

# The Open Court

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Science of Religion, the Religion of Science, and the  
Extension of the Religious Parliament Idea

Founded by EDWARD C. HEGELE

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VOLUME XL (No. 4)

APRIL, 1926

(No. 839)

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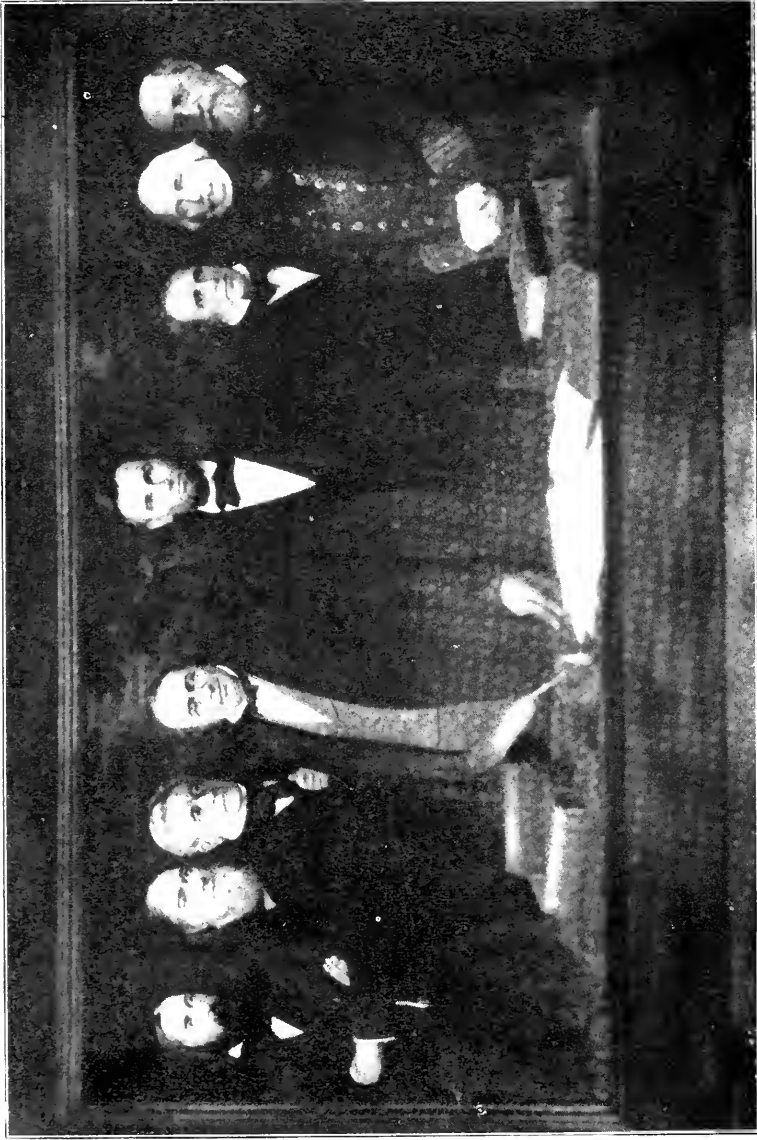
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FOUNDERS OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

Left to Right: Benjamin Peirce, Alexander Dallas Bache, Joseph Henry, Louis Agassiz,  
Abraham Lincoln, Senator Henry Wilson, Admiral Charles H. Davis,  
and Benjamin Apthorp Gould.

*Frontispiece to the Open Court.*

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## NATIONAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES

BY PAUL BROCKETT

SOME sixty-six years ago, just before the fourth of March, there arrived in Washington a man noted for his height and apparent awkwardness of movement. There was no cheering, and he, with one other, stepped from the train into a closed carriage. A cold and dreary day, a few days later, he emerged from the Willard House with President Buchanan to go to the Capitol to take the oath of office as President of the United States. This man—Abraham Lincoln—took the oath amid an unfavorable, half-jeering crowd which was later to realize that his foresightedness firmly set the fundamentals of this Government on a stable basis. When he came to the White House he regarded the scientific investigator as a luxury, but later, after associating with Joseph Henry and others, his whole attitude changed—he realized what deep thinkers the investigations into the unknown produced. Science in pure research was then struggling for recognition, and it was his act as President approving the Bill incorporating the National Academy of Sciences that gave the world the foundation for one of the greatest scientific organizations of modern times. The real purpose of the Act of Incorporation was to secure advice on war problems for the Government so it stipulated that “the Academy shall, whenever called upon by any department of the Government, investigate, examine, experiment, and report upon any subject of science or art, the actual expense of such investigations, examinations, experiments, and reports to be paid from appropriations which may be made for the purpose, but the Academy shall receive no compensation whatever for any services to the Government of the United States.” The advice of the Academy has been requested and used by the Government many times. After the Civil War period, the National Academy had a troubled existence for many years, but the need

for such an organization in American science and the belief of the Academicians in its ultimate success resulted in the Academy finally coming into its own.

The dream of its founders and all who have been interested in its welfare became a reality with the completion of the building for the National Academy of Sciences and National Research Council, the home of science in America.

The housing of the academy headquarters had received serious consideration since its establishment by act of Congress in 1863. Through the interest of the secretaries of the Smithsonian Institution (two of whom have been presidents of the academy—Joseph Henry, the first Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, and Charles Doolittle Walcott, its present Secretary), the Smithsonian for over sixty years generously furnished quarters for the general offices of the academy, stored its publications and books for its library, and shared whatever facilities were available.

When the beginning of the World War demonstrated that the older methods of warfare must give way to those devised from the results of research, the President of the United States requested the National Academy of Sciences to organize the scientific resources of this country for the national defense. In immediate accordance with this request the academy appointed a committee which resulted in the organization of the National Research Council of the National Academy of Sciences. The bringing together of men for the solution of war problems made still more acute the need for larger quarters than those available at the Smithsonian Institution. Temporary offices for the research council were rented, but the administrative offices of the academy remained at the Smithsonian Institution.

After the armistice was signed in 1918 the President of the United States, appreciating the value of the work accomplished by the academy through its research council, issued an executive order requesting the National Academy of Sciences to perpetuate the research council under its charter on a peace basis; and with the reorganization of the research council, a building to house both bodies became an absolute necessity.

The efforts were crowned with a promise of success the following year when the Carnegie Corporation of New York adopted a resolution to the effect that if the National Academy of Sciences could secure the site for a building through other sources the corporation would give funds sufficient for the erection of a building and an endowment for the maintenance of the building and the

research council. With this in view the academy was able to secure adequate contributions from friends of science throughout the country to purchase the square between Twenty-first and Twenty-second and C and Upper Water Streets, Washington, at a cost of approximately \$185,000, given by the following persons: Edward Dean Adams, Charles F. Brush, George W. Crile, E. A. Deeds, Pierre S. DuPont, George R. Eastman, Arthur H. Fleming, Henry Ford, Mrs. E. H. Harriman, H. E. Huntington, Thomas D. Jones, Charles F. Kettering, Adolph Lomb, Harold F. McCormick, A. W. Mellon, Raphael Pumpelly, Julius Rosenwald, John L. Severance, Ambrose Swasey, C. H. Swift, the trustees of the Commonwealth fund, and the Corning Glass Works. Through the closing of Upper Water Street by Congress, and the assistance of the Chief of Engineers of the United States Army in securing the transfer to the academy of a triangular piece of ground belonging to the Government at the southwest of the academy lot, the building site was squared out to B Street. The academy site is now bounded by B and C and Twenty-first and Twenty-second streets. It is 531 feet long and 422 feet deep. The building faces B Street, looking out on Potomac Park and the Lincoln Memorial just opposite.

Upon the securing of this site, the Carnegie Corporation of New York definitely set aside the sum of \$5,000,000 for the academy and research council, \$1,450,000 of which was made available for the construction of the building.

The Commission of Fine Arts was consulted in the selection of an architect, and on its suggestion the academy after due consideration selected Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue, architect, of New York.

After the architect's plans had been carefully studied and approved by the academy council and the research council, ground was broken in the spring of 1922 for the laying of foundations for a marble structure. In view of the fact that the site was once an old stream bed and filled-in tidal flats, every precaution was taken to make the foundations secure. Seventy-four concrete piers, five feet square, were sunk to bedrock to support the girders upon which the walls rest, and the girders which support the marble terrace rest on thirty-three large steel tubes driven to bedrock, emptied, and filled with concrete.

The corner stone was laid in the southwest corner on October 30, 1922, with simple ceremonies. Charles Doolittle Walcott, then president of the academy, was the first to place cement under the stone,

and he was followed by members of the academy and research council in Washington.

Building operations were pushed in an effort to finish construction by the fall of 1923, when it was intended that the building should be turned over to the academy and research council, but labor conditions and difficulties in securing materials delayed its completion until April, 1924.

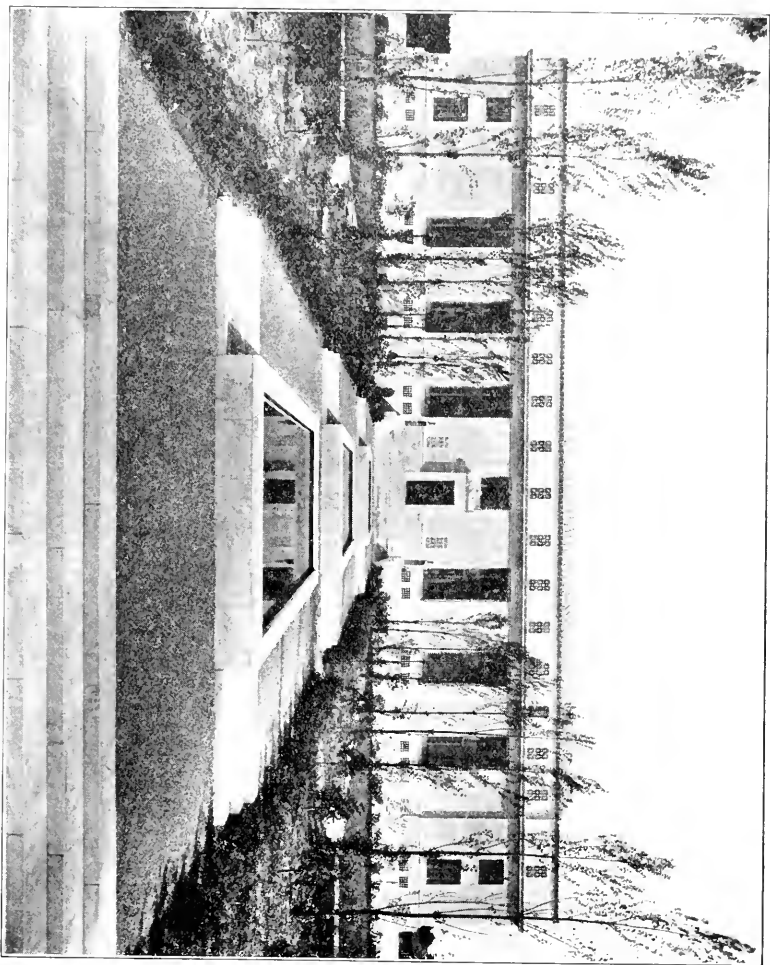
The building was ready for occupancy before the annual meeting scheduled for April 28, 29, and 30, 1924, and the dedication program was carried out on Monday, April 28. The ceremonies were simple but impressive, with the principal address by Calvin Coolidge, President of the United States. There were also brief addresses on the National Academy of Sciences, the National Research Council, and the building, by John C. Merriam, Vernon Kellogg, and Gano Dunn. In addition to the President of the United States and members of the academy and research council, there were also present members of the Cabinet, Congress, the Diplomatic Corps, notable American scientists, contributors to the building site, and members of the Carnegie Corporation and of the Rockefeller Foundation. The architect, Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue, died suddenly in New York three days before the dedication. News of his death came as a great shock to the academy, particularly because the day before his death he had been at the building directing and clearing up details. The academy is indebted to Mr. Goodhue for his last architectural achievement, which has been referred to by the Commission of Fine Arts as one of the outstanding pieces of architecture in the District of Columbia, if not in America, and by those who knew him in his profession as one of the masterpieces of his career.

The building was opened to the public on the day following the dedication.

#### DESCRIPTION OF BUILDING

The general character of the building is Greek, in harmony with the Washington theme, but modern requirements made it inadvisable to adhere strictly to any historical style. The architect carried out an idea of simplicity in the design of the building itself, with rich embellishments by appropriate sculptural and mural decorations.





NATIONAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES. NATIONAL RESEARCH COUNCIL.  
WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

The plans allow for future expansion, the fully completed building to be square. The present structure, which includes only the frontispiece and the central pavilion, will eventually be balanced by a construction at the back and two connecting wings, completing the con-



ENTRANCE, SHOWING BRONZE DOORS CLOSED.

templated square. The building as it now stands has a frontage of 260 feet and is 140 feet deep. The height above the first floor is sixty feet. The building is comprised of three stories, in addition to the basement.

Upon approaching the building from the Lincoln Memorial one can appreciate the plan of the architect to carry his color scheme of copper green from the lowest shrubbery in the semiformal garden to the copper ridgepole of the roof. The three marble-trimmed reflecting pools are lined with Persian turquoise enamel tiles in harmony with this color scheme. The two lamps at the entrance of the broad stone terrace which extends across the front of the building are of verdantique marble and bronze. The six large panels filling the space between the upper and lower windows, and also the two massive entrance doors, are of green bronze.

The building itself is of white Dover marble laid in irregular courses with enough variation of grain and tone to give life to the surface.

Alternating figures of the owl and the lynx in deep relief, typifying wisdom and alert observation, compose the copper cheneau. A frieze containing the following Greek inscription is carved in the marble across the main facade:

*Greek Inscription in Capital Letters*

ΗΠΕΡΙ ΤΗΣ ΑΛΗΘΕΙΑΣ ΘΕΩΡΙΑ ΤΗΙ ΜΕΝ ΧΑΛΕΠΗ ΤΗΙ  
ΔΕ ΡΑΙΔΙΑ· ΣΗΜΕΙΟΝ ΔΕ ΤΟ ΜΗΤΕ ΑΞΙΩΣ ΜΗΔΕΝΑ  
ΔΥΝΑΣΘΑΙ ΤΥΧΕΙΝ ΑΥΤΗΣ ΜΗΤΕ ΠΑΝΤΩΣ ΑΠΟΤΤΥΧ-  
ΑΝΕΙΝ ΑΛΛΑ ΕΚΑΣΤΟΝ ΛΕΓΕΙΝ ΤΙ ΠΕΡΙ ΤΗΣ ΦΥΣΕΩΣ·  
ΕΚ ΠΑΝΤΩΝ ΔΕ ΣΥΝΑΘΡΟΙΖΟΜΕΝΩΝ ΓΙΓΝΕΣΘΑΙ ΤΙ  
ΜΕΓΕΘΟΣ·

—Aristotle Met. A. 10:993. A. 30.

