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A JAIN TEMPLE

Frontispiece to The Open Court

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THE PRINCIPLES OF JAINA ETHICS

BY ALBAN G. WIDGERY

JAINISM is a form of belief and practice of a small but influential community in India. It is probable that in earlier times the number of its adherents was far greater than at present: it is certain that they formerly possessed considerable political power and widespread organizations in Bengal, in the south around Mysore, and in Kathiawar. Most occidental scholars and some Indian writers still persist in describing Jainism as an off-shoot or reform of Brahmanical Hinduism. There seems to be more justification for the view of its own scholarly adherents that it was originally an independent movement not arising out of the Brahmanical tradition. It points back to a series of twenty-four *Tirthankara* or teachers of the present age, two of whom at least are generally regarded even by occidental students to be historical: Parsvanatha and Mahavira. The form which Jainism has at present is accredited to the reform and revival inaugurated by Mahavira. However its doctrines may have originated and developed in the past, it is now essentially a dogmatic system: certain fundamental conceptions and terms are accepted from tradition and from writings regarded as authoritative, and reflection amongst Jainas is directed to expounding the meanings of these terms and defending the validity of these conceptions.

Though Jainism may with good reason be called a religion, its main motive is ethical. By this is not to be understood ethical in the sense of predominantly sociological or otherwise humanistically utilitarian. Jainism, as ethical, is bound up with a definite system of metaphysics and with much of the character of rudimentary psychology. As a system of ethics it teaches a way of redemption from evil and of attainment of the good. This involves the *ratna traya* or three jewels, right faith, right knowledge, right conduct. But though the ethical is central and fundamental it is developed in

Jaina writings so frequently from the metaphysical background that any adequate exposition must give definite attention to this. It comes best into view in the consideration of the second of the three jewels, right knowledge.

Right faith is variously interpreted. In the minds of many Jains it appears to be regarded as the general acceptance of or belief in Jainism, just as among many Christians faith is thought to be acceptance of and belief in Christianity. It is a sort of rationalization from this position as implying belief that leads Mr. J. L. Jaini to describe it by the not very consistent expressions of "reasoned knowledge," "belief in things ascertained as they are"; "it is a sort of sight of a thing" (TS, p. 15).¹ The essential implication appears to be an attitude of mind. Right faith, says Mr. C. R. Jain, "only opens the outlook of life to embrace the highest good." It has "its eye constantly fixed on the great ideal of perfection and bliss" (KK, 887, 886).²

Though *kevali jnana* or omniscience is included as an aspect of perfection, there is little in Jaina writings to suggest that knowledge is or should be pursued for interest in it as such, for any intrinsic worth, as knowledge for its own sake. The purpose of its pursuit is its bearing on the attainment of the ethical end of redemption and self-realization. "Right knowledge is the detailed knowledge of the process of self-realization, without which nothing but confusion can be expected as a result of action." It is intended "to furnish an accurate description of the path to be traversed, of the obstacles to be encountered on the way, and of the means to be adopted to steer clear of them." (KK, 887) Jaina metaphysics and psychology are developed with this aim in view. Moral conduct is said to depend on correct knowledge. "First of all a person must have knowledge of substances existing in this universe, and then proceed to regulate his conduct accordingly." (DS, translator's preface xii)³

Right knowledge is of five kinds according to Jaina classification.

¹*Tattvarthadhigama Sutra*: A treatise on the essential principles of Jainism. By Sri Umasvami Acharya; translated by J. L. Jaini. Arrah, India, 1920. Hereafter referred to as TS.

²*The Key of Knowledge*. By Champat Rai Jain. Arrah, India, 1919. 2nd ed. Hereafter referred to as KK.

³*Dravya-Samgraha: A Compendium of Substances*. By Nemichandra Siddhanta-Chakravarti, with a commentary by Brahma-Deva. Translated by S. C. Ghoshal. Arrah, India, 1918. Hereafter referred to as DS.

Jaina writers have a fondness for making classifications and lists. This practice no doubt arose in part through their convenience for oral instruction of adepts and for facilitating memorization. The divisions are often not strictly in conformity with the principles of occidental logic in that they frequently overlap and do not always imply the application of one *fundamentum divisionis* in each group of classes. The precise significance of some of the following divisions of knowledge is not clear. The five kinds of knowledge are: 1) knowledge of the self and the non-self by means of the mind and the senses; 2) knowledge from the scriptures; 3) direct knowledge of matter; 4) direct knowledge of another's mental activity about matter; 5) omniscience, being knowledge of all things in all their aspects at all times (TS.21). "In the state of perfect knowledge we have a clear idea of the real nature of everything, ego and non-ego," that is, both *darsana* (general) and *jnana* (detailed) knowledge. (DS.105).

The fundamental concepts of Jainism have been grouped in lists with comparatively slight variations. The most definite is that of the seven *tattvas* or principles: 1) *jīva* the living; 2) *a-jīva*, the non-living; 3) *asrava*, the influx of *ajīva* to *jīva*; 4) *bandha*, the bondage of *jīva* to the *ajīva* associated with it; 5) *samvara*, the cessation of the influx of *ajīva* to *jīva* 6) *nirjara*, the elimination of *ajīva* from *jīva*; 7) *moksha*, the state of complete liberation and bliss. Another list, under the name of the *padarthas*, gives the above seven with the addition of: 8) *papa*, vice or demerit; and 9) *puṇya*, virtue or merit.

The two most fundamental concepts are *jīva* and *ajīva*, the living and the non-living. *Jīva* is an agent, possessing the attribute or consisting of *chetana*, consciousness, intelligence. It is *amarta*, that is, it cannot be apprehended by the senses and has no qualities which can be apprehended by the senses. It is not found as one universal consciousness, but as a multiplicity of individuals. There is an infinite number of *jīva*. They may be grouped in two classes: *muṅkta jīva*: those entirely free or liberated; and *samsari jīva*, those entangled in the meshes of *samsara* or transmigration associated with bodies. All *jīva* are in essence eternal, unoriginated simple substances with no beginning and no end to their existence. There are *jīva* everywhere in the world we know, in plants, animals, mankind, and for the cosmology of popular fancy in hell and the realm of the gods.

Samsari jiva are of varying grades in the level of existence viewed from the standpoint of perfection. As such their existence consists in a series of finite life courses until the state of perfection is reached and the condition of finitude ceases. The forms *jiva* thus assume are due to their own activity, yet "in spite of the origin and decay of forms the soul (*jiva*) maintains its nature and identity" (PS. 17).⁴ In fact, in essence, the *jiva* is eternally perfect: imperfection can be rightly attributed only to the embodied *jiva* as a totality of *jiva-ajiva*. Though the intelligence of *jiva* may be obscured it can never be destroyed. Now while it is believed that certain individual *jiva* have from this embodied state attained the perfect state of pure *jiva*, it is maintained that at present, and as far back as we may go in the lives of the other *jiva*, they are and have been in the condition of finite embodiment. Those who have attained perfection are *jina* or conquerors. Thus "every *jiva* to begin with is a *karma-jiva*, and *nirvana* is a unique state to be acquired anew and for the first time. The state of nature is not a state of freedom. It is a state of bondage. *Jiva* finds itself in chains and by its own exertion secures its own freedom." (PS. 19) All that the *jina* or conquerors can do for others is to teach them the truths, the right knowledge, and inspire them with the right faith: actual attainment depends entirely on individual effort. Regarded as realistic the Jaina view of *jiva* was opposed to the nihilistic and *anatta* theory developed in early Buddhism. "That he is infinite in perfection and yet finite with reference to temporal life, that he is born into perfection and yet dead from *samsara*: that he is the negation of all extrinsic qualities, and still the affirmation of his own intrinsic nature; that he has knowledge perfect, and yet devoid of knowledge, imperfect; these eight attributes will not be associated with him if *nirvana* is interpreted nihilistically" (PS. 33).

In the scale of *samsari jiva*, the humanly embodied *jiva* are distinguished from those below them by the possession of reason. There are thus three aspects of the life of this *samsari jiva*: 1) the cognitive, *darsana* and *jnana*; 2) the active *karma-chetana*; 3) the affective, hedonic and non-hedonic, *kama-phala-chetana*. Feelings are *subha bhava*, pleasant; *asubha bhava*, unpleasant; and *sudha bhava*, pure. The first two depend on external contact; the last one is the

⁴*Panchastikayasara*. The five cosmic constituents. By Sri Kundakundacharya. Translated by A. Chakravartinayanar. Arrah, India. 1920. Hereafter referred to as PS.

enjoyment of the self by the self not depending on external contact. The emotions are of two main types: 1) *sakashaya*, as anger, pride, which defile the soul; and 2) *akashaya*, as sorrow, which do not defile the soul but aid in its purification. The cognitive and feeling aspects of experience being due predominantly to activity, activity is the most important of these three aspects of the soul. If on the one hand activity may lead to bondage, on the other it is activity which liberates the soul if the proper rules are observed.

Not following the usual order of the *tattvas* as given above, attention may next be directed to the Jaina ideal, *moksha*. This is seen in the essential nature of *jiva* itself. As conscious the *jiva* has the capacity of knowing, but there is nothing to show that what any one *jiva* may know, any other *jiva* might not also know. Each *jiva* is thus regarded as potentially capable of omniscience. Actual omniscience is part of perfection. It is maintained along similar lines that the *jiva* is capable of perfect and complete bliss, and also of perfect freedom from restraint or constraint from beyond itself. The ideal is a condition of omniscience, complete freedom, and perfect bliss, and to these attributes is sometimes added omnipotence though it would seem that the significance of this in such a scheme must be the same as complete freedom.

Freedom and bliss are very closely related, as will be seen by a consideration of the nature of bliss. Bliss is not pleasure. Pleasure and pain are experienced through the relation of *jiva* to something other than itself. Pain may come through its association with a physical organism or body. Pleasure may be obtained by means of the physical organs, as hearing a musical symphony or tasting nice foods. Pleasure and pain being themselves simply accompaniments of particular transient experiences are temporary and impermanent. Pleasure depending on external conditions cannot be the ultimate good of a free spiritual being, the good of which to be entirely within its own power must be within itself.

The ideal state of *jiva* being one of infinity, perfect freedom, and bliss, contrasted with the experience of finitude and bondage in which it is immersed in the ordinary conditions of this life, the cause of these experiences calls for close consideration. Expressed briefly the cause is the conjunction of *jiva* with *ajiva*. It has been observed that the Jainas rarely recognise and never attempt to solve the problem as to how *jiva* could ever have become originally entangled with

ajīva. At the commencement of each life in the realm of *samsara* the *jīva* is associated with some *ajīva*. But, further, it may by its activity draw more to itself. This is the process indicated by the term *asrava*. It is here that the term *karma* comes into use in Jainism. The activity of *jīva* draws to it, or holds to itself, *karmic* matter. Two problems are thus implied: 1) How is the influx of karmic matter to be arrested? and 2) How is the karmic matter already associated with *jīva* to be got rid of?

