to pay for tears anywhere but upon the stage; but I am prepared to deal largely in the opposite commodity. A happy man or woman is a better thing to find than a five-pound note. He or she is a radiating focus of good-will; and their entrance into a room is as though another candle had been lighted. We need not care whether they could prove the forty-seventh proposition; they do a better thing than that, they practically demonstrate the great Theorem of the Liveableness of Life. Consequently, if a person cannot be happy without remaining idle, idle he should remain. It is a revolutionary precept; but thanks to

hunger and the workhouse, one not easily to be abused; and within practical limits, it is one of the most incontestable truths in the whole Body of Morality. Look at one of your industrious fellows for a moment, I beseech you. He sows hurry and reaps indigestion; he puts a vast deal of activity out to interest, and receives a large measure of nervous derangement in return. Either he absents himself entirely from all fellowship, and lives a recluse in a garret, with carpet slippers and a leaden inkpot; or he comes among people swiftly and bitterly, in a contraction of his whole nervous system, to discharge some temper before he returns to work. I do not care how much or how well he works, this fellow is an evil feature in other people's lives. They would be happier if he were dead. They could easier do without his services in the Circumlocution Office, than they can tolerate his fractious spirits. He poisons life at the well-head. It is better to be beggared out of hand by a scapegrace nephew, than daily hag-ridden by a peevish uncle.

And what, in God's name, is all this pother about? For what cause do they embitter their own and other people's lives? That a man should publish three or thirty articles a year, that he should finish or not finish his great allegorical picture, are questions of little interest to the world. The ranks of life are full; and although a thousand fall, there are always some to go into the breach. When they told Joan of Arc she should be at home minding women's work, she answered there were plenty to spin and wash. And so, even with your own rare gifts! When nature is "so careless of the single life," why should we coddle ourselves into the fancy that our own is of exceptional importance? Suppose Shakespeare had been knocked on the head some dark night in Sir Thomas Lucy's preserves, the world would have wagged on better or worse, the pitcher gone to the well, the scythe to the corn, and the student to his book; and no one been any the wiser of the loss. There are not many works extant, if you look the alternative all over, which are worth the price of a pound of tobacco to a man of limited means. This is a sobering reflection for the proudest of our earthly vanities. Even a tobacconist may, upon consideration, find no great cause for personal vainglory in the phrase, for although tobacco is an admirable sedative, the qualities necessary for retailing it are neither rare nor precious in themselves. Alas and alas! you may take it how you will, but the services of no single individual are indis-

pensable. Atlas was just a gentleman with a protracted nightmare! And yet you see merchants who go and labor themselves into a great fortune and thence into the bankruptcy court; scribblers who keep scribbling at little articles until their temper is a cross to all who come about them, as though Pharaoh should set the Israelites to make a pin instead of a pyramid; and fine young men who work themselves into a decline, and are driven off in a hearse with white plumes upon it. Would you not suppose these persons had been whispered, by the Master of the Ceremonies, the promise of some momentous destiny? and that this lukewarm bullet on which they play their farces was the bull's-eye and centrepoint of all the universe? And yet it is not so. The ends for which they give away their priceless youth, for all they know, may be chimerical or hurtful; the glory and riches they expect may never come, or may find them indifferent; and they and the world they inhabit are so inconsiderable that the mind freezes at the thought.

LABOR AND LEISURE[1]

L. P. JACKS

IN THE last lecture I suggested that the idea of civilization as diseased is getting a dangerous hold. The dangers are: (1) that the mind of society becomes unwholesomely inverted upon itself, like that of a valetudinarian who is constantly feeling his pulse and taking his temperature with a clinical thermometer; (2) that we come to rely upon remedies, upon legislative drugs, and so contract the social drug-habit; (3) that we suffer ourselves to be exploited by quacks, who make a living out of our fears.

While admitting that functional disorders of a grave kind exist, I cannot accept the theory of organic disease. In evidence that this theory is not sound I cited the extraordinary powers of endurance which the nations of the world displayed in the late disastrous War, and are still displaying in the disastrous peace which followed it. Believing that man is made as much for the endurance of pain as for the avoidance of it, I submitted that our civilization, under a test of pain as severe as any we can conceive, has come bravely off and proved its mettle, which a diseased civilization could hardly have done. I then went on to argue that the theory of a diseased civilization has its origin in certain paltry notions about happiness, and about man's right to be happy, which have held their ground in popular thought in spite of discredit in the high places of philosophy. A human being, I said, is not to be thought of as created for the small-scale manufacture of happiness, nor society as created for mass production of that ambiguous article.

At the end of all this, I was left with a formidable question. If man is not created for the production of happiness what, in heaven's name, is he created for? To this question I now address myself.

No originality in this matter is now possible. The question before us was answered some twenty-three centuries ago, in a perfectly intelligible and profoundly significant manner, by Aristotle.

[1] From *Responsibility and Culture*. Yale University Press, 1924. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

The business of philosophy is not so much to explain things as to find the things that explain themselves. This last is by far the more difficult operation of the two—at least it demands a higher order of genius. In our time we have grown so accustomed to approaching our problems through a fog of abstractions—such as "mind" and "matter," for example—that the thing which explains itself has become impossible to find. In many cases, indeed, the fog has reached such a point of density that philosophy, stuck fast in the midst of it, has come to the conclusion that the fog itself is the reality we are in search of. In Aristotle's time it was different. The fog-bank of abstractions was then no more than a light and transparent mist, through which the things that explain themselves could be readily seen—though even then, no doubt, the eye of genius was needed to see them. That it is that makes Greek philosophy, especially that of Plato and Aristotle, so profitable an exercise for our modern minds. It enables us to see through the fog of abstractions, of empty phraseology, in which the modern habit of thought has wrapped almost everything we think about.

Aristotle's philosophy of man is a notable case in point. It is a vision of man seen in a light in which he explains himself. Like all things which explain themselves it is, of course, difficult to understand—difficult, I mean, to us moderns, who have been trained to reach our conclusions by circuitous reasonings, and have lost the faculty, which marks the deepest philosophy, of looking into the heart of a fact. This faculty Aristotle possessed in a high degree, and he exercised it, very beautifully, in his doctrine of man.

It was something like this. Aristotle placed before his mind's eye the figure of a living man, in all the plenitude of his manhood. He saw him there, standing erect, alert and ready, with the fire of life radiating from his person, with all his powers, aptitudes, capacities, and versatilities imprinted on his body and expressed on his countenance. Aristotle looked him up and down; examined the attitudes and parts of him one by one; his upright carriage, his eye gazing into the distance, his lips breaking out into speech and above all his hands, his wonderful hands with their five mysterious fingers. Then, putting the parts together, he took in the vision as a whole, deeply meditating on the subject before him; and finally, with a directness rare in philosophy, he asked himself this question—What is that fine creature *for*? What does the cut of him suggest? Happiness? Smooth-flowing enjoyment? Not at all! That fine

creature is for *action*. With that keen eye of his, looking out into the distance for opportunities, with that alert figure ready to start forward, with those five mysterious fingers eager for occupation, and with all the rest of him, who can doubt for a moment that this creature was meant for *action*—for undertaking difficult enterprises, for embarking on long expeditions by sea and by land, for achieving the highest excellence on a thousand roads, for enduring tremendous strains and protracted vigils, for sweeping and majestic operations, for standing hard knocks from fate and from circumstance—aye, and for giving hard knocks in return? Action the end of him! Action the meaning of him! Action is what the fine creature is *for*! It came in a flash, and down went the first principle of Aristotle's anthropology—*the end of man is an action.*

Compare that with the "paltry speculation" about happiness which arose in England about the time of that disreputable monarch Charles II and afterwards spread like a poisonous miasma over both sides of the Atlantic—"happiness our being's end and aim." Compare it, you young men, and make your choice. Take it with you into the abodes of luxury and idleness and tell it out to the people there who are bored to death. Arm yourselves with it when the quack doctors come along with their remedies for "unhappiness." Remember it when you are unhappy yourselves, as no power on earth can prevent you from being sometimes, and let it silence your complaints, whether they be against the universe or against your fellow men. The end of man is an action!

When Aristotle had finished with the individual he turned to the state. Or rather, he began discoursing about the state, for he had been thinking about it all the time he had been looking on the individual and asking himself what the fine creature was for. He had seen the state prefigured in that individual—another fine creature, growing out of the first and again entering into him as the principle of his action, and helping his action to keep true to its appointed path—which is the pursuit of excellence in everything that his hand or his brain finds to do. The state, for Aristotle, is, in essence, an educational enterprise, just as it was for Plato. What else can it be when he defines it as "a means to the good life," as a principle entering into the lifeblood of the citizen and helping him not to live only, but to live *well*—a different thing from the happiness factory which the social doctors of today expect the state to be, and condemn it as diseased for not being?

I have sometimes wondered what Aristotle would say if he were to come to life again and inspect the modern state as we are trying to run it in these days. What form would his "diagnosis" take? "The trouble of your state, of your social system," he would say, "comes from the fact that for a long time past you have been trying to run it as a happiness factory, which it can never be and was never meant to be. But there is nothing fundamentally wrong with it—no fatal disease. The part which helps you to live the good life is still there, the principle is still at work. Develop that part of it, the educational part, the humanistic part, cease thinking of the state as a physic shop for providing you with remedies for your unhappiness, and you will find in a generation or two that you have better states and better relations between states than have ever existed before."

There is only one thing more I have to say about Aristotle, and it is by way of answering a possible criticism. "Aristotle," the critic will say, "is not so indifferent to happiness as you make out. Is there not a thing called *εὐδαιμονία*[2] which he promises to those who live the good life? And what, pray is *εὐδαιμονία* but happiness—smooth-flowing enjoyment?"

I answer, it is nothing of the kind. *Εὐδαιμονία* means "good demonship." And the matter is just this: that if you live a good life you will have a good demon; you will be a well-demoned or *εὐδαίμων* man. And what will your good demon do for you? Well, he will open your eyes. He will teach you to look into the heart of the fact. He will give you those flashes of intuition which reveal the reality of things. He will guide you in hitting the mark. Your good demon will correct you; he will correct the distortions of your vision, and you will be "happy" in the sense that the man is "happy" whom the Lord correcteth. You will find reality. You will hit the mark. Live the good life, then, and this *εὐδαιμονία*, this good demonship, this constant correction by the Lord, shall most assuredly be yours. The man blessed with a good demon, said the pagan; the man blessed with the fellowship of the Holy Spirit, said the Christian.

With this doctrine before us, this ancient doctrine of man as a being made for activity, and of society as a means to improving the quality of his actions, let us now translate it into terms appropriate to the industrial civilization of our time. That can be done in a

[2] *Εὐδαιμονία*, eudaimonia.

sentence. The activity through which men and nations are now to realize themselves is the thing we call *labor*, the actual contribution which each of them is making, by the work of the body or the work of the mind, to the value of the common life. Man, a creator of values; labor as the activity through which those values are to be created; the state as a means of educating and organizing his labors so that real values may come out at the end of them; this is the conception of man, and of the state, that I now commend to you in place of that other and debased conception—of man as made for happiness, and of the state as a contrivance for the mass production of that article.

If you accept the substitution, what follows? It follows that your responsibilities as a citizen will focus on the duty of making your life, through your labor, productive of real value, and of helping your fellow citizens to use their lives in the same manner. How that may be done best I shall explain more fully in my lecture on education—for it is obviously an educational enterprise that is here involved. Enough for the moment if we are clear on the general principle, and see the immense expansion of social duty, and feel the deeper sense of responsibility that follows from it. Social duty is no longer a mere question of making the right use of your vote for the promotion of happiness. It becomes the question of making the right use of your whole personality, of your whole life, and of helping others to do the same, for the creation of real value. Your vocation, whatever it may be, is now the great field of social service, in which, through the labor that has fallen to you, you make your contribution of excellent performance. The well doing of everything that needs to be done is now your motto, and the motto of the entire community of which you are a member.

I offer you that as the translation into terms appropriate to our highly complex industrial civilization of Aristotle's doctrine that the end of man is activity—the well doing of everything that needs to be done, on the great field of human labor. I offer it as indicating the only possible line on which industrial civilization can advance to better things. When its significance has been fully grasped, and when all that botheration about "happiness" has been finally got rid of, we shall be in the way to a renaissance, to a great revival—a revival of the arts, to begin with—for art is nothing else than the well doing of what needs to be done; then a revival of morality—for there can be no sound morality while men are

scamping their jobs; and, lastly, a revival of religion—because there can be no religion which is not in its essence a religion of work—a dedication of one's life to the pursuit of excellence in all the labors belonging to our place in the social complex.

It is not the labor of any particular class, such as the manual workers, that we are here concerned with, but the labor of the whole community in the endless variety of occupations, from the simplest to the most highly specialized, from digging in the ground to governing the state, from the bench of the carpenter to the operating table of the surgeon, from the stokehold of the ship, where men are shoveling coals into a furnace, to the studio of the artist, where things of beauty are being created. We need to think of all that as though it were a single whole, but a whole made up of an immense number of functions, which are not really separate, but all connected and mutually dependent, all united and woven together with the general task of carrying on the life of society from year to year and from century to century. The whole community may be considered as though it were a single laboring unit, with ten thousand different tasks distributed among its members, all linked together into the one common task which we call civilization. Looking at labor in that synoptic manner, one may say, in homely language, that society has only one job to offer to its members. The name of it is civilization, or if you prefer, progress. We may be farmers or statesmen, carpenters, or surgeons, stokers or artists, teachers, lawyers, shopkeepers, clergymen—what you will; but these vocations are only the different names we have for our different contributions to the one task we all share in common, that of carrying forward the work of civilization, which is the work of the ages, and which some call the Kingdom of God.

It is a fruitful way of looking at the matter. For certain purposes, of course, we have to look at labor piecemeal, to consider its different varieties one by one. But when we have done that, when we have analyzed labor into the various trades and callings, and considered what is due to each, then we need to bring them all together again, and see them combining with one another into the unitary task which society as a whole has to accomplish, the vision of the world's labor as a unitary operation. In that way we shall see what a tremendous task we are confronted with in these days—that, namely, of keeping the good which civilization has won already and then carrying it on to something better; we shall see this

task demanding from each of us the uttermost of his strength and his courage; each separate function will be ennobled by this vision of the great whole to which it contributes; we shall be more anxious to make our own work a real contribution to it, and not a sham one; and above all we shall be more ready to value the contributions which other men and other nations are making, and without which our own would not be possible. The more that view of the matter sinks into our minds the more unwilling we shall be to waste our energies in mutual quarrels and in wars, and the more eager we shall become to devise means of coöperation, of pulling together.

Conceiving labor, then, as the "action" through which industrial civilization is to realize whatever higher possibilities are hidden within it, let us now ask what leisure is, and how it stands related to the general responsibilities of the citizen.

Leisure is commonly thought of in terms which represent it as the opposite of labor, as a state when responsibility approaches the vanishing point, when exertion ceases, and the worker gives himself up to rest and enjoyment. In the hours of labor we do our duty; in the hours of leisure we have no duty but abandon ourselves to impulse and inclination.

There is an element of truth in this conception, especially in the emphasis it lays on the necessity of rest. But if taken as the whole truth about leisure it leads to conclusions which are absurd and disastrous.

So far as leisure means the state of having nothing to do, of having no duties to perform but only inclinations to follow, there is no prospect that leisure will ever become the general lot of mankind. . . . The higher our civilization becomes, the more it will demand of us all in the way of vigor, industry, skill, and forethought. The challenge of labor is an increasing challenge; the higher powers are not going to make things easier at that point. They will continue in the future as in the past to give society a task proportioned to its powers. As intelligence increases, as science becomes more efficient, as organization becomes more perfect, as liberty becomes more real, we may look out for a corresponding increase in the demand for industry, for courage, for loyalty. To each man according to his several ability. To each age according to its several ability. I see no prospect of a workless civilization—of a state of things when

unemployment will be abolished through the abolition of employment, as a wag recently suggested it might be.

What then is leisure? Well, if you look into it you will find this: that our leisure, especially when we are actively following our impulses, *is the time when we are making the greatest demands on the services of our fellow men.* It has been said, with a great deal of truth, that one man's leisure is another man's labor. Our enjoyments, even our refined enjoyments, are possible only because a host of silent workers are providing us with the means for enjoying ourselves. Behind your leisure and mine lies the toil of the silent multitudes. We do well to remember it.

In Mr. Bertrand Russell's book[3] to which I referred in my last lecture, he draws a distinction between labor and leisure of the type I am now criticizing. He treats them as opposites of one another. Labor stands for that part of our life where we are the servants of society, acting under orders. Leisure is that other and better part where we are free men and doing what we please. The object at which we should aim, thinks Mr. Russell, is to reduce the labor, or servant part, to the minimum, and to increase the leisure, or free part, to a maximum. Mr. Russell's view of labor strikes me as somewhat aristocratic, though the book itself, like all his books, is very far from being written in the aristocratic interest. He looks upon labor, on the hammering, and plowing, and machine-minding, as a necessary nuisance, as so much boredom—he uses that word several times—which nevertheless has to be put up with in order that society may be provided with the necessaries of life. The very opposite, you will observe, to the view taken by Carlyle, who defined labor as the honor and glory of man and the passport to everything that makes life worth living. Mr. Russell thinks further that if science, our great ally, were properly applied to the industrial process, the amount of this drudgery or boredom might be reduced to four hours a day for every man, all the rest becoming leisure in which the worker would be under no man's orders and free to enjoy himself according to his tastes.

Among the leisure occupations which Mr. Russell thinks will become possible when work has been reduced to four hours a day, I note the following—art, science, thought, contemplation of the universe, enjoyment of the beauties of nature, friendship, and love. Let

[3] *The Prospects of Industrial Civilization.*

us look at a few of these leisure occupations and see what they involve.

Art, science, and thought are the most strenuous occupations of man. If you would make good in any of these you must scorn delights and live laborious days! To produce a masterpiece in art, you must go lean for many days, and the passers-by will say of you as they said of Dante, "This man surely has been in hell." In the sweat of thy brow, in the sweat of thy brain, shalt thou *think*, shalt thou achieve the great discoveries of science, the great creations of art!

Then as to the enjoyment of natural beauty. Would you enjoy a mountain? You must climb it. Would you enjoy the loveliness of the dawn? You must be wide awake and stirring betimes. Would you watch the wild animals at play in the jungle? You must run the risk of being eaten by a lion. Would you behold the majesty of darkness—those mighty apparitions that march across the heavens with the star-diadems on their brows? Then you must watch far into the night, with all your faculties at the stretch, till the glow-worm pales his ineffectual fire. There is no laziness in leisure of this kind.

And what shall we say of love, as an occupation for our leisure time? Well! Is not the abode of the beloved mostly guarded by a dragon? Your sword must be sharp, your hand steady, and your heart valiant. Is Hero keeping her lonely vigil on the further shore? You must swim the Hellespont to get there. Is Beatrice waiting your arrival in the earthly Paradise? You must go through hell, and there is no other way. If you are out for the leisure which consists in following your impulses you had better keep clear of all that. "The end of man is an action." Here also the antithesis between labor and leisure completely breaks down.

It comes to this, then. The principle that man's end is an action meets us on every level of life. Met on one level we find that man's life is labor, met on another we find that it is art, science, thought, beauty, human fellowship, and love—the occupations of his so-called leisure. All is of one piece. Leisure is not inaction, but a higher kind of activity. And the problem of our civilization, as I conceive it, is not to reduce labor in favor of leisure—Mr. Russell's method—but to raise labor to those levels of excellence which make it worthy of a man. The transfiguration of labor—the transfiguration of it from a burden that crushes him into a cul-

ture that ennobles him; to start labor from the beginning toward those higher activities in which it should end, so that art, science, love, and religion instead of standing aloof from it and apart from it, may come down into it and make it their own. A tremendous problem—a task for giants! But that fine creature whose measure was taken by Aristotle can tackle it—a being not made for the paltry business of hunting after happiness and whining because he cannot find it, but for undertaking distant enterprises, and bearing heavy strains, and embarking on operations of great scope and majesty.

MUSIC AND THE DANCE IN ANCIENT GREECE[1]

G. Lowes Dickinson

"Music," as the Greeks used the term, was the center of Greek education, and its moral character thus became a matter of primary importance. By it were formed, it was supposed, the mind and temper of the citizens, and so the whole constitution of the state. "The introduction of a new kind of music," says Plato, "must be shunned as imperilling the whole state, since styles of music are never disturbed without affecting the most important political institutions." "The new style," he goes on, "gradually gaining a lodgment, quietly insinuates itself into manners and customs; and from these it issues in greater force, and makes its way into mutual compacts; and from compacts it goes on to attack laws and constitutions, displaying the utmost impudence, until it ends by overturning everything, both in public and in private."[2] And as in his Republic he had defined the character of the poetry that should be admitted into his ideal state, so in the "Laws" he specially defines the character of the melodies and dances, regarding them as the most important factor in determining and preserving the manners and institutions of the citizens.

Nothing, at first sight, to a modern mind, could be stranger than this point of view. That poetry has a bearing on conduct we can indeed understand, though we do not make poetry the center of our system of education; but that moral effects should be attributed to music and to dancing, and that these should be regarded as of such importance as to influence profoundly the whole constitution of a state, will appear to the majority of modern men an unintelligible paradox.

Yet no opinion of the Greeks is more profoundly characteristic than this of their whole way of regarding life, and none would

[1] From *The Greek View of Life*, by G. Lowes Dickinson, reprinted by permission from Doubleday, Doran & Company, Inc.