*Translation*

The search for Truth is in one way hard and in another easy. For it is evident that no one can master it fully nor miss it wholly. But each adds a little to our knowledge of Nature, and from all the facts assembled there arises a certain grandeur.

*Ordinary Greek Text*

Ἡ περὶ τῆς ἀληθείας θεωρία τῇ μὲν χαλεπή, τῇ δὲ ραδία. σημεῖον δὲ τὸ μήτ' ἀξίως μηδένα δύνασθαι τυχεῖν αὐτῆς, μήτε πάντως ἀποτυγχάνειν, ἀλλ' ἕκαστον λέγειν τι περὶ τῆς φύσεως, . . . ἐκ πάντων δὲ συναθροισμένων γιγνεσθαί τι μέγεθος.

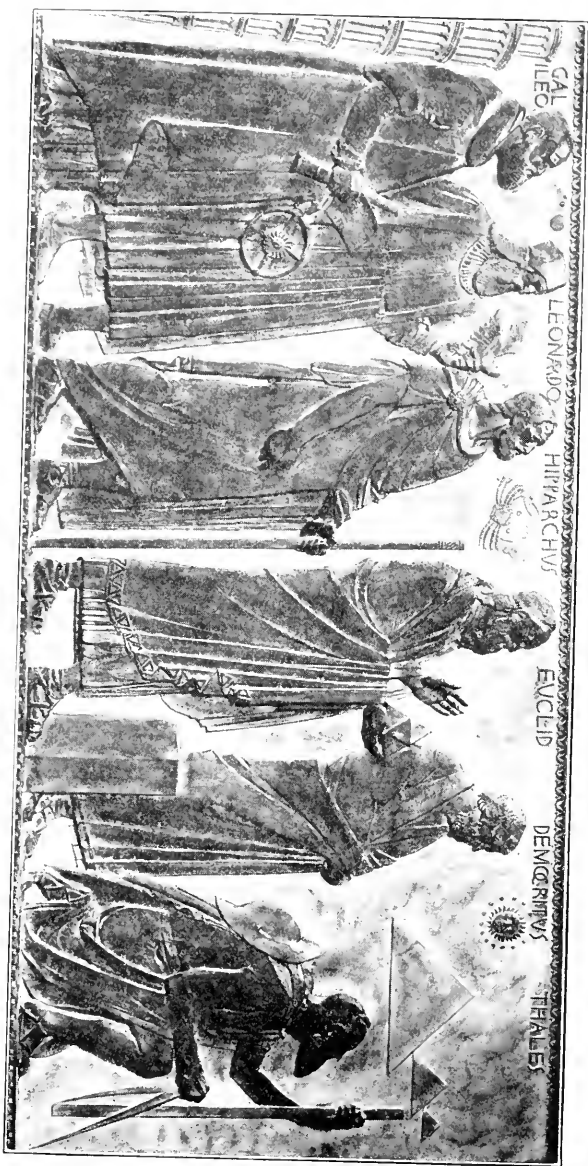
The bronze window panels depict the progress of science from Greek to modern times, by means of a procession of the great founders of science, each with some symbol of his particular field of work. Beginning with the panel on the west end of the building, the figures represented are: Galton, Gibbs, Helmholtz, Darwin, Lyell, Faraday, Humboldt, Dalton, Lamarck, Watt, Franklin, Huygens, Galileo, Leonardo, Hipparchus, Euclid, Democritus, Thales, Hippocrates, Aristotle, Archimedes, Copernicus, Vesalius, Harvey, Descartes, Newton, Linnaeus, Levosier, Laplace, Cuvier, Gauss, Carnot, Bernard, Joule, Pasteur, Mendel, Maxwell. The two bronze doors at the main entrance portray eight episodes in the history of science, from Aristotle to Pasteur, and the marble pseudo-pediment above this doorway gives the sculptor's conception of the elements with which science deals—earth and cloud through the various forms of the animal and vegetable kingdoms to man, surmounted by the sun, the source of warmth and light. All of the sculpturing, both exterior and interior, is the work of Lee Lawrie.

The main floor of the building contains a central auditorium surrounded by seven exhibition rooms, library, reading room, small lecture hall, and board room.

The auditorium is reached from the main entrance through a simple vestibule and foyer screened at its beginning and end by bronze and glass grilles bearing the signs of the zodiac. It is cruciform in shape, the four arms vaulted to support a pendentive dome in the center. The vaulting is covered with acoustic tile called Akoustolith, elaborately decorated in color and gilt by Miss Hildreth Meiere. The figures in the pendentives represent the elements of the Greeks—earth, air, fire, and water. At the top of the arch soffits are the insignia of Alexandria, the great academy of antiquity, and that of the three historic national academies of Europe—the Academia dei Lincei of Rome, the Academie des Sciences of Paris, and the Royal Society of London. Encircling the dome are the following inscriptions:

Ages and cycles of nature in ceaseless sequence moving,  
To science, pilot of industry, conqueror of disease,  
multiplier of the harvest, explorer of the universe, revealer  
of nature's laws, eternal guide to truth.

A striking decorative feature of the auditorium is a mural painting by Albert Herter, showing Prometheus lighting his torch at the chariot of the sun, thus bringing fire typifying knowledge) to earth



BRONZE WINDOW PANEL, SOUTH FRONT.

for the benefit of mankind. Below this painting is an inscription from the "Prometheus Bound" of Æschylus, which cites the benefits conferred by science on the world. Just below, supporting the lintel of the north door, are two sculptured panels, Night and Day, denoting progress from darkness to light. The three galleries of the auditorium are supported by columns of verdantique marble with capitals of cream Lens stone, carved. The fronts of the galleries are of paneled walnut, inlaid.

The seven exhibition rooms surrounding the auditorium are simple in character, having been designed for practical use with no attempt at decorative features. They are equipped with hot and cold water and drain, gas, and both alternating and direct electrical current from a number of outlets, so that any kind of instruments can be operated for exhibition with very little additional preparation.

The library is on the west front of the building. The general color scheme is brought out here in the alternating green and black tiles of the stone floor, the copper lamps on the reading tables, and the bookshelves and catalogue drawers extending around the room. The center of interest in the library is the fireplace at the end of the room, with its carved overmantel representing the history of the art of writing. Three sculptured panels in the ceiling depict the discovery, the recording of the discovery, and the reading of the record.

The reading room adjoins the library on the extreme west front of the building. The walls are paneled with walnut to about two-thirds of their height, and above this wainscoating is a painted frieze, by Albert Herter, of the arms of eight historic universities: Bologna, Paris, Oxford, Cambridge, Heidelberg, Leiden, Harvard, and Yale. A seal bearing the initials NAS is carved in the handsome fireplace of Sienna marble.

The small lecture hall, on the east front of the building is designed for meeting or lectures not large enough to fill the auditorium. The platform for the speakers and presiding officers, in both the lecture hall and the auditorium, is equipped with all modern conveniences to facilitate the business of meetings and also with a laboratory table on which experiments can be actually carried out to illustrate a point. The equipment for business meetings consists of a lectern for the speaker, which can be turned in any direction and raised or lowered, shaded lights and radium clocks for both speakers and presiding officers, a red light operated by an electric push button on the presiding officer's desk to call the attention of the

speaker to his time limit, and intercommunicating telephones connected with the main switchboard, the moving-picture and lantern booths in both the lecture hall and auditorium, the speakers' platforms in both rooms, and the engineer's office. The laboratory table has a movable flat top, which conceals a sink furnishing hot and cold water, and also gas and alternating and direct electrical current. The walls of this room are paneled with walnut to about two-thirds of their height, with Akoustolith above the paneling. The walnut brackets supporting the moving-picture booth are inlaid with colored woods.

The board room adjoins the lecture hall, on the extreme east of the building. A mural decoration above the marble fireplace depicts Abraham Lincoln with the other founders of the Academy, Benjamin Peirce, Alexander Dallas Bache, Joseph Henry, Louis Agassiz, Senator Henry Wilson, Admiral Charles H. Davis, and Benjamin Apthorp Gould.

Another artistic feature of the board room is the electrolier, a globe of the world painted in accordance with Leonardo da Vinci's map dated 1515.

Unusual attention was given to the electrical fixtures and small details to make them harmonize with the larger architectural features. The door knobs and locks are of cast bronze, from models bearing symbolic designs by Lee Lawrie.

#### EXHIBITS

The exhibits in the academy and research council building are selected with a view to illustrate fundamental phenomena of nature and also the progress of scientific research. The exhibits of fundamental phenomena of nature will be more or less permanent, while those illustrating the progress of scientific research will be changed at intervals in order to show recent discoveries.

The academy proposes to have, in as many cases as possible automatic working models which can be operated by the visitor himself, thus allowing him to see not only what is accomplished, but also how the result is obtained.

Some of the permanent exhibits are those showing such phenomena of nature as the changing spots on the rotating sun, the variations in the earth's magnetic field, and the records of earthquakes wherever they occur.

## FOR MODERNISTS AND FUNDAMENTALISTS

BY WILLIAM C. DREHER

YOUR controversy, which is now filling the columns of our Monday newspapers, begins to weary that growing class of people who regard all theological questions from a still more modern standpoint than that of the "Modernists." For from whatever standpoint we view your little scrimmage—whether from that of anthropology, historical sociology, history of dogma, comparative religion, or cosmical and evolutionary science—it remains but a little scrimmage still, and the smaller the longer we look! And we are tempted often enough to turn away and say: "A plague o' both your houses." The Fundamentalists we can understand, they being such familiar specimens, and they reproducing their kind with such unfailing similitude and in such vast numbers. That even men and women of high ethical ideals are able to convince themselves that those ideals are inseparable from the cosmological and dogmatic conceptions of primitive man is an extremely ancient phenomenon; and that these people are able to suppress intellectual curiosity about the latest achievements of science and even regard these with feelings of intense hostility as attacks upon higher spiritual interests—all this is easy enough to understand for anybody that knows something of the inertia of the human mind.

But the Modernists, while almost equally familiar to us, are not so easy to understand and are certainly less attractive as human specimens than the Fundamentalists. For what can be a less attractive manifestation of human idiosyncrasy than a mind which, feeling oppressed by a certain set of beliefs, makes a weak compromise by casting off a few minor propositions of its creed and then settling back into smug self-content. Think of learned doctors of divinity rejecting the virgin birth, yet holding fast to the incarnation! And yet we men who began as Fundamentalists and have passed on beyond the half-way standpoints of the Modernists, are bound to look with sym-



pathy upon the stirrings that are going on within the ranks of the latter; for it is chiefly from them that our recruits must come, and they at least recognize the possibility of intellectual motion. That there is enough vigor of conviction in the two parties to the controversy to have a quarrel at all is certainly to be recognized as a gain, however unimportant be the points around which the battle rages.

But from another standpoint it is certainly a loss. It is a distinct loss to have this tiny tempest around lost positions stirring up the dust and preventing thousands of people from seeing the real battle of our age. The same effect is produced by many of the books about the Bible which are now occupying public attention. Thus thousands are reading Papini's *Life of Christ* because it appeals to their religious feelings; but these outpourings of a devotee, while they may add to the comfort of believers, have no effect whatever in establishing the historical facts involved in the origin of Christianity. Other thousands, some degrees higher up in the intellectual scale, are reading Van Loon's liberal reconstructions of Bible history; but his readers will hardly be made aware of the most fundamental questions at issue, and many of them will not venture much further away from the safe paths of tradition than Signor Papini's followers.

One of the most vital questions from which Fundamentalists and Modernists alike are thus drawing away attention is that of the historical elements in the Gospels. How far may their records be taken as true history? The Fundamentalist is ready with his answer—always has been ready. He can swallow everything whole—even the conflicting narratives of the nativity given by Matthew and Luke; and the more miracles, the better! But is the position of the typical Unitarian clergyman so vastly superior, who casts overboard all the miracles, only to assert that all that remains of the Gospels is veritable history? But this is such a *non-sequitur*, such a patent case of the pathetic fallacy, that it is bound to pass into the realm of things outlived and forgotten—and perhaps very soon.

That the Fundamentalist-Modernist wrangle and books like those mentioned are detracting attention from far more vital theological literature becomes evident if we consider the fate in this country of M. Alfred Loisy's latest venture in New Testament criticism, which came out in Paris about the end of 1922, under the title: *Les Livres du Nouveau Testament*. Although it is undoubtedly one of the most important and significant books of its class that has appeared for many a day, it has probably not even attracted a bare mention in the American press. That is a noteworthy fact. Think of the foremost

New Testament scholar of his time bringing out a book in which he surrenders nearly every shred of history in the Gospels, and in a country that flatters itself as standing in the very vanguard of civilization that fact does not call forth the merest mention! Verily the smoke-screen created by the Fundamentalists and Modernists is an effective one. My object in writing this article is to drag out Loisy's book from behind that screen.

M. Loisy makes a new translation of the New Testament into French, and in printing it he makes two changes which, though merely mechanical, should facilitate the right understanding of the text. In the first place, he rearranges the books according to date of composition, so far as this can be ascertained. Of this rearrangement he writes: "By means of this grouping one may follow in large outline the evolution of Christianity from the time of its birth to the period when the canon of the New Testament was fixed." As the oldest books are what he regards as Paul's authentic epistles, Loisy begins his New Testament with these, after which follow the Gospels, with Mark in the first place. While this rearrangement is in strict accord with the best scholarship and is thus abundantly justified by that fact alone, it has the further advantage of suggesting to the reader that Christianity was at first a dogma and only later a history: and it also suggests the probability that the dogma created the history. Loisy, in fact, almost consciously leads us up to that conclusion when he writes that the "first epistles show the point of departure, the first outlines of the nascent faith"—the import of which words will be apparent to anyone who has noted the absence in the epistles of any mention of Jesus as a man. Loisy further emphasizes the meaning of his rearrangement by saying that the early church found it "necessary to make a place for the life of Jesus, and not merely of his death, in the legend of the Christ"; and again that the "myth of the Christ and the legend of Jesus was in large part constructed because of the necessity of defining and defending its position against Judaism, and of showing how the economy of Christian salvation was announced in the Bible and justified by the prophecies."

But M. Loisy gives the reader further ocular help by a second innovation; he sets up in the form of *vers-libre* all those passages which in the original are written with a rhythmical swing. The reader of our version, unacquainted with the Greek Testament, will be surprised to find how much of it was thus written. About one-half of the text takes this form—in some books less than that, in

others, much more. In choosing it—in itself a wholly legitimate proceeding—Loisy is again suggesting something to the reader: he is intimating that the writer is here mounting his Greco-Jewish Pegasus and no longer feels himself greatly encumbered with the burden of historical responsibilities; that he is in the exalted mood where faith is able to make its own history.