In Jainism the term *karma* has implications other than it has in Brahmanical Hinduism and in Buddhism. For it is implicated with the idea of *ajīva* as matter. Nevertheless, there is much to suggest that the *karmana* or *karmic* body of mundane souls is not exactly the same as the physical bodies of men and animals, though it makes these possible. It is "subtler," "finer," it "hears no sounds, sees no sights, etc" and cannot be a source of enjoyment (TS. 75). Yet Mr. Jaini expresses the common Jainia view when he says: "all *karmas* are material." For Jainism, therefore, the body is the prison house of the soul. Through its transmigrations it occupies a series of such prisons. The soul is in bondage, *bandha*. As the goal is to be reached by escape from this bondage, the way is essentially ascetic. Not all are able to embark directly on the path of asceticism in its more austere forms. Hence Jainism, like the Christian ethics of the Middle Ages, has a lower and a higher discipline, the path of the householder and the path of the monk or nun.

The third jewel, right conduct, which is thought to be made possible by the attainment of the knowledge of the character of existence which we have considered in outline, is "doing the right thing at the right moment": it is the "force which actually propels the barge of being havenwards" (KK. 887). There can be talk of right conduct only with respect to *jīva* as associated with *a-jīva*. For "perfect conduct consists in checking all kinds of activities which are opposed to the characteristics of the soul, which is (in itself) devoid of all actions, eternal, consisting of pure *juana* and *darsana*" (DS. 109). With reference to the rules and precepts of right conduct there are many different yet generally overlapping lists. The ethical rules of the householder⁵ are called *anuvrata*, the (five) minor vows; those of the monk and nun, the *mahāvratā*, the major

⁵See the *Ratna-Karanda-Sravakachara*: The householder's dharma. By Sri Samanta Bhadr Acharya. Translated by C. R. Jain. Arrah, India. 1917. Hereafter referred to as RKS.

vows. The *anuvrata* are: 1) *ahimsa*, non-killing etc. (discussed in detail later); 2) *anrita*, not to commit falsehood; 3) *steya*, not to steal; 4) *abrahma*, not to be unchaste; 5) *parigraha*, not to be attached to worldly things. These faults are described as "the veritable wombs of pain." Another list of the five kinds of right conduct gives them as: 1) equanimity; 2) recovery of equanimity after falling from it; 3) pure and absolute non-injury; 4) all but entire freedom from passion; 5) ideal and passionless conduct. By way of elaboration of these are the forms of external and internal *tapas* or austerities: 1) fasting, the renunciation of luxuries, etc.; 2) expiation, (including self-analysis, repentance, and confession); 3) reverence for the three jewels of Jainism, and respect; 4) service, especially to the saints and fellow members of the order; 5) study; 6) giving up attachments to worldly objects, and bodily passions; 7) concentration on the righteous and pure and avoidance of the painful and wicked. Still another list recognised in Jaina books, though the classes overlap, is of interest for its ethical import: the list of ten *dharma*s: 1) self-control; 2) truthfulness; 3) purity; 4) chastity; 5) absence of greed; 6) asceticism; 7) forbearance and patience; 8) mildness; 9) sincerity; 10) freedom from all sins.

The ultimate motive in Jaina ethics must be said to be definitely egoistic. The bliss which a *jiva* attains can only be through his own effort, no action of another can in any way affect it. Logically, therefore, one might say that as it is impossible to bring bliss to another it is futile to entertain the notion of altruistic conduct. But on such matters other Indian systems besides Jainism are notoriously incoherent. As one would expect, in practice Jainism does insist on what may be called social virtues. Indeed, its chief ethical maxim is interpreted so as to imply them. The motto often used for Jainism is: *ahimsa parama dharma*, non-killing the highest duty. So translated *ahimsa*, the leading concept of Jaina practical ethics, has the negative implication of abstention; but the description given in Jaina literature and insisted on by Jainas is also positive, the cultivation of an attitude of universal kindness and conduct in conformity therewith.

There is much psychological insight of a rudimentary kind in the Jaina system, in the attempts to formulate the conditions and processes aiding in the attainment of the moral ideal. The root of the whole process of self-redemption or self-realization is self-control.

Without this inner attitude, the external practice of *tapas* or austerities is of no avail. Self-control implies freedom from desire and aversion, and the passions in which desire and aversion are expressed. There are four fundamental passions which can be overcome by the control of the senses: these are called *kasayas*: 1) anger; 2) vanity and pride 3) insincerity and deceit; 4) greed. It is recognised that passions may be considered from the points of view of protensity, intensity, and extensity, and are to be dealt with accordingly. Moral advance is first by control of the grosser passions, then to the control of all desire and aversion and to the control of thoughts. As an aid to this vows are recommended in accordance with which one sets a limit to the extent of one's possessions or to the area within which one will travel, either to be adhered to for a certain length of time or for always. There is insistence on the practice, daily if possible, of *pratikramana*, self-examination with admission of one's faults and repentance for them; and *pratyakhya*, the resolution to avoid definite sins in future. Self-control is assisted mainly by particular forms of meditation. "*Dhyana* or meditation is of supreme importance for a person who seeks liberation" (DS, 110). There should be meditation on the transitoriness of all things, that youth, the sources of pleasure, are all temporary, that death comes to all. Meditation on the crude and impure nature of one's physical body is to lead to a cessation of the desire and the effort to find pleasure in it. On the other hand, one should meditate on one's spiritual nature. By the contemplation of universal kindness one may become freed from egoistic passions.

Considering the principle that the *jiva* is in itself perfect eternally, and that morality consists in its liberation from associations which limit it, it is not surprising that the moral life appears to be more concerned with the eradication of vices than with the cultivation of what are usually considered positive virtues. Whatever modern Jainas may say to the contrary, that is the impression given by their authoritative books. An enumeration of some of their precepts will show this at the same time as illustrating the practical aspects of Jaina ethics. The Jaina layman is to abstain from intoxicants, from flesh food, from fruits likely to contain insects. He should not eat at night, when there is not enough light to observe insects which may have got into the food. He should not earn his living by agriculture, for thereby he may kill or injure many small

organisms. Nor should he follow the profession of a soldier, which involves killing. He should not earn his living by music, presumably because music has so often in India been used in connection with dancing stimulating the passions. He should limit his daily work, his food, and his enjoyment—so that these shall not come to dominate or occupy much of his attention. He should observe regular fasts, and each day show some charity by gifts of knowledge, medicine, food, or comfort. He must not use the property of another without his consent, and not express admiration at another's pomp or prosperity. Sexual passion and its practical expression, lewd and voluptuous speech, another man's wife, and prostitutes, are to be avoided. Excessive passion between the married, matrimonial match-making, and all forms of unnatural gratification are condemned. Making false documents, spreading false doctrines, uttering falsehoods or causing others to utter them are evil. It is also wrong to tell truth which causes affliction to others if it is possible to avoid telling it. Back-biting, revealing secrets, such as telling of the hidden deformities of another are condemned. Stealing, giving instruction in methods of thieving, receiving stolen goods, keeping false weights and measures, practising adulteration, and not returning in full a deposit made by another, are all mentioned as sins (see e.g. RKS. ii, iii, iv, v.). The ascetic has naturally to observe all these, but for his higher path, the rules have to be applied more stringently. While for the householder the vow of chastity is to avoid adultery, for the monk and nun it implies complete celibacy, the avoidance of all sex acts, and abstention of all talk or thoughts on sex. "If there be a cessation of sin, other things, wealth, prosperity, etc., are not needed; but if the influx of sin still continues, then what purpose can be served by wealth and the like?", that is, sinlessness is the occasion of bliss (RKS. 16).

There is little stress on positive social virtues in Jaina systematic writings, but more of that kind can be found in folklore stories used for purposes of popular moral teaching. It has been noted previously that the central conception of *ahimsa*, non-killing, has been given a positive interpretation of universal kindness. The Jaina recension of the tales collected together in the *Panchatantra* has a number of ethical maxims of which the following may be taken as examples: "What virtue is there in the goodness of the man who is good to his benefactors? He (only) who is good to

those who do him wrong is called good by the virtuous" (i. 277). "Hear the sum of righteousness, and when thou hast heard, ponder it; Do not to others what would be repugnant to thyself." (iii. 103) *Dana*, gift or charity is frequently praised, especially charity shown to members of the ascetic orders, but it should also be shown to Jaina or non-Jaina (TS. 154). There is to be "tender affection for one's brothers on the path to liberation" (TS. 134); and humility together with proclaiming the good qualities of others (TS. 135); and pity and compassion for the afflicted.

The purpose of this exposition is to give a brief description of the main characteristics of Jaina ethics, and not to examine it critically. Most of its defects are obvious. But notwithstanding these it represents an attempt to make spirituality and inner spiritual freedom the essence of morality and constitutes a noteworthy contrast to the ethics of humanism and worldly civilization of no small part of the occidental world.

WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO DEMOCRACY?

BY T. SWANN HARDING

PEOPLE are quite generally agreed that perfect governments, like perfect marriages, do not now exist. They agree, moreover, that all existing governments (and marriages) are oppressive, unjust, and even iniquitous, in certain particulars. This is to be expected. What is surprising is that the vast majority of men are sufficiently sentimental to imagine that there can be perfect governments (and marriages) which will produce universal happiness and contentment and will oppress no one.

This sentimentality in the face of adverse demonstration is as heroic as it is unfortunate. We meet it generally. Take, for instance, the opinions of recently returned European travelers. Mr. William Henry Chamberlin assures us, after several years in Russia, that the Soviet government is a cruel despotism based upon terror with dictator Stalin as chief assassin. At the same time Miss Anna Louise Strong assures us, after several years in Russia, that Stalin is in no sense a dictator, and that the Russian government is benevolent and wise.

Mr. Max Eastman, our most charming and intelligent radical, agrees with her not at all, however: for he thinks Russia has departed from the kindly internationalism of Lenin and Trotzky. It has, instead, adopted crass nationalism, and loyalty to dictator Stalin has replaced proper loyalty to the proletariat and international brotherhood. Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn returns from Europe crying, "A pox on both your houses!" and asserting that both Fascism and Communism regiment the populace both as to bodily and mental or spiritual nutrition and values.

All of these good people, however, seem assured that a perfect government can be brought into being—one which will not, of course, deal unfairly or oppressively with their own kind of people. Meanwhile the more learned Communists can cite chapter and verse of their Holy Vedas to show us how the best of all governments will reign supreme when we all become devotees of the true faith.

We do not need to go to Russia to find novelty in government. Right in the United States, and in the memory of the present writer, we have had a wide variety of totally different governments, all de-

clared rotten by certain people who thought they knew how to formulate the basic principles of good government. Since 1900 we have had governments which governed as little as possible, absolute dictatorships, dictatorship by request of the general public which wished to escape responsibility, outright plutocracy, state capitalism—even a great deal of socialism.