[2] Plato, Rep. IV., 424 c.—Translated by Davies and Vaughan.

better repay a careful study. That moral character should be attributed to the influence of music is only one and perhaps the most striking illustration of that general identification by the Greeks of the ethical and the aesthetic standards on which we have so frequently had occasion to insist. Virtue, in their conception, was not a hard conformity to a law felt as alien to the natural character; it was the free expression of a beautiful and harmonious soul. And this very metaphor "harmonious," which they so constantly employ, involves the idea of a close connection between music and morals. Character, in the Greek view, is a certain proportion of the various elements of the soul, and the right character is the right proportion. But the relation in which these elements stand to one another could be directly affected, it was found, by means of music; not only could the different emotions be excited or assuaged in various degrees, but the whole relation of the emotional to the rational element could be regulated and controlled by the appropriate melody and measure. That this connection between music and morals really does exist is recognized, in a rough and general way, by most people who have any musical sense. There are rhythms and tunes, for example, that are felt to be vulgar and base, and others that are felt to be ennobling; some music, Wagner's, for instance, is frequently called immoral; Gounod is described as enervating, Beethoven as bracing, and the like; and however absurd such comments may often appear to be in detail, underlying them is the undoubtedly well-grounded sense that various kinds of music have various ethical qualities. But it is just this side of music, which has been neglected in modern times, that was the one on which the Greeks laid most stress. Infinitely inferior to the moderns in the mechanical resources of the art, they had made, it appears, a far finer and closer analysis of its relation to emotional states; with the result that even in music, which we describe as the purest of the arts, congratulating ourselves on its absolute dissociation from all definite intellectual conceptions—even here the standard of the Greeks was as much ethical as aesthetic, and the style of music was distinguished and its value appraised, not only by the pleasure to be derived from it, but also by the effect it tended to produce on character.

Of this position we have a clear and definite statement in Aristotle. Virtue, he says, consists in loving and hating in the proper way, and implies, therefore, a delight in the proper emotions; but emotions of any kind are produced by melody and rhythm; therefore by music a

man becomes accustomed to feeling the right emotions. Music has thus the power to form character; and the various kinds of music, based on the various modes, may be distinguished by their effects on character—one, for example, working in the direction of melancholy, another of effeminacy; one encouraging abandonment, another self-control, another enthusiasm, and so on through the series. It follows that music may be judged not merely by the pleasure it gives, but by the character of its moral influence; pleasure, indeed, is essential or there would be no art; but the different kinds of pleasure given by different kinds of music are to be distinguished not merely by quantity, but by quality. One will produce a right pleasure of which the good man will approve, and which will have a good effect on character, another will be in exactly the opposite case. Or, as Plato puts it, "the excellence of music is to be measured by pleasure. But the pleasure must not be that of chance persons; the fairest music is that which delights the best and best educated, and especially that which delights the one man who is preeminent in virtue and education."[3]

We see then that even pure music, to the Greeks, had a distinct and definite ethical bearing. But this ethical influence was further emphasized by the fact that it was not their custom to enjoy their music pure. What they called "music," as has been already pointed out, was an intimate union of melody, verse and dance, so that the particular emotional meaning of the rhythm and tune employed was brought out into perfect lucidity by the accompanying words and gestures. Thus we find, for example, that Plato characterizes a tendency in his own time to the separation of melody and verse as a sign of a want of true artistic taste; for, he says, it is very hard, in the absence of words, to distinguish the exact character of the mood which the rhythm and tune is supposed to represent. In this connection it may be interesting to refer to the use of the *"leitmotiv"* in modern music. Here too a particular idea, if not a particular set of words, is associated with the particular musical phrase; the intention of the practice being clearly the same as that which is indicated in the passage just quoted, namely to add precision and definiteness to the vague emotional content of pure music.

And this determining effect of words was further enhanced, in the music of the Greeks, by the additional accompaniment of the dance. The emotional character conveyed to the mind by the words

[3] Plato, Laws, II. 658 E.—Translated by Jowett.

and to the ear by the tune, was further explained to the eye by gesture, pose, and beat of foot; the combination of the three modes of expression forming thus in the Greek sense a single "imitative" art. The dance as well as the melody came thus to have a definite ethical significance; "it imitates," says Aristotle, "character, emotion, and action." And Plato in his ideal republic would regulate by law the dances no less than the melodies to be employed, distinguishing them too as morally good or morally bad, and encouraging the one while he forbids the other.

The general Greek view of music which has thus been briefly expounded, the union of melody and rhythm with poetry and the dance in view of a definite and consciously intended ethical character, may be illustrated by the following passage of Plutarch, in which he describes the music in vogue at Sparta. The whole system, it will be observed, is designed with a view to that military courage which was the virtue most prized in the Spartan state, and the one about which all their institutions centered. Music at Sparta actually was, what Plato would have had it in his ideal republic, a public and state-regulated function; and even that vigorous race which of all the Greeks came nearest to being Philistines of virtue, thought fit to lay a foundation purely aesthetic for their severe and soldierly ideal.

"Their instruction in music and verse," says Plutarch, "was not less carefully attended to than their habits of grace and good-breeding in conversation. And their very songs had a life and spirit in them that inflamed and possessed men's minds with an enthusiasm and ardor for action; the style of them was plain and without affectation; the subject always serious and moral; most usually, it was in praise of such men as had died in defense of their country, or in derision of those that had been cowards; the former they declared happy and glorified; the life of the latter they described as most miserable and abject. There were also vaunts of what they would do and boasts of what they had done, varying with the various ages; as, for example, they had three choirs in their solemn festivals, the first of the old men, the second of the young men, and the last of the children; the old men began thus:

" 'We once were young and brave and strong;'

the young men answering them, singing:

" 'And we're so now, come on and try':

the children came last and said:

" 'But we'll be strongest by-and-by.'

"Indeed, if we will take the pains to consider their compositions, and the airs on the flute to which they marched when going to battle, we shall find that Terpander and Pindar had reason to say that music and valour were allied."[4]

The way of regarding music which is illustrated in this passage, and in all that is said on the subject by Greek writers, is so typical of the whole point of view of the Greeks, that we may be pardoned for insisting once again on the attitude of mind which it implies. Music, as we saw, had an ethical value to the Greeks; but that is not to say that they put the ethics first, and the music second, using the one as a mere tool of the other. Rather an ethical state of mind was also, in their view, a musical one. In a sense something more than metaphorical, virtue was a harmony of the soul. The musical end was thus identical with the ethical one. The most beautiful music was also the morally best, and *vice versa*; virtue was not prior to beauty, nor beauty to virtue; they were two aspects of the same reality, two ways of regarding a single fact; and if aesthetic effects were supposed to be amenable to ethical judgment, it was only because ethical judgments at bottom were aesthetic. The "good" and the "beautiful" were one and the same thing; that is the first and last word of the Greek ideal.

And while thus, on the one hand, virtue was invested with the spontaneity and delight of art, on the other, art derived from its association with ethics emotional precision. In modern times the end of music is commonly conceived to be simply and without more ado the excitement of feeling. Its value is measured by the intensity rather than the quality of the emotion which it is capable of arousing; and the auditor abandons himself to a casual succession of highly wrought moods as bewildering in the actual experience as it is exhausting in the after-effects. In Greek music, on the other hand, if we may trust our accounts, while the intensity of the feeling excited must have been far less than that which it is in the power of modern instrumentation to evoke, its character was perfectly simple and definite. Melody, rhythm, gesture and words, were all con-

[4] Plutarch, "Lycurgus," ch. 21 (Clough's Edition).

sciously adapted to the production of a single precisely conceived emotional effect; the listener was in a position clearly to understand and appraise the value of the mood excited in him; instead of being exhausted and confused by a chaos of vague and conflicting emotion, he had the sense of relief which accompanies the deliverance of a definite passion, and returned to his ordinary business "purged," as they said, and tranquillized, by a process which he understood, directed to an end of which he approved.

THE IDEA OF TRAGEDY[1]

EDITH HAMILTON

THE great tragic artists of the world are four, and three of them are Greek. It is in tragedy that the pre-eminence of the Greeks can be seen most clearly. Except for Shakespeare, the great three, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, stand alone. Tragedy is an achievement peculiarly Greek. They were the first to perceive it and they lifted it to its supreme height. Nor is it a matter that directly touches only the great artists who wrote tragedies; it concerns the entire people as well, who felt the appeal of the tragic to such a degree that they would gather thirty thousand strong to see a performance. In tragedy the Greek genius penetrated farthest and it is the revelation of what was most profound in them.

The special characteristic of the Greeks was their power to see the world clearly and at the same time as beautiful. Because they were able to do this, they produced art distinguished from all other art by an absence of struggle, marked by a calm and serenity which is theirs alone. There is, it seems to assure us, a region where beauty is truth, truth beauty. To it their artists would lead us, illumining life's dark confusions by gleams fitful indeed and wavering compared with the fixed light of religious faith, but by some magic of their own, satisfying, affording a vision of something inconclusive and yet of incalculable significance. Of all the great poets this is true, but truest of the tragic poets, for the reason that in them the power of poetry confronts the inexplicable.

Tragedy was a Greek creation because in Greece thought was free. Men were thinking more and more deeply about human life, and beginning to perceive more and more clearly that it was bound up with evil and that injustice was of the nature of things. And then, one day, this knowledge of something irremediably wrong in the world came to a poet with his poet's power to see beauty in the truth of human life, and the first tragedy was written. As the author

[1] From *The Greek Way*, W. W. Norton & Company, 1930. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

of a most distinguished book on the subject says: "The spirit of inquiry meets the spirit of poetry and tragedy is born." Make it concrete: early Greece with her god-like heroes and hero gods fighting far on the ringing plains of windy Troy; with her lyric world, where every common thing is touched with beauty—her two-fold world of poetic creation. Then a new age dawns, not satisfied with beauty of song and story, an age that must try to know and to explain. And for the first time tragedy appears. A poet of surpassing magnitude, not content with the old sacred conventions, and of a soul great enough to bear new and intolerable truth—that is Æschylus, the first writer of tragedy.

Tragedy belongs to the poets. Only they have "trod the sunlit heights and from life's dissonance struck one clear chord." None but a poet can write a tragedy. For tragedy is nothing less than pain transmuted into exaltation by the alchemy of poetry, and if poetry is true knowledge and the great poets guides safe to follow, this transmutation has arresting implications.

Pain changed into, or, let us say, charged with, exaltation. It would seem that tragedy is a strange matter. There is indeed none stranger. A tragedy shows us pain and gives us pleasure thereby. The greater the suffering depicted, the more terrible the events, the more intense our pleasure. The most monstrous and appalling deeds life can show are those the tragedian chooses, and by the spectacle he thus offers us, we are moved to a very passion of enjoyment. There is food for wonder here, not to be passed over, as the superficial have done, by pointing out that the Romans made a holiday of a gladiator's slaughter, and that even today fierce instincts, savage survivals, stir in the most civilized. Grant all that, and we are not a step advanced on the way to explaining the mystery of tragic pleasure. It has no kinship with cruelty or the lust for blood.

On this point it is illuminating to consider our every-day use of the words tragedy and tragic. Pain, sorrow, disaster, are always spoken of as depressing, as dragging down—the dark abyss of pain, a crushing sorrow, an overwhelming disaster. But speak of tragedy and extraordinarily the metaphor changes. Lift us to tragic heights, we say, and never anything else. The depths of pathos but never of tragedy. Always the height of tragedy. A word is no light matter. Words have with truth been called fossil poetry, each, that is, a symbol of creative thought. The whole philosophy of human nature is implicit in human speech. It is a matter to pause over, that the

instinct of mankind has perceived a difference, not of degree but of kind, between tragic pain and all other pain. There is something in tragedy which marks it off from other disasters so sharply that in our common speech we bear witness to the difference.

All those whose attention has been caught by the strange contradiction of pleasure through pain agree with this instinctive witness, and some of the most brilliant minds the world has known have concerned themselves with it. Tragic pleasure, they tell us, is in a class by itself. "Pity and awe," Aristotle called it, "and a sense of emotion purged and purified thereby." "Reconciliation," said Hegel, which we may understand in the sense of life's temporary dissonance resolved into eternal harmony. "Acceptance," said Schopenhauer, the temper of mind that says, "Thy will be done." "The reaffirmation of the will to live in the face of death," said Nietzsche, "and the joy of its inexhaustibility when so reaffirmed."

Pity, awe, reconciliation, exaltation—these are the elements that make up tragic pleasure. No play is a tragedy that does not call them forth. So the philosophers say, all in agreement with the common judgment of mankind, that tragedy is something above and beyond the dissonance of pain. But what it is that causes a play to call forth these feelings, what is the essential element in tragedy, Hegel alone seeks to define. In a notable passage he says that the only tragic subject is a spiritual struggle in which each side has a claim upon our sympathy. But, as his critics have pointed out, he would thus exclude the tragedy of the suffering of the innocent, and a definition which does not include the death of Cordelia or of Deianira cannot be taken as final.

The suffering of the innocent, indeed, can itself be so differently treated as to necessitate completely different categories. In one of the greatest tragedies, the *Prometheus* of Æschylus, the main actor is an innocent sufferer, but, beyond this purely formal connection, that passionate rebel, defying God and all the powers of the universe, has no relationship whatever to the lovely, loving Cordelia. An inclusive definition of tragedy must cover cases as diverse in circumstance and in the character of the protagonist as the whole range of life and letters can afford it. It must include such opposites as Antigone, the high-souled maiden who goes with open eyes to her death rather than leave her brother's body unburied, and Macbeth, the ambition-mad, the murderer of his king and guest. These two plays, seemingly so totally unlike, call forth the same response.

Tragic pleasure of the greatest intensity is caused by them both. They have something in common, but the philosophers do not tell us what it is. Their concern is with what a tragedy makes us feel, not with what makes a tragedy.

Only twice in literary history has there been a great period of tragedy, in the Athens of Pericles and in Elizabethan England. What these two periods had in common, two thousand years and more apart in time, that they expressed themselves in the same fashion, may give us some hint of the nature of tragedy, for far from being periods of darkness and defeat, each was a time when life was seen exalted, a time of thrilling and unfathomable possibilities. They held their heads high, those men who conquered at Marathon and Salamis, and those who fought Spain and saw the Great Armada sink. The world was a place of wonder; mankind was beauteous; life was lived on the crest of the wave. More than all, the poignant joy of heroism had stirred men's hearts. Not stuff for tragedy, would you say. But on the crest of the wave one must feel either tragically or joyously; one cannot feel tamely. The temper of mind that sees tragedy in life has not for its opposite the temper that sees joy. The opposite pole to the tragic view of life is the sordid view. When humanity is seen as devoid of dignity and significance, trivial, mean, and sunk in dreary hopelessness, then the spirit of tragedy departs. "Sometime let gorgeous tragedy in sceptred pall come sweeping by." At the opposite pole stands Gorki with *The Lower Depths*.

Other poets may, the tragedian must, seek for the significance of life. An error strangely common is that this significance for tragic purposes depends, in some sort, upon outward circumstance, on

> pomp and feast and revelry,
> With mask, and antique pageantry—

Nothing of all that touches tragedy. The surface of life is comedy's concern; tragedy is indifferent to it. We do not, to be sure, go to Main Street or to Zenith for tragedy, but the reason has nothing to do with their dull familiarity. There is no reason inherent in the house itself why Babbitt's home in Zenith should not be the scene of a tragedy quite as well as the Castle of Elsinore. The only reason it is not is Babbitt himself. "That singular swing toward elevation" which Schopenhauer discerned in tragedy, does not take any of its impetus from outside things.

The dignity and the significance of human life—of these, and of these alone, tragedy will never let go. Without them there is no tragedy. To answer the question, what makes a tragedy, is to answer the question wherein lies the essential significance of life, what the dignity of humanity depends upon in the last analysis. Here the tragedians speak to us with no uncertain voice. The great tragedies themselves offer the solution to the problem they propound. It is by our power to suffer, above all, that we are of more value than the sparrows. Endow them with a greater or as great a potentiality of pain and our foremost place in the world would no longer be undisputed. Deep down, when we search out the reason for our conviction of the transcendent worth of each human being, we know that it is because of the possibility that each can suffer so terribly. What do outside trappings matter, Zenith or Elsinore? Tragedy's preoccupation is with suffering.

But, it is to be well noted, not with all suffering. There are degrees in our high estate of pain. It is not given to all to suffer alike. We differ in nothing more than in our power to feel. There are souls of little and of great degree, and upon that degree the dignity and significance of each life depend. There is no dignity like the dignity of a soul in agony.

> Here I and sorrows sit;
> Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

Tragedy is enthroned, and to her realm those alone are admitted who belong to the only true aristocracy, that of all passionate souls. Tragedy's one essential is a soul that can feel greatly. Given such a one and any catastrophe may be tragic. But the earth may be removed and the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea, and if only the small and shallow are confounded, tragedy is absent.

One dark page of Roman history tells of a little seven-year-old girl, daughter of a man judged guilty of death and so herself condemned to die, and how she passed through the staring crowds sobbing and asking, "What had she done wrong? If they would tell her, she would never do it again" and so on to the black prison and the executioner. That breaks the heart, but is not tragedy, it is pathos. No heights are there for the soul to mount to, but only the dark depths where there are tears for things. Undeserved suffering is not in itself tragic. Death is not tragic in itself, not the death of the beautiful and the young, the lovely and beloved. Death felt and

suffered as Macbeth feels and suffers is tragic. Death felt as Lear feels Cordelia's death is tragic. Ophelia's death is not a tragedy. She being what she is, it could be so only if Hamlet's and Laertes' grief were tragic grief. The conflicting claims of the law of God and the law of man are not what make the tragedy of the *Antigone*. It is Antigone herself, so great, so tortured. Hamlet's hesitation to kill his uncle is not tragic. The tragedy is his power to feel. Change all the circumstances of the drama and Hamlet in the grip of any calamity would be tragic, just as Polonius would never be, however awful the catastrope. The suffering of a soul that can suffer greatly—that and only that, is tragedy.

It follows, then, that tragedy has nothing to do with the distinction between Realism and Romanticism. The contrary has always been maintained. The Greeks went to the myths for their subjects, we are told, to insure remoteness from real life which does not admit of high tragedy. "Realism is the ruin of tragedy," says the latest writer on the subject. It is not true. If indeed Realism were conceived of as dealing only with the usual, tragedy would be ruled out, for the soul capable of a great passion is not usual. But if nothing human is alien to Realism, then tragedy is of her domain, for the unusual is as real as the usual. When the Moscow Art Players presented the *Brothers Karamazoff* there was seen on the stage an absurd little man in dirty clothes who waved his arms about and shuffled and sobbed, the farthest possible remove from the traditional figures of tragedy, and yet tragedy was there in his person, stripped of her gorgeous pall, but sceptred truly, speaking the authentic voice of human agony in a struggle past the power of the human heart to bear. A drearier setting, a more typically realistic setting, it would be hard to find, but to see the play was to feel pity and awe before a man dignified by one thing only, made great by what he could suffer. Ibsen's plays are not tragedies. Whether Ibsen is a realist or not—the Realism of one generation is apt to be the Romanticism of the next—small souls are his dramatis personae and his plays are dramas with an unhappy ending. The end of *Ghosts* leaves us with a sense of shuddering horror and cold anger against a society where such things can be, and these are not tragic feelings.

The greatest realistic works of fiction have been written by the French and the Russians. To read one of the great Frenchmen's books is to feel mingled despair and loathing for mankind, so base, so trivial and so wretched. But to read a great Russian novel is to

have an altogether different experience. The baseness, the beast in us, the misery of life, are there as plain to see as in the French book, but what we are left with is not despair and not loathing, but a sense of pity and wonder before mankind that can so suffer. The Russian sees life in that way because the Russian genius is primarily poetical; the French genius is not. *Anna Karenina* is a tragedy; *Madame Bovary* is not. Realism and Romanticism, or comparative degrees of Realism, have nothing to do with the matter. It is a case of the small soul against the great soul and the power of a writer whose special endowment is *"voir clair dans ce qui est"* against the intuition of a poet.

If the Greeks had left no tragedies behind for us, the highest reach of their power would be unknown. The three poets who were able to sound the depths of human agony were able also to recognize and reveal it as tragedy. The mystery of evil, they said, curtains that of which "every man whose soul is not a clod hath visions." Pain could exalt and in tragedy for a moment men could have sight of a meaning beyond their grasp. "Yet had God not turned us in his hand and cast to earth our greatness," Euripides makes the old Trojan queen say in her extremity, "we would have passed away giving nothing to men. They would have found no theme for song in us nor made great poems from our sorrows."

Why is the death of the ordinary man a wretched, chilling thing which we turn from, while the death of the hero, always tragic, warms us with a sense of quickened life? Answer this question and the enigma of tragic pleasure is solved. "Never let me hear that brave blood has been shed in vain," said Sir Walter Scott; "it sends an imperious challenge down through all the generations." So the end of a tragedy challenges us. The great soul in pain and in death transforms pain and death. Through it we catch a glimpse of the Stoic Emperor's Dear City of God, of a deeper and more ultimate reality than that in which our lives are lived.

LEONARDO DA VINCI[1]

THOMAS CRAVEN

LEONARDO DA VINCI is perhaps the most resplendent figure in the history of the human race. In person, distinguished and strong; in bearing, generous and gentle; in intellect, a giant; in art, the most perfect painter who ever held a brush, he stands so far above the ordinary mortal that his name, for centuries, has signified less a man than a legend, less an artist than a magician. During his lifetime his presence stirred people to wonder and admiration, and to uncomfortable conjectures on his marvellous powers. When he walked through the streets of Milan, his long fair hair crowned with a black cap, and his blond beard flowing down over his favorite rose-colored tunic, passers-by drew aside, and whispered to one another, "There he goes to paint *The Last Supper*!" He would travel from his house across the whole length of the city to work on the picture, mount the scaffold, add two or three touches of color, and then go away; at other times he would paint in the deepest concentration from morning till night, without food or drink. Kings and cities bid for him, as if he were, himself, a work of art; commissions were thrust upon him by public opinion; and when one of his cartoons was exhibited at Florence "a vast crowd of men and women, old and young—a concourse such as one sees flocking to the most solemn festivals—hastened to behold the wonders produced by Leonardo." The loveliest woman in Italy, a duchess whose habit it was to dictate to artists the pictures she fancied, implored him again and again to paint for her a little twelve-year-old Christ, or "at least a little picture of the Madonna, devout and sweet." The picture was never painted. Leonardo was also an artist in warfare, and pressed by all sorts of demands, entered the service of Cesare Borgia as chief military engineer. It is no wonder that such a figure should have passed so swiftly into legend.