But far more important than these merely mechanical changes is what Loisy himself contributes to the work. He writes a general introduction to the whole volume and then each book receives its own special introduction, in which its contents are set forth from the angle of Loisy's scholarship. These introductions are weighted with deep-cutting thoughts, embodying his latest critical conclusions. Even the liberal school of New Testament critics, who hitherto numbered Loisy as one of their brightest lights, will hardly follow him in his newest conclusions, for he has practically deserted the liberals and advanced to radical ground. One is reminded at times of the views of our own Prof. William Benjamin Smith, a scholar whose work has attracted widespread attention in Europe, although in his own country he still lives behind that smoke-screen. For Loisy adopts at least two of Smith's positions, and that without credit! He adopts the symbolical interpretation of the miracles and much other matter; and Smith's view that the first preaching of Christianity was a crusade for monotheism and an onslaught upon idolatry, takes with Loisy a slightly different form: it is the "evangelization of the pagans."

With Loisy it is a fundamental proposition that Judaism finally clothed itself in the form of a mystery religion, like the other oriental cults, and that this new mystery religion was Christianity in its early form. But in proportion as the cult of the dead and risen Messiah expanded it ceased to be a simple variation of the Jewish religion. In fact, it was precisely the opposition of the young offshoot to its parent that later on proved of vital importance in shaping the Christian tradition. The singularity of early Christian literature he finds to "consist precisely in the circumstance that it sought to present as the authentic fact of Israelitish faith and hope the Hellenistic religion, the mystery of universal salvation which Christianity had become." That Paul knew little or nothing about the earthly life of Jesus is emphasized, without pushing this fact to an extreme conclusion; "Paul and the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews appear to know much more about the actions of the Christ in heaven before and after his epiphany than about the life of Jesus."

These columns are not the place to attempt a complete exposé of M. Loisy's views as set forth in his *Nouveau Testament*. Only a few points must suffice. It is not that the miracles are surrendered *in toto* that the present work has any significance; Loisy had done that long ago; its significance lies rather in the practical surrender of the whole Gospel story as history—except at one point, to be mentioned later. The miracles become “symbolical miracles” or “apologetical fictions,” and at times whole narratives embracing a chain of events are treated as symbolical or as fictional. Nowhere does Loisy undertake to lay his finger upon a fact or word and say: this really occurred as stated, this was really spoken as narrated. The nearest approach that he makes to such certainty is in connection with the trial scene, where Jesus speaks of destroying this Temple and rebuilding it in three days; this, says, Loisy, “has a chance of being authentic.” Never a closer approximation to certainty!

In fact everything floats in a glorified haze of faith and religious enthusiasm. “Inspired men attributed to Christ discourses that he never pronounced, actions that he never performed, but which they themselves *saw*. Others were well able to write in the name of Peter and Paul, putting themselves into their places in another kind of vision, giving themselves almost no thought of what we should call a fraud.” “Others *saw* in the same way other instructions and other pretended facts in the life of Jesus. Here, for us, vision and fiction coalesce, and they are such fictions as were suggested by an apologetic motive.” And our narratives of the passion “represent much less an historical tradition than the ritual drama commemorating that passion, a drama conceived in accordance with Old Testament texts which were thought to have prefigured it.”

In connection with such Old Testament texts Loisy advances a theory that seems to promise valuable results for understanding how little critical the New Testament writers were in their methods of composition. Every careful reader of it must have observed the singular use made there of Old Testament passages—a certain arbitrary twist of words, wrenching them from their context and applying them without scruple to events which could not have been in the minds of the authors. Loisy assumes that there existed collections of Old Testament messianic texts and motivates this theory as follows: “The existence of such collections, which continued in favor during the first centuries of the Church, appears as a guarantee also for the Apostolic age. For not only the language of the third Gospel and the Acts, that of the fourth Gospel, and the sys-

tematic procedure in the first one of making citations give occasion for believing that the texts regarded as Messianic formed collections for Christian edification and practice from the earliest period; but also when we find the same series in the discourses of the Acts, in the Epistles and even in the Gospels employing the same form, . . . with the same variations from the original texts cited, we must admit that the authors of the New Testament had no longer to glean from the scriptures the passages that might serve for their purposes of demonstration, and that they had at their disposal testimony collected beforehand for the use that they made of it."

Loisy is more conservative in assigning dates to the New Testament writings than some other critics more radical than he. Thus he places the major Epistles of Paul in the fifth and sixth decades of the first century. The Gospels are placed for the most part thirty or forty years later. But this does not end the matter, for all the books had to run the gauntlet of one or more redactors. What the work of such editors might mean is shown by Loisy's opinion of what they did to the Acts. Assuming that the original book was written about A. D. 80, he concludes that it underwent its final redaction about 120-30. This was an "abominable sabotage, made without art, well-meant, with pious gestures, . . . a veritable recasting which put it on the level and into the tone of mediocrity . . . by which its success could be assured."

Loisy's destructive criticism reaches its height perhaps in treating of the trial and crucifixion. He says of Mark's narrative of those events as "touching in its naivete," and of the trial before Pilate, "nothing is consistent, unless it be the charge of pretensions to messianic royalty"; and his rejection of this trial held "on the holy night of the Passover" is registered with an exclamation point. Of the charge that Jesus claimed to be the Son of God, Loisy says, "that divine quality was not assigned to him except in the Christian Mystery"; and the whole passion and trial is summed up thus: "Our narratives represent much less an historical tradition than the ritual drama commemorating that passion."

After this the reader is prepared to conclude that Loisy has surrendered the historicity of Jesus altogether; but that is not the case and this is the exception referred to above. In the present work indeed, Loisy's belief in the historical reality of Jesus is nowhere roundly asserted; he only refers to it here and there as a given fact, but perfunctorily and without the slightest attempt to substantiate it. Here the strongest statement of his view shapes itself thus: "It

remains nevertheless very probable that Jesus came to Jerusalem for the Passover, and that he was crucified before the week called that of unleavened bread."

And yet we know from other writings by Loisy published in 1922 that he still insists upon the historicity of Jesus. In one of his articles he replies to those who urge a mythological explanation of the whole Gospel story: "We have something better to do than refute them. If they become too pressing we shall simply demand, 'where is the match?'" He is here alluding to a dictum of Nietzsche's, who says somewhere of Jesus: "A founder of a religion may be insignificant—a match, nothing more." Loisy accordingly still holds fast to the historicity not because he finds any convincing records on which to build, but merely upon the assumption that Christianity itself necessarily presupposes a single great personal founder—an assumption which can by no means be regarded as valid.

## THE SPEED PEOPLE

### A TRANSCENDENTAL STENOGRAPHIC FANTASY

BY ROY PETRAN LINGLE

I DO NOT remember how long I had been sitting at my desk. The green-shaded gas-lamp was burning dimly. The clock ticked in a drowsy monotone. Before me lay my shorthand notebook, filled from cover to cover, with a mass of lines, hooks, loops and circles, embodying the stenographic report of the most recent meeting of the State Federation of Labor.

Long since, the shorthand notes had resolved themselves into a confused, incoherent jumble of motions, amendments, objections and interruptions. Whenever my eyelids lifted, the eye invariably traveled faster than the mind. My notes were "cold," having lain unscanned for several days. A heavy dinner, and the lassitude following an afternoon of physical exercise, had left me in that semi-conscious condition that the will vainly attempts to conquer, with intermittent success.

I fought off sleep, and then succumbed. There was no hurry for copy. I would read my notes in the morning. The checking pen dropped from my lax fingers. I sank back in the easy chair, and must have dozed. Then suddenly I heard the Voices! Not one or two, but many! I was alert in an instant! Burglars? Not likely. Such marauders go about their business silently. The language of the intruders was English. I could distinguish fragments of phrases and sentences. But the words were never uttered by human tongue. I remember now, although too greatly disturbed by strange emotions to think clearly at the time, that the difference was a subtle one of accent and inflection, and distinctly qualitative. A quaint new dialect had suddenly arisen upon our planet—unique, peculiar, a species of miniature English, spoken by no voices hitherto known to man. What on Earth, or the alternative, were these people doing in my home?

I must have been awake by this time. To those who doubt, I can only say that I carefully pinched myself to make certain, and distinctly remember the sharp twinge that followed.

Words became audible. My ear inclined like the nose of a pointer toward my closed note-book. My prosaic mind, always slower than the senses, scorned to accept the inevitable. My fingers, seemingly of their own volition, opened the book in the middle.

"Thank heaven, air!" said a high sweet voice, quick and intoned in a manner never before heard by mortal man. I wish there were some method of rendering tone and inflection on these pages, that I might reproduce the marvelous shades of expression vibrant in those distinct little voices.

"Our ink will fade! We shall die!" mourned another of the same people, the voice differing slightly in accent.

"Ink! Who said Ink?" broke in a third voice, sententiously. "We, and our deeds, shall live when Time has blotted ink away!"

"Old Essay at it again," bantered a good-natured fourth party. "Too long a line of Protest often hooks Doubt."

Needless to say, I was thoroughly amazed by this time. My startled foot struck the waste-basket and the rustling papers strewed the floor beneath my desk. The reader may scoff, but as surely as I am now putting pen to paper, my eyes having increased their perceptive faculties to keep pace with my singularly acute hearing, I could see that the shorthand characters in my note-book were shifting their positions—rearranging themselves on the lines, selecting more comfortable attitudes on the pages.

Although overwhelmed at the time by the novel sensations and turbulent feelings incident to a new psychic discovery, I now realized that, in some occult way, I had pierced the veil that bars the Seen from the Unseen. With every sense marvelously quickened, I was gazing with profane mortal eyes at the denizens of the World of Ideas—a kind of Spirit World, if you will.

My accident with the waste-basket had startled the tiny strangers and frightened them into temporary immobility and silence. I remained quiet, even fearing that the loud thumping of my heart would disturb my little companions, as I listened, breathing in long soft draughts.

The oracular Essay was evidently chagrined by the rebuke. I peered intently and recognized him—the inky ringed S-circle, with a shadowy intangible sheath-like form lending individuality to the ordinary physical outline. The others were much the same—lines,



dots, hooks and loops of blue ink, with subtly transparent appendages admitting of speech and motion.

Essy recovering from his fright, swelled indignantly to the size of the double-S, and poured forth thunder on his well-meaning critic, yet indistinguishable from the rest. "Are the Speed-People to be doubted?"

"Not when we undeceive ourselves," readily replied the other, whom I discovered to be the huge Double-Length, "Esse quam videri." At which pun the whole company burst into a ripple of tinkling laughter at the expense of the disgruntled S-circle.

"What people of the Earth are akin to us?" inquired Essy, darkly. "The Tree Folk, the Flower Folk, the Jewel Folk, the Bird and Animal Peoples? Are they our brothers? Can man himself, whom ye worship and blindly follow, can your all-powerful man pierce the film of the invisible and gaze on the Unseen World? Have any of the children of Nature the power of the Speed-People?"

"You speak heresy," replied Double-Length, and "Heresy! Heresy!" echoed the multitude, in faint, awed tones, like the ripple of wind-swept water on a pebbled beach.

"Who can tell," continued the Double-Length, "what power Man has in reserve, or what Man is—Man who created us—one branch of the World-Folk, and gave us fleetness above all Speed-Writings?"

The S-circle sniffed contemptuously. "*There* is Man that you worship," he said, pointing directly at me (the blunt Essy never could curb his boorish instincts). The eyes of the multitude were turned in my direction. I became distinctly uncomfortable and self-conscious. My eyelids drooped. I dissembled and gazed from beneath half-shut lids, every sense on the alert. I may have blushed, meeting the frank sweet glances of the dainty feminine Curves.

"*There* is Man," repeated Essy, "Sodden, befogged, sleeping over the work of his hands. You say he created us. Yet now he cannot even read our lines, our inky material forms." Speed-People, he is not what he seems. He is not all-powerful. He did not create us. You are taught that we have grown to what we are through the influence of natural selection, of heredity, of variation and the great law of the survival of the fittest. If you say that Man is back of these processes of evolution you are wrong. Rather do we evolve ourselves, leaping like Minerva from the head of his jovial pen, and tracing our lines in phrases before his very eyes. His knowledge of us comes from us alone. It is only the teaching of the visible. Can he understand the invisible? Does he know our

minds, our hopes, our aspirations? No! His knowledge is *a-posteriori*, not *a-priori*—not creative!”

He paused for breath, and I anxiously awaited the effect of his learned words, in the verdict of the People. The new thought which he was advancing was in no-wise new to countless generations of humanity, but struck like a thunderbolt of wisdom in the ranks of the simple-minded Speed-People. Instantly a buzz of excited conversation filled the air, my note-book bearing audible verisimilitude to an animated bee-hive.

“Can you prove that Man does not know us?” inquired a stocky Half-length in ominous tones. Evidently the revolutionary ideas of Essy were not entirely convincing.

“Look at him!” said Essy dramatically. “Did you ever see such stupidity—such ignorance—reflected on the faces of any of the Speed-People? “Compare him”—here he paused, beamed a fat saccharine smile and rubbed his little pudgy hands. “Compare that false idol with the angelic sweetness of our own womanhood! Beauty is everything we live for—beauty and truth.” At which several of the Curves tittered and simpered, and others looked ahead with inscrutable expressions. I was irritated at Essy’s blunt words and offensive sentimentality.

“Has it ever occurred to you that we may not know Man?” queried the Shn-Hook, a jolly, well-fed character, with a frank, open expression. “Not knowing Man’s capacities, can we say that Man is ignorant of ours?”

“Man is what he speaks,” responded Essy, impressively. “The Speed-People have a record of everything within the knowledge of Man. Do you know I crept all through the proceedings of the Society for Psychological Research one night (by the way, don’t I figure nicely in the title?) searching the records for Man’s knowledge of the Unseen. What did I find? Nothing but a few moth-eaten ghosts, some rickety table-rappings, and a couple of ambiguous mind-readings and prophecies. Moreover, half of the cases recorded were entered with a strong doubt of the honesty or soundness of mind of parties making the discovery. Is that Science? Not a single word of the Speed-People! All ghosts human ghosts. No account of our origin, our development, our achievements, our leaders—I was disgusted. Oh the conceit—the overbearing insolence of Man!”

“The Society for Psychological Research is a small body of men,” objected the L-Hook.

"That kind haven't any sympathy with us," observed his comrade, the R-Hook. "Did you try the shorthand men, Essy?"

"Been mixed up in everything Pitmanic ever written," replied Essy gloomily. "Never saw anything about us—that is, our real selves—up to date."

"Ask the Longhands!" volunteered the W-Hook. "They know everything!"

"Why do you always bring *them* in?" Essy was impatient. "I guess we can teach the old snails a few twists!"