But people have always complained and have as regularly contended that it would be easy enough, by a few changes, to produce a good government that would oppress no one. All forms of government displease because they oppress certain individuals or groups. Yet changes in government merely seem advantageous because they shift the onus of oppression to new backs. They in their turn become offensive and intolerable as soon as the new oppressed appreciate their status and organize for relief.

Consider a group that sociologists have the delicate habit of describing as "underprivileged." During any period of our country's history certain people have been unemployed. It has usually been felt that somewhere within that larger circle of the unemployed stood a group that might rightly be called unemployable—the utter misfits, the incompetent, the mentally or neurologically deficient. Many of us who were not in this grouping at the time have felt that many of these misfits should simply be taken up and colonized under scientific supervision in such a way that they would be self-sustaining outside the regular economic mechanisms of our society.

Then, we felt, the rest of us could get along very well on our own resources. No relief would be necessary, for the least of our citizens would be self-supporting. However, they would be so only under some sort of regimentation or other. Even this would be quite tolerable to us, so long as we could escape the regimentation; but if the condition of our country became such as to expand the circle of the underprivileged until we ourselves stood therein as incapable of making our way under existing circumstances, the very perfect scheme would begin to seem oppressive and intolerable to us.

This is generally true of government and the problems it faces. The last Administration at Washington, faced with an economic crisis, undertook state capitalism to the most extraordinary degree it had ever been undertaken in this country. It also undertook a marked degree of socialization, increasingly making our government operative as well as functional. But it clung to certain basic prin-

ciples that compelled it to leave a very large number of people in extreme want.

That government became offensive and we voted in what was called the New Deal which was, in a sense, revolutionary. It set out at once to redistribute income and has already gone far in such redistribution. It went even further in the matter of socialization, putting the government actively into production of many commodities and actually redistributing the finished products within relief channels but entirely outside the profit market.

Then it went even further, and that was revolutionary. For the first time in history our government consciously regarded itself as responsible for the economic status of the citizens. However, it took this enormous responsibility upon itself without immediately beginning to perfect any mechanism that would make the economic well-being of the citizen contingent upon his own initiative and exertion. It left him to regard basic necessities as his right without the necessity for working. Something must in time be done to curb this tendency towards demoralization, but this does not alter the revolutionary character of the government's avowal of policy.

In taking this economic responsibility the government did precisely what a large group declared it should do when the previous Administration was in power. Immediately, however, that these new policies—limited redistribution of wealth, accelerated socialization of government, and avowal of governmental responsibility for the economic well-being of the citizens—got under way, certain citizens who had accepted the acts of the previous Administration as wise, began to protest the regimentalizing dictatorship of the New Deal. Why? Simply because they in turn felt the oppressive hand of government.

All government is, and by its nature must be, oppressive. Basically there can be but two extreme types of government, Imperialistic and Democratic. The former, in its purest manifestation, regards the State as supreme and the individual citizen of value only in proportion to his ability to contribute to the perfection of the State. The latter, in its purest form, would provide the greatest possible amount of individual liberty consistent with the provision of that minimum of social liberty without which no State can exist today.

In the former the State, in the latter the individual, would be emphasized. But in neither, and in no modern, populous, highly in-

dustrialized State, could any government possibly exist which did not infringe upon the personal rights of certain groups or individuals. Every form of government is and must be more or less oppressive. No matter how democratic it pretends to be, a modern government must regulate foods, drugs, automobiles, buildings, public health, and so forth and must, in so doing, infringe upon the absolute freedom of certain persons. Individual liberty must be restricted in order to provide maximum social liberty under the existing circumstances.

This is true in every sphere of life and under whatever kind of government there is. It is just as true that no government can deal "justly"—i.e. softly—with all the governed. There must be injustice, or an infringement of those personal liberties which are "rights" in unorganized society. A man with no neighbors within ten miles may do a great many things that men, organized in a complex city community, can not be permitted to do. But a government must be careful not to carry oppression to unnecessary lengths under ordinary conditions.

For the success of a government depends in part upon the psychological condition of the governed. Today American farmers are demanding a greater degree of regimentation, in order to get their non-cooperative fellows in line, than the Agricultural Adjustment Administration thinks wise because in more normal times the rules evolved may be regarded by these same farmers as oppressive. Again, a government like Hitler's may go much further in the matter of oppression than a more stable government of a more normal people, because chaos is the only alternative.

The success of a government usually depends, however, upon its ability to keep the oppressed classes to a relatively small minority, and to foster even in their minds the delusion that the injustice done them promotes their own good—by promoting the greater good of all—and actually is not, when seen in proper light, injustice at all! True enough a crisis government which offers chaos as its alternative, can afford to be less careful about this than a more normal government which can be turned out of office by simple elective machinery and another different but stable government established. Even then it is unwise for a crisis government to drive the oppressed classes to such desperation that the sympathy of other nations goes out to them.

When a government fails at this highly technical job it cuts its own throat. When under Wilson's War-time dictatorship we harshly oppressed conscientious objectors, we still tried to make it appear that this was for their own and the greater good. In case of partial failure of the government at this job the oppressed may organize and defeat it in an election. If its failure is abject and complete, a large numerical body with a strong sense of being ill-used may, with proper leadership provoke sporadic violence or even revolution.

But this can occur only if crisis psychology rules the public, if there exists some compact group with an attractive new design for government, and if capable leaders arise. The program of this group should be full of bold, forceful generalizations but hazy in detail, and even it may be discarded or greatly modified in case the group rides to power. If, however, chaos offers the sole alternative to a weak, inefficient, oppressive government which provides some measure of control, things may run along indefinitely without revolutionary change.

A new government, however achieved, has an initial advantage. It does not have to buy good will; it brings along its own. Everybody expects a new deal but only a certain portion of the citizens can get it. Under the Russian revolution the new deal went to the previously oppressed class, the proletariat. Under our Revolution in 1776 power remained in the hands of the wealthy and influential as before—except that it went to the plutocracy of America from the aristocracy of Great Britain. Much later, after the accession of Jackson, the rugged individualists and the small business men got things into their hands. Power did not return to the plutocracy until after the industrial revolution and the consolidation of finance—say by the time of Mark Hanna and William McKinley.

But in all these cases the new government brought a change. Those who had been oppressed gained release, but always at the price of oppression for other classes. For those who formerly had things their own way began to be oppressed for the greater good. Later the new government settled down to a rather dreary routine while the public, glad to have rid itself of "injustice," and gladder still to have cast all responsibilities upon the new government (for responsibility is always anathema to your average citizen) turned with great relief back to its daily tasks.

In time conditions are seen to be no better—by and large—than they were before. If the government is wise a new, minor adjustment is in order, a few new individuals or groups acquire power and a few others are newly burdened. For a successful government must always be shifting the burden of oppression and injustice from some shoulders to others. It must meanwhile carefully foster new illusions in the minds of the oppressed. Governments never oppress maliciously unless through stupidity and ineptitude, but no government can exist without oppression.

In the United States we have a singular system that permits almost complete revolution by elective or judicial means. This rests in part upon the innate timidity and docility of our common people in the face of bitter misfortune. It rests also in part upon the fortuitous circumstance that, thanks to John Marshall, the Supreme Court can entirely change the character of our government every so often by a few judicious decisions. Finally we have great facility for calling new things by old names, for stretching legal interpretations to the limit, and for successful self-delusion.

We can easily think we are getting just what we want when we are offered its precise opposite. We can sincerely believe our government has not changed radically, in spite of complete revolution, merely because certain externals have remained undisturbed. Nor is this unusual. Nor are we enslaved by delusion, for men never are. They can not know everything about everything and must always take many things on authority or faith. We must all labor under delusions constantly and on many subjects and, if by a slow process of education, we are deprived of one set of delusions in one domain of our thought, we soon nurture another set in another domain.

Our Declaration of Independence reads—"We hold these truths to be self-evident, . . . that all men are created equal" yet biology directly denies this, declaring that even eggs themselves differ markedly in quality. All are not equal in intelligence nor can we take any two babies and make them equal by giving them a proper and hospitable environment. The original raw material to make a high quality product simply is not in the biological stuff of which they were constructed.

We hold the delusion of complete freedom, a thing more nearly approached under despotism in ancient China than ever by us. For this ancient government, though despotic, was so permeated by the-

ories of virtue and good action that a Chinese could travel anywhere he wanted to without let, hindrance, or report. He could set up legitimate business at any place he wished. He was not obliged to become educated, or to follow a calling, or even to be a soldier. There were no sumptuary, no civil, no municipal laws—only the penal code existed, and it was not rigidly enforced. Yet propriety and virtue so abounded that society ruled itself and a decent, respectable family man had nothing to fear.

But the Chinese of those days were a quiet people who trusted each other. They had maximum freedom under despotism. The despotisms of today are not so benign. Now, for some years we have witnessed a trend away from democracy and towards imperialism. Russia, Italy, Spain, Austria, Hungary, Germany, Bulgaria—one by one they go. We bewail the menace to democracy, overlooking the fact that all governments rest really upon the consent of the governed.

The disintegration of mutual trust and voluntary cooperation upon which democracy is based occurs rapidly in periods of crisis when fear is rampant. This in turn inevitably produces an imperialism which may be communistic in faith in one country, fascistic in another. When and if the crises pass the trend will be reversed. Since God has gone out of fashion it is quite natural for people today to trust the authority of the State when they are frightened. Even very intelligent people will under such circumstances tend to champion tyrannical governments run by cruel, heartless, or stupid men.

We should remember, when we tend to scorn such imperialistic ventures in modern government, that Madison's *Journal* carries much evidence that our own Founding Fathers severely distrusted the people. George Washington and other leaders of his day repeatedly deprecated the power of the average man to establish self-government. Voters were few in those days. Washington himself was elected President by a handful of propertied citizens. The whole tenor of the times was to reserve power in the hands of the most intelligent, the test for intelligence being the possession of property.

Modern dictatorships, accompanied as they usually are by forms of exaggerated and exalted adulation that border psychologically upon the deification of the ruler (an old Roman custom) are, it is true, atavistic. The modern dictator becomes for the time as much God as was Augustus of old. The attitude is similar to that of Is-

lam and is embodied in the Shi'ite doctrine of the Caliphate. It partakes of the texture of folk hero myths. Moreover there is in every human being a partly suppressed desire for power. This can too seldom be gratified directly, so vicarious gratification in the person of the exalted dictator plays its part.

The situation that produces strong imperialistic governments is such as always to inhibit the self-assertive impulses of individuals. It emphasizes instead their abject helplessness. Then a personality arises who "saves" (or is felt to save) the situation; the child:parent relationship intervenes; dependent emotions towards the ruler appear, helped along by pseudo-identification with his very person; individuals next take pleasure in magnifying his might and glorifying his power, and even his cruelty; masochistic and sadistic trends manifest themselves and the ruler, first a symbol, becomes a seeming reality. Hope revives. Despair appears banished. Even the dictator's cruelty and stupidity appear admirable and honorable.