[1] From *Men of Art*, Simon and Schuster, 1931. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

The legend was not of Leonardo's making. No man ever labored so steadfastly and scientifically to destroy mysteries and to enlighten the world by discoveries proceeding from observation and experiment. Profoundly religious, he was the enemy of superstition and magic; disillusioned and skeptical, ceaselessly inquiring into the operations of all phenomena, he was at the same time, a poet who loved all outward shapes and forms—children, stern old men, enchanting women, horses, flowers, mountains and moving waters—and who tracked every outward manifestation of life down to the secret source of its energy. "O marvellous necessity," he declared, "thou with supreme reason constrainest all effects to issue from their causes in the briefest possible way!" This law burned in his mind, colored his ambitions, provided him with a scientific basis for his investigations, determined the nature of all his performances. He saw no essential difference between art and science; his mind was serene, strikingly deliberate, realistic, and endlessly experimental, and yet filled with the artist's delight in the making of new things. Whatever he applied himself to—and we shall see that he attempted everything under the sun—he considered as a problem in construction. He put no trust in inspiration or momentary impulses; he was a master of calculations, a thoroughly modern man, superbly conscious in his methods and perfectly balanced in his procedures. He believed with Blake that "if the doors of perception were cleansed, everything would appear to man, as it is, infinite"; and to the end that he might understand the connection of all things, he trained his faculties consciously and with the utmost rigor, and with immense toil and no small amount of pain. He believed that all the laws of structure are within the scope of the human mind, and that once these laws have been grasped, then all things become of equal importance, and man can create spontaneously, like God himself. It scarcely needs to be said that his passion for omniscience was not realized. After all, he was mortal, a Florentine susceptible to human influences and predisposed to certain forms, gestures and scenes. And he was never able to create spontaneously. He painted but few pictures, and those after infinite reflections and readjustments. He struggled for sixteen years with an equestrian statue that was never finished. But in the completeness of his knowledge and in his conception of the world and the whole celestial system as one vast design, he came closer to universality than any other man. . . .

During Leonardo's first residence at Florence his mind was enormously active. He was continually experimenting—striving to perfect new methods of expression. Art absorbed only a part of his attention, or, as he would have said, he encompassed the union of art and science, analyzing natural forces and phenomena empirically and co-ordinating them with creative vision. It was not, of course, a new thing for an artist to concern himself with scientific problems: his master was a mathematician and an engineer, and most of his distinguished predecessors had studied anatomy, perspective and light and shade—but only so far as such matters had a practical bearing upon art. Leonardo was the first modern man of science. He observed life minutely and patiently, testing his theories by laboratory methods; he was the founder of the science of geology; he was a botanist with a classified herbarium; he formulated the law of the parallelogram of forces and invented deadly engines of warfare; he dissected corpses to ascertain the relation between function and structure and ascribed the deaths of persons of advanced age to hardening of the arteries. And he went further. He believed that all substances are inherently connected, mutually dependent, and in the final analysis, as modern chemistry insists, interchangeable. Hence he regarded every fact as sacred and every form as a symbol of universal significance. He conceived the world as a living organism warmed by the sun and nourished by the circulation of rivers just as the human body is maintained by the movement of the blood. But his view did not lead him into quack metaphysics or astrology. He conceded the supernatural but did not invoke it, confining himself to observable issues. His universe, as Paul Valéry has aptly pointed out, was entered by a well-devised perspective.

Applying his ideas to art, he scorned the specialists, avowing that no man is so big a fool that he cannot succeed in one thing, if he persists in it, and calling attention to the infinite diversity of nature, "the various kinds of animals there are, the different trees, herbs, and flowers, mountains and plains, springs, rivers, and towns." Occasionally, when he felt he was ripe for the task, he painted a picture, and his pictures are, structurally, so perfectly put together that every part takes its position in space with scientific inevitability. And all the components—the rocks, trees, fingers and faces —are painted with equal tenderness and care, with the devotion of

one who said, "we have no right to love or hate anything unless we have full knowledge of it." . . .

The notebooks of Leonardo constitute a repository of incalculable scientific research and speculative inquiry. From boyhood it was his habit to record his theories and observations; the habit grew with years, and at the age of thirty-seven, in Milan, he began to revise and collate his papers, and to keep his notes on a more extended scale with a view to complete formulation. But other duties continually interfered; his experiments multiplied; his writings piled up, and he was never able to give them anything like systematic arrangement. As a consequence, we have today, dispersed in European libraries, 5000 manuscript pages of unclassified reflections set down in reversed, or mirror writing, and embellished with drawings of the highest value. Let us make no mistake about the notebooks. They are not the maunderings of a metaphysician nor the pompous effusions of the professional hemlock-drinker. In method and in terminology, in magnitude and limpidity, they reveal one of the finest brains ever put in a human head, the brain of the artist-scientist, or shall we say, the universal artist? Havelock Ellis, examining these documents from a scientific point of view, credits Leonardo with being the founder of engineering and the study of anatomy and geology, a biologist in every field of mechanism, an hydrographer, geometrician, master of optics, and inventor of innumerable varieties of ballistic machines and ordnance. And these were only a fraction of the man! But unfortunately he did not give many of his discoveries to the world. Possibly he feared the Church and "the timid friends of God," as he called them, his ideas being so greatly at variance from orthodox Christianity, and including the belief that the soul, though divine, does not exist apart from the body. For whatever cause, the manuscripts lay concealed for centuries, and science in the meantime had produced Bacon, Newton, and Watt. In geology he established the laws of petrifaction; he was aware of the circulation of the blood; he invented the military tank, hydrophonic devices for communication among ships, roller bearings, and the wheel barrow; he described the flight of birds and made drawings of a "bird-man" and of aeroplanes driven by a propeller attached to a spring motor; he worked out every possible type of domed architecture and designed a cupola for St. Peter's sixty years before Michael Angelo; he planned hygienic cities with underground avenues flushed by canals and,

houses limited in height to the width of the streets, complaining that "people should not be packed together like goats and pollute the air for one another"; he had a cure for sea-sickness—the list is endless. . . .

In the section devoted to painting, Leonardo deals with the fundamental values of art, presenting the subject both scientifically and in the universal terms of God and man. He defines painting technically as modelling, "the task of giving corporeal shape to the three dimensions on a flat surface," spiritually as the rendering of emotions, or states of the soul, by means of appropriate postures and movements. He advises the artist to acquaint himself with all phases of life and to subject its details to the severest criticism—to go directly to nature and experience for his materials and not to make pictures out of other pictures. On the other hand, he counsels against imitation, emphasizing repeatedly the necessity for synthesis and organization. "The painter," he points out, "who draws merely by practice and by eye, without any vision, is like a mirror which copies all the objects placed before it, without being conscious of their existence." The treatise contains, besides directions for depicting everything imaginable from draperies to deluges, an intricate and exhaustive analysis of optical phenomena accompanied by illustrations of the most searching and portentous character. It is not too much to say that Leonardo's knowledge of light and atmospheric effects is equal to that of the modern Impressionists, or even superior. He describes at length the division of tones, the color of shadows—particularly the variable blues and violets—and the vivid illumination obtained by the use of complementaries, but he rejects the methods of the Impressionists on the ground that they dissolve form and wreck design. Though he said that "the eye is the window of the soul," he could not think of art as a chromatic formula or the mechanical imitation of visual appearances.

The illustrations to the notebooks afford us beautiful proof of the difference between artistic drawing and photography. Here we have sketches of scientific apparatus, interiors of gun foundries, cannon, hydraulic engines, median sections of the skull, muscles, bones, fossils, leaves, trees, and cloud formations, all of which are a joy to behold. None but Leonardo could have made these drawings. They are separated from the photograph by a gulf as wide as that which separates the poetry of Shelley from the tabulated reports of the New York Stock Exchange. Did he, as a scientist,

merely attempt to represent and describe with cold-blooded accuracy the object before him? Obviously not. The artistic impulse, co-existent and predominant, incited him to reconstruct his materials, to add himself to them, to make infinitesimal alterations of contour, to introduce light and shade and subtle variations of natural appearances for the sake of harmony. Thus a dead skull or a cogwheel becomes a living organism—a creature of Leonardo's brain, a dynamic part of the world remade.

With such a brain a man should be capable of anything. But there is, let me explain, an idea that will not down, a superstition widespread, mischievous and nonsensical, that a painter should not have any brains, that he is, when really artistic, a sensitive instrument through which God's will automatically functions, a gilded harp upon which the winds of life play tremulously, plucking out divine melodies. And if, perchance, a painter does possess a brain, the sensitive numskulls who faint before a shapely bosom or a bowl of fruit, snuffle with fear and sigh contemptuously, "He thinks too much!" They cry "He has no feeling, no inspiration! He works by formula!" Now if ever a man were able to paint by formula, surely Leonardo would be the man. But the more he studied, the deeper his wisdom, the sharper his experiences, the more troublesome did the making of pictures become. Each new undertaking implied a new and unique design. Inspiration meant nothing to him except the choice of subject-matter which he could mould to his own ends. In the popular sense, he was not sensitive at all: he was calculating, penetrative, and rational. It took him three years to paint *The Last Supper*.

This masterpiece was finished in the year 1497. It was painted in the damp refectory of Saint Mary of the Graces, at the command of the Duke of Milan who wished to erect a memorial to his deceased wife in the church that had been her favorite place of worship. The theme was common property and had been conventionalized by many treatments. It had been in Leonardo's mind for years, and long before he received the commission he had made provisional studies for the work. It was a challenge to his highest powers, a stimulus to perfection. The painting immediately lifted him above his contemporaries, and throughout the ages has remained not only the most famous picture in the world but the supreme exemplification of monumental design. Of the grandeur of the undamaged original we can only guess. Leonardo, impatient of

fresco, painted in tempera on a ground prepared to resist the clamminess of the wall. The medium was a disastrous choice. The ground began to contract and flake, and within fifty years the picture was covered with spots; deterioration went ahead slowly; dreadful restorations were made by heavy-handed meddlers; some imbecile Dominican monks cut a door through the lower central part; Napoleon's dragoons stabled their horses in the refectory and threw their boots at Judas Iscariot; more restorations and more disfigurements. About twenty years ago an Italian of genius completely removed the unsightly smears laid on by alien retouchers and found a way to prevent further decay. Today *The Last Supper* is in fair condition. What we see is genuine Leonardo, and it is enough to warrant an appraisal based on the fact itself and not on historical panegyrics or misleading copies. The popularity of the picture may be attributed, in a large measure, to the engraving made by Raphael Morghen in 1800, an engraving that resembles a Sunday School chromo. Morghen copied, not the original, but a drawing executed by a nondescript Florentine, diluted Leonardo's stern conception into pervasive sentimentality, and substituted for the noble figure of Christ, a nice lymphatic gentleman, sleepy and a little sad.

The greatness of a work is not an indeterminate quality. Without reciting the theories propounded in behalf of a pure aesthetic, or talking the language of abstractions, it is possible, I think, to specify one or two things which those who have trained themselves to look at pictures acknowledge to be implicit in a great painting. In the first place, the conception must not be mawkish, sentimental or eccentric. It must be apparent that what the artist has to say is worthy of his best efforts. He must show us that he has good reason for the selection of his theme, that he knows vastly more about it than we do, and he must illuminate it with the sympathy born of closest intimacy and the gusto that comes from exceptional wisdom. If the idea is old—and what idea is not?—he must bring to it new evaluations and fresh considerations. Second, the purpose must be transcendently certain and definite. The artist must express his meaning with clarity and power, throwing aside all needless accessories, disturbing flourishes, and exhibitions of virtuosity. What we experience vaguely and with mixed emotions he must present with singleness and undivided emphasis. Third, the picture must give us something to think about; it must have many

avenues of interest, many sources of appeal. Avoiding merely physical seductiveness, it must ask for the cooperation of our noblest faculties, emancipating our emotions and stimulating us to feel and live deeply and liberally. In short, it must act upon the spirit and lift us out of our daily round of mean preoccupations into a realm of purging tragedy, exhilarating joy, profound human pity, dramatic power.

Does *The Last Supper* fulfil these requirements? We may say that it does, without question and without reserve. The picture is too well known to call for description. The subject was consummately suited to test his theory that in painting the "facial expressions must vary according to the emotional state of the person, and that the attitudes of the figures must correspond to the emotions reflected in the faces." He prepared his studies with extraordinary care, giving minute attention to detailed characterizations—to hands, beards, and costumes—roving the Ghetto for a model to serve as Judas, and experimenting with the design. He has left us, in his notebooks, an eloquent account of the psychological action which he regarded as the mainspring of the drama. At first he adhered to the conventional arrangement, with St. John asleep by the side of Christ, and Judas by himself in the foreground, but the actual work of construction changed his plans. At last, with a stroke of genius, he found the one and only way to tell the story. Christ sits in the middle of the table with the apostles in groups of three on either side: He has said, "One among you shall betray me." The utterance is a proclamation of tragedy, and to reveal the tragedy, Leonardo portrays the effects of the word as it pierces the souls of the twelve men. Everything in the picture conspires to this end: the lighting; the architecture; the bare walls stripped of distracting ornament and converging to carry us directly into the scene; the perspective plan; the heads, gestures and faces. Never was a painting so perfectly put together. Structurally, all the lines focus in the right eye of Christ, the movement beginning slowly in the distant figures and increasing in agitation as it approaches the center; emotionally, the prophetic word of the Lord reverberates among the two groups of His followers, provoking horror, consternation and curiosity, and binding the groups together by the force of spiritual tension.

It is an undeniable fact that every one comes to a picture of *The Last Supper* in a peculiarly receptive mood, with a mind

preattuned to the tragic situation and eager to participate in the religious sentiment. Hence the subject, if only tolerably presented, is more moving and impressive to the average person than the magnificent mythological compositions of Rubens, which as illustrations have lost their significance. Theoretically one art should not be dependent upon another; it should express itself fully in its own language. Painting should be self-revealing and not rely upon literature to complete its meaning. Acting on this premise, certain critics advocate a "pure approach" to art, that is to say, they tell us, in all seriousness, that when they look at a picture they judge it as the only thing of its kind in existence, suppressing all associatory elements, and responding like infants with eyes and souls but no experiences, to the emotional appeal of lines, colors and volumes. Perhaps they are able to behave in this fashion when looking at the utterly negative and empty nudes and still-lifes—pictures done by artists who seem to have no connection with life whatever—comprising most exhibitions, but when confronted with Leonardo's *The Last Supper* they cannot overlook the subject-matter. Despite their anaesthetic theories, something irritatingly human and eternally sad gets under their skins. So they say, "It is not art. It is exaggerated illustration." . . .

Leonardo did not consider it vulgar to tell a story in paint. Nor did he imagine that to create a spiritual type one had merely to represent an effeminate figure with the traditional blond beard and label it Christ. *The Last Supper* is illustration in that it brings before us with convincing reality a situation first described in the medium of words. But we cannot say that it is the counterpart of the Biblical story. It is Leonardo's *The Last Supper,* a part of his mind, containing his science, his understanding, and his preferences. It is more than illustration: on one side of a table large enough to accommodate only six or seven guests he has placed thirteen figures, but we are not conscious of any crowding; the disciples are Italians, and no one seems to notice that they have no legs; his Christ is beardless; there is, in truth, nothing oriental in the conception. The psychological import is conveyed with such absolute precision and dramatic force that the meaning of the picture would not, I think, be lost on any one ignorant of the Christian legend. Into these excited and gesticulating apostles Leonardo has infused his immense fund of human experiences; he has indeed so thoroughly filled his characters with their appropriate emotions that they be-

come, not Italians posing as vehement Jews, but living symbols of grief, terror, bewilderment, and woe. And the Christ has the grandeur, the imperturbable grace and tranquillity characteristic of Leonardo himself in his noblest moods.

I have watched painters go into ecstasies over this picture—over the plastic form, the marvellous composition, the distribution of the figures, apparently so simply ordered yet, on analysis, so complexly balanced and inextricably united; the rushing, involute rhythms, the expressive hands, et cet.—and I have wondered what Leonardo would have done, had he wished to represent, not a group of men bound together by a community of tragic purpose, but merely an assemblage of plastic forms. He would, I fancy, have produced something analogous to those compositions of Picasso, so astonishing and yet so meaningless; for Picasso is a man who has tried to learn the secrets of art from other art and not from life. It was the subject that released Leonardo's creative activity and inspired him to incorporate a great idea into a great design. And I have also fancied, in moments when I permit myself a little indulgence in the more esoteric meanings of art, that Leonardo, having finished *The Last Supper,* must have surveyed the work with a smile of satisfaction seeing that he had represented once and for all time how men of ordinary clay are appalled by the presence of supreme intelligence. . . .

The *Mona Lisa* shines out among the portraits of the world like a star. Though time has appreciably impaired the color of the picture, the glory of it increases with the passing years. The canvas hangs in the Louvre, a veritable shrine attracting pilgrims from every land, all of whom gaze upon it with a liquid reverence not accorded to any of the more essentially sacred pieces in that gigantic morgue. Fable and gossip have made the famous lady a strange and uncanny charmer, a sphinx whose smile entrapped the soul of a great artist and impelled him, bit by bit, to build up an image of unfathomable mystery. The image lives on, but the legend also endures—and the soul of the artist is buried in the mystery of a woman's smile!

The story is that in the year 1502, Leonardo looked upon Mona Lisa, the third wife of Francesco del Giocondo, and found her fascinating, for she was, according to contemporary opinion, "exceedingly beautiful," and he was by no means insensitive to feminine charms. She was young and her husband was old and impotent

and unkind. He had pawned her jewels and forced her to put on mourning so that the absence of personal ornaments might not be suspected. When Leonardo desired to paint her portrait, she assented eagerly, cast a spell upon him, and became his mistress. She had lost her only daughter and was chronically sad, and it is told that he hired an orchestra to lighten her melancholy and jesters to make her smile. And it was the smile that held him in her toils and called up the secrets of his soul.

The legend is damaged by several inconsistencies. Leonardo was not a youth at this time: he was in his fifties and fearfully venerable, appearing indeed in a portrait sketch made three years later, an octogenarian. He worked on the picture for four years, but not merely to preserve the features of a striking woman—likenesses came easy to him and he had no use for them as such. Nor was much of the period devoted to Mona Lisa. Florentine artists did not paint directly from models but from black-and-white studies. Furthermore, we know that Mona Lisa posed for the head alone—the torso and hands were drawn from other sitters, a fact which may account for the rather stiff joining of the neck and shoulders—and that Leonardo, the most painstaking of painters, in solitude, undisturbed by music and a beautiful woman, slowly created a figure of imperishable vitality. Whatever he may have thought of the sitter, he prized the picture more, as an artist should, keeping it in his possession to the end of his days. All things considered, it would seem that his interest in the model was neither protracted nor sentimental, and that he found in nature a face which helped him to realize in paint an ideal type towards which he had constantly moved from his earliest efforts. His concessions to portraiture only served to enhance this ideal: Mona Lisa was a lady and he gave her the sensitive hands of an aristocrat; he observed the mourner's costume but turned it into living drapery; the high forehead and the plucked eyebrows, current marks of distinction, facilitated the modelling of the features. But Mona Lisa, the woman, the mistress, the Neapolitan, has vanished from the picture forever. It may fairly be questioned whether the work is a portrait at all, that is, as we understand the term today. Certainly the head resembles all the other heads that he painted, male or female, and might be substituted for any one of his madonnas. Mona Lisa is the sister to his other forms, only more exquisitely embodied.

She is purely a devotional creation, devotional in the largest

sense; the incarnation of Leonardo's love for life, and women, and all perfect forms, the nexus between the world of memories, experiments and disappointments, and the flawlessly appointed world of his imagination. Into this picture he has projected all of himself and all his arts—his subtlety, his elaborate and dazzling refinement, his scientific perfection, his psychological penetration, his puzzling serenity, his infallible knowledge of structure. In comparison most of the paintings of the world seem flat and lifeless. Like it you may not, but you cannot escape its reality. It stops you and holds you with confounding directness. Many other canvases are perhaps corporeally as substantial and convincing; other figures are even more truthful representations of flesh and blood, but this, you feel, is more than flesh and blood. The face is that of a more sentient being, a more highly organized intelligence. You are not conscious of paint, of color, or of canvas. Lifeless material has been shaped into a human face, and the face, as Leonardo said and intended, becomes "the mirror of the soul." Your spirit is somehow touched by another spirit, and for a moment you may be repelled—repelled by a figure that is made in the form of a human being and yet made without weaknesses or imperfections. To apprehend the *Mona Lisa,* you must remain with the picture, see it again and again, for it contains, like all works of art, the history of its creator, and you cannot, at a single glance, enter into the mind of Leonardo da Vinci.

The figure is as solid and as permanently established as the rocks behind it, yet plastic, and free to bend and breathe and move, and brought into fullest relief by the purposely strange background of dwindling rivers and shadowy peaks; the landscape, wrought out with as much affection as the face of the woman, is a living thing; the smile is achieved by imperceptible variations in the lines of the eyes and mouth—so delicately modelled, in fact, that it is lost in coarsely screened reproductions. The smile is not peculiar to Mona Lisa; it was not original with Leonardo. It is written in the faces of the archaic goddesses of Greece; we find it in the sculptures of his master, Verrocchio, and in other paintings of the time. If Leonardo was prepossessed with it, then so is every artist with certain expressions and attitudes. Why he so loved the smile we cannot say, but we do know that by means of it he made his faces conclusively real and emblematic of the deepest emotional states. The mystery of the *Mona Lisa* arises from the romantic gossip

attaching to the model and to repeated misconceptions of the artist's purpose. The emotional life of art is, in the final analysis, like all life, insoluble. We can no more explain it than we can explain a tree or a woman or any organic thing, and when we attempt to do so, we are driven into dreams and mysteries. Leonardo's aim was to dispel mysteries, not to create them. His purpose was to create a form which should be neither vague nor enigmatical—not a stimulus to reveries, but actually and in all its parts, an articulate and convincing expression of the spirit. He succeeded, and that, I think, is enough. . . .

THE GLORY OF ENGLISH PROSE[1]

WILLIAM JOHN TUCKER

"BY THE literature of a nation," says Newman, "is meant its classics." If this view of literature be correct, it is no exaggeration to say that the vast majority of our English-speaking brethren care little or nothing about the literature of their race. They do not completely ignore it, they are not quite indifferent to it, but their interest in it is of a very faint kind; or, if their interest happens to be enthusiastic, it is certainly not lasting. This is simply because they have not taken the trouble to cultivate for themselves a sound literary taste, on which they could rely as a means of permanent pleasure. They do not see the wisdom of Bacon's advice when he bids us read, not to contradict and refute, not to believe and take for granted, not to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. And so they readily fall into a ruinous habit of hasty and superficial reading, a vice which accompanies them when they turn to serious subjects, so that anything in the shape of a critical appreciation of what they read is rendered practically impossible.