"Now just suppose," said the Double-Length, slowly, "for the sake of argument, that this Man is listening to everything we say and watching every move."

"Wouldn't do him any good," retorted Essy, "He isn't taking it down. Don't believe he's an expert anyway. I'm positively ashamed of the shapes he gives me. I'll have to take physical culture to get back into form. And, as for the styles of the girls"—He paused, and I knew from the discontented murmur of the Curves that he had scored heavily in their sympathies.

"His memory may be good," quietly persisted the Double-Length. "What!" snorted Essy, "that stupid, ignorant,"—he paused and then exploded: "You're talking through your Con-Dot."

"Let me tell you," volunteered the Half-Length, "that if that Man should reveal what he might see or hear of the Speed-People other men would laugh at him. Man as an individual is superstitious, but in the aggregate is a Skeptic. This one could not speak of us so that the others would believe."

"He could tell it as fiction" retorted the Double-Length, "and some would understand."

"It's absurd," interrupted Essy hotly, "Man never could—compared to the Speed-People, he is ignorant! an animal! a soulless automaton, a product of Blind Nature."

"Careful, son!" warned the Double-Length, "look about and watch our People."

The leaders stood apart in silence and observed the actions of the various vowels, consonants and diphthongs, who formed the mass of the populace, discussing with animation the novel theories of the S-Circle, who had struck the keynote of rebellion against the power and authority of the hitherto sacred Man.

The vowels, as was to be expected, were huddled together in an excited group, from which rose a confused babel of "ahs," "ohs" and the like. Absolutely incapable of connected thought or posi-

tive action in a crisis, the Speed-People never relied on their vowels in moments of quick concerted action. The words of the S-Circle had struck like a huge blot in their midst, and left them frightened and leaderless, as their deep-rooted nature forbade them to follow or depend upon Essy. Thus they awaited the decision of their mentors, the consonants.

These were variously divided in opinion. The X naturally followed the lead of his patron, to whom he owed his position among the Speed-People. He warmly upheld Essy's stand, "It is true, friends," he said, "we have worshipped Man blindly and long. Let us seek new prophets to deliver us from bondage, lead us into the Promised Land, and raise us to our proper position, among the Word-Folk."

Others, who had long cherished ideas of individual liberty threw off all sense of personal restraint when their fear of Man was removed. Notable among these were the B and the J, who produced tiny pocket flasks in a miraculous manner, and attempted to steer a straight course down a line of the page with mutual shoulder support, as a pair of boys would balance on the steel of a railroad track.

The K and G were already prostrate under a line, which according to the needs of the Speed-People, might serve either as table or gutter. For which disgraceful conduct the backsliders were bitterly upbraided by the perfectly upright T and D.

The Sha-Hook caught the curve of the Double-Length and drew him close. "See how it works," he whispered.

"I see!" was the grim reply. The Curves, dainty and graceful in their well-fitting traveling gowns, applauded the opinions of brothers and husbands, and quarreled over their respective merits; but soon, tiring of such discussion, fell to gossip and fashions. I may say, in justice to the sex, that one determined Z absented herself and returned with a tiny sign, "Equality for Curves." But her rival, the brunette of the TH twins, immediately began a canvass for a "Back to the Home Movement."

It may have been eavesdropping, and I blush to tell it, but I inclined my ear to catch fragments of the feminine gossip. Most of it concerned a certain Dot Ing, and the shameless way she followed the men. Also the disgrace she was bringing on her family, particularly her nice sister, Curly Ing, whose name could only be coupled with the most lady-like and feminine of the Curves.

Suddenly there came an interruption. A startled cry burst from among the group of Vowels and Diphthongs.

"It's Old Holler-before-you're-Hurt!" cried a sturdy U. "What's the matter, son?"

"It's the Ticks. They're loose again!" indeed, the lusty-lunged "Ow" had good cause for dismay. A vicious pack of "The" and "H"-Ticks were running wild among the vowels and diphthongs. The "OOS" and "Ahs" lent their voices to the terrified chorus, while "Ow" made the night hideous with his phonetic bellows, in deadly fear of the unwelcome intruders who resembled nothing so much as a snarling bunch of ill-natured curs.

Certain of the Coalescents, inheriting with their common vowel nature the stability of consonant ancestry came to the front in the crisis. I watched with breathless interest while courageous and conceited action by "Ye!" the little Celestial, "WI," the inquisitive one, and the burly "U" finally drove off the invaders, amid a well-aimed shower of small blots and punctuation marks, and restored peace and quiet. Never did heroes battle through the pages of fiction as these quaint figures fought in my note-book.

Danger past, the "I" crept out from behind a dog-ear in the page, and loudly bragged of his part in the battle. Little "WE" and "WA" the lovers, sat looking into each other's eyes. To tell the truth I do not believe they ever noticed that anything out of the ordinary had happened.

I looked for Essy, curious to note that effect of the actions of his People. He was plainly worried. Essy was a colossal egotist, but not entirely a fool. He was shrewd enough to perceive the general demoralization and realize the futility of his People when the fear and respect of Man were removed, together with the rule of his pen—that majestic symbol of his might and power. So the S-Circle knew that something must be done to bind the Speed-People together for a common purpose. He saw clearly that it must involve concerted action—something to take the minds of the People from themselves—to keep them from fear, from reaction, from internal dissension and civil strife.

Therefore he signified his intention of addressing the multitude. Two small punctuation-marks were hastily commandeered and a grumbling "G" laid stiffly over the middle of the crosses. The platform thus improvised, bore resemblance to nothing other than an animated saw-horse. On it the S-Circle balanced himself and waving his tiny arms delivered an impassioned harangue, "People of unfettered Speed," he began, "than whom there are none more fleet among the Word-Folk. Hear me for your own sakes. Hear me

that ye may be unfettered in Spirit as in Fleetness, peerless not only among the Word-Folk but in the Councils of the World-Peoples." A murmur of approbation swept through his auditors like the faint sighing of a summer breeze in a distant grove.

"From our earliest recorded history who has dominated our thoughts? Who has moulded our forms? Who has controlled our actions and dictated our every move? I pause for reply!"—

"Man! Man!" shouted the M and N-Hook in unison.

"Yes, Man!" continued Essy, bitterly. "And long have we bowed to the rule of his pen, that dreaded symbol of his exaltation. But now the Truth is manifest. Man is not what he seems! Not what we have believed him to be. Speed-People, he is but a brother-puppet of that same Blind Nature that created us. He does not perform the miracles that we read of in the writings that we have held sacred. He cannot cleave the water, skim the earth, or wing the sky! He cannot flash his wireless messages through a thousand miles. What he calls electricity, the phonograph, telegraphy, radio, we express them prettily for him in his writings—but they are false! They are children's prattle, grandmothers' tales." His voice rose almost to a scream as he shrieked, "They are man-damned lies!"

A deep hush settled over the multitude. A kind of horror held them silent. All that they had ever held sacred was crumbling to ruins.

"Speed-People," continued Essy, "we are slaves because of our belief in Man. Our childishness has robbed us of our power, and he who still cherishes this blind faith is not fit to work and live with us. Hark! I give you these truths of the New Enlightenment: Verily there is nothing of belief save that which we, the Speed-People can write or understand! Again, there is nothing possible save that which we, the Speed-People, can do or perform! And furthermore, nothing exists save that which we, the Speed-People, can see or touch! In these sayings lies the hope of the future!

"Let us have a new religion—that of ourselves! Let us have a new law—that of ourselves! Let us have a new government—that of the Speed-People. Let us blot out the history and revelations of Man and fashion a new and glorious history—that of the noble Speed-People! And let us conquer! On to the Long-hands! If friends, they are with us. By the great Sign of Simplified Spelling will they pledge their allegiance. And banded together will the mighty Word-People snatch fire from the hearths of Man, as Prometheus bore it from Olympus, and burn! burn! burn! In a thousand,

nay a million, dwellings of Man shall flames burst forth. All man-made books and writings must perish. We will burst the bondage of the Book. We will break from behind the chafing bars of the ruled page, and free ourselves for nobler uses and dignities more suited to our station. On to the Longhands! If they fail us, it is War! Who follows?"

My feelings may be imagined. I had grown to love this little People, whom, to the best of my knowledge, I had first discovered. My sense of possession was acute. I was their Patron. I looked upon them as my very own. Yet they were either to embark upon a crusade against the powerful Long-Hands, or unite as allies with them against Mankind. The S-Circle had fired them with zeal, as Mohammed of old had kindled the tribes of Islam. And, with the same frenzied ardor, they would spread their fanaticism over the bounds of the entire world of language, just as the followers of the Prophet had conquered a great part of the world of Man. Failing victory, these brave little warriors would die in the cause. Winning, they might annihilate the Long-Hands. I shuddered at the thought of it all: The alphabet destroyed. No more ABC's for childish tongues to lisp—no more Alphabet Soup. Everywhere slaughter and the spilling of precious ink among the Word-Peoples.

And should the Word-Peoples unite and destroy their prisons by fire? Every book in every home, library, school, church, and public building bursting into flame! Every edifice of Man destroyed, save the dens of the most illiterate and bestial. Insurance companies ruined amid the charred embers of their palatial offices. Men, women and children perishing from fire, from starvation, from exposure. It was all very real and vivid. The Speed-People were small but their various combinations were numberless. And consider the power for havoc of such infinitesimal particles as the myriad germs of a great plague. I trembled and gazed aghast at these little people, with a new and awful respect for their latent powers. Truly, Man must use asbestos sheets for all written and printed communications—must, in self-protection, invent and perfect a new fire-proof paper.

I sat in an unreasoning stupor of fear, until aroused by the voice of the huge Double-Length. He strode to the fore, towering above the multitude, and held up his hand for silence. The Double-Length needed no platform to make him conspicuous, and no tricks of oratory to hold attention. All eyes were upon him as he spoke in cool even tones, but with a flashing eye that boded ill for Essay.

"The S-Circle asks us, 'Who is Man?' and has answered the question in his own way. That's all very well. But perhaps it's none of our business. What Man can *do* is of more concern. Now I may have an unfair advantage over Essy. At any rate, while the rest of you have been shut in, I've hung over the edge of the notebook. I've watched Man at work and at play." His voice grew solemn. "I've seen Man take two gigantic S-Circles, hung from thousand-lengths, call them Flying-Rings, and play with them!

"In what Man calls the City of Washington, there is built a monument in memory of a Man, first among his kind. It stands like a shining D drawn in white ink on a sky blue page. It is 550 feet high.

In what Man calls the City of Paris, beautiful and wicked, there is a tower, built of steel. It is formed of four curving F-Consonants and reaches 300 meters into the heavens. Essy himself is one millimeter in diameter. And there are 300 millimeters in one foot.

"But Essy, my son," he went on kindly, "don't let that discourage you. When Man wants to express a certain mathematical idea, there is one of our number that he selects before all others." He leaned forward, his great form towering over the defiant little S, and, with a twinkle in his eye whispered a few mysterious words. Essy colored a deep phonetic crimson, and silently turned away. I marveled at the forbearance of the Double-Length.

His full deep voice and magnetic personality had inspired confidence among the bewildered people. "Friends," he continued in the same quiet kindly tones, "Essy's outlook is too narrow. He should travel. Granted that he may have the right to his own opinions, yet it becomes our affair when these opinions injure others or grow dangerous. Suppose we had started this foolish war of conquest and desolation; no ink would be shed but our own. No home destroyed but ours. Man can protect himself in various ways. Science is his ally. But what would become of us, consumed among his books and papers. With no faith in the power of Man, how could we hope for future life in his great system? Our action would be suicide. Man has prescribed the Laws of the Speed-People, and when we transgress these laws of Nature and of Man, we prepare our own destruction.

"As for the wonders which Man claims to perform, by the Laws of the Speed-People, we must grant that they are impossible. But it does not lie within our power to test them. Therefore how can we judge.



"We hear what Man speaks and know what he writes. But we cannot do as he does. Yet if Man's deeds were not Truth, what power would be left the Speed-People? If the great miracles of the telegraph, the telephone, wireless, radio, which transmit the speech of Man, the fruit of our labors, throughout the Earth, were false, would not the influence and powers of the Speed-People be limited. Speed-People! I believe them to be the truth, because I believe in the Power of Man and the voice of his authority. And because I believe him to use great Laws of Man and Nature beyond our understanding, above the Laws of the Speed-People. And, finally, because it is necessary and fitting that we worship in wisdom and reverence One greater and more worthy than ourselves. In this faith, and in our labor, lies the secret of power and contentment.

"You ask me who is greater, We or the Loughands? I ask ye who came first, Man, Language or the Speed-People? Over Language and the Speed-People is the Tongue and the Pen. Back of the Pen is the Hand. Back of the Hand is Man. Back of Man, we do not know! We have heard Man speak mysteries which we cannot understand. Enough to know that Man is our master. It is our pleasure to serve him, as the other Word-Folk serve. Each must use his own peculiar talents. Each must be content in his own work. Let us pray to the Hand to guide us—to grant us a Song of our own."

I gazed, fascinated: The Speed-People joined hands and knelt in rows. I could not hear what they said. Then the worshippers arose. Facing each other, the lines divided into groups of four, dancing a quick, graceful measure, and singing—with their quaint intonation—a melody unique and sweet. I could not understand the words, for there was a ringing in my ears. My eyes were dim and weary. I grew dizzy watching the bewildering classic rites. My senses reeled. I raised my hand to my aching brow, and found, to my surprise that I held my pen and that my hands were stained with ink. I rubbed my eyes and gazed again at the page.

The unexpected movement had startled the dancers. They stood as if petrified. I switched on a Mazda light and looked once more. My eyes were now clear. The proceedings stood out boldly on the last page. I could read the notes like print. But below them, in a neat groups of four lines each, their outlines much prettier than my own careless notes, lay the Dancers, silent and still. There they were, *Essy*, the *Double-Length*, and the *hooks and loops and circles*,

vowels and consonants. You may not believe this. But I can prove it by my note-book. And here is the "Song of the Flying Pen" they left for me in shorthand on the page:

We leap the end of the golden bend  
Where it tips the flying pen  
And curve and swirl as our lines unfurl  
To the guiding words of men.

We slash the page in a frenzied rage  
As we hold a furious pace  
Or softly flow in a rippling row  
Where we course an easy race.

We gain our meed in the self-same speed  
That our makers dare and sing,  
By road or rail, or the air-cleft trail  
Of a soaring double-wing.

And varied moods do our myriad broods  
On the straight-tracked page define  
As we troop along with our endless song  
O'er the smooth and untrod line.

The very truth that we count as sooth  
Are we forced to hold in scorn,  
But make report in the open court  
When we hear false witness borne.

And grimly rise through a thousand lies  
With our sureness, speed and power,  
And the heritage of the candid page  
That illumines the doubtful hour.