At all times, however, the real power is in the hands of the vast horde who are in physical majority. They may give this power to Hitler or Mussolini or they may delegate it to a Communistic party or an American President, but it is theirs to withdraw at will. No government and no ruler ever has power other than that it or he is permitted to have by the governed. But the governed are so fearful in the presence of responsibility and of the necessity for making bold decisions that they freely relinquish power to any individual or organization willing to take it.

Often the government or the dictator in such circumstances has no program. That is not necessary. Hitler and Mussolini have manufactured their programs as they went along, guided by the exigencies of the occasion. It is necessary for a successful responsible government, even when it rests upon the free and absolutely voluntary consent of the governed, to adopt an experimental attitude, to govern play by play. The announcement of a rigid, formal, or inelastic program nullifies its best efforts at once. It definitely points out those who will be oppressed by it. It sets up propositions for an opposition to demolish. It is possible for such a government to be much wiser than certain European dictatorships, but it must also be plastic.

While it can never be perfect, we have no evidence that man is a rational, logical animal adapted to live under an ideal or scientifically adjusted social, economic, and political system. Until we have

evidence that man is not simply a congenitally unregenerate scoundrel, it seems a waste of time to bemoan his sad estate or even to try providing him with a perfect government and puncturing his delusions. For man must be deluded to be happy. No man or woman could even be a successful monogamist without an equipment of durable self-delusions.

So long as man is a whimsical, emotional, disorderly animal, so ready to surrender his power and his possessions to those who promise to keep these for him safely and use them for his benefit, certain things will follow inevitably. Millions of us will voluntarily surrender power: we want nothing to do with responsibility. Naturally more aggressive individuals, or institutions like government, will preempt such power and may use it to oppress the very people to whom it "rightfully" belongs, but who voluntarily cast it aside!

When the so-called New Deal appeared on the scene our people were worried and perplexed. They had no idea what to do. They wanted above all things to bestow power and responsibility upon some one who would get them out of the mess. The previous government refused this grant of power. The New Deal accepted it and, quite deliberately, also the responsibility that accompanied it. Certain citizens were very much dissatisfied. They had too little money. Their loyalty to government flagged. So the new government distributed some money among them, thus redistributing the national income.

There was as little resort to imperialism as possible under the circumstances. Even that minimum was exquisitely decked out as pure democracy. The Old Deal had oppressed too many citizens. It was impeded by bigoted beliefs which did not impede the New Deal. The New Deal could also create auspicious psychological conditions; it could make the public think that increased expenditure by government, producing increased indebtedness, was not the disastrous thing it had been painted.

The specific mechanisms used by the New Deal in accomplishing its purposes were inconsequential. The vast machinery erected was an artifact. It was useful and necessary because impressive and quieting of fear. For the same reason it is better for a government to print bonds and to borrow money against these, than for it to print money directly—though both processes are economically identical. The oppressed classes were restive because they had too little.

The New Deal so arranged things that a great many of them received more income, in money or in goods. The government's first obligation, that of self-preservation, was accomplished.

The success of the New Deal thereafter, and hereafter, depended and depends upon the facility with which it makes proper adjustment to new conditions that arise. This demands the services of supremely competent administrators. The production of such administrators is something that we have done very little to encourage. Indeed government has remained very largely a rule-of-thumb empiricism instead of becoming a science. Basic questions have never been investigated scientifically.

We do not know whether or not bureaucracy, committee or commission rule, representative government, or authoritative executive government offers the most efficient means of performing certain tasks. We do not know whether parliaments or congresses, administrative committees, or responsible executives work better in actual practice. We have never studied the real value of the advisory committee, though we pretty well know such a committee is usually ruled by one man and acts in some essentials almost as would a single executive. Some committees are better than one man; some are worse; some members contribute their knowledge; others add nothing to the pool.

In the past century scientific and technical progress have completely changed the environment of government. Those who have had or who have developed knowledge have not had power, largely because they do not want it, fortunately because they probably could not exercise it wisely. The scientist or technician does not generally have the qualities that make a good ruler. Moreover the old type of ruler, equipped with native intelligence and political astuteness, lacks the necessary knowledge to cope with the complex problems he faces. The cause of the breakdown in government is apparent.

Government fails for lack of properly trained administrators who can make, with informed intelligence, the necessary adjustments in the face of recurrent change in our complex society. For scientific and technical progress produce constantly recurring change. Governments must equate these changes for the good of the governed. All government is destined to oppress a minority for the good of the majority but only under carefully trained administrators, guided by experts, can modern government function well enough to regain its lost respect.

IMMORTALITY

IS IT POSSIBLE OR EVEN DESIRABLE?

BY JUUL DIESERUD

FUTURE life, or even absolute immortality, is a conception dear to mankind, and hardly any race or people has escaped its allurements. Few individuals get enough happiness out of the short span of life on this little globe, not to crave insistently for a continuation. Even the best among us fail miserably in doing our full duty to our nearest friends and relatives, not to speak of mankind as a whole, and it seems a glaring injustice not to be given another chance to do better, to meet again those to whom we have failed to give the necessary assistance in this life, to be able to ask their forgiveness and turn a new leaf with them in a higher, more advanced sphere of existence.

Most of us, particularly in our younger, more vigorous days, have a strong aversion to the idea of utter annihilation. Dust to dust seems such an unjust, unsatisfactory ending to a conscious life with its failures, disappointments and perhaps even squalid misery, that we cling desperately to the thought of resurrection in a better world with all that this may involve.

Most religions have envisaged this new life as eternal, as without end. Buddhism, it is true, voices a score of lives, with repeated deaths and rebirths, looking forward to a final Nirvana, which probably means a merging back into the All with a loss of real consciousness and memory, an existence comparable to that of a healthy cell in a healthy body. And it is a fact that this creed has furnished millions with sufficient hope and moral stamina to make their earthly life seem useful and endurable. But this modest creed has not satisfied all of humanity. Not all races and peoples have been content with less than an eternity of what they appreciated most in this life. The roaming Indians dreamed of happy hunting grounds, the Jews of the time of pastoral Abraham probably dreamed of endless groves and meadows giving abundant food to their cattle, or at a later more philosophic time they either doubted future life or reduced it to a shadowy existence in Sheol, the counterpart of the Greek Hades. The Arabians envisaged a future, splendid harem with beautiful hours; the Scandinavian and Germanic tribes looked

forward to the tremendous festival hall of Odin, or Wotan, and the wide sporting fields surrounding it. Here they could stage a glorious battle ending in the death of everybody from sheer exhaustion, fortunately only for a brief interval for every night the All-father, extending his magic, reviving wand, conducted them back in merry procession to his festival hall where mead was served in abundance by proud Valkyries.

As a Scandinavian by birth, I am inclined to look upon an existence of this sort with almost as much favor as upon a certain Christian ideal: a life in continuous glorification of a great Divinity and his court, apparently conceived on the pattern of an eastern autocrat. All-father Odin, at least, was not quite so self-centered; and he was a splendid host. He did not create millions of souls to give him personal homage, nor millions to suffer eternally in the fearful establishment of his age-old adversary, the Devil.

When a thoughtful person has passed the noonday of life, when he has to some extent valued the various notions of future life, when with Solomon he begins to realize that happiness is an illusive, ephemeral condition, generally followed by boredom, then the idea of an eternal, restful sleep takes on a less terrifying aspect. If of a reflective mind, he wonders what it really would imply never to be able to escape existence, and what possibility there would be in the universe, as science begins to fathom it, for a happiness that would be eternal. He starts upon an analysis of mind and its contents. He soon realizes that the essential contents of mind, including those that make for beauty and harmony and contentment, are in all likelihood founded upon the illusion of the senses. Take entities like beauty and harmony of sound and vision, and the delights of smell and taste. They are in themselves now considered nothing but wave motions: waves of light, of the air, of the molecules of matter. What then would be left of a disembodied spirit but a colorless, soundless, tasteless dance of electrons, air particles, and molecules?

Instead of the rich variegated spectacle of the world of human beings one would experience a bleak witch-dance of things in motion, and perhaps a faint memory. Unless we posit the possibility of a new incarnation either on this globe or upon one of the numerous planets in space where the conditions are favorable to beings with flesh and blood and the organs of sense. Now the idea of re-incarnation certainly has an appeal to active minds. Most of us

crave another chance to make good or do better than we did in this brief earthly life even if that great longing to meet our dear departed should not loom up as a possibility.

The question arises: Is there any such possibility, judging from our present knowledge of ourselves and the universe? It is a fact that no authenticated case exists of a human being that possessed any clear recollection of a previous existence, although there are loose stories to that effect. And then what are the scientific possibilities for any kind of survival of an activity or entity like the human mind when the physical organs are dissolved?

As a critical realist of the school of those sober-minded philosophers, Professor R. W. Sellars and Durant Drake, I have not the slightest faith in the possibility of a survival although I am not ready to contend dogmatically that the question is settled once and for all. There are, it is true, plenty of spiritualistic experiments; but to my notion most of them are involved in dishonesty on the part of mediums, while those that look genuine probably can be explained by our growing knowledge of telepathy, the supposition that the human brain may under certain conditions be a receiving station for thought waves in analogy with the radio.

On careful, scientific analysis, mind or consciousness is a product pertaining to the living organism reaching its culmination in man. The brain might, as in the view of William James and others, be merely a focal point, the individualization of a fraction of an immaterial ocean of consciousness, into which it will again merge with its special accumulation of experiences. But modern evolutionary science surely is very skeptical in this respect.

It seems much more reasonable and in line with our present knowledge of the universe, not to introduce any absolutely new and self-existing entity for the explanation of mind. If it is not a product of the vital activity of the living being, chiefly located in the brain and bound to be snuffed out like a light when that activity ceases, then we have as good a reason to believe in the indestructibility of the mind of an intelligent dog or horse.

Science does not seem to know of any sudden leap in mental life, as between the dull mind of an ignorant man and the highest type of an animal. The world may, for all we know, be uncreated and eternal, and all life an integral part of a universe consisting ultimately of psychic stuff, possibly being transmitted by meteorites

from planet to planet, as was suggested by Professor Arrhenius; or perhaps, a product arising on more than one planet at a certain stage of its development. To encumber any individual mind with repeated rebirths and deaths, not to speak of an eternal existence, would seem to be unnecessary and uncalled for in a universe where life is so abundant.

And then we have the tremendous problem of transfer of a disembodied mind from planet to planet, not to speak of transfer to a heaven outside the universe, which, according to the theory of relativity, although finite, fills all the space there is. If mind is a self-existing entity, it would seem that its capacity for speed cannot exceed that of light. But light needs at best four years to reach the nearest star, which may not possess any satellite, and according to the latest astronomical theories several hundred million years to reach the hitherto farthest observed nebula. Now if we assume that a mind or soul can travel with the speed of light, what a task is ahead of it?