Every one who puts a business value on his time slips naturally into this trick of shorthand reading. It is more, even, by the effort and tension of mind required than by the mere loss of time that most people are repelled from the habit of careful reading. Every reader gradually learns an art of catching at the leading words, and the cardinal or hinge-joints of transition, which proclaim the general course of a writer's thought. It is doubtless true, and is sure to be objected, that where so much is certain to prove mere iteration and teasing tautology, little can be lost by this or any other process of abridgement. And certainly, as regards the particular subject-matter concerned, there may be no reason to apprehend a serious injury. But it is not in that particular interest, but in a far larger interest that the reader suffers a permanent injury. He ac-

[1] From the *Catholic World* of March, 1934. Reprinted by the courtesy of the author and the publishers. This essay will form a chapter in a forthcoming book by the author.

quires an incorrigible habit of careless reading. To say of a man's knowledge that it will be shallow is to say little of such a habit; it is by reaction upon a man's faculties, it is by the effects reflected on his powers of judgment and reasoning, that loose habits of reading eventually tell. And these are lasting effects. Even as regards the minor purpose of information, it is surely better, by a thousandfold, to have read but three score of books (chosen judiciously) with severe attention, and a critical attitude of mind, than to have raced through a whole library at a newspaper pace. Yet such is the method of reading adopted by the ordinary run of men.

This being so, the question is pertinently asked: What, then, is the explanation of the enduring fame of our classical authors? The answer is, that the fame of our great writers is quite independent of the opinions of the majority. It is not by the apathetic multitude, but by the select few who are intensely and permanently interested in literature, that the renown of genius is kept alive from one generation to another. The classics are not "banal" enough for the vulgar herd; they are too delicate and refined for the groundlings; they are, as Hamlet would say, "caviare to the general," but they are nectar to those who are capable of appreciating them.

It is a pity that the names of our great authors should be merely names, and nothing more, to the average reader. Even among those who profess to be lovers of literature, really genuine appreciation is singularly rare. They may see the beauty of an author's style, but not the whole of it; they may feel it, but not with all their heart. They cannot realize in how many different ways of varying faultiness everything may be said, or how difficult it is to say anything even reasonably well, and so they cannot adequately prize the skill which finds the one perfect form of utterance. Lacking penetrative insight, they fail of full sympathy, and without this there can never be complete appreciation.

If we appeal to the works of our great writers, we shall see that what has just been said is only too true. Take, for instance, the case of Ruskin. Few men in the history of our literature have been so highly praised. Some of his enthusiastic admirers have even tried to do for him what he undertook to do for his idol, Turner. Ruskin wrote *Modern Painters* in justification of the art of Turner —to show, namely, that in landscape painting Turner was by far the greatest and most inspired artist of his day. In like manner, one disciple of Ruskin will tell you that he is "one of the greatest

of great men of all ages," while another will speak of him as "an acknowledged chief among the chiefs of literature, the foremost man in modern English literature, strictly so-called"; and yet another will consider him "the resuscitator of the art of the fourteenth century, the precursor of social democracy, the Shakespeare of the nineteenth century."

One wonders whether all this praise is sincere. Is it not more nearly or more literally true than many of Ruskin's readers would be ready to admit? Is not the name of Ruskin, in short, merely *vox et praeterea nihil*[2] for the majority of his alleged admirers? Do they really appreciate him, or are they not rather at pains to convince themselves that Ruskin *must* be a great writer because Frederic Harrison says so? To be sure, no educated man will deny that John Ruskin was great in literature and art. After twenty years of patient labor, he had established himself as the prince of art critics, and the chief exponent of painting and architecture. He had created a department of literature all his own, and had adorned it with works of wondrous splendor and beauty. He had enriched the art of England with examples of a new and beautiful kind, and the language of his country with passages of poetic description and eloquent declamation quite, in their way, unsurpassed. All this (and more) the fervent worshiper at the shrine of Ruskin will readily admit. But yet one wonders how many of his most enthusiastic disciples can say with truth that they have caught all the rare and subtle music of his speech, his rigid analytical clearness, his exquisite choice of words and turn of thought, his astonishing versatility, his delicate play of wit and sarcasm and fancy, his gorgeous imagery, so rich and exhaustless, yet, like the ornament of his own beloved Gothic art, never added for its own sake, but restrained and deepened in a wonderful manner. And yet, no one who does not read Ruskin in this way can be said to appreciate him in the proper sense of the word.

It is this lack of appreciation which accounts, in a large measure, for the popular prejudice against our classics. Perhaps the commonest objection to the works of our great authors is that they are dull, heavy, dry-as-dust—anything, in fact, but what is commonly called "light literature." The force of this objection rests obviously on the meaning of the term "lightness." If to interest the reader be really the chief point of lightness, even newspapers may

[2] A voice and nothing more.

be spoken of as light literature. And since what interests us to-day may not interest us tomorrow, and may be entirely forgotten the third day, the lightness is undeniable in one sense, that the interest is ephemeral or for the hour. Yet the higher sense of lightness must certainly involve benefit to the spirit, the intellect, the fancy.

To say that the works of our great authors do not possess this higher kind of lightness is simply to say what is not true. To take one of many examples: Macaulay's *History,* in spite of its faults, is really the very ideal of light reading, because it is both delightful and satisfying. Indeed, for lightness in the purest sense of the word—lightness which imparts profit with serenity—we have only to go to such exquisite examples as the writings of Addison, of Lamb, of Goldsmith. It is true that there are other writers, like Sterne and Swift, who are also considered light, but then these gentlemen do not respect our refinement. Of all our great writers, Charles Lamb is the least offensive in this respect, while he is probably the most charming. Nothing can be more delightful than Lamb's humor. He can make us laugh with most joyous appreciation, while making us feel innocent as little children. Sterne and Swift can make us laugh as loudly as Lamb, but there is a laughter which is health, and which produces health from a sense of its purity, and even sweetness. Charles Lamb is the king of such laughter. His *Essays* are the most graceful absurdities in the language. Dull indeed must he be of soul who can take up these Elian masterpieces and lay them down without recognizing their pure drollery, their gentle irony, and their delicate charm. The reader who does not feel the charm of "Dream Children: A Reverie," "Mrs. Battle's Opinion on Whist," "A Dissertation upon Roast Pig," and "The Praise of Chimney-Sweepers" must be possessed of a devil of obtuseness no power of pen can expel.

The art of prose depends for its beauty upon the same qualities as we demand from the art of poetry. A choice of words, determined not merely by the argument enforced or the facts related, but by the suavity of the consonants and the music of the vowels which compose these words, a variety of cadence, obtained by a delicate interchange of one syllable and many syllables, a harmony, balanced or unexpected,—these are some of the elements of noble prose. In other words, according to Aristotle, prose should "neither possess meter nor be destitute of rhythm."

The English Bible is the chief glory of English prose. Through

three centuries no other work has had a comparable influence on our speech and literature. We are accustomed to think this pre-eminence due to the intrinsic and sacred character of its contents, to the fact that it brings man his knowledge of God. This is obviously true. Also it is true, and perhaps less obvious, that the Bible might have held the same message, have translated the originals with equal faithfulness, yet never have gained a like place in people's hearts. For it might have been done with ample care and learning, yet in such a way as to lack charm. How possible this is grows clear when we pass to other renderings. We can applaud the exact precision of some modern versions. But they leave us cold. It is the charm of the Authorized Version that has endeared it through centuries to all sorts and conditions of men. And if charm be a quality eluding final analysis, we may be sure that here, among its contributing parts, are simplicity, and unmatched happiness of diction, rhythms changing in exquisite accord with the sense, lucid reverence, and tender gentleness.

Consider the Psalms in the incomparable beauty and majesty of the Prayer Book Version. What poem of rime and meter, still less of blank verse, can come near this:

> Whither shall I go then from Thy Spirit, and whither shall I go from Thy presence? If I climb up into heaven Thou art there; if I go down to hell Thou art there also. If I take the wings of the morning and remain in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me. If I say peradventure the darkness shall cover me, then shall my night be turned into day. Yea, the darkness is no darkness with Thee, but the night is as clear as the day, the darkness and light to Thee are both alike.

Here is no effort, but a spontaneous perfection of language; no turmoil, but a calm.

Or, again ——

> They that go down to the sea in ships and occupy their business in great waters; these men see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep. For at His word the stormy wind ariseth, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They are carried up to the heaven and down again to the deep; their soul melteth away because of the trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits' end. So when they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, He

> delivereth them out of their distress. For He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad, because they are at rest, so He bringeth them into the haven where they would be.

Great poetic prose of this quality appears to be drawn from the poet's mind by some object or idea which moves him profoundly. It is spontaneous, unbidden, it comes unsought.

Man himself, his greatness and his littleness, the transitory character of his passage through this world, is, of course, the chief of the spectacles with power to evoke an intense emotion spontaneously clothing itself in a perfectly rhythmical form. It is the ever-repeated burden of the Psalms: "When I consider the heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars that Thou hast ordained, what is man that Thou art mindful of him, or the Son of Man that Thou visitest him?" or "Man is like a thing of nought, his time passeth away like a shadow." The whole passage in the English Burial Office, "Man that is born of a woman" is a magnificent piece of imaginative prose.

When we consider these passages, we find that they have a particular appeal to the ear. And, in fact, we may take it that the first and most prominent characteristic is a special rhythm. It is of a simple type, but as the least study will show, it is handled with extraordinary art. It is neither too fluent nor too slow, but it is smooth and weighty. It is carefully balanced in the complementary members of a sentence, yet it never degenerates into meter. The rhythm of many English writers tends to be either dissipated among polysyllables or emphasized to monotony. But the rhythm of the Bible, though built of the same elements as the verse of Shakespeare and Milton, is specifically a prose, not a verse, rhythm. The perfection of its technique is infallible. This rhythm is unique in English literature, and to it the Bible owes the greater part of its literary appeal.

The Authorized Version made easy the triumph of what has been called the ornate style. And how superbly ornate this style was Jeremy Taylor, Milton and Sir Thomas Browne prove in patches of their richest purple. Raleigh also makes good his claim in at least one splendid passage, which, often cited, still endures citation:

> O, eloquent, just, and mighty Death! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded; what none hath dared; thou hast done; and whom all the world has flattered, thou only hast

> cast out of the world and despised. Thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, *Hic jacet.*

This is not the work of one who has nothing to do with words, who is intent only to conduct an argument or to relate facts; it is prose nevertheless, prose, triumphant and ornate. But, sound as Raleigh's claim may be to flamboyance, we cannot but reject Bacon's. The author of the *Essays* had a closed and parsimonious style. He shut up in a few words as much sense as he might, and it is the greatest of human follies that this lawyer should have been elected to the post of the one and only poet and prose writer who flourished in the reigns of Elizabeth and James. To compare Bacon and Shakespeare is like comparing a stately portico with the free-flowing river. The one is severe, immovable, the other is all light and motion. Frankly, I do not see how any man with an ear for literature could ever be a Baconian.

A little attention directed to the excellences of the Bible would make these excellences a standard of what English should be. No doubt, differences of taste will still prevail. There is no one form of style that is in itself the best. The English of De Quincey or Macaulay is as good as the English of Southey or Addison. For most purposes a quiet style, only brilliant or pointed because it is the vehicle of lively thought, is the most effective. But this is all that can be said. Ornate, elevated, and sonorous English is splendid in its way and in its proper place; and nothing could be more undesirable than to instill a pedantic notion that there was some great idol of style to whom all should bow down. If people are made acquainted with the best models of different styles, they will choose for their own favorite reading the one with which their native tastes have most affinity.

It is sometimes laid down as an axiom that poets do not write good prose. One can hardly imagine a statement more entirely untrue. Even if by good prose is meant merely plain, work-a-day prose, the clear statement of fact, I would back Coleridge or Southey against the most hard-headed practical man to put a thing down in black and white, to set it concisely and lucidly before the reader. Many of the most prosaic people are devoted to all sorts of pomposities and formalities, and strangely addicted to verbiage. Good prose is, no doubt, first and foremost plain prose; it is putting down

the thing, putting down the fact, getting at its essence. When beautiful or awful things are thus truly and worthily reflected in words, we get imaginative prose. Prose of this kind it takes a poet to write; its highest masters are great poets, though they may never have penned a line of verse in their lives.

Such thoughts—that "we are such stuff as dreams are made on; and our little life is rounded with a sleep," that "all our yesterdays have lighted fools the way to dusty death," that "the great globe itself, yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve, and, like this insubstantial pageant faded, leave not a wrack behind,"—profoundly moved Shakespeare. They called forth from him his greatest poetry. But the prose passage in *Hamlet*, "What a piece of work is man," is worthy to rank with the greatest poetry he ever wrote.

It is strange that so few of our great modern prose writers should have learnt the laws of prose from Swift and the masters of the eighteenth century. Those laws were still observed by Cobbett with all his willfulness, and by Lamb with all his whims. They were constantly disobeyed by De Quincey and Ruskin, and often by Carlyle. De Quincey is already suffering for his disobedience, and who can tell how much the other two, for all their genius, will suffer? Even now the authority of Ruskin is undermined by his perversity. The eloquent reasoning of one-half of *Unto This Last*, and of the great chapter on the nature of Gothic in the *Stones of Venice*, is forgotten before we have done with the irrational eloquence of the rest; and if *we* are impatient of it, what patience can be expected of a posterity troubled with different problems and accustomed to different methods of address?

The case of Carlyle differs from the case of Ruskin because he was on his guard against diffuse eloquence and appeals to sentiment. But he, too, was not content to write mere prose, although contemptuous of poetry. With all his professed worship of facts he was impatient of stating them. He would not trust to the true prose writer's art of logical arrangement or let the facts, even when they were most eloquent, speak for themselves. He was always aiming at the concentration of poetry and in the process losing the continuity of prose. In his histories he tries like a poet to force his narrative into lyrical moments; and, not being a poet, at such moments he is apt to become almost inarticulate. Take, for instance, his treatment of the trial of Marie Antoinette. It is a case for simple narrative, if ever there was one. But Carlyle will not trust

to the facts to move the emotions of his readers. He must express those emotions himself, as if he were a poet instead of an historian and a lyrical rather than an epic poet. The passage lacks both the logic of prose and the beauty of poetry; and a man so great as Carlyle could not have written it if he had not had a wrong theory of prose, if he had not been discontented with its proper appeal and wished to strain it beyond its proper functions.

In marked contrast to Carlyle stands a writer who never tried thus to strain his prose, who was never discontented with its proper appeal, and who yet by obeying its laws made it the obedient instrument of his emotions no less than of his reason. In that exquisite meditation upon Paradise, Newman's eloquence is kindled by the natural process of his thought. He begins with quiet statements in which he seems to be thinking rather than speaking; or, if speaking, talking to himself. The sentences move slowly with no emphasis and little rhythm. From the nature of the subject we expect appeals to the emotion; but the writer, though he quotes beautiful texts, does so for the sake of his argument rather than to move us, and that argument is never interrupted either by his quotations or by the few images which he employs. But gradually and, as it seems, inevitably his mind is uplifted and quickened by its progress; and as his thoughts work upon him, so they work upon his readers, and they are wrought into sympathy as he reasons himself into eloquence. Quotations will not show the nature of that eloquence, for its effect is cumulative, and all the sentences are linked together by the other harmony of prose, the harmony of reason. That persists from beginning to end, and so controls the language that it could never be mistaken for the language of poetry. The rhythm, the structure of the sentences, many of the very words are peculiar to prose; and yet how much more moving is this prose, content with its own proper methods and obedient to its own laws, than any prose which attempts to move us with the methods of poetry. Newman had the perfect prose temper, and it is expressed in the perfection of his method. He does not strive or cry or put on any airs of inspiration. He addresses his auditors as if he expected them to make no allowances for him, as if he were one of themselves. He is more anxious to make his meaning clear, and to say exactly what he means, than to astonish or delight. Truth is his first object, and even beauty only a secondary consideration. But since the pursuit of truth fills him with a noble ardor, that ardor expresses itself,

as it always must, in terms of beauty that delight us the more because they seem to come unsought.

Newman is unquestionably one of the great glories of English prose. The English of his works is simple, clear and refreshing; answering to every changing thought of the writer's mind. The charm of Newman's style baffles description; as well might one seek to analyze the fragrance of a flower. Whatever work we take up, we are at once infected with what has been called "Newmania." Newman possesses a matchless and incomparable power of expression. Everything he wrote was saturated with personality. He had a power, which he alone expressed among the writers of the nineteenth century, of thinking aloud in the most exquisite form; his artistry was his supreme gift. Light, life, color and movement are the notes of Newman's style. The perfect lucidity and the total absence of straining after effect with a beauty and dignity all its own; the utmost simplicity of distinction, is perhaps a fair description of his voluminous writings and sermons. There is all the scholar's severity in his choice of words and in the construction of his sentences; nothing loud, nothing exaggerated nor importunate. We are told by those who listened to his conversation that they were impressed by a sense of a force kept under severe restraint; and this impression is conveyed also by his writings. In the main, he is representative of that plain style which has been more than once indicated as the best for all purposes in English. His works sink and rise apparently without effort, for his art was perfectly concealed.

In his *Idea of a University*, Newman tells us that a great style draws men to copy it, for its fascination appeals to them. "For myself," he says, "when I was fourteen or fifteen I copied Addison; when I was seventeen, I wrote in the style of Johnson; about the same time I fell in with the twelfth volume of Gibbon, and my ears rang with the cadence of his sentences and I dreamed of it for a night or two." Later in life he confessed his obligations to one of the greatest men of letters of all time: "The only master of style I have ever had (which is strange considering the differences of the languages) is Cicero. I think I owe a great deal to him, but as far as I know, to no one else. His great mastery of Latin is shown especially in his clearness."

Style—like beauty and genius—is one of those mysterious qualities which can be immediately perceived, but which cannot be de-

fined. Pages of analysis and description will fail to convey the notion, which becomes obvious at once from a paragraph by Swift or Newman. If we examine the paragraph, if we split it up into its component parts—the sense, the sound, the rhythm, the balance, the arrangement—we shall find that the informing spirit of the whole, the style itself, has somehow or other slipped through our fingers and disappeared. Thus there is no receipt for style; one has it or one has it not; and though, if one has it there are aids towards the improvement of it, yet there can be no doubt that its essence is a gift inborn. Some writers—Walter Pater was one of them—seek through a lifetime, with all the laborious refinements of scholarship and taste, to achieve style, and in the end achieve only the imitation of it; while a Bunyan, tinkering in the highways, flows at will with the very perfection of language. Nor is the gift confined to those whose fame rests on their mastery of words. Nothing is more interesting than to watch the magic of style springing out unexpectedly from the utterances of great men of action. The sentences of these natural stylists, thrown off amid the hazards and labors of administration or of arms, possess often enough a distinctive quality of their own,—a racy flavor of actual life which is rarely caught save by the greatest or least literary man of letters. It would have needed a Shakespeare or a Browning at the height of inspiration to coin such a phrase as Cromwell's memorable injunction, "Put your trust in God and keep your powder dry!" The mere writer who must, like a silkworm, spin out his precious material from inside him can hardly hope to rival the man of genius whose imagination has been quickened and whose tongue has been loosened by what Burke calls the "overmastering necessities" of events.

Great hammer-strokes of speech can only come, we feel, from a man who has gone scatheless through the depths, who has looked on tempests and has never been shaken. Such an impression is produced by the writing of Abraham Lincoln. Here is an original literary artist who never did any deliberate literary work, who enriched English style in spite of himself under pressure of circumstances. With an instinct for the use of words which is truly astonishing, he knew how to combine the charm of decoration with the most direct force. We do not ordinarily think of Lincoln as a literary man, but as a wise statesman and leader, a clear thinker,

and a forceful debater. But in the critical and distressing period through which he was called to lead the American people, the events all seemed to converge to a focus in the dramatic moment when he delivered the supremely great literary utterance of his life, the celebrated Gettysburg speech. The simplicity and directness of style, the compact and logical structure, the sincerity and power of the emotional appeal of this brief address have rarely been equaled and have never been surpassed in American prose.

Another man of action and master of prose was Robert Clive. His style is remarkable for its straightforwardness, its vigor, and its passion; the diction is always plain, the construction always simple, and yet a feeling of intensity and excitement vibrates in what he writes. Clive certainly possessed the quality which, according to Hazlitt, marks the supreme prose-writer,—that of losing "no particle of the exact, characteristic, extreme, impression of the thing he writes about." And the same may be said of the greatest of Clive's successors—Warren Hastings, whose vast elaborate sentences, with their Latin words and balanced structure, produce, at their best, a sense of the mystery and grandeur of the East. It is interesting to compare the splendid trenchancy of Clive with the swelling and romantic utterance of Hastings, who was able no less to infuse the profoundest passion into what he wrote:

"The valor of others acquired, I enlarged and gave shape and consistency to the dominion which you hold there—Bengal; I preserved it; I sent forth its armies with an effectual, but economical hand, through unknown and hostile regions to the support of your other possessions; to the retrieval of Bombay from degradation and dishonor; and of Madras from utter loss and ruin . . . I gave you all, and you have rewarded me with confiscation, disgrace, and a life of impeachment."

What would not the mere man of letters give to be able to write like that? The glowing diction, the inimitable rhythm, the superb and awful close,—by what magic intuition have these things been brought into existence? by what mysterious and unconscious art?

Almost all that can be laid down as law about style is contained in a sentence of Madame de Sévigné in a letter to her daughter. "Never forsake what is natural," she writes; "you have moulded yourself in that vein, and this produces a perfect style." There is nothing more to be said. Be natural, be simple, be yourself; shun

artifices, tricks, fashions. Gain the tone of ease, plainness, self-respect. To thine own self be true. Speak out frankly that which you have thought out in your brain and have felt within your own soul. This, and this alone, creates a perfect style, as she says who wrote some of the most exquisite letters the world has ever known.