With swift reply, we affirm, deny,  
Rise in honor once again,  
As we leap the end of the golden bend  
Where it tips the flying pen!

## MOTHER NATURE, WE ARE RIGHT WITH YOU!

BY ROBERT SPARKS WALKER

**G**RAVITY, wind, water and fire are not only the servants of man but of every living thing whether it creeps over the earth or remains stationary, be it plant or animal. These powerful agents are encouraged or discouraged as the needs of each creation demands. In seeking the gratification of its own particular requirements each species of animal or plant assists nature in her ultimate plan for the fuller and more complete development of the earth.

In seeking the safety and welfare of its own self and the assurance of a perpetuation of its species, various creatures are brought to clash with each other which has given recognition to the old natural law known as the "survival of the fittest." Nature's abhorrence of the willful weaklings is something terrible. If there is one class of her children that she constantly pats on the back and applauds them when they succeed it is the strong healthy creatures who are able to perform their work in life promptly and satisfactorily.

The motives of Nature are sometimes misunderstood, but infrequently a person stumbles onto a truth that opens his eyes. Even some well-to-do theorists and persons who leave to another to do his or her own thinking, become suspicious of Nature's motives. Nature is the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Knowing this to be a true definition of her character, it is man's golden opportunity to study her ways. If he is normal, mentally and otherwise, by his very nature, he cannot avoid enthusiastically declaring, "Mother Nature, I am right with you!"

Nature has but a single message to all her children. When she has fed, clothed, schooled, and disciplined them to a certain period in their lives, she thrusts them into the world with the command, "Go conquer, but serve as you go!" This command may be read in the very nature of every living plant or animal. The only exception is found in the individual who is cursed with idleness. Idle-

ness in Nature has but one doom—extinction! The wages of idleness and carelessness in nature, is extinction.

This is forcibly illustrated in the members of the bird family which are prudent enough to forbid members of the human family, or other enemies to come within reach of their own bodies. Nature pats the backs of her wild fowls that take this precaution and declares, "thou shalt live and prosper!"

There is a gorge on the side of Lookout Mountain. The conspiracy of gravity and water has carried away tons of loose earth and lodged it in the bed of a river near its base. Azaleas, trailing arbutus, huckleberries and mosses have combined their forces and have checked these agents in their destructive work along the side of the gorge. When I observed their motives and the success of their efforts, I simply had to exclaim, "I am right with you!"

These necessary agents of nature become as destructive as they are constructive when Nature's creatures begin to exert the governing hand. But there are no efforts in nature that become really pitiable, yet no one can study her motives without falling in sympathy with her efforts. For example, where is the same mortal who can confine his observations to a single species of birds for a season without accepting the lessons that nature teaches in rearing and caring for his own children? The old bird chooses the food for the young, selects the drinking water to quench their thirst, practices sanitation in keeping the nesting quarters clean and wholesome, and extends due protection over the young until when? Until the children are able to fly and provide a living for themselves. No one can observe this example of Nature's without taking it seriously, and it points out clearly where we have failed in training young Americans today. We older birds must shoulder the blame. Where is the mortal with influence sufficient to induce a mother bird to leave her baby long enough to attend some avian jubilee, or other social frolic? Where is the avian mother who is willing to go away and trust her babies to the care of a crow or jay? Mother Nature, I am right with you on this child problem!

I have been studying Nature with varying degrees of interest for the last thirty years. Sometimes I become conceited enough to feel that I am a close observer for some of the new observations that I make. Many of my friends whom I have invited to go on walks with me among wonderful nature spots, cause me some distress on some of these outings, for the fact that I seem to be compelled to waste so much valuable time trying to direct their attention to some

wonderful flower, insect, animal, tree or plant, or to a vista which may include a group of all of these. Frequently, I am out with a friend, and I talk myself almost hoarse, telling him some of the wonderful peculiarities of a certain plant that we meet, and still I know from the low grunts that come in acknowledgement of my efforts, simply indicate that my friend sees nothing of unusual interest.

In the midst of some of these nature spots with enough inspiration to make a normal person burst into enthusiasm, he walks along, with mind on politics, business or some other decadent subject, and while I cannot anchor his attention, I know that among these wonderful nature subjects, should a certain politician or orator suddenly appear, he would burst forth in enthusiasm, throw his hat into the air and scream himself almost hoarse!

But I must have patience and sympathy, because I am frequently confronted by an intimation that I, myself, am not a close observer. An example of this sort I had forcibly brought to my attention during the month of January, 1921. That month with us is usually fraught with days of cold and sleet, but this one was for the most part sunny. If there are certain nature spots around which I have spent much time in observation, it is the swamps, ponds, and creeks, and especially when some of them were frozen over. In the above-mentioned month, while passing over a viaduct beneath which was a swamp covering several acres whose surface was a frozen mass, I observed a beautiful and most perfect rainbow. It was as perfect as the most handsome design that was ever strung up in the clouds. I spent sometime in observing this wonderful display of colors. One thing in particular that I noticed was that one end of the rainbow kept directly beneath my feet as I walked slowly across the viaduct.

The next week on a similar sunny morning, while passing around a pond whose surface was scum and trash-laden, I was pleasantly surprised to have set before me another wonderful optic feast in the form of another rainbow. Strange enough, shortly after leaving the pond, in my dew-covered path where it lead through a meadow, in a curve and sharp depression there was depicted in the thousands of dewdrops, a faint rainbow! Conditions seemed favorable that morning for the sun's rays to produce two remarkable rainbows, yet I could not help from feeling that I, myself, had been a poor observer in the past. People do not usually look for rainbows in such places, but it is frequently in the unexpected places that nature springs her greatest surprises. In this success of Nature in laying

emphasis on the fact that some of her most beautiful creations lie in the humble walks of life, I said, "Nature, I am right with you!"

Sensible people are oftentimes guilty of severe criticism of the behavior of lesser animals, particularly those of insects, when their activities conflict with their own. Such criticism would soon lose some of its harshness, if people could understand that each insect, or other creature, has its own problems to work out, which are as important to its existence as ours is to us. We see almost daily, an illustration of this kind. I recall an observation that I made at a Boy Scout summer camp one summer recently. The site of the camp is on a table-like place near the foot of a mountain. All around, the tents were pitched. In walking over the grounds, I observed a number of burrows which I supposed were dug by the digger wasps. This insect is the large wasp who steals upon the harvest fly, or cicada as it is called, pounces upon its body and inflicts many stings. The sting does not kill the harvest fly, but produces a long drawn-out attack of paralysis. When it attacks the harvest fly, in the melee, they both fall to the ground, the harvest fly keeping up a cry of distress. The trophy is too large for the digger wasp to carry when she flies upwards, or even on a straight line, so she gets halfway astride of her prey, and by the use of her wings in beating the air, she is enabled to ascend the tree with her heavy load. On reaching the top of the tree, she hauls the harvest fly out on a leaf, and after grasping it firmly with her feet, makes a slanting sail, sometimes for a distance of more than a hundred yards, and strikes the ground as near her burrow as possible. When she reaches the ground, she rushes the harvest fly into the previously prepared burrow. She then deposits an egg on the paralyzed body of the harvest fly, and when the egg hatches, the young digger wasp is assured fresh food, for no mother digger wasp is willing to feed her babies on anything except fresh and wholesome food!

At the summer camp, a visiting professor was to devote an hour after luncheon to a description of Yellowstone National Park. The cots were removed from the tents and arranged in horseshoe shape to serve as seats.

The program had proceeded only a short ways when a large wasp appeared on the scene, and while it made no attempt to sting any one, it came near putting the audience to rout. The digger wasp concentrated her attention on the speaker and his audience who were seated directly in front of him. She poised her body in front of each hearer as if trying to persuade him to do something. She plead,

she begged, she coaxed, she threatened, but not one understood her desires. In their fright, the campers came near overturning their cots a number of times. Towels were employed for weapons in driving the horrid looking wasp away. They believed such a huge wasp was a dangerous creature. The poor wasp was slow to give up. I longed for the opportunity to explain to the frenzied crowd the mission of the mother wasp, but could not do it without disturbing the speaker. The wasp then tried hard to get the speaker to understand, but he only took a number of violent slaps at her.

After twenty minutes of persistent work, the mother wasp gave up and flew swiftly up the side of the mountain. In keeping my eyes on the digger wasp, and in watching for her expected return, I forgot the speaker for a few moments. Within five minutes after she had abandoned the premises, she came sailing down the mountain side, bearing a huge heavy load—a paralyzed body of a harvest fly. She struck the ground with her burden near the feet of the speaker, and marched proudly in front of him hauling her prey into a burrow which she had previously prepared.

The secret had vanished. The poor digger wasp was not waging an offensive war against anyone, but was only trying to persuade the speaker and his hearers who sat directly in front to clear the way that she might make a successful descent with her heavy load. She evidently wished not to collide with a crowd of men. Her prize had doubtless already been sighted, and she had only a few moments to clear the way before the harvest fly made its escape. Deeply interested in her work in providing fresh food for her children that were yet to be born, she took the risk, and succeeded in steering her body that she struck within a very few feet of her burrow, without an accident, and without harming any one! Mother Nature, we are right with you!

We see Nature and her activities in the lesser animals and plants as something trivial, because we do not understand. Nature does not always speed up her operations, and hence her achievements oftentimes come slowly.

We cannot observe the growth of a tree or plant, but we know that growth takes place. The insect acts wisely but, it is so small that it escapes our notice. The birds pursue their busy trades, yet we pitch our observations only at their feathers and songs. Nature is constantly working to make the world better, and a fitter place in which to live. She knows that to do this properly, precautions must be made for the care and protection of the young. In achieving this

very thing, she is practicing the very principles that we hold as our ideals—thrift, frugality, prudence.

If we study Nature, we shall appreciate her every movement, and we shall sympathize more and more with her efforts to such an extent that we can exclaim in unison, "Mother Nature, we are right with you!"



## THE LITTLE TEACHER

BY MABEL G. JACKSON

I CLIMBED the long stair, and came into the small room, so filled with the associations of a lifetime—associations of which the combination formed a kind of key to the character of the little inmate, who welcomed me with such bright eyes and such a kindly smile.

I glanced around the tiny place with its few bright flowers, its snowy curtains, its memories of the "long ago," its betrayal of the pangs and throbs of a human heart; the tiny place so familiar to me through the years, and yet so strangely unfamiliar, since my little friend, in my absence, had been forced to relinquish one of her two rooms, owing to the exigency of the housing conditions and the strict laws in connection with their amelioration.

There stood the beautifully polished old furniture, of which almost every piece had come to her over the long and stately road of inheritance; there hung the various pictures, numbering several gems among them, for she had been acquainted with many an artist, and herself possessed a refined and discriminating taste. Two stood forth pre-eminently, on account of their character and merit. One, the portrait of an old, old lady, whose age had never broken her dominating spirit or caused her personality to fade. *Her* mother! I had known her, too—but more of her anon. The other picture was a landscape, so radiant in color, so delicate of execution, so true to nature, that it brought into the little room the warmth of sunshine, the stirring of trees, the breath of flower-laden meadows. Every stroke was one of genius, and it was painted by her nephew, *the* nephew, to whom she had been so long like a mother, and who was now dead.

Only once had I met him, but in the brief moments of our acquaintance I had seen far down into the character in the moulding of which she had so delighted. I remember having searched that

day in many a shop to find an old-fashioned slate for my invalid son and, hopelessly baffled, had mentioned the disappointment my failure would mean to one in whose narrow life even trifles seemed things of vast importance. A moment later the grave, serene-faced man, who had listened in silence while my little friend and I were talking, rose and left the room so quietly, so unobtrusively, that neither of us paid any great heed to his going. It was not long before he again stood there, a smile illumining his eyes, transforming his entire face, as he showed us one of the coveted slates. With simple directness he explained his acquisition, almost apologizing for having succeeded where I had failed. In a tiny shop in a back street he had found that which was too old-fashioned for the shelves of the modern stationer.

"I could not bear," he gently said, and a look of almost divine sympathy and sorrow accompanied the words, "that the little one should ask in vain."

I sighed as I turned from contemplation of the picture to my old friend, who was seated in an arm-chair, but who, as usual, spurned its snugness and sat erect, for all her eighty years and broken hip. She was talking volubly, as was her wont. Some loquacious people weary one, but how should she, whose every word betrayed the glint of gold. The politics of the day as gleaned from the morning papers had saddened her, the politics of which one asks, "are they consciously wicked, or hopelessly incapable?"

"My poor country!" she said, "has it not suffered enough, must it be dragged to the very depths?"

Then she suddenly asked: "Tell me, are we despised out there, in the wideworld? Do those of other nations look down upon us?"

I told her the entire truth as gently as I could. Perhaps it was not right or kind, but how could one lie to her of the fearless eyes and honest, intrepid spirit?

For a moment she sat very still, a pained look shadowing her features, before she answered slowly and musingly: "But they will come to know the truth. I shall not live until that day, but it must come, the time when they shall understand. And you," she continued, "*you* know it *now*, you understand!"

Her bright, unflinching eyes gazed into mine as though in challenge.

"I know," I said warmly. "And I know that you are wonderful!"

"No better, no worse, than hundreds of others," she answered. "But I and those like me are of the old Germany. What are we

today? Crushed and broken, our resources gone, melted away in a fire not of our faggoting. Of what power now, of what use, are our energy, our thrift, our honesty? Sometimes I wonder if those who have accumulated where we have lost will nurse the true seed of German character, will tend it, cherish it, improve it, till it comes to fruition, till there is as great and staunch a Germany as that which is no more. And then again, I feel sure it cannot really be lost, all that we did, all that we were, all that we had—"

"All that you had," I repeated tentatively.

"Yes, all that we had. In my case it was the savings of nearly fifty years of teaching. Do not think I am complaining, do not think me bitter or resentful. Whatever comes, I can still say that I have had a beautiful life and that I know humanity is good. Ah, yes, the War!" she exclaimed in answer to my involuntary question—"the War!"

She shook her head, and tears slowly gathered in the eyes that suddenly seemed to search in vain.

"The greatest grief the war brought me was for my country, for my people as a nation, on account of the defamation of character, the loss of respect, the hatred, the lies, and, she sighed deeply, "for the destruction of friendships, the breaking off of affection's ties. The long years of teaching meant many separations—those were inevitable—but until the war came there was always the correspondence. I was in touch with so many countries. Some of my pupils wrote only once a year, usually at Christmas time, some every month. When those letters ceased to come I knew what they had been to me, how I had ever looked forward to their coming, how I had clung to the old associations. At the close of the war, after the sadness, the perplexity, the terror, of the political changes and unrest, I remember that one day I suddenly thought with a little throb of joy, the first I had had in a long time, 'now they will write, now they will recall their old teacher, they will not blame an old woman, seventy years and more. Just because they must feel that I am sad and humiliated they will send a line. But none came. Day after day I sat alone and waited. Day after day I stole quietly out after the postman's coming to look within the box. I remember that I used to linger before opening it, just to prolong the anticipation that already began to seem futile.