When the Bible stories were written, it was so easy and simple to go to heaven. Its shining, crystal vault was seen up there a few miles from the earth, which was regarded as a flat disk with Hell below, or rather in its bowels, being firmly founded and at rest in the universe (*cf. Job, 384-8*). The Copernican system dealt a blow to such notions. There is no up and down in the universe, or on this little spinning globe. What is up at twelve o'clock noon is straight down at midnight. And it seems, as if a real heaven would have to be created outside of the universe, or perhaps on a satellite of a tremendous central star.

But it has been held that the soul is immaterial and its flight perhaps instantaneous. Can we not think of an incident in Europe, or the sun, or the North Star? As if thinking of an object was identical with mind being transferred to its abode in the twinkling of an eye. But this is neither here nor there.

It would seem as if in our new tremendous astro-physical setting there is no room for a special heaven and hell. Whatever fine values there are: truth, harmony, beauty, goodness, love of home and family, kindly social intercourse, work which gives self-expression, art, knowledge, and contentment, are probably located inside the universe, and they would seem sufficient for a new Humanism, both being slowly in the making.

Finally a word on the ethical and sociological bearing of the disbelief in immortality. I would be the last to contend that the old religions, in spite of their vicious intolerance, their cruel *auto-das-fás*, the religious wars, to which they have given rise, and the mental misery caused by the fear of limited or eternal punishment, have not had some share in the civilization of a partly carnivorous being like man.

But as for Christianity it has often been suggested, that one of the reasons for its phenomenal growth and the decisive step taken by Emperor Constantine, was its championship of a glorious life to come. Nothing could be more conducive to the mastering of the downtrodden masses by those who skimmed the cream of an unjust social system, than the idea that the poor would have by far the easiest access to heaven. Roman and Greek mythologies had nothing to compare with it as a sedative for social unrest. And the privileged classes calmly continued to this day to skim the cream, leaving the blue milk to the poor Lazarus and taking their chance at a reversal in life to come.

It is for the sake of social justice more than anything else, that it seems worth while to subject the dream of immortality to a critical examination.

As regards the probable effect on the criminal element of the decadence of the belief in future punishment, it will have to be sufficient to call attention to the apparent fact, that criminals as a rule never were reached by the churches except perhaps for the big, refined specimens, who generally attend service as a cloak for their predatory activities.

We seem to be getting away from the idea of sin as mainly disobedience to a divine arbitrary command. An immoral action is one that has been found to have bad consequences, not merely for society but for the individual agent. And the famous decalogue is, by the way, far from complete, entirely omitting the responsibility of parents for the next generation. It would seem that greater emphasis on the inherent bad results of immorality, in connection with a new religion of humanity, should be capable of doing as much for genuine ethical life as the old fear of Hell and the inducements of Heaven ever did.

Furthermore the human craving for some kind of conscious survival is clearly so ingrained in humanity, that there is no danger of

its going too quickly by the board, whatever reasons are amassed to cast doubt on its possibility.

If this brief essay should have advanced any comparatively new point, it would be the contention, that at least absolute immortality would be as undesirable and truly terrifying, as it is improbable, even with the discard of the barbarous notion of eternal punishment.

Spectral analysis seems to have proved that the universe everywhere consists of the same chemical elements, so that life on other planets would probably be somewhat on the same order as here on earth. In case, then, of several reincarnations, we could hardly escape the boredom of repetition. And as to the possibility of an inactive, perfect, eternal Heaven, the boredom would seem to become entirely unavoidable. It could not be saved by the impossible phantasm of a timeless existence. The idea of timelessness has clearly no status among living beings of any kind.

In the meanwhile our task here on earth should be interesting and worth while enough, when mankind awakens to its true possibilities. There will always be something to work for in the line of social justice and individual approach to general health and an active moral life. We are at least true transforming stations, that in our brief earthly existence can give billions and billions of electrons a new, better, more harmonious course. Our lives, if lived on the right plane will not have been in vain. The effect of their activity will last as long as humanity itself on this little swirling globe.

SANCTIONS AND ETHICAL RELATIVITY

BY VICTOR S. YARROS

TO THE average lay reader at all interested in philosophical and moral questions, it must seem totally unnecessary to argue in favor of ethical relativity. Is it not a truism that morals, like manners—and indeed morals have been called “superior manners”—are shaped and determined by time, place, and circumstance? Have not anthropologists, travelers, historians, and others furnished superabundant proof of ethical relativity?

We know that polygamy is moral and legal in certain parts of the world. So is polyandry. We know that killing is not always and everywhere a crime, and that lying is by many tribes deemed a virtue. Even among the best elements of the most advanced nations lying is considered a venial offence, provided it is dictated by pure and disinterested motives.

In fact, one can hardly name a single act which is everywhere treated and which always *has* been treated as immoral and anti-social.

These facts prove the relativity of ethical concepts. But, as already stated, no one denies the relativity of ethics in *this* sense of the phrase. However, there is another sense in which the same phrase is understood by many modern thinkers, a sense not likely to command universal acceptance among scientific and philosophical thinkers.

The distinguished Prof. Edward Westermarck has written an important and arresting book on Ethical Relativity in which highly controversial views are expounded. The eminent sociologist and anthropologist is an uncompromising upholder of the theory of relativity in ethics in the deeper, psychological sense of the phrase.

The central conclusion he seeks to establish in his work is this—that “moral judgments are ultimately based on emotions, the moral concepts being the generalization of emotional tendencies.” This proposition is divisible into two affirmations—namely, that moral judgments are subjective, not objective, and, further, that the source of these judgments is not the intellect, but the emotional nature of homo sapiens.

Prof. Westermarck contends that, contrary to Kant and other great thinkers, no moral principle that is truly self-evident can be

named. This means that logic and ratiocination have nothing to do with moral principles. We feel first and reason afterward. That which pleases us we subsequently approve; that which offends or hurts us we resent and then condemn in more or less precisely formulated doctrines.

With these propositions for his premises, Prof. Westermarck has little difficulty in puncturing and disposing of the old theological notions of ethics as well as of the modern or contemporaneous assumptions. He rejects absolutism, as do the Hedonists and Utilitarians, but, unlike these, he finds it impossible to find a solid foundation for ethics either in the principle of the greatest good for the greatest number or in that of the greatest good or happiness for the normal individual.

We cannot know what is good for the greatest number, or even what, in the long run, is good for ourselves as individuals. Ignorance, of course, is a very poor basis for moral injunctions.

It follows, according to Westermarck, that emotions, and emotions only, are convertible into moral judgments and ethical principles. Not *all* emotions, of course, but some. Which?

Prof. Westermarck answers: First, the feeling of "self," and secondly the sensations and feelings of pleasure and of pain. When we feel pain, we also feel an immediate, instinctive resentment against the author of that pain. Pain caused by a natural force or agent also arouses resentment, as is seen in children and very primitive savages, who will kick a stone or a chair they accidentally run up against. Intelligent persons do not kick inanimate subjects, except when exceedingly angry and furious—that is, when they revert to childhood. But we certainly resent the insults and other injuries of fellow-humans, and not infrequently kick and strike them. Now the same natural emotion will account for codes and laws and agencies directed against those who inflict pain upon us. The criminal code is one of the embodied and crystallized modes of resentment and retaliation caused by pain.

Murder, theft, arson, forgery, libel, slander, and like offences cause us pain, and we prohibit and punish them. The feeling of resentment is primary; the ideas and intellectual processes reflected in criminal codes and moral injunctions are secondary. No one, says Dr. Westermarck, will question the utility of the codes and injunctions, once we recognize their origin and the sanctions back of them.

The sensation or feeling of pleasure gives rise to gratitude, approval, friendly appreciation, or, in the author's words, "retributive kindness." These feelings or sentiments, again, generate ideas and principles. We commend those acts or courses of action which tend to render us individually and collectively contented, happy, secure. The commendations find eventual embodiment in appropriate doctrines and formulae.

Thus far it is impossible to disagree with Dr. Westermarck. But is he justified in claiming startling originality for his views? Is he not, after all, a philosophical utilitarian?

The emotions he regards as the sanctions of moral codes are biologically useful, as he points out. The concepts based on these emotions are also useful. Is it not clear, then, that *utility* is the basis of ethics and the sanction of moral laws and commands? Not always, of course, individual utility, but certainly always *social utility*.

The objection to the utility theory—namely, that we cannot know what is really good for us—applies to the Westermarck view as well. Pleasure and pain are not propositions, but sensations, and, as we have seen, very useful sensations, but our ideas and concepts of morality, based on those sensations are useful only if, and in so far as, they are correct. Manifestly, there is no absolute guaranty of the correctness and truth of the generalizations that spring from feelings. Do we know that capital punishment is useful, deterrent, and preventive? We do not. Yet capital punishment is a result of the pain-pleasure motive stressed by Dr. Westermarck. Our laws and regulations against business fraud and stock gambling are notoriously insufficient; yet there is no uncertainty as to the pain caused by the tricks and manipulations of the dishonest and greedy stock traders and the faithless directors of corporations risking their money in the securities market.

The truth, of course, is simply this: We *think* we know and we act upon such limited knowledge as we possess. Our moral and criminal codes are largely the results of collective experience interpreted by the leaders, lawmakers, and philosophers of the period. The function of the lawmaker is not to anticipate demand, but to meet it. As the psychologists say, a law is significant and effective only if it embodies a social convention, an ascertained and felt need. Even unpopular and disregarded laws—and we have too many such—represent the insistent and persistent demands of strong and mili-

tant groups aided, at least passively, by larger groups.

In short, moral ideas are the ideas of the dominant elements in the given body politic. Authority makes law, said Hobbes. But the authority that makes law has behind it the sanction of the tribe, the community, the environment.

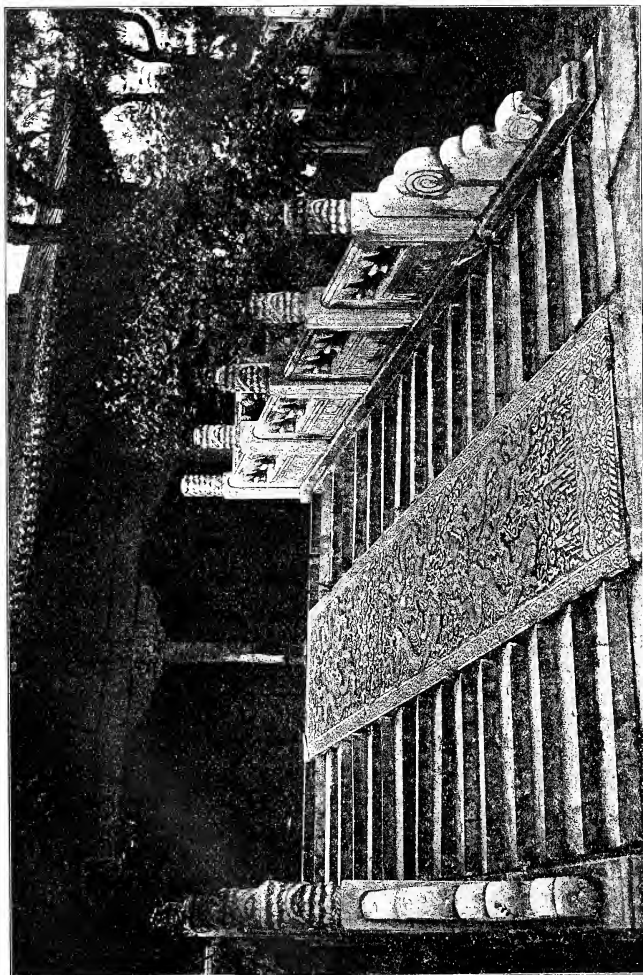
Thus, to repeat, utility is the only real basis of moral ideas, but the individual is not permitted to decide for himself what will and what will not conduce to the success and prosperity of the community of which he is a member. The decision rests with the authoritative spokesmen of the community, be they medicine-men, priests, moralists, men of science, or captains of industry and finance.