A NOVELIST'S ALLEGORY[1]

JOHN GALSWORTHY

ONCE upon a time the Prince of Felicitas had occasion to set forth on a journey. It was a late autumn evening with few pale stars and a moon no larger than the paring of a finger-nail. And as he rode through the purlieus of his city, the white mane of his amber-colored steed was all that he could clearly see in the dusk of the high streets. His way led through a quarter but little known to him, and he was surprised to find that his horse, instead of ambling forward with his customary gentle vigour, stepped carefully from side to side, stopping now and then to curve his neck and prick his ears—as though at some thing of fear unseen in the darkness; while on either hand creatures could be heard rustling and scuttling, and little cold draughts as of wings fanned the rider's cheeks.

The Prince at last turned in his saddle, but so great was the darkness that he could not even see his escort.

"What is the name of this street?" he said.

"Sire, it is called the Vita Publica."

"It is very dark." Even as he spoke his horse staggered, but, recovering its foothold with an effort, stood trembling violently. Nor could all the incitements of its master induce the beast again to move forward.

"Is there no one with a lanthorn in this street?" asked the Prince.

His attendants began forthwith to call out loudly for any one who had a lanthorn. Now, it chanced that an old man sleeping in a hovel on a pallet of straw was awakened by these cries. When he heard that it was the Prince of Felicitas himself, he came hastily, carrying his lanthorn, and stood trembling beside the Prince's horse. It was so dark that the Prince could not see him.

"Light your lanthorn, old man," he said.

The old man laboriously lit his lanthorn. Its pale rays fled out

[1] From *The Inn of Tranquillity*, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1912. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

on either hand; beautiful but grim was the vision they disclosed. Tall houses, fair court-yards, and a palm-grown garden; in front of the Prince's horse a deep cesspool, on whose jagged edges the good beast's hoofs were planted; and, as far as the glimmer of the lanthorn stretched, both ways down the rutted street, paving stones displaced, and smooth tesselated marble; pools of mud, the hanging fruit of an orange-tree, and dark, scurrying shapes of monstrous rats bolting across from house to house. The old man held the lanthorn higher; and instantly bats flying against it would have beaten out the light but for the thin protection of its horn sides.

The Prince sat still upon his horse, looking first at the rutted space that he had traversed and then at the rutted space before him.

"Without a light," he said, "this thoroughfare is dangerous. What is your name, old man?"

"My name is Cethru," replied the aged churl.

"Cethru!" said the Prince. "Let it be your duty henceforth to walk with your lanthorn up and down this street all night and every night,"—and he looked at Cethru: "Do you understand, old man, what it is you have to do?"

The old man answered in a voice that trembled like a rusty flute:

"Aye, aye!—to walk up and down and hold my lanthorn so that folk can see where they be goin'."

The Prince gathered up his reins; but the old man, lurching forward, touched his stirrup.

"How long be I to go on wi' thiccy job?"

"Until you die!"

Cethru held up his lanthorn, and they could see his long, thin face, like a sandwich of dried leather, jerk and quiver, and his thin grey hairs flutter in the draught of the bats' wings circling round the light.

"'Twill be main hard!" he groaned; "an' my lanthorn's nowt but a poor thing."

With a high look, the Prince of Felicitas bent and touched the old man's forehead.

"Until you die, old man," he repeated; and bidding his followers to light torches from Cethru's lanthorn, he rode on down the twisting street. The clatter of the horses' hoofs died out in the night, and the scuttling and the rustling of the rats and the whispers of the bats' wings were heard again.

Cethru, left alone in the dark thoroughfare, sighed heavily; then,

spitting on his hands, he tightened the old girdle round his loins, and slinging the lanthorn on his staff, held it up to the level of his waist, and began to make his way along the street. His progress was but slow, for he had many times to stop and rekindle the flame within his lanthorn, which the bats' wings, his own stumbles, and the jostlings of footpads or of revellers returning home, were for ever extinguishing. In traversing that long street he spent half the night, and half the night in traversing it back again. The saffron swan of dawn, slow swimming up the sky-river between the high roof-banks, bent her neck down through the dark air-water to look at him staggering below her, with his still smoking wick. No sooner did Cethru see that sunlit bird, than with a great sigh of joy he sat him down, and at once fell asleep.

Now when the dwellers in the houses of the Vita Publica first gained knowledge that this old man passed every night with his lanthorn up and down their street, and when they marked those pallid gleams gliding over the motley prospect of cesspools and garden gates, over the sightless hovels and the rich-carved frontages of their palaces; or saw them stay their journey and remain suspended like a handful of daffodils held up against the black stuffs of secrecy—they said:

"It is good that the old man should pass like this—we shall see better where we're going; and if the Watch have any job on hand, or want to put the pavements in order, his lanthorn will serve their purpose well enough." And they would call out of their doors and windows to him passing:

"Hola! old man Cethru! All's well with our house, and with the street before it?"

But, for answer, the old man only held his lanthorn up, so that in the ring of its pale light they saw some sight or other in the street. And his silence troubled them, one by one, for each had expected that he would reply:

"Aye, aye! All's well with *your* house, Sirs, and with the street before it!"

Thus they grew irritated with this old man who did not seem able to do anything but just hold his lanthorn up. And gradually they began to dislike his passing by their doors with his pale light, by which they could not fail to see, not only the rich-carved frontages and scrolled gates of courtyards and fair gardens, but things that were not pleasing to the eye. And they murmured amongst

themselves: "What is the good of this old man and his silly lanthorn? We can see all we want to see without him; in fact, we got on very well before he came."

So, as he passed, rich folk who were supping would pelt him with orange-peel and empty the dregs of their wine over his head; and poor folk, sleeping in their hutches, turned over, as the rays of the lanthorn fell on them, and cursed him for that disturbance. Nor did revellers or footpads treat the old man civilly, but tied him to the wall, where he was constrained to stay till a kind passer-by released him. And ever the bats darkened his lanthorn with their wings and tried to beat the flame out. And the old man thought: "This be a terrible hard job; I don't seem to please nobody." But because the Prince of Felicitas had so commanded him, he continued nightly to pass with his lanthorn up and down the street; and every morning as the saffron swan came swimming overhead, to fall asleep. But his sleep did not last long, for he was compelled to pass many hours each day in gathering rushes and melting down tallow for his lanthorn; so that his lean face grew more than ever like a sandwich of dried leather.

Now it came to pass that the Town Watch having had certain complaints made to them that persons had been bitten in the Vita Publica by rats, doubted of their duty to destroy these ferocious creatures; and they held investigation, summoning the persons bitten and inquiring of them how it was that in so dark a street they could tell that the animals which had bitten them were indeed rats. Howbeit for some time no one could be found who could say more than what he had been told, and since this was not evidence, the Town Watch had good hopes that they would not after all be forced to undertake this tedious enterprise. But presently there came before them one who said that he had himself seen the rat which had bitten him, by the light of an old man's lanthorn. When the Town Watch heard this they were vexed, for they knew that if this were true they would now be forced to prosecute the arduous undertaking, and they said:

"Bring in this old man!"

Cethru was brought before them trembling.

"What is this we hear, old man, about your lanthorn and the rat? And in the first place, what were you doing in the Vita Publica at that time of night?"

Cethru answered: "I were just passin' with my lanthorn!"

"Tell us—did *you* see the rat?"

Cethru shook his head: "My lanthorn seed the rat, maybe!" he muttered.

"Old owl!" said the Captain of the Watch: "Be careful what you say! If you saw the rat, why did you then not aid this unhappy citizen who was bitten by it—first, to avoid that rodent, and subsequently to slay it, thereby relieving the public of a pestilential danger?"

Cethru looked at him, and for some seconds did not reply; then he said slowly: "I were just passin' with my lanthorn."

"That you have already told us," said the Captain of the Watch; "it is no answer."

Cethru's leathern cheeks became wine-coloured, so desirous was he to speak, and so unable. And the Watch sneered and laughed, saying: "This is a fine witness."

But of a sudden Cethru spoke:

"What would I be duin'—killin' rats; tidden my business to kill rats."

The Captain of the Watch caressed his beard, and looking at the old man with contempt, said:

"It seems to me, brothers, that this is an idle old vagabond, who does no good to any one. We should be well advised, I think, to prosecute him for vagrancy. But that is not at this moment the matter in hand. Owing to the accident—scarcely fortunate—of this old man's passing with his lanthorn, it would certainly appear that citizens have been bitten by rodents. It is then, I fear, our duty to institute proceedings against those poisonous and violent animals."

And amidst the sighing of the Watch, it was so resolved.

Cethru was glad to shuffle away, unnoticed, from the Court, and sitting down under a camel-date tree outside the City Wall, he thus reflected:

"They were rough with me! I done nothin', so far's I can see!"

And a long time he sat there with the bunches of the camel-dates above him, golden as the sunlight. Then, as the scent of the lyrio flowers, released by evening, warned him of the night dropping like a flight of dark birds on the plain, he rose stiffly, and made his way as usual toward the Vita Publica.

He had traversed but little of that black thoroughfare, holding his lanthorn at the level of his breast, when the sound of a splash

and cries for help smote his long, thin ears. Remembering how the Captain of the Watch had admonished him, he stopped and peered about, but owing to his proximity to the light of his own lanthorn he saw nothing. Presently he heard another splash and the sound of blowings and of puffings, but still unable to see clearly whence they came, he was forced in bewilderment to resume his march. But he had no sooner entered the next bend of that obscure and winding avenue than the most lamentable, lusty cries assailed him. Again he stood still, blinded by his own light. Somewhere at hand a citizen was being beaten, for vague, quick-moving forms emerged into the radiance of his lanthorn out of the deep violet of the night air. The cries swelled, and died away, and swelled; and the mazed Cethru moved forward on his way. But very near the end of his first traversage, the sound of a long, deep sighing, as of a fat man in spiritual pain, once more arrested him.

"Drat me!" he thought, "this time I *will* see what 'tis," and he spun round and round, holding his lanthorn now high, now low, and to both sides. "The devil an' all's in it to-night," he murmured to himself; "there's some 'at here fetchin' of its breath awful loud." But for his life he could see nothing, only that the higher he held his lanthorn the more painful grew the sound of the fat but spiritual sighing. And desperately, he at last resumed his progress.

On the morrow, while he still slept stretched on his straw pallet, there came to him a member of the Watch.

"Old man, you are wanted at the Court House; rouse up, and bring your lanthorn."

Stiffly Cethru rose.

"What be they wantin' me fur now, mester?"

"Ah!" replied the Watchman, "they are about to see if they can't put an end to your goings-on."

Cethru shivered, and was silent.

Now when they reached the Court House it was patent that a great affair was forward; for the Judges were in their robes, and a crowd of advocates, burgesses, and common folk thronged the carven, lofty hall of justice.

When Cethru saw that all eyes were turned on him, he shivered still more violently, fixing his fascinated gaze on the three Judges in their emerald robes.

"This then is the prisoner," said the oldest of the Judges; "proceed with the indictment!"

A little advocate in snuff-colored clothes rose on little legs, and commenced to read:

"Forasmuch as on the seventeenth night of August fifteen hundred years since the Messiah's death, one Celestine, a maiden of this city, fell into a cesspool in the Vita Publica, and while being quietly drowned, was espied of the burgess Pardonix by the light of a lanthorn held by the old man Cethru; and, forasmuch as, plunging in, the said Pardonix rescued her, not without grave risk of life and the ruin of his clothes, and to-day lies ill of fever; and forasmuch as the old man Cethru was the cause of these misfortunes to the burgess Pardonix, by reason of his wandering lanthorn's showing the drowning maiden, the Watch do hereby indict, accuse, and otherwise place charge upon this Cethru of 'Vagabondage without serious occupation.'

"And, forasmuch as on this same night the Watchman Filepo, made aware, by the light of this said Cethru's lanthorn, of three sturdy footpads, went to arrest them, and was set on by the rogues and wellnigh slain, the Watch do hereby indict, accuse, and otherwise charge upon Cethru complicity in this assault, by reasons, namely, first, that he discovered the footpads to the Watchman and the Watchman to the footpads by the light of his lanthorn; and, second, that, having thus discovered them, he stood idly by and gave no assistance to the law.

"And, forasmuch as on this same night the wealthy burgess Pranzo, who, having prepared a banquet, was standing in his doorway awaiting the arrival of his guests, did see, by the light of the said Cethru's lanthorn, a beggar woman and her children grovelling in the gutter for garbage, whereby his appetite was lost completely; and, forasmuch as he, Pranzo, has lodged a complaint against the Constitution for permitting women and children to go starved, the Watch do hereby indict, accuse, and otherwise make charge on Cethru of rebellion and of anarchy, in that wilfully he doth disturb good citizens by showing to them without provocation disagreeable sights, and doth moreover endanger the laws by causing persons to desire to change them.

"These be the charges, reverend Judges, so please you!"

And having thus spoken, the little advocate resumed his seat.

Then said the oldest of the Judges:

"Cethru, you have heard; what answer do you make?"

But no word, only the chattering of teeth, came from Cethru.

"Have you no defence?" said the Judge: "these are grave accusations!"

Then Cethru spoke.

"So please your Highnesses," he said, "can I help what my lanthorn sees?"

And having spoken these words, to all further questions he remained more silent than a headless man.

The Judges took counsel of each other, and the oldest of them thus addressed himself to Cethru:

"If you have no defence, old man, and there is no one will say a word for you, we can but proceed to judgment."

Then in the main aisle of the Court there rose a youthful advocate.

"Most reverend Judges," he said in a mellifluous voice, clearer than the fluting of a bell-bird, "it is useless to look for words from this old man, for it is manifest that he himself is nothing, and that his lanthorn is alone concerned in this affair. But, reverend Judges, bethink you well: Would you have a lanthorn ply a trade or be concerned with a profession, or do aught indeed but pervade the streets at night, shedding its light, which, if you will, is vagabondage? And, Sirs, upon the second count of this indictment: Would you have a lanthorn dive into cesspools to rescue maidens? Would you have a lanthorn to beat footpads? Or, indeed, to be any sort of partisan either of the Law or of them that break the Law? Sure, Sirs, I think not. And as to this third charge of fostering anarchy—let me but describe the trick of this lanthorn's flame. It is distilled, most reverend Judges, of oil and wick, together with that sweet secret heat of whose birth no words of mine can tell. And when, Sirs, this pale flame has sprung into the air swaying to every wind, it brings vision to the human eye. And, if it be charged on this old man Cethru that he and his lanthorn by reason of their showing not only the good but the evil bring no pleasure into the world, I ask, Sirs, what in the world is so dear as this power to see—whether it be the beautiful or the foul that is disclosed? Need I, indeed, tell you of the way this flame spreads its feelers, and delicately darts and hovers in the darkness, conjuring things from nothing? This mechanical summoning, Sirs, of visions out of blackness is benign, by no means of malevolent intent; no more than if a man, passing two donkeys in the road, one lean and the other fat, could justly be arraigned for malignancy because

they were not both fat. This, reverend Judges, is the essence of the matter concerning the rich burgess, Pranzo, who, on account of the sight he saw by Cethru's lanthorn, has lost the equilibrium of his stomach. For, Sirs, the lanthorn did but show that which was there, both fair and foul, no more, no less; and though it is indeed true that Pranzo is upset, it was not because the lanthorn maliciously produced distorted images, but merely caused to be seen, in due proportions, things which Pranzo had not seen before. And surely, reverend Judges, being just men, you would not have this lanthorn turn its light away from what is ragged and ugly because there are also fair things on which its light may fall; how, indeed, being a lanthorn, could it, if it would? And I would have you note this, Sirs, that by this impartial discovery of the proportions of one thing to another, this lanthorn must indeed perpetually seem to cloud and sadden those things which are fair, because of the deep instincts of harmony and justice planted in the human breast. However unfair and cruel, then, this lanthorn may seem to those who, deficient in these instincts, desire all their lives to see naught but what is pleasant, lest they, like Pranzo, should lose their appetites—it is not consonant with equity that this lanthorn should, even if it could, be prevented from thus mechanically buffeting the holiday cheek of life. I would think, Sirs, that you should rather blame the queazy state of Pranzo's stomach. The old man has said that he cannot help what his lanthorn sees. This is a just saying. But if, reverend Judges, you deem this equipoised, indifferent lanthorn to be indeed blameworthy for having shown in the same moment, side by side, the skull and the fair face, the burdock and tiger-lily, the butterfly and toad, then, most reverend Judges, punish it, but do not punish this old man, for he himself is but a flume of smoke, thistle down dispersed—nothing!"

So saying, the young advocate ceased.

Again the three Judges took counsel of each other, and after much talk had passed between them, the oldest spoke:

"What this young advocate has said seems to us to be the truth. We cannot punish a lanthorn. Let the old man go!"

And Cethru went out into the sunshine. . . .

Now it came to pass that the Prince of Felicitas, returning from his journey, rode once more on his amber-coloured steed down the Vita Publica.

The night was dark as a rook's wing, but far away down the street burned a little light, like a red star truant from heaven.

The Prince riding by descried it for a lanthorn, with an old man sleeping beside it.

"How is this, Friend?" said the Prince. "You are not walking as I bade you, carrying your lanthorn."

But Cethru neither moved nor answered.

"Lift him up!" said the Prince.

They lifted up his head and held the lanthorn to his closed eyes. So lean was that brown face that the beams from the lanthorn would not rest on it, but slipped past on either side into the night. His eyes did not open. He was dead.

And the Prince touched him, saying: "Farewell, old man! The lanthorn is still alight. Go, fetch me another one, and let him carry it!" . . .

MR. ARLISS MAKES A SPEECH[1]

GEORGE ARLISS

IF IN the past anyone had told me that I was likely to be awarded a gold medal for diction, I should probably have first screamed with terror and then retired to my study to find out what was the matter with my method of speaking.

This I suppose is because I always imagined that people who got medals for diction were those who spoke beautifully. It used to be so in my early days. When I was a very obscure member of an elocution class the students who got medals for diction spoke wonderfully. Their diction was so unmistakable that you could almost see the medal moving towards them of its own volition; and before they were halfway through "The Dream of Eugene Aram" the medal was firmly between their teeth. It is hard to eradicate these early impressions. But I am bound to conclude, and I do so with great satisfaction, that those Directors of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, this world-famed institution, who are responsible for this award have a far different appreciation of the art of the actor from the judges of my student days. When I reflect that amongst those who have already been similarly honored by this Academy are Otis Skinner, Walter Hampden, Julia Marlowe, and Wynne Matthison, I realize how vastly public taste and judgment have changed. These actors and actresses speak so easily and naturally that I doubt whether any of the judges of the past would have dared to grant them an award for diction.

It is difficult to overestimate the service that the honorable judges of this Academy have done to the stage in acknowledging the splendid diction of those ladies and gentlemen I have named. I don't believe that any ordinary theatregoer listening to Otis Skinner would say, "Isn't his diction perfect!" He would be far more likely to say, "Gee! Ain't Skinner great!" And that is precisely the reaction we want.

[1] From the *Atlantic Monthly*, February, 1931. A speech delivered by Mr. Arliss before the American Academy of Arts and Letters. Reprinted by permission of the publishers of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

If an actor speaks particularly well, and knows it, he should at any rate conceal from his audience the fact that he does know it. Indeed, it is part of his art to render them if possible entirely unconscious of it. There are actors of whom we say, "He has a beautiful voice, but he is always listening to it." That means that he is not only conscious of this superior quality, but wishes the audience to be aware of it also. It is, in my opinion, a great mistake for an actor ever to appear to rise superior to his audience. Such an attitude annoys them and distracts their attention from the subject matter.

When I am rehearsing a part and meet a word about which there may be some difference of opinion as to pronunciation, I do not consult a dictionary in order to find out which is right; I endeavor to discover which is the most general way of pronouncing it, and I adopt that way. I always try to avoid teaching an audience anything—or at any rate I make a great effort not to be found out. For it is well known in my business that the public will run a mile from a theatre if they think there is going to be any attempt made to teach them anything.

That is why plays written as propaganda are always failures. An audience resents being corrected or coerced or in any way "done good to." If, for instance, the American Academy of Arts and Letters said, "We are interested in a campaign for better spoken English, and, regardless of expense, we will form a company of actors which shall comprise all our gold-medalists for diction"; and suppose they did it, and sent the company round the country, with such advertisements as "Come and hear how English should be spoken" or "Listen to the silver-tongued gold-medalists"—do you think the people would come near the theatre? I assure you I should be very sorry to be on sharing terms.

There is no doubt that good diction is far too rare. By "diction" I mean the speaking of words correctly and easily. That is what we are concerned with at the moment, although I suppose the word "diction" means a good deal more than that.

Of course we are handicapped, because English is the language of a diversity of people scattered in many parts of the globe. But there are only three kinds of English that I am familiar with—the English of England, the English of America, and the English of the telephone operator. This last I do not propose to consider, because it is almost a language of its own, and is, moreover, spoken more or less in confidence. But the difference between the English

of England and the English of America is mainly one of diction. It is futile to assert that the English of the two countries is not one language. There are some differences in pronunciation of certain words and occasionally a given word will have a different meaning. But as a rule it is only the difference between the English of England of to-day and that of one hundred and fifty years ago. America has frequently maintained the purity of the language which in course of years has become vitiated in England. We all know that many Old English words and phrases are now regarded in England as Americanisms.

The chief fault in speech in America I should describe as sloppiness, and the outstanding defect in England as snippiness. The English of England has been distorted by people who really ought to know better. Oxford University, for instance, rather prides itself on the fact that you can always tell an Oxford man. It reminds me of those "Distinctive Styles for Men" which the tailors advertise and which the well-dressed man tries so steadfastly to avoid. The only reason why one can always tell an Oxford man is that his diction is not absolutely pure. It is by no means bad, but it has certain distortions for which there is no excuse. Unfortunately the less educated class, particularly in the suburbs of London, in an attempt to ape their betters become so refaned that at times they are hardly understandable.

The American is never guilty of this straining after superiority. But in my opinion he errs on the other side. He is so afraid of being meticulous in his speech that he allows himself to become careless. I have noticed amongst the youth of to-day that there is frequently a decided objection to speaking well, a feeling that there is something unhealthy in good articulation. I know nice parents—well-spoken parents—with children who speak vilely. Frequently when a boy speaks very badly the mother looks at him with pride and says, "Isn't he a little man!" I can see no good in this. There is nothing clever in speaking badly—anybody could do it with a little practice. One can speak well and still be a little man—or a big man.