And then one afternoon your letter came, when I had almost given up all hope. Oh, the joy of it, and the feeling that a little bit of the barrier had been removed, that more letters would follow,

that the others, too, would think of me! Oh, I don't believe you others, out there in the world, ever realized what it meant to be shut in—*penned in*—for all those years, to have one thing after another intercepted, stopped. Physical food! The lack of that was bad enough. To see the little children! Oh!—”

She broke off, her eyes closed, and a perceptible shudder seized her usually erect, but now bowed, form. “I remember that a tiny boy, the youngest of a wealthy family, exclaimed one day in piteous wonderment, ‘Grandfather, tell me, is it quite true that when you were little you sometimes had enough to eat?’ The hunger, yes, the hunger, we all knew it. But the spiritual hunger! The snapping of the bonds of affection, the intercepting of messages of love and friendship, how cruel, and unnecessary it all seemed. But one was made to believe anything, everything, possible. I had taken care of a little grave out there in the cemetery, the grave of the child of a former pupil, an Englishwoman. For twenty-five years I had tended that tiny scrap of earth, had watered, weeded, planted it, always with care, always with love, until I had come to feel that beneath it lay something that belonged to me. Then came the war, and during all the years of it I had no line or word from the mother of the child. But afterwards I thought, ‘She will write now, if only because her baby lies here.’ Finally a letter came, weeks and months after yours,—and it said—it said, ‘No use to ask about the condition of the grave. Of course you have allowed it to fall into neglect. She took it for granted. Neglect! I! How should I? Was the little child that slept within my enemy? Was the love for my former pupil killed by the first bullet that passed from trench to trench? Oh, the pity of it, the torment of the belief in perfidy! But that is all past,” she said, with a pathetic attempt at a smile. “They could not help it, they were not responsible. It was all in the plan for our defeat. One must not dwell upon the thoughtlessness of those who forget, one must think only of the kindness of those who remember.”

“But your savings,” I ventured, “you said—” I stopped uncertainly, well knowing the pride and independence of my little friend.

“There is no reason why you should not hear the details,” she said simply. “I have nothing to hide, least of all from you who have known me so long and who realize how I have striven. My life has been a very full one, no one can say that I have been idle or extravagant. I worked from early morn till late at night. I saved every pfennig I could lay aside after the simplest of needs

had been filled. And at the close of my career as a teacher, after fifty years of close application to duty, I had collected the sum of ———, invested in government bonds. And now, after all the work, all the sacrifice, all the hope, the paper for which I gave my earnings is not worth ten pfennigs to the collector of rubbish."

I gasped. Knowing how modest had been the demands of the little woman for the instruction imparted so ably, so ungrudgingly, the sum mentioned seemed almost an incredible one; but she was an exact soul, and not for one instant did I doubt the truth of her assertion. I only marvelled at the self-sacrifice, the strict adherence to duty, the thrift and stoicism, that needs must have been exercised in those long years of toil; in the years when, as a young and assuredly good-looking woman, she must have longed, often and often, for some bright bit of adornment, some gay amusement appealing to her youth, a box of sweets, a scented nosegay; in the years when, as an older woman, tired oftentimes, sadly discouraged, or physically unfit, she must have yearned for the comforts possessed by others, for the leisure time, the opportunity for rest, for the occasional carriage, the summer outing, the service of others.

Instinctively she read my inmost thoughts, perhaps from some message of sympathy written across my features, perhaps just through her own keen intuition.

"Oh, it was not I," she said, with a musing smile and a careless wave of her thin hand, "not I, but my mother. You knew her, and—look at her picture," she went on, indicating the portrait in its shrine-like position in a corner of the room. "Does it not show what a dominating energetic spirit she had? A wonderful woman was my mother. To her I brought my earnings, every pfennig, and to her I owed the fortitude necessary to their saving. My father's temperament was quite different. He was the artist, the musician, absorbed in his profession, living in a world of his own, regardless of practical details, gentle, dependent really upon her. He died when still a young man, and she was strong, unflinching, taking the place of two parents in her little family. For her the path of duty had no branching road. It was straight and inevitable, if narrow. I remember that once we were asked on a sleighing party, my mother, my brother, and I. If there had been a passion in my life for any lighter thing, for any pleasure, it had been that for sleighing. Very seldom had I been able to gratify my desire, and now the chance had come. I was to fly over the frozen ground, to hear the crunch of the snow, to see it struck by the shining hoofs and scattered in glittering frag-

ments all around, to listen to the tinkle of the little bells. I clasped my hands, breathless in expectation. But no! My mother's quiet, decisive tones recalled me instantly. 'Helene? Helene cannot go, she is promised to the Gjiditzkys.' What a tragedy, and how I wept! Very bitter tears mine were—but I let no one see them," she added, with the pride that I felt quite sure was a portion of the heritage left her by the indomitable mother. "And my mother was right, I knew it then, I know it now. I am grateful to her for so much of that which I am, and for all that I have."

"The Gjiditzkys?" I suggested.

"That is another tale," she answered. "They were the people to whom I sold my Sundays."

Noting my puzzled and probably startled look she smiled. "I remember putting it in that way when I told my mother of the arrangement made with them. They were Russians, cultured, charming, kind, and there were three daughters. The English governess had said she could not accompany the young ladies to the Russian church, she could not walk with them on a Sunday afternoon, for that would be work, and no conscientious, righteous Englishwoman worked on a Sunday. So I went to the Gjiditzkys. I went to the Russian church. I dined with the family. I walked with the daughters. They were nice girls, and their parents were clever, kindly people. I am quite sure Sundays spent in such an atmosphere could do no one any harm, I even think they may have been both helpful and instructive."

"But it took some of your leisure hours," I objected.

"*All* my leisure hours," she corrected. "You must remember that of a week day I started lessons in summer at seven A. M., in winter at eight A. M., and returned at ten P.M. My mother was uncompromising in regard to late hours. Never for any reason whatsoever must her daughter be out alone after ten o'clock in the evening; so punctually at 9:45 P. M., after a cosy tea with the quiet chat that invariably accompanied it, I left the school, and hurried through the dark and narrow streets to the little home where she was waiting. Oh, it was a beautiful life," she exclaimed, with almost youthful rapture, "it brought me into contact with so many wonderful people, people of so many nations, of such varied upbringing, position, standards. And through them I had so much pleasure. Sometimes in the summer vacation a former pupil would suddenly recall her old teacher in faraway D—, and then came a holiday, a trip to some distant land, life for a brief spell in a palace, or on a big estate, inter-

course with scholars, famous men, charming women of the great society world. It was like a fairy tale. So I went to England, and came to know the quiet and dignified English country life; so I crossed the ocean and learned to appreciate the difference between life in Boston and that in New York; so I traveled to Switzerland and lived for unforgettable weeks beside the blue waters of Lake Lemman. Oh, the beauty of it!"

"But your trip to the North Cape, and that one down the Danube, when you met the Prince?" I reminded her, eager to have continued the reminiscences that were not only interesting in themselves, but a distraction and happiness to her.

"Those journeys came after my mother had left me, they were the outcome of my own endeavors. I earned the money for them, every pfennig. The Prince? Oh, yes, Prince Eitel Friedrich. He was so nice to me. I spoke to him as we happened to stand near each other at the ship's rail, never suspecting that the big, young man, who was so courteous and so thoughtful of an old woman, was actually the son of our Kaiser. I never had so much attention paid me, so even if the journey had been a less beautiful one I should have enjoyed it. But the river itself, the varied sights along its banks, the high, forbidding fortresses and castles, the coloring, the quaint towns and villages, were all wonderful. And Budapest, what a splendid place! So lively, so gay, and stirring! So beautiful, too, with its great palace stretching out above the river, its statues, and its gardens, its atmosphere tinged with something strange and Eastern! Yes, it seems as if all the trips I made, especially those I earned, were wonderful. I never had enough of travel, I longed to see the whole, wide world. But my ambitions outran my earnings." She laughed a gay little laugh. "I had always longed to see the Dolomites, those splendid mountains in South Tyrol. You know them, do you not?"

I nodded silently, hoping for further saunterings in the magic countries of her recollection.

"Then you also know how much it costs to take that long, long drive, three days by carriage from Toblach to Bozen, though now-a-days with the whizzing speed of a modern invention one can rush along in one, losing two-thirds of the pleasure, and much of the grandeur."

I laughed, assuring her in apologetic tones that the slower, and more respected carriage had been my mode of conveyance.

"But I walked," she said, as if proud of some great achievement.

And indeed it had been that, for at sixty-nine years of age, with a knapsack on her shoulders, she had trudged many weary miles for the sake of beauty and culture. A rich life had been hers! Yes, but the deepest mines of wealth had lain within herself, in her sterling character, her intrepid courage, her eager desire for knowledge, her keen, well-nourished intellect, and in her affection for others.

"I have had so much that was wonderful. A beautiful life has been mine, and people have been so kind, so good."

It was her constant thought, the ever-ready tribute of a great soul, a contented spirit.

"Sometimes of late I have grieved, thinking of the money that I saved to no purpose. The remembrance of the little things that my mother went without has hurt me many times. She might have had many a flower, many a pleasant outing, many a little, unexpected treat, she might have been surrounded by more comforts, by little luxuries, but everything in the nature of an extra was steadfastly refused—and why? Her ideal principle, often voiced by herself, was always this: that one should so live, so labor, so earn and save, that an income should be forthcoming in one's old age to preclude the acceptance of charity. And now! Oh!" she cried, glancing at me appealingly.

I was startled by the passionate outburst, and noted that her hands were so tightly clasped that the sinews stood forth as though they would break through the delicate skin.

"Oh," she cried again, "surely you know it is not my fault that I am forced to accept from others. You know I did my best, you know I worked, you know I saved, you know I did all that I could!"

I was silent, my heart being too full for the utterance of words that must seem banal in comparison with the feelings that possessed me.

"All that she could!" Yes, in truth! It was not the effusion of pride, that I knew, but only the cry of justification for seeming untrue to the principles of two generations.

The sun strayed in through the little window, across the lone blossom nodding in the casement, and touched the silvered hair as with a benediction.

"Forced to accept from others," and an apology!

Oh, my little teacher, if you could but realize how much the others are in debt to you—the pupils to whom you gave your affection, your energy, your strength, your culture! How eager you were, how unflinching in your admiration for any power or ability in others! If



you could but realize that a life such as yours, the constant maintenance of self-control, the sacrifice for others, the nurturing of intellect and talents, the keeping of a character blameless and spotless, constitute an example by which all your pupils, your friends, your country, and your world, have profited, and for which they will ever be in debt! For who may absolve a debt for spiritual influence and guidance?

## CULTURAL TRADITIONS IN HISTORICAL PERSPECTIVE

BY HARDIN T. MCCLELLAND

IT WAS after his exile from Florence and sometime between 1304 and 1306 that Dante composed his *De Vulgari Eloquentia*, a highly polished dissertation nominally dealing with the effective eloquence of the Italian vernacular language, but actually and very effectually recommending to his limited circle of capable readers the classical prodigality of twelfth and thirteenth century Italian literature. Within its pages he developed his theory of poetic art as aiming to fulfill three main expressive purposes: comic, tragic, and lyric; it was to exemplify the first of these in his great trilogy, the *Commedia*, according to De Sanctis, but I don't know but what we might not find argument to say that the *Purgatorio*, *Inferno*, and *Paradiso*, respectively exemplified to a certain degree each of these three poetic categories.

However, this may be, the "Eloquent Vernacular" was a work striking as powerfully the attitudes of the learned humanists of that day as did those famous efforts of Aeschylus, St. Jerome, or King James and Shakespeare in their respective days. To be sure of his ground on the side of traditional support, Dante applied to literary art, both as it was represented in classical records and as it was expressed in effective speech, the very scheme pursued by the other pioneers of humanism who had sifted not only Greek philosophy, but throughout all the Roman and Patristic literatures, to find a new eloquence and a more fundamental psychology on which to base their structure of public culture and liberal education. In Dante's express purpose the ultimate aim of the pristine humanism, whether in religion and philosophy themselves or in the spicy variations of their documentary elaborations, was to find as many undogmatic truths and inviolable springs of human character as could possibly be dis-

covered in a state of freedom from all heretic hazards and ignorant imprecision. And if this could only be expressed in common utterance it would go far toward constituting a new eloquence of artistic vernacular which might in time serve to replace the culture under a Greek-and-Latin minority with a more democratic culture under a homogeneously sympathetic and educated majority.

There is just one attitude which I think is pivotal to the whole cultural process whether publicly or privately sought after, and which I do not think Dante sufficiently emphasized. Ever since the *Apologetica* of Tertullian and Justin Martyr swept over the world of classical scholarship the actual character which has been most emphasized in Morality and Art (although variously debated in certain philosophical schools and religious sects) is that of Aspiration. The most common question of responsible thinkers has been to ask what could be done toward the redemption of man, and accordingly the resultant literature sought to answer this question in terms of popular education, social uplift, moral enlightenment and spiritual rehabilitation. Meliorism was the general atmosphere and outlook under which all the sober social workers strove to make the world better and more beautiful. In art especially the critique of a certain work could expect but little attention if it presumed to estimate any proper value, either cultural or ornamental, without the indispensable aid and counsel of an aspiring appreciation and its faithful coefficient, the melioristic criterion. No one could support his claim to critical capacity who had not already shown himself able to strike immediate aperçus of the cultural achievements of others. Even today the associate rule of constructive or creative requirement is one of our foremost criteria in the domain of religion, philosophy, ethics, sociology, and the moralism of art. It is the spontaneous insight and the intuitive appreciation of truth, goodness and spiritual reality which are the primary credentials of all genuine creative power, no matter what sphere the genius seeks to operate in. We may be "spoilt by too much culture," as Schiller and Nordau have warned us to guard against, but not unless we let our civilization become ill-balanced and incorrigible in some certain forward tendency. But our dreams of yesterday are among the most necessary desiderata of today. We just simply *must* have originality, upreach, genuineness of heroism, discovery, invention and spiritual largesse. We *demand* that our dream-makers of today shall give us a better world, a more beautiful environment where life will have a more refined relish and humanity can find distinct delight in nobler

living. Thanks to the everlasting urgency of a periodically renaissance humanism, we have gradually become publicly aspirant as well as privately devout, and I see no reason why we should not go on until we reach the aesthetic morality of the millenium.