Can we conclude, then, that ethical ideas are subjective? By no means. Pain and pleasure are indeed subjective, but the ideas derived from the sensations of pain and pleasure are at once subjective and objective. Whatever lends itself to generalization, abstraction, synthesis, is objective. Science is certainly objective, for the laws of logic and thought are the same for all normal human beings capable of reasoning, criticism, verification, and correction. Ethical science is no exception to the rule.

The point may be raised that even among the most advanced peoples there are wide divergencies of opinion in respect of moral ideas or propositions. Is communism moral? Is it proper to limit or abolish economic freedom? Is currency inflation moral? Is any form or degree of censorship moral? What of the claims and demands of the radical eugenists? Has society the right to sterilize the unfit—and incidentally to define fitness and unfitness? What of birth control, easy divorce, and a hundred other contemporary questions? The wisest of us disagree with regard to them. But what does that prove? Simply, that the social and moral sciences are not exact, and that the evidence available admits of several interpretations. Passion, self-interest, bias, obscure judgment, and in the nature of things human no appeal to experiment and verification is possible. And yet, most of our laws command all but universal assent: they would be nullified with remarkable ease but for that sanction—assent. Dr. Albert Shaw has contended, indeed, that in the United States all important legislation has been the result of virtually unanimous demand and consent.

Certainly, that is the ideal, the goal society is struggling to reach. Tyranny, whether reactionary or revolutionary, whether communist

or fascist, is a passing phase. We must return to liberty, tolerance, respect for personality, spiritual and moral and aesthetic individualism. But civilized individuals like and wish to work together, to play together, to exchange ideas, to share joys and sorrows. More and more, under free institutions, will human beings recognize that abundant life and progress depend upon universal acceptance of certain fundamental principles and conditions. This recognition will be based at once on feeling and on reason. Ethics thus may become more and more scientific. "The fear of moral anarchy among the theological or metaphysical absolutists is utterly groundless. Even in the arts there is no real or lasting anarchy. The utmost freedom in letters, music, and painting leads to agreement and orderly judgment. Schools, movements, experiments come and go, but the giants and classics are not affected in the least by these ephemeral and superficial agitations. Beauty reigns autocratically, although it is relative up to a certain point. Utility ultimately dictates and enjoins ethical ideas and concepts, and it is the business of scientific thought to justify these ideas and concepts if or when they are challenged. Life is dynamic, and social conditions change. But no intelligent person will contend that it is possible for any community or society to dispense with ethical standards and ideas, or that all ethical ideals have equal validity. Civilization has its roots in certain tacit understandings and compacts. To the individual, it has its price. To the body politic and social, we may repeat, the price of civilization is self-restraint. Majorities and governments are not infallible interpreters of social utility and social expediency.



TEMPLE OF CONFUCIUS AT PEIPING

THE NEW ORIENT

TWO CAPITALS

Being a Short Description of a Recent Visit to
Peiping and Hsinking.

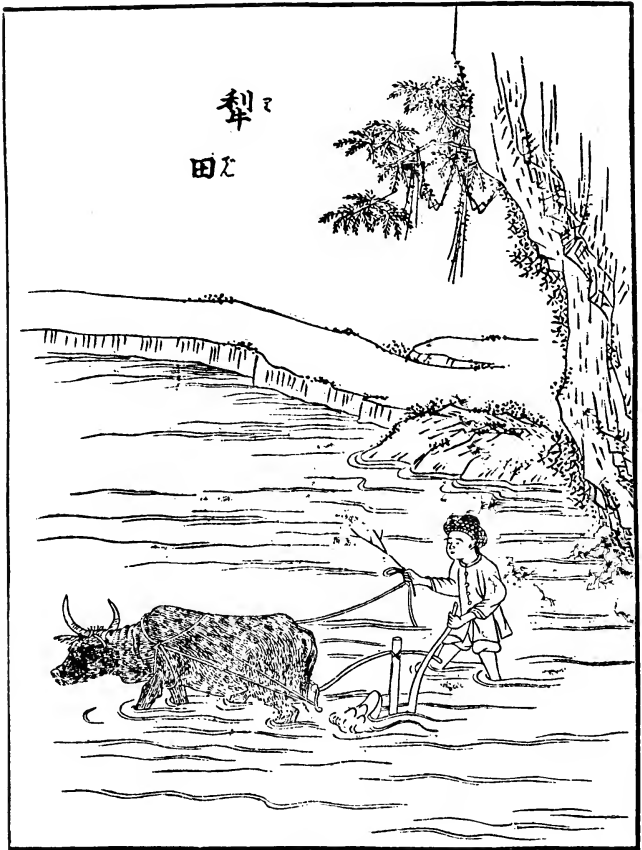
BY RUTH F. EVERETT

AFTER an interval of four years we were revisiting Peiping. With peace prevailing in Central China and railroad communication reestablished we were traveling this time from Shanghai on that romantic sounding Shanghai Express made famous by Marlene Diedrich and the movies. There really is a Shanghai Express, the remnants of the famous "Blue Train" of Wagon-Lits cars which used to run before the revolution of 1925. But the train is scarcely as the picture would have us believe. True, we did start out with a great guard of soldiers at the station. Some minister of state, perhaps the Minister of War, was traveling in the coach ahead as far as the capital, Nanking, which we would reach about midnight. And there were soldier-boys guarding each individual car all the way--young, beardless youths armed to the teeth, but always ready with a smile when a photograph was suggested or cigarettes or cakes. But disillusioning as it may be to believe, it wasn't necessary to send a man ahead to shoo the chickens from the track, nor did we have as traveling companions any glamorous ladies who might be international spies in disguise nor any bandit generals. And as for the dining-car! Well, I would let the others eat first, and if they assured me that the food really tasted better than it looked, then I took heart and ordered something.

But for China it was a luxurious train, and it arrived everywhere almost on time, and we had no complaints to make whatsoever. What matter if the ice-cream freezer and the canned goods and other culinary articles were stacked in various places around the dining-car. Who wants to travel on an air-conditioned, stream-lined, Diesel-engined train anyway? For those who do there is always the United States and the Union Pacific.

Two days and two nights of traveling took us through the lush, green rice-fields of the Yangtze valley, where sleek, brown water-buffalos tended by tiny boys, as in Sung paintings, went patiently plodding round and round drawing water from the wells to flood

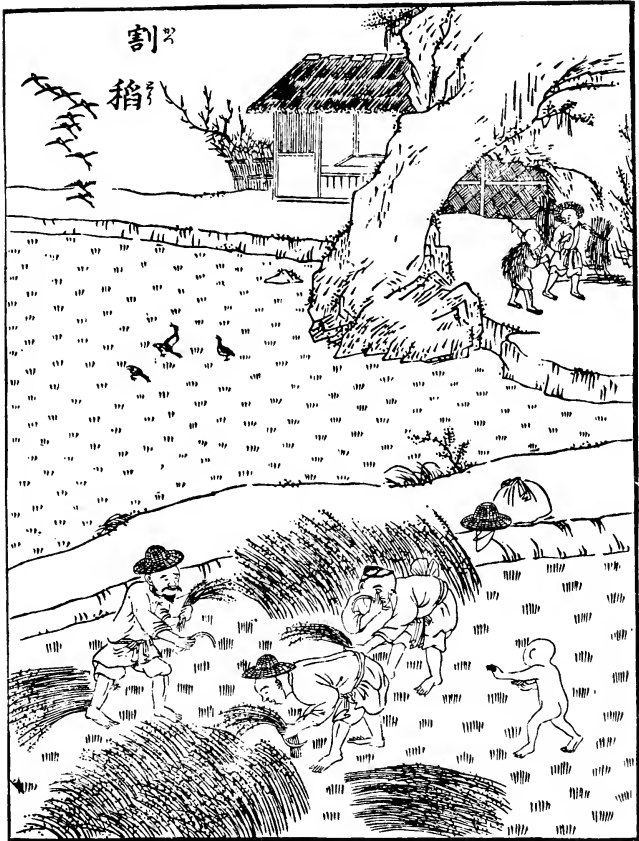
the paddies; and through hundreds of miles of golden earth which was yielding up its golden harvest of wheat under the myriad sickles of blue-garbed folk. To see with what care and with what tireless



PLOWING RICE

expenditure of effort the Chinese peasant, himself and his entire family, cultivates every available bit of this not too responsive land

is to realize as never before what the "Good Earth" really means. It is the source of Life itself. And every inch is tended with a devotion which is at once passionate and patient.



HARVESTING

The high, gray walls of Peiping, or Peking as old friends still prefer to call it, enclose many lovely homes and gardens. But none

is lovelier than the house which we call home there. "The Tranquil Abode of the Peaceful Heart" is its name. An old Manchu palace situated not far from the Forbidden City, it really belongs to friends of ours, a former American Army officer and his wife. When the Colonel retired from active service after many years spent in the Far East, this delightful couple found that their affection for China had developed bonds too strong to be severed forever. Six months of the year now find them enjoying the picturesque and colorful life of Peking city and the wonderful stillness of the almost deserted temple which is theirs in the wild and rather barren Western Hills. During the other six months both their house and their temple are havens to friends like ourselves.

The same courtly old man in his long, gray silk gown and stiff, black satin hat unbolted the great brass-studded, red-painted gates which open onto the narrow, dusty *hutung*. The same red spaniel, David, a little stiffer and a little grayer than four years ago, wagged and barked his welcome. The same great oak tree in the garden, an oak tree well over four hundred years old, is the abode of the same fairy to whom offerings are always made on the night of the full moon. And against the almost unbelievably blue sky of Peking the flocks of pigeons still fly of a morning, leaving behind them wisps and trails of eerie music from their dainty bamboo flutes. There really is no city in the world quite like Peking, with quite its charm, and with quite its thrill.