I say nothing against slang. I rather admire it; it enriches the language. But I can see no excuse for a lazy and careless delivery of words. Laziness in diction leads to laziness in phraseology—to the perpetual use of the words "fine" and "grand" and "sure"—monosyllables which can hardly be said to be a healthy stimulus to conversation. If we are going to have better spoken English we

have to work from the bottom. Schools and colleges and parents have to take a hand. Where bad diction is a matter of ignorance it is excusable, but in the case of people who have all the advantages of education and decent environment it is little more than culpable negligence and laziness.

I have said that actors must never appear to be making an effort to teach anything. But what we should do is to set a worthy example which the youth of to-day may be inspired to follow. And with the advent of the talking pictures our responsibility becomes far greater than ever it was before. For every person who sees an actor in the regular theatre, a thousand see him when he appears in a "talky." I worked for thirty years and more as an actor and remained practically unknown to a very large section of the public; now that I have made two or three talking pictures I can seldom walk many blocks without someone coming up to me and saying, "Excuse me, ain't I seen you in the movies?" I recently opened a new cinema in London, "in person," and when I appeared a young lady looked me up and down and then turned to her friend and said, "Isn't he like him?" I mention these facts to point out how much more far-reaching is the influence of the talking pictures than that of the stage.

In my opinion the value of the talking screen in the improvement of the diction of the masses cannot be overestimated. Not that the masses would go to the movies to learn how to speak; but young people are inclined to be very imitative, particularly of those actors and actresses whom they especially admire.

I am not familiar with the working of other studios, but it may interest you to hear of the care which is taken in recording the voice in my own studio—that is, the Warner Brothers—during the making of one of my pictures; and I have no reason to suppose that the same serious attention is not devoted to the work by others.

A scene in the studio seldom lasts more than six or seven minutes without a break—sometimes it is longer, but not often. Immediately after we have finished acting one of the scenes before the camera I go to what is called the "play-back" room. With me come the director, the recording mechanics, and the actors who are concerned in the scene. We cannot, of course, see the picture of the scene we have just done,—that takes many hours to develop and print,—but we can hear the "play-back," which is the record of our voices precisely as it will be heard in the theatres when the picture is finally exhibited. We sit in perfect quiet; the lights

are put out, in order that our sense of hearing shall be more acute; there is a grinding sound, and then out of the darkness come our voices reproducing the entire scene which we spoke only a few minutes before.

When it is finished the lights are put up and the director says to me, "Well, what do you think?" If I think I was particularly good I say modestly, "Not so bad. What do you think?" "Well," says the director, "it seemed to me great, except—you know where you say, 'I heard him mutter'?" "Yes." "Well, it sounded to me like 'butter.'" "Did it? I didn't notice it. Did you notice it, Miss So-and-So?" "Well, it didn't sound to me like 'butter,' but I thought it a little muffled."

And then, after some further criticism, we say, "We'll hear it again." If at the end of the second hearing there is the slightest difference of opinion, we all troop out and do the whole scene over again—which of course has to include photography as well as voice in order to get perfect synchronization.

This same inquest is held after every scene throughout the entire picture. Nothing is ever hurried or left to chance. Unfortunately, when the picture goes through the country we are in the hands of mechanics who can do to one's voice what the passport photographer can do to one's face. But there is no doubt that it is quite possible to reproduce, almost perfectly, the voice and diction of an actor, and it would be a great satisfaction to me if the stage and screen could be so far improved that they could be regarded as the recognized standard of pure English.

It is unfortunate, in this respect, that most of the plays to-day are concerned with characters which compel the actors to reproduce in their speech the worst faults of the average man. But I have reason to hope that the time is approaching when we shall have more and more classical plays. I believe that the detective play has about had its day, and that we shall have plays that will at any rate give the actors an opportunity to speak better English.

Although I have said that I do not think it would be a commercially sound venture to send a company on the road with the object of teaching the masses, I can see no reason why some talking pictures should not be made with the object of using them in schools and universities as examples of perfect English and desirable diction. I commend the idea to your directors as being perhaps worthy of their consideration.

PAINTING SINCE CEZANNE[1]

RALPH M. PEARSON

PAINTING since Cezanne divides into two schools which are diametrically opposite in attitude of mind and procedure. One school is called the Academic or Naturalistic, the other the Post-Impressionist or "Modern." What is the difference between the two and what meaning and value has each to you and me who look at pictures? These two questions I shall try to answer in this booklet, believing that such answers will become a more effective explanation of the developments of the past twenty-five years than can any discussion of specific works.

WHAT IS ACADEMIC PAINTING?

Academic painting is our cultural inheritance from the 19th century. It assumes that the function of painting is to reflect or describe nature by skillfully copying a beautiful or picturesque subject. The artist's job is to produce in paint a substitute for nature. He must first find a pleasing subject, then paint it essentially as he sees it before him. Prior to 1870 the prevailing painter's ideal was to paint exact and minute truth even to the last detail of every wrinkle, button or blood-vessel. But a growing familiarity with the camera made men realize that such a process was only rivalling a machine. Whistler revolted violently from this slavish copying and "flung a pot of paint in the public's face" with his splashy nocturnes. He did more than any other one painter to stop the long development toward naturalism which had culminated in this handmade photography. But it was only the literalness of the copying he put a stop to—not the process of copying itself. His nocturnes were generalized emotional impressions rather than literal transcriptions, yet essentially they were emotional copies of the

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blurred semi-obscurity which he actually saw in the night. Since Whistler's day the copying of nature has become freer, more sketchy and more interpretative. Painting is now defined by the academic critic as "nature seen through a personality." This freer handling has made painting more interesting than color photography could ever be, because it opened the way to a more creative play of mind. But in spite of this greater freedom for personal interpretation, the academic or naturalistic school still continues the process of copying what is actually seen in nature, essentially as it appears.

The attitude of mind back of this process of copying or recording nature has become so ingrained into the very fiber of our thought that it is a fixed habit for us to think of a picture as "looking like" something. We say, "That looks exactly like a storm, a high school girl, a tomato can," or else, "It doesn't look like this or that" before we think of, or see, any other aspect of the picture. We read a picture story exactly as the ancient Egyptians or the American Indians did, except that instead of reading it, as they did, from symbols which made some demand on the imagination, we read from exact replicas of a subject which leave no margin for imagination. In other words, the picture has come to be almost as practical and prosaic as an inventory of shoes. In the strictly naturalistic picture there is practically no chance for adventure, surprise or new experience. It does offer certain compensations for these defects, but I shall leave their interpretation to other contributors to this series and pass to the other type of painting.

WHAT IS "MODERN" PAINTING?

"Modern" painting is the exact opposite of naturalistic painting.[2] Since we adults have not been brought up on it, the modern work is unfamiliar, different, surprising, and therefore under suspicion. In some cases, because of its strangeness, it seems actually offensive. Those whom it offends call it ugly, crude, distorted and even sacrilegious. The Cubists, when their works were first exhibited, were called "les fauves," the wild beasts. And yet modern art, in spite of the violent abuse and opposition of the conservative minds which have failed to understand it over a period of the past twenty-five

[2] The word "modern" is put in quotation marks to indicate the acquired meaning added to it by the characteristics of the modern movement dating roughly from Cezanne. The quotations will be assumed hereafter.

years, has gradually dominated the art expression of western civilization and has brought contemporary painting back into the grand tradition of the old masters and the classic and primitive art of the ages. Why is modern art the opposite of academic? Why does it belong within the grand tradition? What is the mental attitude back of its production?

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN ACADEMIC AND MODERN

The modern painter, instead of copying what he actually sees in front of him, observes nature continually, studies, and perhaps makes drawings of, all manner of incidents and details. When he comes to the painting of a picture, a conception, born of his own experience, has already taken form in his mind. From all the data he has previously studied, or from that which he may observe at the moment, he selects what is pertinent to his conception, reorganizes it, and proceeds to create that conception in paint. Instead of serving as a mirror to reflect on paper or canvas the scene in front of him, he recreates it in a symbolic language of his own. Instead of copying nature he expresses, as best he can, his own reaction to it. He, like the little boy who explained how he drew, "thinks, then draws a line around his think." He, instead of nature, is the source of the experience offered by the picture.

In the copying process the only faculties brought into play are a keen eye for the subtleties of nature and a skill of hand to record adequately what the eyes perceive. In a strictly naturalistic picture no other abilities are called on—except a rudimentary sense of balance and proportion which directs the selection and omission of certain details and their effective placing within the frame of the picture. This arranging is called composition. Once having composed his picture, the naturalistic painter can proceed to copy his selected and well-placed material with no further demands on his creative powers. In fact the process is almost purely technical; it can be called creative only in the limited, craft sense that a picture is being produced which did not exist before.

In the creative type of painting, on the other hand, the creative powers of mind and hand are actively functioning in every stroke of brush or pencil. Mind is jerked alive in every cranial nook. It is challenged by the demand from the hand for continual direction. Memory, vision, knowledge and feeling, are all called upon strenu-

ously to help in this creative art of building a new edifice that has never before existed. Man partakes of the function of God in that he in his turn becomes a Creator, not of the physically living organisms that God creates, but of the plastically living organism of the picture which is a creation with a life of its own to serve a very different purpose from that of physical life. This creative aliveness is the typical attitude of mind behind the production of the truly modern work.

It is because the great bulk of all pictures produced by man from the earliest known scratchings on the walls of prehistoric caves, up through the primitives of countless regions and races to the classic pinnacles of man's creative achievements, has been the outgrowth of this creating, symbolizing mind, that we can say works of this type belong in the grand tradition of the ages. And that copying, which has existed only at relatively infrequent periods such as that of the late Greek and Roman and our own recent past, is outside that tradition and within another which, if remote enough in time, we are quite willing to call decadent. The modern movement, by rehabilitating this creative attitude of mind, and the design of the picture which is always a co-product of the creative procedure, has bridged the decadence of the last century and reestablished our contact with that grand tradition.

SOME CREATIVE PICTURES ARE DISTORTED

The fact that a picture is a creation does not mean it has to be wild, crazy or distorted, or that in technic it must be crude, or that the subject need be ugly. The liberation of creative powers made possible by this new approach may occasionally find expression in a grand spree of color and form that jumps all bounds, blows off all lids and riotously explodes all over the canvas with a complete ignoring of all facts and proprieties. This letting off steam may be, for the painter, the healthiest possible safety valve for the usual inhibitions of our normal humdrum life. Our emotions in this commercial age are under-nourished; often they are actually starved. Hence the health and happiness of the releasing operation to anyone, from the professional to the rankest amateur, who indulges in it. But this is not the only way to creative art. Mind can control emotions instead of giving them free rein; it can produce a calm and realistic creation of a beautiful or of an ugly subject. The

important point to remember is that this can be done without copying. Creative mind can produce a beautiful picture of a beautiful woman that is a re-creation in every aspect, but does not *copy* a single detail.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A NATURALISTIC AND A REALISTIC PICTURE

The best way to understand this point is to compare a Sargent portrait to one by an old master, for instance, Botticelli, El Greco or Raphael. Sargent copied actual shadows as he saw them on actual forms and materials. He also copied actualities of dress, hair, accessories, with no fundamental change except omission, selection and effective placing. This process produces the naturalistic picture. The old masters, on the other hand, ignored all actual shadows; they controlled light and shade to make it reveal form clearly and dramatically. Also they reorganized every element of their subject—folds in clothing, hair, features—to rebuild all such data into their *conception* of their sitter. In doing this they may actually gain in effectiveness; the picture may, and in the hands of a great artist, always does, become more real to the observer than would the living person as he appears to the casual eye. This reorganizing way of working produces the real or *realistic* picture. Beyond this the old masters brought to bear on their subject a whole world of experience that was almost totally unknown to Sargent and the academic school, the world of visual music, the orchestration of every line, space, color, texture, and form of subject into a synthesis called pictorial design. Almost any example of the works of the great masters of the Renaissance, if carefully studied, will reveal this fundamental difference between naturalism and a realism that is sensitively designed.

It was only after the Renaissance that the creative vision and the knowledge of how to design a picture gradually died out as the new interest in scientific fact and in the skill to reproduce actuality began to direct the public mind and the interest of artists toward the craft of copying. The modern movement is a reaction against this degradation of art into craft, this substitution of skill for designed creation. It is a rediscovery of the *art* of the picture. It reestablishes the broken kinship with the creative art of the ages. The fact that the exuberance of feeling which the moderns imme-

diately following Cezanne felt in their rediscovery of their own creative powers and of this almost forgotten play with the harmonic relationship of line, space, color and form, resulted in "crazy" pictures, is relatively unimportant. It is the value of the experience of creating and designing which is of such vast importance to the artist, to society in general, and to each of us who looks at pictures. The door to that new world of experience, the modern movement in art has again opened. It is for each to decide whether he will accept the chance for new adventure and roam far afield with the adventuring minds of modern artists, or whether he will remain content within the old fenced-in pasture of familiar and limited experience.

DESIGN IS VISUAL MUSIC

Design in pictures is similar to design in music. Imagine music without design—i. e., with no melody, no structure, no counterpoint, no rhythm, no orchestration. Chaos would be the result. You would have the noises of nature—of the barnyard, the workshop, the kitchen, the street, copied by a naturalistic composer and set down in notes which, when played by the orchestra, would reveal sounds you already know with no hint therein of new experience. Would you be thrilled by this recognition of the familiar? No, you would laugh at such a joke or stop your ears in disgust. But in pictures? Do we laugh at the naturalistic copy of barnyards, kitchens and streets or turn away in disgust? No, we still give prizes to, and buy, such pictures and laugh at those which offer visual music. Why this inconsistency? Because, my dear reader, we are blind, deaf and dumb in this great field. We have never been taught to see visual music. From long habit we think of colors and forms in paint as proxies for color and forms in nature instead of seeing them for their harmonic relationships. The design of the picture is outside the range of our everyday experience.

There is no space here to describe pictorial design in detail. This will be done in later booklets in the series. Here we can make only a few broad generalizations.

In the designed picture every line is in a controlled relationship to every other line, and to the frame of the picture. The same is true of every bit of space, texture, light-dark, color and form. If the picture is a complete abstraction with no subject or idea, then

these controlled relationships constitute the whole picture. They are free from external restraints; there is no dependence on technical skill. The painter merely follows his own sensitive feeling. This liberation from subject offers a great opportunity to enjoy design for its own sake. It gives the amateur his one great chance to dab paint on paper recklessly, and to learn, unhandicapped by lack of skill, what this play with relationship means. And it gives him, likewise, a chance to see in the work of a master artist, great design free from the distraction of subject interest which an amateur always finds it hard to overlook and to forget. On these grounds an abstract picture should always be welcomed. When lines, spaces, etc., have the double task of portraying a subject and forming harmonic relationships with each other, the work of the picture-maker becomes much more complex and technically difficult. The problem of portraying the subject must always be subordinated to, or at least integrated with, the demands of the design. This is the crucial point that must be realized before the new work can be understood. The wrinkles in a coat sleeve must be seen as part of an arm covered by cloth; and this arm must then be expressed in lines, forms, and colors which are related to all the other lines, forms and colors about it. This fusing and welding process automatically demands the re-creation of all the material in the picture. The arm copied from nature is not and cannot be designed. Oil and water do not mix. Design is a process of reorganization. The degree of reorganization, ranging from complete abstraction to the realism of a Botticelli, is less important than the fact of its existence. Is the picture designed or is it not? That distinction is the first step in intelligent observation. To recognize and experience the music of visual relationships is to experience the art in a work of art.

VALUE OF THE CREATIVE PROCESS

As a nation our creative powers are starved almost to actual death. What little chance they have to function in the more progressive schools is largely nullified later by the pressure of a way of life that in general is passive and vicarious, or physically active, as in sports and travel. *En masse,* as a nation, we listen to the radio, to lectures, and to plays instead of ourselves performing; we read instead of write, look at pictures instead of producing them.

We take advice about furnishing our homes from a profession versed in assembling dead arts of the past, instead of making our own decisions; we accept original antiques or the corrupt copies produced by commerce instead of demanding contemporary creations in the merchandise we use. Because we have not the self-confidence that grows out of creative practice we are afraid to judge, afraid to buy the new and different, afraid to take the lead in discarding the past and building in the present. Creative practice with any medium is the best effective antidote to these vicarious habits. The "modern artist," including the amateur who plays at creative painting, modelling or drawing, is experiencing this value of self-realization and self-expression—one of the most thrilling of all human adventures. This constructive, regenerative value I should say, is the most direct and immediate of the values inherent in modern painting for the one who produces, and vicariously, for the one who looks at or buys the picture. This way of working and observing is high personal adventure. Don't be content with looking at pictures in a museum. Buy some paints, go home and make pictures of your own. It is the one sure way to learn to *experience* pictures.

Another high value which accrues to the producer, whether amateur or professional, and in much less degree to the passive onlooker, grows out of the way in which an idea or object is expressed. It seems to be a law of the universe that once the human mind is released from the confinement of copying, vision begins to go deeper than the surface of forms which the eye actually sees. It begins to perceive universal truths beneath obvious ones—to see the arm within the coat sleeve, the body under the clothes, the intention in the movement of the limbs. Knowledge about a thing supplements the physical seeing of the thing. Imagination is unchained; fancy is free to soar. It is when this occurs that a capacity inherent in man since the dawn of history, but often obscured by other interests, automatically comes into play,—I mean his capacity to sense the order and relationships which constitute the rudimentary foundation of all design. The creative mind normally and intuitively *designs*.

The person who can perceive this visual music of line, space, color, form, and who knows the release of mental and emotional creation, finds the door unlocked that admits him to participation in the creative arts of all ages. Participation is a much deeper experience than appreciation. Appreciation can be, and usually is,

an intellectual, a literary, an external process. External, that is to say, as far as any contact with the art of the picture is concerned. We can appreciate a snowscape in paint because we like winter or because we admire the skill of the painter. It is a very different thing to dig down beneath subject and skill and discover the new surprising harmonies which happen in one particular picture that incidentally portrays winter. The modern artist has given us the chance for this deeper adventure.

If we sum up the values in modern painting, *adventure* should come first on the list. Next will come *vision*—the stretching of perceptive powers to see new and more universal aspects of the things and the scenes about us and the different expressions of these things in the works of different periods and artists. Then the grand spree (or the restrained building process) of *creation*, supreme experience of man. And finally the whole new world of *visual music* with all the thrills and satisfactions in the field of vision that we already know in the field of hearing. All these lively adventures, lacking in any but their most rudimentary manifestations in academic or naturalistic art, and more or less lost as part of our esthetic equipment by the misdirected training we have inherited from the 19th century, are rediscovered and again made available for use by the modern painter. Painting since Cezanne, along with other arts in which there has been a similar rebirth of the creative spirit, is the source of these adventures. A new spirit has been born in our day. So alive is this spirit, so catching, so lifting, so regenerating are its effects once they are understood, that already it and its effects have penetrated to all corners of our western civilization. It is too virile to be downed by the condemnations of ignorance or self-defense. It will continue its growth and its penetration. To participate in this new spirit makes historical events and trends in art, as well as specific artists and their work, understandable. For that reason I have tried to explain meanings rather than individual men or works in discussing this very significant contemporary period in the long and eventful history of visual art.

BEAUTY AS A LIFE-PRINCIPLE[1]

H. A. OVERSTREET

THERE is an incontestability about beauty which makes argument in its defence almost an impertinence. "I, too, will set my face to the wind and throw my handful of seed on high," cries Deirdre, in *Deirdre and the Sons of Usna*. "For beauty is the most unforgettable thing in the world, and though of it a few perish, and the myriads die unknowing and uncaring, beneath it the nations of men move as beneath their pilgrim star. Therefore he who adds to the beauty of the world is of the sons of God. He who destroys or debases beauty is of the darkness, and shall have darkness for his reward.

"To live in beauty—which is to put into four words all the dream and spiritual effort of man." [2]

One would have to go far indeed to find anyone so thoroughly consistent in his pessimism as to say no to the above. Beauty, by all of us, is accepted as an undeniable good; perhaps the most undeniable of all.

What, however, is beauty? The question should not be difficult to answer. And yet one suspects that beauty is like many another experience with which we are very familiar. We know it so well that we hardly know it at all.

We call a woman beautiful, a child, a garment, a deed, a symphony. Let us suppose for a moment that each of these were not beautiful but ugly. What would we mean by applying such a term? Obviously the word would express a kind of aversion on our part. In the presence of the ugliness we should feel like drawing away. In this ugly woman, for example, we should find nothing which gave us a warm sense of wishing to approach, of desiring to remain as closely and as continuously as possible in her presence. The same would be true if the ugliness were in the child. We should

[1] From *The Enduring Quest*, W. W. Norton and Company, Inc. 1931. Reprinted by permission of the publishers and the author.

[2] Fiona Macleod (Mosher).

wish the child removed. If the ugliness were in the music, we should stop our ears or desire to stop them.

Obviously, where there is ugliness, there is between the beholder and the object a sense of not rightly fitting together. There is a clash, a disharmony. Where, on the other hand, there is beauty, there is an instant sense of fitting together. This may be so strong that one is filled with a passionate desire to possess the beautiful object.

In order that there may be this feeling between beholder and object, there must be within the object itself a fittingness. If there is something in the object that "mars" the beauty, we mean by that that there is an element within it which does not belong with the rest. It is out of place. Thus music is beautiful to us when there is no dissonance that remains finally unresolved. A garment is beautiful when no line or color is discordant, a deed when no part of it goes counter to the essential unity.[3] "Beauty," writes de Gourmont, "is a logic which is perceived as a pleasure."[4] When we have said that, however, are we not saying that the most fundamental of all our desires is the desire for that integrated order which is the opposite of irrelevancy, clash, conflict, confusion?

THE COSMIC BASIS

However much we may now smile at the simple Hebrew folk-talk of creation, there was in it a very real insight. The first act of creation, according to that tale, lay in bringing order out of chaos. When chaos was banished and a world brought into being, the Creator looked upon his handiwork with a joyous emotion and pronounced it good. It was beautiful to him, because, somehow, it fitted together.

The central and most unshakable insight of philosophers and scientists, poets, moralists and religionists tells them that significant reality is order.

> Order is a lovely thing;
> On disarray it lays its wing,
> Teaching simplicity to sing.[5]

[3] See an illuminating discussion of this in Wilkinson, Bonaro, *The Poetic Way of Release*, Chap. XVI (Knopf).

[4] DeGourmont, Remy, *Decadence*, p. 28 (Harcourt Brace & Company).