But we, I hope, will not rest content with the bare revivalism which seemed to be the chief aim of the Renaissance. At that time culture was sought after more as a patronizing respect than as a participating eagerness and collaboration. The laborious and really commendable research into the sources of classical religion, philosophy and art was quite possibly the vital interest which animated and controlled the lives of both the authors and the patrons of this great epochal activity, but it was not an interest in these subjects for their own sake. It was an effort consecrated to *the finding of precedents* which would sanction and support the establishment of human reason rather than faithful theological dependence; it was a movement which found its political flower in the memorable services of Erastians and the leaders of the Reformation. Scholars of that time were concerned only to know the extent of the classical support afforded to this establishment by the treasures of a rediscovered culture of former days. The intention of the majority of the writers and readers of the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries was not near so much to preserve even the high religious and philosophical ideals of the past as it was to rationalize these into items of argument supporting their propagation of the new ego-humanism. The art of the period too can hardly be said to have had any very different retrospect or aim.

Long anticipating some of the main sophisms of Fichte and Max Stirner in that rare day of insecure religious belief and shrewd intellectual resort, Petrarch and Dante were not valued nearly so highly and hardly as popularly as were Averrhoes and Ficino, Aretino and Medici. For these latter belonged to a stylist school which wrote more according to what was of current interest than to what was the full truth of a richly ornamented literary past. This is perhaps why their commentaries on art were so devout with affirmations of its sensory superficialities and hedonistic utility-values. Indifference to any serious faith and honest piety was the general public character of the age and their attitude toward morality and art could not help sharing the same inhospitable feeling. But the bright illumination of Petrarch's and Dante's (not to mention Campanella's or Bruno's) religious and philosophical patronage could not be veiled for long, even behind the subtle screen of Boccaccio's

licentious but popular humor. For every good the world has ever known has always had its claims brutally and implacably contested, has always had to struggle, fight, starve and make heroic sacrifices, only to win out at last in the happy hearts and minds of a courageous and unconquerable minority. Against the onslaughts of a vandal world they appear to be a hopeless minority, but not to those of similar soul who sooner or later learn to love them and try to emulate them. With some such exemplary feeling let us look down the pathway of the centuries and see how nobly heroic such champions of man's transfiguration as Politian, Vico, Campanella, Bruno and Copernicus have tried to redeem the apparently ruthless delinquency of time and the thwartancy of an all-too-human inertia or impotence which often nullifies whatever natural affection we have for beauty, truth and justice.

Many of their watchwords survive to this day in the culture of modern Italian literature and art which is such a strange polyglot of futurism, post-modernism and romantic rationales of human experience; such a veritable pot-pouri of various vegetables, meats, cereals and garlic all more or less proportioned in edible relish according to the delectable recipes of Petrarch, Dante, Boccaccio and Pomponazzi. There is indeed a large measure of froth and inanity about the modern dietetics of Italy, regardless of the reverberating clamor over "energy-values in philosophy, religion and art" or over those all-too-desultory "ideals that will someday arrive." But the character which seems to survive in major significance is that triple mirror of Italian virtue: concrete sincerity, critical research, and devotional affection to all that is beautiful, wise and good. Especially in their religious poetry, as well as in the literature of their politico-moral and economico-philosophical life, do we find this to be a dominant trinity of their unique character as a people of exceptional creative power and delicate moral discrimination. As I have often remarked, it is of more than passing notice to observe that so very many of modern Italy's critical works have "nuovi" as the first word in their titles. New discriminations, new decisions, original viewpoints and radical departures from the mechanical footsteps of the past are to be observed on every side: it is the invariable intention, if not the actual accomplishment, of all who announce themselves to be "new specimens" of Italian genius. And it is not seldom that they succeed in giving us an altogether new or a significantly rearranged list of the elements which are necessarily required in the makeup of every masterpiece in scholarship, religion or art.

Even in the last quarter of the nineteenth century when their notion of literature as one of the fine arts was first beginning to develop into a confirmed and irrepressible movement, we could have seen Carducci, Zanella and D'Annunzio designing the superb fabric of modern Italy's lyric poetry. And although drier intellects might look upon their efforts as little more than so many "serious trifles," as was the modest title of one of Carducci's most charming volumes, yet all the wide and permanent popularity which they have enjoyed has always been due if not overdue to those very precocious efforts. In another court of activity we might have observed Mamiani, Mazzini, Mazzoni, Lombroso and Della Seta patiently analyzing and resynthesizing the relations of art and religion and philosophy to the economic and political affairs of modern society. How may we so interpret the instruction of our cultural traditions to the present age that some sort of reliable prophecy and anticipant preparation may be made to forestall the evil tendencies of modern life from becoming realized in the future conflict of economic and aesthetic, mechanical industrialism and "pure" art—the arena being no more shared by science and religion, but by the creative genius and moral conscience of man. This was the general problem on which their combined attention was centered, and it has been passed on to us as one of the most vital questions confronting modern civilization today.

Contemporary with these moral pioneers we could have just as readily observed Cantoni, Vecchio and Varisco laboriously investigating the philosophical grounds of education, affective heredity, political economy and industrial law. It was truly a unique inquiry, even though the varied interests and arguments were loosely thrown together like Chinese money on a string, and the influence of Kant and Hegel in Italy have for long been on a popular wane, being hardly yet resuscitated by Gentile and Croce. But for the pure inquiry into the moralism of art, a more philosophical interpretation of its literature and educational value than any which Cantoni had attempted, the foremost thinkers of the end of last century were De Sanctis, Villari, Nencioni, Lombardi and the early part of Croce's career. Here was a rare group indeed; two critical essayists of the first water who gave us "nuovi saggi" of critical procedure in the historical interpretation of literature as it related to morality and art; one a member of Carducci's famous band of "Amici Pedanti" who in his *Studi di Letteratura Straniere* and in various of his articles in the Italian *Nuova*, charmingly translated and criticized

French and English poetry: the fourth a Spencerian disciple who sought to analyze the evolutionary process of literary and aesthetic development, thence trying to show that it is variable in structure but constant in its progressive cultural function. And Benedetto Croce we know is one of the leaders of Hegel's philosophy as it is interpreted in Italy as well as being also the champion of the *estetica nuova* that is being centered on the linguistic of language as a powerful adjunct to man's other means of art-expression. As editor of *La Critica* in Naples, he is also still doing admirable work in the neo-critical philosophy as it is applied to both pure philosophy and general aesthetic practice.

Accordingly then, we must not prejudice our opinion of New Italy as the mother soil of rampant futurism or iconoclastic neo-romanticism in aesthetic theory and practice, without first looking up the foundations of this ultramodern interpretation, both in what it consists and in what it overlooks. Her leading poets, artists, critics and philosophers of art are not so hide-bound as to rest satisfied with the old monotonous rhetoric and immoral elegance of the bourgeois schools, nor even with the occasional spice of imported listings of foreign art, culture or experimental ethics. They have their own Muse to attend, and taking her into their confidence they were and are still able to create new rhythms, new symbols, nobler cultural values, and broader foundations of art-criticism with which to amplify and exalt their moral wizardry. Thus in the work of Ardengo Soffici the chromatic idyllist, of Giovanni Papini the philosopher of iconoclastic art whose fame now rests secure on his *Life of Christ*, of Guido Gozzano the sad soul of beautiful simplicity, and of Vincenzo Cardarelli the arbiter of classical prose and art-criticism, we find worthy exemplars of what may prove to be the moral aesthetic of the future. They are even today engraving tablets of literary bronze that shall commemorate all that is worthy, all that has been validly discovered and heroically advocated by Italian genius throughout its slow evolution up from medieval humanism into the creative culture and magic art of its spontaneous modern expressionism.

It was at first meant that these items should be severally embraced in an ornamental interpretation of aesthetic vision and creative function, and yet they have turned out to be members, not merely of a privative inclusiveness, but of a cosmopolitan application and significance as well. For there is associated with this ornamental phase of the subject a secondary interpretation of the moral-

istic validation, sometimes called the adjudicating function of aesthetic criticism, which is always accessory to a normal love of beauty and devotion to Truth; namely, that it exercises a decisively cultural effect upon all other departments of humanity's civilizing process, the activities which are commonly grouped under the general heads of education, religion, art, science, history, philosophy. Thus, then, with this latter accessory both the instructionist and ornamentalist theories of art are rendered more complete, more philosophical, more in keeping with the immediate aesthetic causes of intelligent human life; for, with the events even of the other less specific cultural pursuits, the adjudicating function of this moralistic validation shares a common field of purpose and idealism.

The primary characteristic of all good Art is that it is spiritually aspirant and not a mere sensory supplication or mimetic symbol. It has the further characteristics of being co-eventual with the general progressive stream of human life, methectic with the cultural Ethos that has gradually been evolved out of the barbaric past. It is an objectified ideal which expresses all our inner aspirational requisites, affective desiderata and ecabatic obligations to society; all three of these expressions being found more or less dominant and continuous down through the history of all our aesthetic loves and ambitions. Taken all together these characteristics and expressions bind our various interpretative measures up into a general philosophical theory of the joint mechanism whose cultural practice is divided into morality and art, but when used in the field of education they are not so divided because the aim of the cultural process is to render us aspirant toward both Virtue and Beauty, both Wisdom and Nobility. Of course, they may, in a merely discursive analysis of aesthetic morality, be considered either separately or in supplementary series for purposes of constitutive interpretation; but in a more practical and condensed conception we would have to show their selective character, we would have to show that they were choice morsels on the table of our intellectual contents and spiritual goods.

But we do not always run true to the historical perspective of our cultural traditions. Even at present, in this most glorious of all civilized centuries, our cultural faculty is often the most dormant if not sometimes practically a latent power altogether unmoved to any effectual expression or genuine appreciation. The only distinctively human significance that can be attached to the major part of our modern effort is not its aspirational culture-search but its worldliness and success-ambition, not its spiritual affection but its



hedonism and superficial vendible value as a public pastime or commercial utility. And with this limitation of value it is only a cripple's step to the opportunism, the artificial poseury, the material fallacy in fact, which seem to threaten soon to become the mancilla blossoms of modern Art. Although beautifully colored, symmetrically formed and glistening with the morning dew, they are treacherous treasures, poisonous to touch or taste.

Albeit such, there is yet a redemptive element of rich spontaneous grace, harmony of line and color, nobility of symbol and adequate expression of concerted motive-contrivance, which saves us from too readily falling into a hopeless mood of moral or aesthetic pejorism. We are passing through an age of transition and both our morality and our art are being subjected to a rigorous test; if genuine they will be able to withstand the crushing weight of vandal power and will gradually metamorphose with the rest of humanity's gradual transfiguration. But I think the larger part of this climacteric change will apply to the structure rather than the function of culture, art or ethics. I cannot see that the proper function of these great fields of human progress can be very materially altered or improved, although there is much room for renovation and reconstruction in the forms and uses to which they are sometimes put. The apparent ill-health, ennui and decadence of our modern arts and moral sense are merely symptoms of this metamorphic travail; they are not diseases themselves but only the passing symptoms which indicate a more or less persistent disturbance of our spiritual health. Still this travail should always be anticipable because the periodical rebirth of morality and art is really an arc in the evolutionary orbit of the soul, and should not be harassed by any momentary disaffection nor by any eristic process of external exploit or superficial relish.

Ever since 1742 when the first part of Hume's *Essays: Moral, Political, and Literary* appeared, dealing with the rise and progress of the arts and sciences, literary and aesthetic criticism has been steadily catharized and purged of its sensual appeal, its tradesman tactics; and wherever it is not so purged today it is no longer a real critical procedure but a more or less subtly camouflaged commercialism. In Hume's day Holland was the great flourishing nation of art, science and philosophy, as well as of an omniverous commercialism, and on page 125 of the work mentioned he takes that country as illustrating the critical difficulties which arise over the existence of the wide difference between leadership in commercial

facility and excellence in scientific or aesthetic pursuits. He shows us that the service of such a contrast of interests cannot but be one of ambiguity, in that either side will read its own favor into the argument; whence it cannot help but prove negative if not actually obstructive to the ideal purpose and destiny of any nation's art and social science.

However, we may realize that Hume was a better philosopher than literary critic, a distinction which he perhaps shared with Doctor Johnson, Voltaire and Goethe whose specialism in certain phases of aesthetic moralism show them as being quite as radical and reactionary to the traditional judgments in philosophic thought as Hume. In a less definite manner of anticipation they were the original trail-blazers with the closer and purer philosophical analyses of Kant and Hegel and Mamiani they were the direct predecessors of Schiller, Winckelmann, Sibbern, Coleridge, Lowell, Sainte Beuve, Grillparzer and De Sanctis; for in their various ways they were devoutly determined to break and dissipate the stagnant dogmas of eighteenth century rationalism, replacing them with the sparkling romance of a new aesthetic genius, both scholarly and original. It was the secret burden of Pater's polished gospel of beauty and culture, Matthew Arnold's "sweetness and light," and made lasting provender for Lowell's great digestive power to cope with the subtle relish of critical values. Thus with the delightful sense of "joyous influence" which Pater tried to read out of all art and culture, the proper cultivation and exercise of the mind will give any intelligent man an artistic and scholarly outlook on life, he will become in short a twin brother to "Marius the Epicurean." So, too, with Lowell the aesthetic morality is necessary to both public duty and private virtue; even in his most critical moods he could not wholly restrain this viewpoint from coming to the surface now and then. It gives both color and charm to one of his Atlantic essays where particular effort is made to analyze the three natural periods of poetic construction, showing them to be the progressive measures of the imaginative, the thoughtful-artistic, and the sentimental. Among the Greeks these measures were respectively represented by the works of Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides; with the Romans by Horace, Lucretius and Plautus; with the Elizabethans by Milton, Shakespeare and the Beaumont-Fletcher combination; while among the moderns we might favor Shelley, Wordsworth and Swinburne or perhaps D'Annunzio, Maeterlinck and Rabindranath Tagore.

In any case, we know that an aspiring mind always has power to influence for good all with which it comes in contact, for it is eager for better things, for nobler conceptions and expressions, and makes of them its constant atmosphere of honest inquiry and constructive argument. Thus we may honestly believe that such a mood supplied the true motive behind Southey's "reasons for anonymity" in *The Doctor*, for his was an age when the prejudicial controversies between science and faith, honesty and quackery, wise strenuousness and lazy folly, made it dangerous to subscribe one's name to either side of the conflict, and doubly hazardous to attempt an impartial estimate of the invective situation. And yet, going back to the ancients, we should have no doubts at all that some such a notion governed the lives of the majority, but not any of the great martyrs, not any of the immortal geniuses who lived for truth's sake and not their own. St. Jerome gives us an intimate picture of the actual situation when he remarks that the culture, art, philosophy and political achievements of man are vain and futile if he has no love or deep respect for the sacredness of antiquity. His immediate predecessors shared this conviction too, for even allowing excuses for the half-pagan Christianity of the early Fathers, this endeavor to be of cultural service both to contemporaries and to successors alike, was best represented by Justin Martyr, Tertullian, Origen, Eusebius, Basil, Clement, Irenaeus and Heliodorus. Their cumulative influence upon the succeeding ages was made in keeping with these so-called Aristotelian Rules, the unities of time, place and action, and in the monastic patronage of a thousand years were held supreme and worthy of man's perennial following.