Dr. Hu Shih came for tea with us the afternoon of our arrival, and a day or two later took us in his car to see the university of which he is Dean of Literature, I believe. Yes, in his car. For the number of cars is increasing even in Peking. The rickshaw is not yet a relic of the past in China as it is in Japan. There are more automobiles and more paved streets than four years ago. In fact Peking seems to be sprucing up a bit, to be becoming a little more tidy and better kept. But under all this appearance of youth and good grooming one is conscious of the sad and depressing sense of watching the gradual dying of a city. The movement of the national capital from Peking to Nanking, while it was, no doubt, a rational act, sounded the death knell of Peking as a vital, living metropolis. True, the foreign legations have not as yet removed to Nanking, but many merchants have, and all the activity and bustle which is the natural accompaniment of a seat of government is ebbing away.

The Forbidden City with its rosy walls and its roofs of gold and and turquoise and sapphire and jade tiles—roofs whose fantastic beauty seems the flowering of imaginations totally incomprehensible to us from the West; with its great courtyards and balustraded terraces of white marble surrounded by pillared halls of lacquer-red, this is still there. But these halls have not only lost their Imperial Master but also most of the treasures which had made of this Imperial dwelling, under Republican government, one of the greatest art museums in the world. Removed to Shanghai from supposed fear of destruction by hostile armies, these treasures have vanished, many of them. Where? A committee is now at work in Shanghai to determine.

The beautiful Altar of Heaven is sprouting grass and weeds between its exquisitely carved stones. The great, iron braziers in which the Son of Heaven was wont to have placed the huge bales of multi-colored silk to be burned in sacrifice to the Sovereign on High, are rusting away. A melancholy charm is beginning to pervade the city. Which makes all the more appropriate the little verse, the poem of some unknown English poet, which Dr. Hu has translated into Chinese and which our absent host has had carved, after the style of Dr. Hu's own calligraphy, on the white marble tablet which surmounts the back of the white marble tortoise near the entrance-gate to the second garden:

Guard each moment preciously;

Already more than you realize have passed by.

A look at the extensive building plans for the new university library to be built on the site of the former palace of a Manchu Duke, and a visit to the beautiful, new and most modern Peking City Library built from American Boxer Funds, would seem to belie what I have said. I spent a morning with my friend Dr. Suzuki, the well-known Buddhist scholar of Kyoto, in the basement of this latter library looking at manuscripts taken from the caves of Tun Huang in western China, Chinese translations of Sanskrit Buddhist texts and the writings of ancient Chinese Buddhist scholars. I hesitate to say, for fear that I may exaggerate, but as I remember it the oldest one which I examined was thought to date from about 420 A.D. The ink was still fresh and the writing perfectly legible. Dr. Suzuki, reading another text as easily as if it were in the language of today, translated to our amusement the complainings of the scribe

who had copied this particular sutra, because of his patron's dilatoriness in paying the agreed fee. If the scribe could not get his money at least he could assuage his aggrieved feelings by perpetuating his patron's perfidy.

But the sense of the eventual passing of all that goes to make up the phenomenal world was strong again when, with Dr. Suzuki, I went to visit two Buddhist temples. The blind and aged Abbot of the first, sweet and peaceful and dignified as he was, could have little, or so it seemed to me, to give which would answer the needs of young China. And the dilapidated temple buildings which were his home emphasized only more clearly the lack of real vitality and effectiveness in the younger men surrounding him.

The other temple, just outside the South wall of the city, was interesting from the standpoint of the antiquarian. The fine old buildings had been kept in excellent repair. The courtyards were filled with pots of flowering plants and trees. Every corner was an exquisite composition of curved roof-line, lacquered pillar, gnarled pine branch and quiet gray-robed monk. The meditation-hall which interested me especially, was indeed from times medieval—a glimpse back into ages otherwise difficult for us to envisage. And as we drove away in our somewhat precarious vehicle through the deep dust and the heavy ruts of a Chinese country road, the sharp, harsh tones of the bell which had announced our coming, now softened by increasing distance, floated after us mingled with chanting voices and the throb of the sutra drum.

Yes, dusk is descending upon Peking. But elsewhere in China there are signs of a coming dawn. Let us hope that from the old China will arise a new China which, while adopting for itself all that is best and most modern in present-day science and culture, will not forget its obligations to its own past. Let us hope that above the clangor of machines and the hum of factories and the clatter of the cities will be raised again the voices of the Sages of old, who together with the true leaders of the present day will bring about for their people a new era of prosperity and peace, even as did Yao and Shun.

The wharf at Dairen, the gate-city of Manchuria, is all bustle and hustle in the early morning. It is a great dock of the most modern type, with a long concrete and stone pier, double-decked, with berths for steamers of all sizes and kinds, and the latest ma-

chinery and equipment. The streets of Dairen are broad and clean. The hotel is large and comfortable and up-to-date. Red brick houses of a type which we are wont to associate with a small German or Dutch city, are surrounded by gardens and trees. There are good shops, department stores, apartment buildings, hospitals, and moving-picture houses, lots of them.

In a fine, shiny Packard one is motored over splendid roads through what is known as the Kwantung Peninsula. The field-stone houses of the peasants look substantial and even affluent. The window-frames are brightly painted. The court-yards are large and the barns and auxiliary buildings numerous. One is taken to the various hilltops which were the scene of stern fighting in the Russo-Japanese war. A neat, white building on the top of one houses the museum of relics of this conflict. On the top of another the underground fortifications of a former Russian stronghold of steel and concrete, now broken and torn and twisted, are open for inspection. And from still another hilltop one may have a view to the west and to the north which seems to stretch out into the farthest reaches of Asia—of a great plain, treeless except where man has carefully cared for and nurtured a single one or two, gray and yellow except where man again has planted and husbanded a tiny plot: of rocky, weatherbeaten earth, extending to the distant, distant hills which seem themselves to extend still farther and farther to invisible mountains beyond. Nature is not soft in Asia, not in Central Asia at least. She is great and vast and bold and cataclysmic. The rivers are stony basins or raging floods; and the mountains are bleak and bare and forbidding. Nature does not woo man here. Man is but an infinitesimal speck on the surface of her bosom. This great plain stretching out before one might have been the stark, crude womb from which primeval man was born.

Hsinking is the new name for the new capital of what the newspapers call "the Japanese controlled state of Manchoukuo." Until recently only a provincial capital, a Chinese type of city with high walls of gray brick, narrow, unpaved streets, axle deep in mud in the rainy season, axle deep in dust in the dry season, hot in summer and cold in winter with those extremes of temperature which only a city situated on a wind-swept plain can know, it is now in the process of being made into a great modern city.

A fine train of Pullman cars made in the shops at Pullman, Il-

linois, a train composed of a diner, sleepers, compartment and observation cars, pulled by a great Baldwin locomotive, brings one into the fine, new station on time to the minute. A great crowd of Japanese and Manchoukuoan army officers, spurred and wearing swords, of business men with their brief-cases, and of officials with their wives and children descend from the train. Neat, red-capped porters take their luggage and promptly and efficiently deposit it at the carriage entrance. Here, however, the scene changes. The most swanking army officers do drive off in automobiles in some style to be sure. But the minor officials, the business men, the international drummers, and the less important army men satisfy themselves with a dilapidated droshky pulled by a dilapidated beast, or else, having scanned an unpromising horizon, pick up their luggage and trudge off across the broad and dusty plaza which lies between the station and the city itself.

The hotel is old and rambling, but a new wing with the last word in luxuries has been put up, hastily to be sure, but it looks well; and one has a rose-shaded electric lamp on the table between the twin beds, a thermos bottle of ice-water, and the latest type of desk telephone. The lobby and the bar and the dining-room are crowded. There is no other place to eat foreign-style food in Hsinking or to get good foreign drinks.

The broad street to the right will some day be a great boulevard after the style of the Champs Élysées. It stretches out through the rambling environs of the city for two miles or more to a great, circular hub on the plain from which will radiate other similar broad boulevards. Already buildings of all kinds are being put up on either side. High, handsome, iron gates on the right lead to a fine city park. And a little further on a huge, white structure, crowned with a tower after the style of a Japanese castle will house the offices of the Kwantung Government, the Headquarters of the Commander of the Kwantung Army and the residence of the Japanese Ambassador to Manchoukuo.

Arrived at the great circle, we are taken through the Foreign Office, the first of the new government buildings to be completed. It, too, was put up in a bit of hurry as is already evident. The green enamel roof-tiles which really are only a sort of plaster-paris are already beginning to disintegrate, and the yellow stucco walls to crack and chip. But from the roof we have a panorama of the great

plain on which Hsinking is situated; and at our feet we see the recently completed Department of Education Building, the rapidly rising Bureau of Communications, and various other large structures for which foundations are already being dug or for which concrete uprights have already been poured. The whole scene is one of animation and activity.

"Over in that direction will go up the residences for various officials. And over here where you see that clump of trees will be the palace of the Emperor Kang Te," we are told. "That temple which you see over there stood just in the center of the projected boulevard. Before we could begin any building operations at all, the government had to move it and rebuild it."

When I visited the temple the next day, I found it new indeed, and extremely clean and shiny. My host, the Abbot, was a young man of thirty-eight, but three years come from Peking, at once learned and wise, simple and energetic, a true Buddhist monk of the finest type.

Dinner at the present Embassy—a fine Georgian residence, within a large compound well guarded at the gate, later to become the home of the Japanese Consul General at Hsinking—was a very formal affair: full *décolleté* for the ladies, white vests and tails for the men. Cocktails and hors d'oeuvres in the most approved style preceded a long, course dinner which included in its menu delicious lobster and all the correct wines not excepting champagne. The dinner was served by the hotel. No private cook in Hsinking was capable of its like. The butlers wore white coats on the sleeves of which were pinned with safety pins the numbers which on less auspicious occasions they wore as ordinary waiters in the hotel dining-room. But the gentlemen remained behind for liqueurs and stories and the ladies adjourned to the small drawing-room for *crème de menthe* and coffee and gossip.

"It is said that Her Majesty, the Empress, insisted upon getting up, though she has been in bed for weeks, to attend the dinner given for his Imperial Highness, Prince Chichibu."

"The Prince is so very handsome, you know."

And later, when the gentlemen had joined us, we were shown the exquisite Japanese garden which had been finished just the week before for the visit of his Imperial Highness and we strolled up and down the terrace in the air of the summer evening, smoking and

talking of friends we had known here and there, and of previous meetings in Tokyo and New York and all the other things which cultured people talk about wherever they may be.