[5] Anna Hempstead Branch, "The Monk in the Kitchen," *Rose of the Wind and Other Poems*, p. 136 (Houghton Mifflin).

Pythagoras caught the vision of it. Strumming his instruments, he noted that music is not helter-skelter, but a phenomenon of measurable relationships. Every tone is in mathematical relation to every other tone. Harmony is right mathematical relations; discord is wrong relations. He watched the movements of heavenly bodies. The planets moved in their orbits. They were related to each other with a precision that bespoke a cosmic regularity. He made a leap in thought and conceived the whole of reality as Number. The Number that is in music, he said, is the same Number that is in the heavens, in life, in human behavior, in everything. The universe is Number, and had human beings the power they might even hear the harmony of the spheres.

It was perhaps too swift a leap. A good deal of disharmony forces itself upon our attention, and we are less ready to ascribe a perfection of beauty to the universe. But the central idea still holds. Science approaches its ideal in the degree that it can express its data in number relationships. Science, in other words, makes the assumption that order is fundamental and that significance is achieved only as the world about us is seen in its measurable processes. Every atom is a computable process. Every flash of light is such, every drop of water or pressure of atmosphere.

For the scientist, the deepest wisdom lies in the pursuit of the order that is nature and in the adjustment to it and within it of our own life processes. If we are to do anything with atoms, or drops of water, or pressures of atmosphere, it is only in the degree that we discover the relationships involved.

For the scientist, as for the philosopher, these processes of nature have a profound and stirring beauty. The heavens show forth an integration so far transcending anything of human fashioning that they lift our emotions to another plane. The microscopic entities show niceties of design that thrill us with their beauty.

Plato was caught up in like fashion. He saw a helter-skelter world about him—the world of sense-impressions: innumerable things unrelated, impermanent, coming into existence and passing away, clashing with each other—sights, sounds, emotions. But these things to him were not the real world. The really significant world was order. For him it was found in the great patterns. Among all the diverse creatures that were men, he conceived that there was Man. Among all the diverse, more or less imperfect efforts to achieve just judgment, there was Justice. In the midst

of all the more or less beautiful things, there was Beauty. Above all and comprehending all, there was the trinity of the Good, the True, and the Beautiful. The Good was the True, and the True was the Good. And always the Good and the True were the Beautiful.

For Plato, as for Pythagoras, and for all the scientists throughout history, the deepest reality was the beauty that is order. And likewise for the moralist. For what is goodness but the beauty of a fitting together in behavior? To steal is to insert an incompatibility. It is to bring disaffection, anger, bitterness, retaliation. To lie, kill, be brutal, to be overweening in pride—all these are confusion-breeding behaviors. They drive us back toward chaos. Happiness, said Plato, is a harmony—within oneself and in relation to fellow-beings. When, later, Kant laid down the rule that one should treat humanity, whether in oneself or in others, as an end and not simply as a means, he was indicating the same fundamental principle of a goodness that is at the same time a beauty. For to use a human being simply as a means to one's own ends is to arouse resentments. It is to pull life apart into dissentient opposites. It is to bring ugliness. On the other hand, to use each human being as an end in himself is to generate a functioning integration. The Good, therefore, in so far, is the Beautiful, because whatever is beautiful fits essentially together.

BEAUTY AS A TRIUMPH OF LIFE

Here, then, we conclude something fundamental about reality. The least adequate form of existence—complete frustration—is chaos, confusion; the acme of existence is a perfect fitting together.

Within our human experience, beauty is a triumph, for wherever there is beauty, chaos has been banished, the impotence of confusion has been overcome, and a vital integration has been achieved.

That is why ugliness is a depressant. For the essential character of ugliness is to impede and diminish the life-process. The presence of ugliness, as we have seen, makes us shrink. We cannot go out to it joyously, identifying ourselves with it; we cannot continue our life out into it. "At the sight of ugliness she frowns and contracts and has a sense of pain and turns away and shrivels up, and not without a pang refrains from conception." [6]

[6] Plato, *Symposium*.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE ARTS

This will enable us to give a place of significance to certain creations of man that have not always been rightly estimated. In education we lay stress upon the practical tools of life—arithmetic, spelling, grammar, economics, language. These are essential, but it may be seriously questioned whether they are sufficient. No one of them gives the individual the peculiar emotion of a fitting together, a vital wholeness of existence (although a deeper study of them might induce this emotion). But in each of the fine arts this is precisely the kind of emotion we experience. Consider, for example, a symphony. In the first place, it has an integration which life, on the average, seldom achieves. It is not made up of irrelevant parts. It is not a miscellany of accidents. It moves with a fine unity of design and with a rhythmic flow that carries it on to its conclusion. This is precisely how we should like life itself to move. But life, on the average, is quite different. We are constantly being forced to adjust ourselves to irrelevancies. We try with difficulty to hold to the unity of the design, the rhythmic flow of our life, but the exigencies of existence have a way of breaking in upon that unity and rhythm.

Music, then, is *the way we should like life to be.* When we hear music—or create it—we are achieving unity of experience. We are for the moment living into a wholeness of design. This is why music can be a powerful civilizer. As we live successively into such unities, we grow the habit of experiencing the beauty of their integration. Life emerges from its fragmentariness and frustration; it senses the beauty of a wholeness, which, in its everyday processes, it does not achieve.

Every fine art, in greater or less degree, has this effect upon us. A great piece of sculpture is the organization of matter out of relative formlessness into significant form. It is a unity that has no distracting irrelevancies, a whole that animates all its parts and in which all the parts together animate the whole. It gives us an experience which, in its rhythmic unity and faultless ordering of parts, is what we should like the rest of our life to be.

There is a real psychological importance in this. These arts—when we experience them—are not a mere idle addition to life. That is how they are frequently conceived. They are themselves *ways of life.* That is, when one hears music or stands before a

noble structure, one is living just as truly as when one does the routine things that are necessary to one's existence. In ruth, one is living in some of the most essential ways in which one can live. An individual might eschew all the arts, confining himself only to the needful things. What he would actually do, in that case, would be to fail to live in certain ways that are perhaps the most nearly perfect that human beings can achieve.

It is curious how persistently we regard the routine activities to be "life," while we regard listening to music or creating it, seeing pictures or painting them, listening to poetry or writing it, as experiences that are, somehow, a kind of irrelevant addendum to life. Take the example of the reading of a great novel. Let the reader select the last one that deeply stirred him. Let us say that he began it at eight o'clock at night and read absorbedly into the small hours of the morning. Suppose now that he compares this experience with the dictating of a number of routine letters in his office on the previous morning. Was the experience any less living? While he was dictating his batch of letters, he may have been interrupted a dozen times by telephone calls; several of his subordinates may have come in on one mission or another; he may have had some minutes of irritated search for a notation he had misplaced. A morning's work. That was "life." And now, at midnight he is at chapter eighteen. He scarcely knows what has been happening around him. He is far away from his room. He has been conversing for four hours with interesting people. He has been looking at their problems, following their eager expectancies, sympathizing with some of them, detesting others, watching the whole magic thing called life unroll itself before him.

At midnight has he really lived four hours of as vital life as he lived in the routine hours of his office? How does one measure this curious thing called life? According to our foolish conventions, this man was actually living when he was in his office, but only incidentally living when he was reading. Is not that a false valuation? *Life is what takes place in one.* The only question, therefore, is whether anything of transforming moment was taking place between eight in the evening and twelve o'clock midnight. And we know that that is what actually happens in such cases. Emotions are generated that are not usual in the routine hours, ideas and possibilities are opened that are normally closed.

That, one may suspect, is the essential truth in regard to all

these ways of life which we call the fine arts. When we listen to a symphony or see a drama, we are living a life; when we read a poem which affects us deeply we are doing likewise. And by far the most significant fact is that in the music or drama or poem we are living life on the level of beauty—the level, that is, on which life becomes in profound measure a vital unity.

We might say, then, that beauty is as essential to life as anything that life needs. Without beauty we can indeed live—as animals or as mediocre human beings; but with beauty we enter into those triumphant integrations that are life at its highest.

NOTES ON BOOKS AND AUTHORS

FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN (1890-) is associate editor of *Harper's Magazine.* He is the author of *Only Yesterday,* 1931, a panoramic review of the abnormal decade that began with the peace of Versailles and ended with the panic of 1929. With his wife he published *American Life Since 1860,* 1933, a history in photographs with a running comment. This was followed by *Metropolis,* 1934, a similar description of present-day city life showing its complexity. The article "The Goon and His Style" was written while Mr. Allen was secretary to the Harvard University Corporation.

A famous satire on the goonish style is the lecture by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch "On Jargon" to be found in his book *On the Art of Writing.* The ponderous language that so often hides absence of thought is made fun of also in Sinclair Lewis's *Babbitt,* a book which, like *Are You a Bromide?* by Gelett Burgess, people read so that they will not unwittingly be guilty of the faults satirized.

GEORGE ARLISS (1868-) had had a long and distinguished stage career in London and New York when he entered the motion pictures in 1920. Among some of his memorable performances are those in *Old English, Disraeli, Voltaire,* and *The House of Rothschild.* In *Up the Years from Bloomsbury,* 1927, he has written the story of his own life.

FRANK AYDELOTTE (1880-), president of Swarthmore College, is a former Rhodes scholar who since his return to America has done much to fulfill the purpose of Cecil Rhodes in establishing the scholarships, i. e., to further the harmony among English-speaking people by encouraging in the students from the United States "an attachment to the country from which they have sprung but without withdrawing them or their sympathies from the land of their adoption or birth." Dr. Aydelotte's collection of essays *The Oxford Stamp,* 1917, and *Oxford of Today* (with L. A. Crosby)

reveal the spirit of Oxford and of British culture to the American student.

JOSEPH E. BAKER, formerly of Northwestern University, is now a member of the English faculty at the University of Iowa.

PAULL FRANKLIN BAUM (1886-) is professor of English at Duke University. His American education he supplemented with studies abroad at the universities of Munich, Vienna, and Lausanne, and at the Sorbonne in Paris.

The classic discussion of prose rhythm is the essay by Robert Louis Stevenson "On Some Technical Elements in Style," in which this conscious artist sets forth the principles he himself followed. It is to be found in his *Essays in the Art of Writing.* The great variety possible in prose rhythms can be seen from a comparison of the essays by Carlyle, Newman, Ruskin, Stevenson, Tunis, and Wells in this book.

THOMAS CARLYLE (1795-1881) was a Scotch historian, satirist, and social philosopher. Carlyle believed that the man makes the age rather than that the age makes the man. Most of his books are therefore studies of great men who have influenced their times, which accounts for the bracing effect they have upon readers, even upon those who find their style difficult.

Beginning with the *Life of Schiller,* published when the author was thirty years old, Carlyle wrote for half a century, volume upon volume. The most important of his works include *The French Revolution, Heroes and Hero-Worship, History of Frederick the Great, Sartor Resartus,* and *Past and Present.*

Carlyle's style is vigorous and manly, but often rough and tortuous. The coined words, the unusual phrasing, and the emphatic inversions combine to make the "Carlylese" of his later work.

The short essay reprinted here epitomizes the stern doctrine of Carlyle's "Gospel of Work."

ZECHARIAH CHAFEE, JR. (1885-) is professor of law at Harvard University. Besides technical works on law, Professor Chafee has written *Freedom of Speech,* 1920, and *The Inquiring Mind,*

1928. His interpretations of current judicial questions are frequently to be found in the general magazines.

STUART CHASE (1888-), well-known writer on current economic problems, was educated at Massachusetts Institute of Technology and at Harvard. He was a certified public accountant, became associated with the Federal Trade Commission in 1917, and has been with the Labor Bureau, Inc., since 1922. Among his most popular books are *Men and Machines,* 1929, *Prosperity—Fact or Myth,* 1930, and *Mexico—A Study of Two Americas,* 1931. Mr. Chase collaborated with F. J. Schlink on a clever exposé of modern advertising, *Your Money's Worth,* published in 1927. By his happy faculty of finding clear and familiar examples he has proved to the ordinary reader that economic discussions may be as dramatic as any front-page baseball news.

AUSTIN HOBART CLARK (1880-) is a biologist and member of the staff of the Smithsonian Institution. He is the author of *Animals of Land and Sea,* 1925; *Nature Narratives,* 2 volumes, 1929, 1931; and *The New Evolution,* 1930.

The student is doubtless already familiar with the books by William Beebe and Paul de Kruif, two men of science who have written popular books in their special fields. William Beebe, who was at first a student of birds, has in recent years turned to the investigation of deep-sea life. He has written more than a dozen books on these two subjects. Paul de Kruif at one time taught bacteriology at the University of Michigan but is now known as a writer of short biographies showing the romance to be found in the life of the scientist, as in *Hunger Fighters* and *Men Against Death.* Readers of Sinclair Lewis's *Arrowsmith,* a novel about an average college boy who caught the spirit of science, will remember that Mr. Lewis secured his technical information from Dr. de Kruif.

ARTHUR CLUTTON-BROCK (1868-1924) was art critic of the London *Times* until his death. Before going into journalism he had been a practicing lawyer. His interests were wide, and besides art he also discussed religious, philosophical, and literary subjects. He was the author of several books, among which are the studies *Shelley,*

the Man and Poet, 1909, *William Morris,* 1914, in the Home University Library, and *Shakespeare's Hamlet,* 1922.

W. H. COWLEY is a member of the faculty in Education at the Ohio State University. He is a frequent contributor to educational and other publications.

THOMAS CRAVEN (1889-) is a critic and historian of art who takes the larger view of artists, seeing in them the expression of the age in which they lived. In his *Men of Art,* 1931, he has written of the famous artists of the past who have interpreted their age in art. The account of Leonardo da Vinci has been chosen because it portrays not only a great intellect but also a great age, the Italian Renaissance. Mr. Craven has also written *Modern Art,* 1934, on account of recent artistic activities, much of which he finds unhealthy.

Another picture of Leonardo da Vinci is to be found in Dmitri Merejskowsky's fine historical novel, the *Romance of Leonardo da Vinci.* The earliest account of Renaissance authors, rich in anecdote, is Vasari's *Lives of the Painters,* written by one of their immediate followers. All later writers about the Italian painters of the Renaissance have drawn upon this work.

GOLDSWORTHY LOWES DICKINSON (1862-1932), at the time of his death a fellow at King's College, Cambridge University, was international in his sympathies. His *Letters from a Chinese Official,* 1903, (published in England as *Letters from John Chinaman*) shows that kind of imagination that enables us to see ourselves as others see us, as well as a knowledge of the Chinese mind and point of view gained from his extended residence in the Orient. (William Jennings Bryan, who was misled by the title and took the book to be of Chinese authorship, answered it in *Letters to a Chinese Official.*)

Other books by Dickinson that students might enjoy are *The Greek View of Life,* from which the excerpt in this book is taken; *War: Its Nature, Cause and Cure; Religion: A Criticism and a Forecast; The Meaning of Good;* and *A Modern Symposium,* which sets forth various attitudes toward modern civilization through thirteen speakers representing as many different schools of thought.

WILL DURANT (1885-) was at one time a teacher of Latin and French in a private school. He is still a teacher, though he does his work by means of the printed page instead of the classroom lecture. Upon receiving the doctor's degree in philosophy from Columbia University in 1917, he set out to do for that subject what H. G. Wells had done for history in *The Outline of History*, and John Drinkwater had done for literature in *The Outline of Literature*. The result was *The Story of Philosophy*, published in 1926, which is an entertaining and non-technical introduction to the subject of philosophy for the average reader.

It is written in a fleet and sprightly style which appears to its greatest advantage in the chapter on Voltaire. Possibly, as has been observed, the title of the book ought really to be "Stories about Philosophers," for it sometimes gives more space to entertaining anecdotes about the philosophers themselves than it does to an explanation of their thought. Nevertheless the book has shown many people the way to the most rewarding study of all: the best thought of the best minds on questions that puzzle all men.

JOHN ERSKINE (1879-), critic, essayist, novelist, and concert musician, was for many years a member of the English faculty of Columbia University. Since 1928 he has been president of the Juilliard School of Music in New York.

Mr. Erskine has published several books that reinterpret characters of old legend and myth in the light of modern psychology. *The Private Life of Helen of Troy* was the first and most popular of a series of books in which old wine is poured into new bottles.

The Delight of Great Books, from which the appreciation of *Huckleberry Finn* is taken, contains also discussions of *Moby Dick*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *The Canterbury Tales*, among others. "The Moral Obligation to be Intelligent" is one of his best-known essays and gives its title to a collection.

Books about books are not always interesting to read. There are some books of criticism, however, which not only help the reader to enjoy great masterpieces but give pleasure because they are themselves well written. Such are the appreciations by John Erskine, and such are the books composed of Lafcadio Hearn's lectures to his Japanese students which Dr. Erskine has edited, among them *Appreciations of Poetry*, 1916, *Interpretations of Literature*, 1915, *Talks to Writers*, 1920, and *Books and Habits*, 1921.

JOHN GALSWORTHY (1867-1932) won the Nobel prize in literature in 1932 for *The Forsyte Saga*, a series of novels of the upper middle class in modern English society, presenting the contrasting goals of wealth and beauty. Galsworthy was primarily a novelist, but he was also a short story writer, a dramatist, an essayist and critic, and something of a poet. The volume *Caravan,* 1927, contains the author's own selection of his best short stories, and *Candelabra,* 1933, his best essays. Among his well-known plays are *Strife*, 1909, *Justice*, 1910, and *The Mob*, 1914, which treat of the relation between capital and labor and other social problems.

Although Galsworthy himself belonged to the "gentry," he was always fair in his interpretation of the different social classes in his novels and plays, with an obvious sympathy for the underdog. He was always too great an artist, however, to be merely a propagandist.

The essay printed in this collection is one of his revealing utterances on the relation of art to life. His creed as a human being he expressed in an address delivered at Columbia University in 1919: "To do our jobs really well and to be brotherly. To seek health and ensue Beauty! . . . Shall man, the highest product of creation, be content to pass his little day in a house like unto Bedlam?"

JAMES BRADSTREET GREENOUGH (1833-1901) was a philologist and teacher of Latin at Harvard, and the first to teach Sanskrit and comparative philology in that university. Students accounted him a brilliant teacher.

Among his translations was a rendering of Theodore Roosevelt's *The Strenuous Life* into Ciceronian Latin.

EDITH HAMILTON was for many years head-mistress of the Bryn Mawr School for Girls in Baltimore. She began the study of the ancient languages as a child and learned to appreciate the excellence of classical civilization with an enthusiasm that eventually led to the writing of *The Greek Way*, 1930, and *The Roman Way*, 1932, two books which succeed in touching the reader with the same enthusiasm. It would be a dull reader who would fail to enjoy the chapter "Aristophanes and the Old Comedy" in the first-named book, with its comparisons between the Greek comedy and the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. Her translations of *Agamemnon* and

Prometheus of Aeschylus, and *The Trojan Women* of Euripides are as readable as any twentieth-century dramas.

SIR ARTHUR HELPS (1813-1875) served the British government in various capacities, eventually as clerk of the Privy Council. By way of recreation he was a man of letters as well, and his *Friends in Council*, 1847-1859, is a series of essays and dialogues treating social and ethical questions. Upon the death of Prince Albert, he was requested by Queen Victoria to edit the correspondence and addresses of the Prince Consort.

JULIAN HUXLEY (1887-), is director of the London Zoo. From 1912 to 1916 he was in America as a member of the faculty of Rice Institute, Houston, Texas. He was biological editor of the 14th edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica.*

Like Thomas Huxley, his famous grandfather, Julian Huxley writes in a clear and logical style with the ease of pleasant talk. Like his grandfather, too, he is interested in science for its philosophical implications.

His *Stream of Life, Essays of a Biologist,* and *Religion without Revelation* should interest the student who has an inquiring mind. Mr. Huxley has collaborated with J. B. S. Haldane of Cambridge in *Animal Biology*, 1927, and with H. G. Wells in *The Science of Life*, 1929.

Those who are interested in the relation of science and religion will find other essays on the subject expressing various points of view in the symposium *Science and Religion* published by Scribner's in 1931. Another symposium, *Living Philosophies* (Simon and Schuster, 1931) will appeal to students who are philosophically inclined. It is a collection of essays in which well-known scientists, men of letters, and other public men explain their theories of life. The series first appeared in the *Forum* under the title "What I Believe."

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY (1825-1895) was one of the great leaders of the scientific movement of the nineteenth century which affected the twentieth century in religious, social, and educational as well as scientific thought. He served as surgeon in the British navy, and was professor of natural history at the Royal School of Mines for thirty-two years.

Huxley's point of view and clear exposition of it has had much to do with the present emphasis on science in the curricula of public schools and universities. His educational credo is summarized in the brief selection printed in this book. Huxley's advocacy of a scientific education led him into controversy with another great thinker of his day, Matthew Arnold, who defended the classics in his essay, *Literature and Science.*

Although Huxley admitted that science could not explain everything, he renounced all traditional theology and invented the word "agnostic" to describe his own point of view.

LAWRENCE PEARSALL JACKS (1860-) was at one time a Unitarian minister. In 1903 he became professor of philosophy at Manchester College, Oxford, and in 1915 he became principal of the same college. From the latter position he retired in 1931. He has been editor of the *Hibbert Journal* since its foundation in 1902, and is recognized as the leader of the adult education movement in England.

Dr. Jacks has been a welcome visitor in America and has received honorary degrees from American universities. He has set forth his thoughtful comments about life and human needs in many well-written books, of which the most recent are *The Education of the Whole Man,* 1931, *Education through Recreation,* 1932, and *My American Friends,* 1933. His four lectures delivered at Brown University in 1933 have been published in book form as *Ethical Factors of the Present Crisis,* 1934. Dr. Jacks believes that the world depression is ultimately due not to economic but to ethical causes and points out in what respects the private individual is himself partly to blame.

GEORGE LYMAN KITTREDGE (1860-), professor at Harvard since 1894, is one of the leading scholars in English language and literature in America. *Words and Their Ways in English Speech,* 1901, written in collaboration with the late Professor J. B. Greenough, still remains the most interesting and readable treatment of the subject. *An Advanced English Grammar,* 1913, and the briefer *A Concise English Grammar,* 1918, both written in collaboration with Professor F. E. Farley, are authoritative discussions of a subject more often expounded by rule than by reason. They are, incidentally, also examples of what good printing will contribute to the clearness of books on language.