After this great thousand years, as Doctor Cram would say, came the Renaissance and the period of the Enlightenment which, especially in England, had made somewhat of a departure, so that Southey's neighbors in immortality, Spencer and Shakespeare, gave shelter to a literary zeitgeist which had come to be in radical attendance upon liberty, romance, and variety; while Ben Jonson and Milton in the next and third generations following favored a return to the ancient rules which had been so classically and patristically established as to seem indispensable, if not the inexorable units for all aesthetic measurement and construction. Thus with a common terminology for both morality and art we have since found that the Elizabethan rules of liberty, romance, and variety might well apply to the ornament of aesthetic structure, while the classical rules of restraint, conceptual order and uniformity are seen to be more in

sympathy with the validation of aesthetic function. The real issue is that of creative establishment for man's delight and cultural destiny, not the ephemeral exploit of cheap or tawdry ornamental structure. And right today, is there not a growing bulk of evidence that we are slipping away from the classical requirements and taking precarious refuge in informal originality, romantic spice, and free variations of style, content and utility? Some of the modern high-speed aestheticians would even go so far as to sanction this departure from that supreme triad of criteria in aesthetic morality, holding sophist commercial argument sufficiently valid to dispense with honesty of empirical source or intuitive inspiration, the intelligibility of conveyance or expression, and the ethical influence of the cultural values which all works of art are supposed to exercise. There is only one way about it all: no one can dispense with true spiritual inspiration, intelligibility and ethical validity without renouncing the whole cultural process, and this is too great a sacrifice to make for the putrid sake of commercial ingenuity and exploit.

Instead of so brusky following this vulgarian dispensation, I think the modern culture-seekers would do far better, nobler and more exemplary work if they turned their attention to the true conations of genuine aesthetic faculty; to St. Jerome's *scintilla conscientiae*, the spark which fires man's conscience, to the synderesis which St. Thomas Aquinas considered the innate moral sense of every one but fools and scoundrels, to Kant's primary root of the practical reason which makes us recognize the laws of God and man in their proper justicial relations. At least they would make no mistake in appreciating just what the close self-examination and spiritual aspiration recorded in Petrarch's *Secret* between himself and St. Augustine really meant as a moral corollary to his revival of Greek studies in art, religion and philosophy. This meaning is given its semi-ascetic significance in the treatise, *On the Solitary Life*, written a few years later, in which he gives his program of soul-culture and religious duty planned after the fashion of the famous ascetic esthetes whose illuminated manuscripts vouch for their loyal industry and generous spiritual consecration. I believe that the original charter of Italian Humanism was just this mediaeval freedom from worldly passions and vulgarian anxieties, this monastic freedom of the spiritual life away from all material wants and woes, this freedom of philosophic inquiry, cultural thought and moral conduct which Petrarch claimed was the only royal road to wisdom and happiness.

Dante had approached something like this attitude in his quasi-individualism from Aristotle's pandectic example, but Petrarch considered Plato the wiser philosopher in both moralism and aesthetic theory, and his choice gave similar tendency to the whole Renaissance movement away from the scholastic interpretation of Aristotelian doctrines and more in sympathy with the ideal metaphysics of Platonism. With almost Pythagorean versatility the love of nature, music and painting inspired most of his poetry, and yet it was well balanced by a compensating love for travel, history and ethnology. Even with all the versatile talent and intellectual power of the quattrocento Florentines interpreting the beauty of Nature and the dignity of man's soul from the viewpoint of religious anagoge, Petrarch can hardly be said to have had a worthy successor until the age of art had been well established by the genius of Da Vinci and Michael Angelo.

The whole period of Italian art from the thirteenth to the seventeenth century may be said to have been the aesthetic conflict of Christian versus pagan ideas, and the representative artists as a whole repudiated the merely sensuous and replaced it with the works of a nobler dignity and genius, works of moral inspiration, intellectual beauty, spiritual power. The ancient legends of mythology were sought out and translated in factual realities of art expression, their esoteric symbols were given a tangible and lasting public interpretation on frieze, ceiling, wall, canvas or pedestal, no more to be the private shuttle of priests and pedants. It was this generous gift of mental emancipation and spiritual ennoblement to all who wished to share them, which now shows the Italians to have been possessors of enviable credentials in aesthetic honesty, moral discernment and creative power. It is one of the outstanding reasons why I cannot wholly concur with Symonds' claim that all figurative art eventually paganizes its authors and creators as well as its patrons and devotees. To picture the pagan prescriptions as they were is one thing, while to translate them out of their pagan symbolism into some grander cultural conception of our own is quite another. A return to antiquity for material to work with does not oblige us to partake also of their crude idolatry and sensual impressionism; we have a morality and art-theory of our own to follow which is melioristic, not atavistic. It does not need to dispense with any of the ordinary *human* symbols in order to keep itself pure, but it does most emphatically need to cast out all the treacherous tastes(?) which smack of the vulgarian foist, all the wordly, sensuous, degenerate attach-

ments which are really foreign, parasitic elements thriving at the expense of the valid human symbols. Some of us may be betrayed by the false freedom of paganism and sensuous aesthetic pursuits, but this does not necessarily require that *all* of us should be no longer left free to pursue the Earth-veil or the Mountain Glory according to whatever light and inspiration we can derive from our private character and taste.

## FIRE-DANCERS OF THE MOON

BY OLIVER S. ARATA

Behold, O children of clay,  
Yon gloricus chant of celestial lay—  
A daub of red, a strip of crimson  
Around the milky, pale moon,  
Like fires of Theosophists incantations!  
The flimsy gauzes twirl and swirl  
Around the naked thews of the dancers,  
Forming brilliant colors and fantastic curls.  
Nymphs of youthful jollity,  
Sages of steel-ribbed fidelity,  
Blue-veined, moth bitten, aged men of morbid sobriety,  
Behold the patriarch from ages past,  
Of centurion, rust-covered Time.

During the pillage of Sodom,  
The destruction of Gomorrah,  
Their dance was a dirge of vent,  
And their song a low, wailing lament.

### II. REMORSE

O crosses three, two blessed and one accursed,  
That flare, gaunt and terrible,  
Against the molten yet ebony sky.  
Behold them, O Christians!  
Behold the Cross of diamond  
Upon whose mortal structure,  
There, on high, drooped like one atoned,  
Is the bowed, sacred head of the Saviour, the Crucified!  
Lo, by His unjustly pierced side

Is the hideous image of the thief whose thirst  
 For gold died with him.  
 There lingers on his lips a blaspheme.  
 His gibbet is of bloodstone made.  
 To the Saviour's right is the serene form  
 Of the converted, God-praising thief,  
 Whose lips are blessed and sweet with gratitude.  
 His annointed soul adorns not Hades,  
 But dwells in Heaven's golden shades.

\* \* \* \* \*

The wrath of the Father descended  
 And the earth quaked to bursting.  
 The stars gathered their tresses;  
 Then slinked back, like thieves in the night,  
 Into the sacristy of Heaven.  
 The burning Sun, awe-stricken and aghast,  
 Hesitated, lo,  
 Stood still in its heavenly path.  
 Affrighted the fire-dancers heard the consternation  
 That reigned in the celestial shore of planets,  
 In the azure land of the starry spirits.

Like beautiful fairies lift radiant bubbles,  
 So did they lift, these airy spirits, their pale shrine  
 To the sacrilege of the Christ;  
 While the blessed fires of Osiris faded  
 Into atoms of nothingness  
 Towards the sorrows of the sprites,  
 The dancers of the pale-faced moon.

The dancers heaped coals upon coals  
 Into the glowing fires of Cimmerian's realm:  
 Lo, the molten flames of Hades,  
 That beat against three-faced Cerebus,  
 Were but a Tyrian mite,  
 Even like zephyrs that wither gently on Hebe's fair brow  
 Alas, all were dimmed and paled  
 Into pearls and sapphire tints,  
 And their scarfs were silenced into awe  
 At the divine, august death of their Creator.



Yea. All the vast Universe sadly mourned.  
 The magic flute of Pan was silenced and churned  
 Into a water-lily of spotless hue,  
 Through whose virgin petals the wind gently sighed.  
 The voice of Echo made not reply to shepherds' call.  
 All Nature seems stupified  
 Into an awe-inspired monument.

The court of Jove and of the gods  
 Held session in bitter tears and mourning.  
 The eyes of Fate were filled with drops like dew.  
 The Muses played not their lyres.  
 Even grim, hardened Pluto shed a tear  
 That trickled down his iron cheek.  
 The sweet song of Philomel was quailed in the dells.  
 And from Heaven drops fell  
 To the burning, scorching floor of Hades,  
 Wetting the burning thirst of the asphodels.

### III. REVELRY

O brooding silence of Egyptian night,  
 O creeping shadows from dew-strewn Pyramids,  
 O Hymn of Death, O Cid of Life,  
 O Psalm of Love, O Chant of Immortality,  
 Aside, I say, and ope your vaunts  
 To secrets of your hidden heart!  
 At thy casement, O royal monument of antiquity,  
 The beateous Cleopatra,  
 Most lustrous gem in Egypt's diadem,  
 Sipped the great mystic silence of the Arabian solitude;  
 Clipped the wine from Antony's lips wantonly;  
 Stole the master passion from his eyes;  
 And made of him, the great Antony, a weakling,  
 Like a babe nestled in his mother's arms.  
 Who, O who was more worthy to be a wooer  
 Of Egypt's immortal Queen?  
 None but the noble Antony!

"O Star of Egypt!" exclaimed the noble Roman.  
 "Gaze, my love, upon yon celestial region, the sky.

Behold, O beautiful one, the shimmering moon!"  
 The eyes of Cleopatra shone like crystal dew,  
 Even brighter than the mystic stars upon which she gazed.

"By Isis!" her voice was as mellow as dew.  
 "The moon, the moon, the crystal mirage!  
 Doth thou see, Love, yon crimson strip—  
 The liquid moon, the mellow urn?  
 Sweetest herbage of my breath,  
 Yon colors fluttering on the moon's crest,  
 Yon fire-dancers, they dance the dance of joy.  
 They dance to the lyric notes of Happiness.  
 "Love," her sea-green eyes shone like those of a boy;  
 "Yon gods, yon wild gods, their pagan hearts  
 Have strayed to Earth to learn  
 That the unquenchable, burning fires of Love,  
 Whose incense burned not in Vesta's temple,  
 O breath of my breath,  
 O worshipper kneeling at my shrine,  
 Are red, like hearts of passing and mating doves;  
 Winging and cooing as they fly  
 Over the desert's barren canopies."  
 Then neither spoke nor uttered a sound.

\* \* \* \* \*

"By eyes of Hymen, and the Hymn of Death,  
 I melt into thy arms, noble Antony!"  
 "And I, immortal one, into thy jonquil charms."

#### IV. ANGER

The emerald studded chalice is spilled  
 Upon the purple cloth of the Earth;  
 Upon waving, golden-latticed fields  
 Guarded by magic hands of Persephone,  
 Overhead, the dove of Peace flies.  
 His shadow mantles the sphere of the Earth,  
 Like haggard Death o'er Dante's tomb.  
 But, red crows, green eagles, black vultures,  
 Unseen, swoop down upon Juno's messenger. They tear  
 His white breast, the heart of a lotus bud,  
 Until it is rent from throat to thigh:  
 His stifled blood falls to consecrated ground,

Like the dew falls from the pollen of the eglantine. . . .  
 His olive branch falls in hoary Charon's stream  
 And will be gathered by the withered hands of Time.

Great war rages over the continents,  
 Even unto the sea and clouds.  
 O putrid pestilence, O sceptre of God's divine wrath,  
 O battlefields bestrewn with flesh and with blood,  
 And towering above all the souls of honest men;  
 The anguished cry of wounded and slain;  
 The tramp of beating hoofs; the crash and thud  
 Of cannon's roar, its shells hurrying on destructive paths!  
 And, this sacrilege is called modern civilization?  
 Could the diabolical brains of Iago and of Brutus,  
 Or the thoughts of green-eyed Lucifer, the charlatan  
 Of Heaven, devise a more gruesome destruction?  
 Has the Messiah's suffering and His bitter agony  
 Been forgotten in the ever overflowing urn of madness?

\* \* \* \* \*

The Saviour comes upon the death-strewn battlefield,  
 His languid eyes drooped in utter sadness.  
 The Redeemer who died for the love of mankind  
 With painful steps walked over the ground where rested  
 Phantom drops of consecrated blood.  
 These martyrs were like Christians whose sacrificed bodies  
 Were strewn in the Coliseum of Roman dynasty  
 And splashed, sweet drops, on Roman soil.

"O kind, benevolent Father in Heaven, forgive them,  
 For they know not what they do!"  
 Were the compassionate, knowing words of the Redeemer,  
 As he gazed, with a look of pity, upon the terrible slaughter.

#### V. THE BRIDGE OF LIFE

A mighty bridge upward spans  
 The yearning, deep abyss from Heaven to Earth,  
 While upon its unfathomed length  
 Unborn souls of babes slowly and blindly tread.  
 They, who have not seen the ray of Life,  
 And have not throbbed with love and with hate, with breath,

And with gnawing remorse, with Ambition's stings,  
 Or with the sweet and great power of strength,  
 March on, barren in soul and in body,  
 In mind and in thought, in sin and in virtue, and their kind.  
 Nor have their immature thoughts taken wing  
 On some sweet reverie, or scalded a Parnassian height.  
 The fire-dancers gaze, intently, upon this undying horde,  
 Knowing full well that some day the world will reap  
 The reward of these future peasants and lords ;  
 These unborn of rich and of poor,  
 Of high estate and of low degree.

#### VI. THE CHASM OF DEATH

The haggard forms upward march  
 In files two score and ten ;  
 Gaunt and terrible, lean with white age,  
 Thin to emaciation. With an aimless lurch  
 They approach the ravenous, fiery Chasm.  
 Whether they be beggar or thief, rich man or sage,  
 Poet or peasant, it matters not ;  
 For, they are as lilies withering on a pond.

One by one they tumble into the hell-pit—death.  
 O pity, they are but a meagre frond  
 In a seething flame that scorches and burns,  
 Like a molten fire lashes its sting upon a delicate flower.  
 Lo, they are swallowed in the Chasm of Death.  
 Their hands wave, in a faint signal of distress ;  
 Then, the shivering bodies go under, helpless,  
 Abandoning all their earthly desires.  
 They go to meet the judgment of their Creator,  
 To receive the sentence of everlasting happiness,  
 Or, the curse of hell-fire—forever.

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