Most of Professor Kittredge's own books deal with different aspects of literature, and his former students refer their friends especially to his little book on Shakespeare, 1916, an exposition of the great powers of the dramatist.

ROBERT LITTELL (1896-) comes from a family of writers. His father is Philip Littell, newspaperman and author. His great-grandfather, Eliakim Littell, was the founder of the *Living Age*. The author of "Robin Redbreast" has been on the staffs of the New York *World*, the New York *Evening Post*, and the *New Republic*. He has contributed many highly readable articles to magazines, among them "Pigskin Preferred," a satirical essay on college football which appeared in the *New Republic* for October 28, 1925, and "Canine Primary," a burlesque on progressive schools, in the *New Republic* for December 7, 1932. A collection of his essays was published in 1926 under the title *Read America First*. He has also written a novel, *Candles in the Storm*, 1932, about life in a New England artists' colony.

CHARLES ALLEN LLOYD teaches French in Biltmore College, Asheville, North Carolina, and English in the Asheville Summer School conducted by the Asheville Normal and Teachers College. He is also a radio lecturer on the subject of good English.

HENRY LOUIS MENCKEN (1880-) was the idol of college undergraduates in the days when he was literary critic and co-editor of the *Smart Set* and later when he was editor of the *American Mercury*. Many writers who have since become established in public esteem owe their rise to the first hospitable encouragement given by Mr. Mencken.

Mr. Mencken's journalistic strategy consists of a direct frontal attack which provokes heated retorts, wide discussions,—and an increased demand for his product. The gusto with which he charges upon outworn ideas is matched by the reckless energy of his style. As the sworn enemy of musty stupidity there are few writers as formidable as Mr. Mencken. He is outspoken in his likes (music and science, especially physiology) and his dislikes (poetry, college professors of English, and democracy).

The little volume *Selected Prejudices* will give the student an idea of Mr. Mencken's journalistic manner. Quite different from

anything else that he has done is his book *The American Language*, 1918, from which the selection used in this volume has been taken. It is a solid piece of work written to inform rather than to entertain.

JOHN STUART MILL (1806-1873) wrote the famous treatise *On Liberty*, 1859, the classic exposition of the ideals of freedom which stirred the world a century ago. Some of the chapters in Mill's book have been invalidated by later experience with economic laws, but the one on "Liberty of Thought and Discussion" is as thought-provoking now as it was when it was first published. His long essay "On the Subjection of Women," which has been one of the most powerful documents in the long struggle for the right of women to make use of their abilities, was in part inspired by his respect for his wife's intelligence and social ideals.

The best account of Mill's life is that written by himself, which ranks among the great autobiographies of the world. With simplicity and entire absence of egotism he tells the story of his early education, his work for social reform, and his devotion to his wife who, because she gave him the sympathy and companionship that his nature craved, became almost the object of his worship. The crisis described in Chapter V of the *Autobiography* occurred after a childhood and youth spent in almost unbelievable intellectual concentration. His father, who was his teacher, set out to develop the boy's mind for later usefulness to the world and started him on the study of Greek when he was three years old. Before he was eight, Mill had been put through a course of reading in history that few college seniors have compassed, and the pace continued. Small wonder that at twenty his normal emotions asserted themselves as described in the selection reproduced here.

John Stuart Mill's style is intellectual and abstract, and is therefore not easily read by those who demand the concrete type of writing which presents a series of pictures before the imagination; yet nowhere is it difficult to understand.

MICHEL DE MONTAIGNE (1533-1592) is usually held to be the inventor of the personal or familiar essay. It was he who first gave to it the name *essay*, though whether he used the word in the sense of "assay," i. e., weighing, or "essay," i. e., attempt, is not clear. In any event, he originated a new literary form quite unlike the stately classical dissertations such as Cicero's *On Friendship*.

Montaigne's essays are informal both in language and in structure. They have been likened to the fireside conversation of a cultivated gentleman. Like conversation they have no predetermined goal but play with the subject, approaching it from many sides and wandering off into any sidepaths that may invite exploration. Montaigne had read widely, as his many citations from earlier authors show. He himself has been much quoted, largely because of his many pithy observations. Such epigrams as "A man seldom speaks of himself except at a loss" abound in his writings, and students will enjoy looking for them in his other essays.

A new translation of Montaigne is being made by Professor Jacob Zeitlin of the University of Illinois, one volume of which has appeared. The translations usually found in libraries are those by John Florio, a contemporary of Shakespeare's, and by John Cotton, who lived a century later. The Cotton translation as revised by William Hazlitt and edited by O. W. Wight is still one of the most readable.

JOHN RAYMOND MURLIN (1874-) is professor of physiology at the University of Rochester. He has written numerous articles on his subject and is editor of the *Journal of Nutrition*. The essay "Science and Culture" was first delivered as a dedicatory address at Ursinus College, Collegeville, Pa., upon the opening of a new science building.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN (1801-1890), author of the hymn "Lead, Kindly Light," became famous as the leader of Catholicism in England after he had become converted to that faith in middle life. For the last twenty years of his life he was a cardinal of the church. When in 1852 he became rector of the newly established Irish Catholic University in Dublin, he delivered the seven lectures later published in book form under the title *The Idea of a University*.

In the slow development of English prose style Cardinal Newman is one of the masters. Readers accustomed to the short, sharp sentences of today will not at first appreciate the quiet style of Newman and his contemporaries. The excellence of these writers reveals itself only to those who are willing to give them close attention. It consists in careful reasoning and accuracy of statement, without resort to clever devices for stimulating interest. He himself defined

writing as a "thinking out into language." Newman's style is notable for its coherence. He cements his thoughts to one another with connectives, now and then summarizing in a short statement what has been said, and forecasting what is to come.

In argument Newman is always urbane, illustrating his own definition of a gentleman: "one who never inflicts pain." The gentleman, Newman goes on, "never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by mere retort, . . . never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. From a long-sighted prudence, he observes the maxim of the ancient sage, that we should ever conduct ourselves towards our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend."

HARRY ALLEN OVERSTREET (1875-) is head of the department of philosophy at the College of the City of New York. Professor Overstreet is a well-known public speaker, whose lectures at the New School for Social Research are notable for their simplicity of statement. Many of these lectures Professor Overstreet has published in book form. The reason why he has been so successful in presenting difficult subjects to the average man can be discovered upon reading his book *Influencing Human Behavior*, 1925, a useful volume for teachers and writers.

Others of his books that give information simply and clearly are *About Ourselves: Psychology for Normal People*, 1927, and *The Enduring Quest*, 1931, an excellent introduction to philosophy, and more recently, *A Guide to Civilized Loafing*, 1934.

RALPH M. PEARSON (1883-) is an etcher of note, whose work is to be found in many of the larger museums of the country. He is also well known as a writer on art, and his books *How to See Modern Pictures*, 1925, and *Experiencing Pictures*, 1932, have opened the way to new pleasures for many people.

The essay by Mr. Pearson is reproduced by the courtesy of the Esto Publishing Company of Pasadena, California, an educational enterprise which aims to help the public find greater enjoyment in works of art by explaining wherein their excellence lies. Distinguished artists and critics have written the *Enjoy Your Museum* series of ten-cent booklets discussing for the benefit of the layman a variety of topics ranging from Greek vases to Apache baskets.

SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH (1863-) had an established reputation as a popular novelist before he was appointed professor of English literature at Cambridge University. His books *On the Art of Writing*, 1916, *On the Art of Reading*, 1920, and *Studies in Literature* in several volumes, all of which are made up of lectures to his classes, are written with a novelist's feeling for what will interest people. So are his introductory essays written for the various volumes of the New Cambridge edition of Shakespeare's plays edited in collaboration with J. Dover Wilson. His lecture "An Interlude on Jargon" in *On the Art of Writing* has amused thousands of students and helped them to make their own writing more forceful.

ABRAHAM MITRIE RIHBANY (1869-) is pastor of the Church of Disciples in Boston. He was born in Lebanon, Syria, and came to the United States as a young man, where he was eventually ordained a Unitarian minister. The article included in this anthology appears in a book published under the same title.

Students who are interested in the literary study of the Bible will find such books as J. G. Frazer, *Folklore in the Old Testament* and J. H. Gardiner, *The Bible as English Literature* helpful. Professor Moulton's *Modern Reader's Bible*, an adaptation of the King James version arranged according to literary forms, makes the book easier to read as literature.

JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON (1863-) was for twenty-five years professor of history at Columbia University and is the author of many textbooks on history used in schools and colleges. He has also written such books of general interest as *The Mind in the Making*, 1921, and *The Humanizing of Knowledge*, 1923, from which the selections included in this volume have been taken. All Professor Robinson's books are distinguished by the same direct straightforwardness of statement and clear thinking that mark these excerpts.

JOHN RUSKIN (1819-1900), a lover of art, literature, and nature, devoted seventeen years of authorship to the fine arts before he turned his attention to social and economic problems. Then for about forty years he gave his energies and most of his fortune to

reducing the suffering brought about by the industrial revolution. In particular he attacked the theory of *laissez faire* and thus anticipated by three quarters of a century the social attitudes of our own day.

The style of his essays collected in *Unto This Last*, 1862, and of the "letters" in *Fors Clavigera*, 1871-1884, is simple and energetic, whereas that of his early writings is akin to painting in its rich use of imagery.

BERTRAND RUSSELL (1872-), since 1931 Lord Russell, is ranked by many competent judges as the foremost philosopher of our day, a distinction which has also been vehemently disputed. Whatever his rank in the history of thought, the fact remains that few men of today have stimulated so many people to re-examine habitual beliefs in the light of reason and established facts. His influence is wide not only because of the acuteness of his reasoning but also because of the clarity and incisiveness of his style.

Mr. Russell believes that there is enough knowledge in the world today to cure the great diseases of civilization—poverty, crime, and war—and that the cure is delayed only because the knowledge is as yet the property of comparatively few. He has, therefore, set for himself the task of helping to spread the newer social knowledge and to this end has cultivated the simple and direct style of his later writings.

Mr. Russell comes from a family long known for its public spirit. His own opposition to war cost him his lecturership at Trinity College, Cambridge, during the World War; and when he was invited to lecture at Harvard University, the British government refused him a passport. In 1918 he was sentenced to six months in prison for having published his views on pacifism.

Among the books by Bertrand Russell that are of general interest are: *Why Men Fight*, 1917, *Proposed Roads to Freedom*, 1919, *Education and the Good Life*, 1926, *Sceptical Essays*, 1928, *Conquest of Happiness*, 1930, *The Scientific Outlook*, 1931, *Education and the Modern World*, 1932. An excellent introduction to his work is the little volume *Selected Papers of Bertrand Russell* in the Modern Library.

ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER (1788-1860) was a German philosopher of pessimism whose ideas have colored modern literature not only

in Germany but in other countries as well. His wide influence is due as much as anything to the lucidity of his style, which unfortunately does not appear at its best in translation.

HARLOW SHAPLEY (1885-), professor of astronomy at Harvard University and director of the Harvard Observatory, is one of the leading astronomers of America. In addition to his authorship of technical books on astronomy, he has written *Starlight*, 1926, a discussion of the subject written for the layman. Through clearly written magazine articles he reports to the public from time to time the findings of recent researches in his field and interprets their significance for human life.

Professor Shapley's essay forms a part of the pamphlet on Astronomy in the *Reading with a Purpose* series published by the American Library Association. Each one of these admirable little introductions to the various fields of art, literature, and science, is written by an acknowledged authority, who after first sketching a general outline of the subject suggests further lines of reading. They are to be found in all public libraries, and are excellent guides to private reading by all who wish to use books profitably.

Two British astronomers who have also found the way of making a difficult science comprehensible to the ordinary reader are Sir James H. Jeans and Sir Arthur S. Eddington. The former is the author of *The Mysterious Universe*, 1930, and *The New Background of Science*, 1933. The latter has written *The Nature of the Physical World*, 1928; *Science and the Unseen World*, 1929; and *New Pathways in Science*, 1935, the last-named an analysis of modern scientific theories.

ODELL SHEPARD (1884-) is well known as an essayist, a scholar, and a compiler and editor. In *Contemporary Essays* (in Scribner's Modern Student's Library) he has brought together essays by various present-day writers, all centering about the theme of excellence in various aspects of living. His own essays may be found in such volumes as *The Joys of Forgetting*, 1928, and *The Harvest of the Quiet Eye*, 1927, the latter a group of reflections inspired by walks along the countryside of Connecticut.

MARGARET POLLOCK SHERWOOD (1864-) has had a long connection, first as student and later as teacher, with colleges where high standards of excellence prevail. After graduating from Vassar College she studied abroad at Zurich and Oxford universities. For more than forty years she taught English literature at Wellesley College. The fruit of her long study of the English romantic poets has recently been published under the title *Undercurrents of Influence in English Romantic Poetry*, 1934. At various times in the past she has contributed essays to the *Atlantic*, *Scribner's*, and the *North American Review*.

EDWIN EMERY SLOSSON (1865-1929) was at one time professor of chemistry in the University of Wyoming, but his interest in writing led to his removal to New York to become editor of the *Independent*, a post he held for seventeen years, during the last eight of which he lectured at the Columbia School of Journalism.

Mr. Slosson was one of the first to urge that scientific news should be reported by scientists themselves and not by sensational feature writers in the Sunday supplements. In 1920 he became director of Science Service, an organization for making scientific knowledge available to the public.

HENRY JUSTIN SMITH (1875-) is managing editor of the Chicago *Daily News*, and, by way of recreation, a novelist.

Shortly after graduating from the University of Chicago Mr. Smith won the first prize in the *Century's* competition for college graduates of 1898 by an essay on the poetry of William Blake which was printed in the *Century* for June, 1900.

A book by Mr. Smith that has been a favorite, especially with students of journalism, is *Deadlines*, a realistic novel of the news room. His histories *Chicago: A Portrait* and *Chicago's Great Century* have won him the title of Chicago's biographer.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (1850-1894) was not many years ago the beloved favorite among all classes of readers. He is best known for his tales of adventure—*Treasure Island*, 1883, which brings together all the glorious hokum about pirates and buried treasures; *Kidnapped*, 1886, with a bit of historical background—and for his psychological allegory, *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*.

Stevenson was a master of the art of the short story. Among his best productions in this form are *The Sire de Maletroit's Door*, *A Lodging for the Night*, *Ollallo*, and *Markheim*. A number of fantastic tales with a modern background are published under the title of *The New Arabian Nights*.

The essays reflect Stevenson's theory of art as well as of life. Here his buoyant and valiant spirit and his charming and courageous personality are revealed in a careful literary manner. "It is not what scares and pains us, but what delights and emancipates us that is good in art"—so he stated his artistic creed; and though his life was a long but losing battle against tuberculosis, he delighted and emancipated himself as he delighted and emancipated others through his writings.

Critics have objected that his style "smelled of the lamp." It is true that Stevenson deliberately developed and perfected his style and was a conscious artist, but for that reason he makes delightful reading.

GILES LYTTON STRACHEY (1880-1932), better known by his later signature, Lytton Strachey, set the style for the modern type of biography, written to make interesting reading rather than to be a storehouse of information. His way of being interesting was to select only what served his purpose, whether that purpose was to disillusion as in his first biographical work, *Eminent Victorians*, 1918, which presents such revered figures as Thomas Arnold of Rugby and Florence Nightingale in a new, hard light, or to elaborate only one phase of a character's life as in *Elizabeth and Essex*, 1928. Unlike many "debunking" biographers who imitated him, however, Lytton Strachey set out to tell the truth—not the whole truth, but the neglected truth.

The same careful process of selection is also at the bottom of his brisk and sometimes ironic style. By writing slowly, and carefully revising, excising all unnecessary words, he made his thought race forward. He spent freely of his own time, and therefore saved the time of his readers. He admired the clear, strong style of the French writers of the past, notably that of Pascal, the man who, when he had once lapsed from his usual conciseness, ended a letter to a friend with the explanation, "I have made this letter so long because I have not had time to make it shorter." The wit of Strachey is often simply a matter of brevity.

Landmarks in French Literature, 1912, written for the Home University Library, is one of the most entertaining books of information ever written. The student who reads its brief two hundred and fifty pages will not only be introduced to some of the world's most skillful writers, but he will ever after be a better writer himself.

The Home University Library, which now consists of some one hundred and fifty titles, is a series of brief and interestingly written books on history, literature, art, natural science, philosophy, and religion. They are written by recognized authorities as a means of self-education for the thousands of people who want to supplement their formal training by independent reading.

RUTH SUCKOW (1892-), in private life Mrs. Ferner Nuhn, is the author of *The Odyssey of a Nice Girl*, 1925, and *The Folks*, 1934, a Literary Guild selection. The setting of her stories is in Iowa, her native state. Unlike the creator of "Elsie Dinsmore" she wrote the truthful story of people as she saw them. Working as waitress, bank clerk, beekeeper, and college teacher of English, she learned to know her people from many sides before she put them into her books. Recognition of her literary work came when H. L. Mencken directed attention to her stories.

Several million copies of the "Elsie Dinsmore" books have been sold since the appearance of the first volume in 1868, and the publishers report that they are still in demand. Twenty-five thousand copies of "Elsie" books were sold in the year 1933 alone.

ERNEST FREMONT TITTLE (1885-) is pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Evanston, Illinois. Through his public addresses, his magazine articles, and his books he has emphasized the service of Christianity in encouraging humanitarianism and recognition of the dignity of every human life. Among his books may be mentioned *What Must the Church Do to Be Saved?* 1921; *The Religion of the Spirit*, 1928, and *We Need Religion*, 1931. He is a frequent contributor to the *Christian Century*.

SIR GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN (1838-1928) was a nephew of the famous English essayist, Thomas Babington Macaulay, whose *Life and Letters* he published.

Trevelyan was a member of Parliament, a secretary in Gladstone's cabinet, and author of a number of books on history, among them one entitled *The American Revolution.*

WILLIAM JOHN TUCKER (1888-) is professor of English at the University of Arizona. He is the author of *College Shakespeare*, 1932, and has contributed a number of stimulating articles on literature to the *Catholic World.*

JOHN R. TUNIS (1889-) was a member of the track and tennis teams while he attended Harvard. Later he won international championships in tennis. For many years he has been a professional sports writer for American and foreign publications. In "Eddie Stands for Good Clean Sport" in *Harper's* of November, 1933, and "Maguire, Builder of Men" in the same magazine for December, 1931, he has thrown the white light of common sense on some absurdities behind collegiate athletics. Recently he has turned his attention to general subjects and to education. In articles written for *Scribner's* in 1934 he made available to the public the results of investigations made by the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching.

SIGRID UNDSET (1882-), the well-known Norwegian novelist, won the Nobel prize in literature in 1928, the third woman to be so honored (Selma Lagerlof and Grazia Deledda having previously received the same award). Mrs. Undset, who began to write while she was an office worker in the Norwegian capital, first won attention in Norway by a series of short novels of contemporary middle-class life, but her world-wide fame rests upon her great novels about medieval life, *Kristin Lavransdatter* and *Olav Audunsson.* In these books Mrs. Undset holds up the ideals of the Middle Ages and of the Catholic Church before the modern world as a way out from the irresponsible egoism of recent times against which she has frequently protested. Her characters find peace only after they have given up their private desires and see themselves in their relations with other men—when they think of their duties rather than of their rights.

In 1925 Mrs. Undset formally became a Roman Catholic, and in recent years her novels, once more set in modern times, have been primarily an expression of her religious enthusiasm as a convert.

The trilogy of *Kristin Lavransdatter* is a powerful novel which will not only make the everyday living of the Middle Ages come to life for the student but will present to him a positive philosophy as well, no matter what his own religious belief may be. The article included in this selection consists of paragraphs from Mrs. Undset's *Catholic Propaganda*, a pamphlet published in Oslo in 1927.

ROBERT PALFREY UTTER (1875-) is professor of English at the University of California. From time to time he has contributed familiar essays to the magazines, some of which have been reprinted in a volume, *Pearls and Pepper*, 1924. He has also written three practical little books of advice about good English: *A Guide to Good English*, 1914, *Everyday Words and Their Uses*, 1916, and *Everyday Pronunciation*, 1918.

BARRETT WENDELL (1855-1921) was a famous teacher of composition and literature at Harvard University until he retired in 1917. Former students under Professor Wendell, an astonishing number of whom have since made names for themselves as writers, delight in relating anecdotes that reveal his wit and originality. As a teacher of composition he led his students to take pride in writing a finished daily theme. As a teacher of literature he roused their interest, and in the words of Walter Pritchard Eaton, he knew how to "put a piece of literature into the structure of their living."

Barrett Wendell's *English Composition*, 1891, is still one of the best books on the subject; and his *Literary History of America*, 1900, remained the standard history of American literature until the appearance of Vernon L. Parrington's *Main Currents in American Thought* in 1927. In 1904-1905 Barrett Wendell lectured at the Sorbonne and other French universities, and after his return he published his sympathetic interpretation of French civilization, *The France of To-day*, 1907, which is still of interest despite the changes wrought by the war.

HERBERT GEORGE WELLS (1866-) is one of the most prolific of modern British writers. He was first known as a novelist and writer of scientific romances. Then he became interested in the problems of contemporary civilization. As a wholehearted believer in progress, Mr. Wells hopefully looks ahead to a time when human

intelligence will eliminate war, poverty and other evils of society. His authorship of recent years has been devoted mainly to pointing out means by which mankind can eventually arrange to live together in peace, security, and comfort.

Wells, who was once a teacher of biology, was one of the first to "popularize" knowledge. His *Outline of History*, 1920, though not acceptable in all its details to the scholarly historian, has nevertheless given thousands of readers a bird's-eye view, showing the relation of our own little moment of civilization to the long sweep of time behind us and ahead of us.

The great virtue of H. G. Wells's style is its journalistic clearness and vigor. Some of his books which the student may enjoy are the *Outline of History; The Story of a Great Schoolmaster*, 1924; *The Science of Life* (with his son G. P. Wells and Julian Huxley), 1929; *The Work, Wealth, and Happiness of Mankind*, 1932; *The Shape of Things to Come*, 1933, and *Experiment in Autobiography*, 1934.

EDNA YOST was once a teacher in Johnstown, Pennsylvania, but soon gave up teaching for writing. She has contributed a number of articles to magazines in recent years on educational and general subjects.

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