The Prime Minister of Manchoukuo, Premier Chêng, received us in the large sitting-room of his official residence, a gray brick, foreign-style building in the old city. This man of seventy, a Chinese, a great poet and a great calligrapher, considered by many the greatest living today, has devoted his entire life to the service of his Imperial Master. The wiles of Republican politicians, their offers of high rank and great wealth, never swerved him in his undying purpose, that of returning his Emperor to the throne of his ancestors. It was he who accompanied the former Son of Heaven in his flight from the house of the former Imperial Father, Prince Ch'un, to the Japanese Legation. It was his carriage which drove them both through the streets of Peking, hidden from the curious eyes of the people by one of those terrific dust storms which sometimes sweep down from the Mongolian desert. When he accompanied his Imperial Master on still another journey, this time to the land of his forefathers, his dream was nearer to realization. And when, on that cold and blustery March morning, on the hastily constructed Altar of Heaven, he saw the last of the Imperial House of the Manchus make the sacrifices to Heaven, he realized its final accomplishment. Simple, sincere, calm, direct, representing all that is finest in the Chinese classical ideal of the true statesman, he stands out a shining figure among his busy, efficient, uniformed associates.

The Emperor, too, would grant us an audience. At eleven one morning the limousine of the Imperial Household drew up before the hotel entrance. Our interpreter, a young Chinese from Peking whom we shall call Mr. Li, was in cutaway and winged collar, gray gloves and patent-leather shoes. So was my husband. And I! Well, it doesn't matter what I wore. In the car Mr. Li suggested that we tell him the questions which we intended to ask the Emperor. Not that he wished to be inquisitive, but it did make it easier for him if he knew beforehand what the subjects of conversation were to be. He wouldn't have to strain quite so much. Since his clothing was quite a strain and his shoes quite a strain and since he was already mopping his brow from the warmth of the day, we would have liked to help him out; but the best we could do was to assure him that we wouldn't ask any embarrassing questions.

We arrived at the palace. Not the great edifice to be "built in the grove of trees yonder," but at the gates of the gray brick Salt Gabell, or former administrative offices of the Salt Tax Board. Past single lines of soldiers at attention we walked, down a short avenue to the inner gate, through a modest courtyard, and into the large drawing-room of a gaunt, spare building. Almost as soon as tea had been served us by an attendant we were told that the Emperor was waiting to receive us. We crossed the courtyard again and entered another, smaller building. A very short hall brought us to a door which opened even before we reached it. Into a good-sized, foreign-style room, furnished as you might expect to find any nice hotel sitting-room furnished, we entered.

From the couch opposite the door where he had been sitting, there rose a young man of perhaps thirty, dressed in a simple, khaki-colored uniform and wearing a single decoration on his breast. A slender young man, fairly tall, with sensitive hands and with the eager expression on his sensitive face somewhat sobered by the large, pale blue glasses which shaded his dark eyes. He greeted us in English and motioned us to seats on either side. Mr. Li, more warm and strained than ever under increasingly onerous duties, excused himself for having to address himself solely to His Majesty in order to thoroughly acquaint him with who my husband might be and with the fact that I was, well, simply I. That accomplished, the Emperor turned to my husband and through Mr. Li thanked him for his understanding viewpoint on various political matters.

Then turning to me he said quite simply and naturally, always through Mr. Li, of course, but indicating in various ways that he understood much of the English in which my part of the conversation was carried on:

"And so you are a Buddhist?"

"Yes, Your Majesty."

"And you have studied Zen in Japan?"

"Yes, Your Majesty."

"And you have practised meditation in the Meditation Hall of a Zen monastery?"

"Yes, Your Majesty."

"I also do meditation every day. Will you tell me. . . ." And there followed a short conversation, more or less technical, concerning the practice of meditation.

A secretary entered and laid several cards on the table before the Emperor. But still he continued:

"Do you know our Chinese Sages?"

"Yes, Your Majesty."

"Do you think that they still have something living and worthwhile to offer to our people today? Or do you think that only your own western philosophers have a vital message for these times?"

I expressed to him my deep and sincere admiration for Confucius and begged that in the new State of Manchoukuo the school-children from their earliest years might be taught that most important of all the great Sage's teachings: that the welfare of the State depends upon the rectification of the heart of the individual man.

"Then you understand what is meant by 'Wang Tao'?"

"Yes, Your Majesty."

And lest you, perhaps, do not know the "Kingly Way" of the Confucian Teachings, I shall quote it here, this "Kingly Way," which the Emperor Kang Te has proclaimed as the basic political doctrine of the State of Manchoukuo.

WANG TAO

Yen Yuan asked about perfect virtue. The Master (Confucius) said, "To subdue one's self and return to propriety is perfect virtue. If a man can for one day subdue himself and return to propriety, all under heaven will ascribe perfect virtue to him."

Tsze-lu asked what constituted the superior man. The Master said, "The cultivation of himself in reverential carefulness."

"And is that all?" said Tsze-lu.

"He cultivates himself so as to give peace to others." was the reply.

"And is that all?" asked Tsze-lu again.

The Master said, "He cultivates himself so as to give peace to all people, even as Yao and Shun were solicitous about this."

From the Son of Heaven down to the masses of the people, all must consider the cultivation of the person the root of everything besides.

When the great doctrine prevails all under the heaven will work for the common good. The virtuous will be elected to office and the able will be given responsibility. Faithfulness will be in constant

practice and harmony will rule. Consequently mankind will not only love their own parents and give care to their own children; all the aged will be provided for, and all the young employed in work. Infants will be fathered; widows and widowers, the fatherless and the unmarried, the disabled and the sick, will all be cared for. The men will have their rights and the women their home. No goods will go to waste, nor need they be stored for private possession. No energy should be used for personal gain. Self-interest ceases, and theft and disorder are unknown. Therefore, the gates of the houses are never closed.

Our audience had lengthened far beyond the time allotted to it. We rose to go. His Majesty rose also and stopped us for a moment.

“Our teaching is the rectification of the individual that the State may be rectified. Your teachings are in essence the same, are they not? Our people wish for peace. And your people have the same desire, do they not? I practise Taoist meditation and you practise Buddhist meditation. And yet we realize the same Reality, do we not?”

And then very simply and in English His Majesty said, raising up the forefinger of his right hand,

“All is One, is it not?”

“Yes, Your Majesty.”

And we bowed our way from the room.

QUAKER ARABS

BY ELIHU GRANT

THE TERMS "Arab" and "Quaker" are known to everybody and yet are understood by comparatively few. We are venturing upon what will appear to many as an audacious joinder when we couple the names in this title. What would Mohammed say, or George Fox? Mohammed, true Arab as he was, reared in a nomadic tribe, preceded the Englishman by a thousand years. He was pacific enough, at first, and a spiritually minded prophet in his early evangelism. His staunchest converts were those who yielded to his moral suasion during the humbler years. First in time, and fine in quality, was his wife Khadijah. As for George Fox, he was and always remained a pacifist, but what a fiery one! He was head of a line of believers, sufferers, who were impelled to give their testimony before any person or audience, and who have gone with their truth to potentates and peoples, oriental as well as western. Nowhere have they suffered more cruelly than in the West as witness their experiences in England and in New England.

Let us not be misunderstood when we say that, in certain important respects, the intense zeal of the two founders was not dissimilar in degree, or in sweeping effect. The psychological natures and experiences of the men reveal certain traits in common. Historical and racial backgrounds account for the greater differences.

A profound sense of communication from God came upon both of these ardent dispositions and their response was prophetic. Mohammed, however, was the leader of a race, a unifier, a political genius. George Fox was consistently a religious genius. Mohammed was a thorough Arab with instincts for war and raiding quite in accord with the economics of his day and region. George Fox, an Englishman of a millennium later, was the fruit of the teaching that began by saying that the church and the world are different and continued by believing that the course of the Christian disciple is to eschew both and take the way of Him who counted not His life dear. The continental and British mystics had fashioned a persuasion of the spirit which helped to make much mental history between Mecca and Swarthmore. The sword was offered to both leaders. Moslems went to war. Quakers went to prison.

With their characteristic romantic idealism, the Quakers have

pressed in, where life and limb were endangered, to speak their message, as for instance, in New England in Colonial times. Surely they would have been safer in Constantinople, Damascus, or Baghdad. Many are the stories gathered in devout Quaker families of England and America of strange leadings to go here, or there, over the world, in order to bear testimony. This was an instinctive missionary impulse of the spirit, with no proselyting motive. Indeed, until recent decades, Quakerism repressed the tendencies to organize anything like formal missionary effort, and when they did so organize, it was more often with the intention of spreading education, or to give medical relief.

The characteristic position of "Friends" (Quakers) has always been that The Spirit of God is not limited in His choice of vehicles or audiences. A gentle woman might be thrust forth to stand and give the message of truth before an august assembly, or a feared ruler, anywhere on earth.

Islam, the faith and practice of Mohammed, was instinctively missionary from the beginning and with how great a compulsion of the spirit. We shall not dwell upon the logic of the great change when Mohammed the prophet decided to take up the sword in addition to his other remarkable powers of preaching and conference. Up to that point in his experiences there are suggestive parallels between him and the humble English prophet.

High culture of Arabian groups has been known, at least since the rise of the Nabatean Arabs of glorious Petra, several hundred years B.C. and perhaps much earlier, for the Bible tells us of the visit of a Queen of Sheba to Jerusalem which brought an Arabian power into relation with Solomon's Kingdom.

Need one be reminded that in the wide conquests of the Saracens, so brilliantly summarized by the late E. A. Freeman, the historian, in his four lectures now but little known, need one be reminded that many different races and countries were subdued and that the soldiers of the peninsula went far and wide in the eastern hemisphere spreading a newly inspired culture, the Arab tongue, language of the holy reading book, the Koran, and the name "Arab"? Of course the Persians did not thus become Arab in blood, nor did the Syrians, Palestinians, Spaniards, Sicilians, etc., etc. But all of these went either wholly or partially Arabic in language. Syrians and Palestinians being Semites yielded more completely to the language and the faith of Arabia. But even in Syria and Palestine the

fairly liberal terms of the greater rulers in Islam permitted many Christians to accept the role of a subjugated people and to give tribute to their conquerors in lieu of adherence to the new faith. Of great historical significance was the extension of Arabian ideas through the conquests which began within the lifetime of Mohammed in the seventh century of our Era and which spread eventually around much of the Mediterranean basin and then went eastward to penetrate farther than the conquests of Alexander and Hellenism. The murkiness which settled over Europe in the Dark Ages has all but eclipsed for us of the West the light that was streaming through the Near East in those centuries. A brilliant renaissance of mental life followed the Arabian conquests. Besides Moslem leaders of thought, there were many Christian and Jewish scholars who spoke and wrote in Arabic. All of the greater teachers were equally revered as they opened new vistas in the sciences, medicine, philosophy, and the arts. Not alone at the courts of the great liberal rulers and in the famous schools of the times, but in the humbler walks of life thinkers and poets were found. Europeans of culture came in later times to discover these intellectual treasures of the East and to learn the Arabic language in which they were published in order that the numerous books might be translated into the Latin of European scholarship.

It is a revelation to many that there are native Christians now in Arab lands, lands where the Arabic language prevails and where close cultural connections are felt with Arabic civilization. The term "Arab" is so loosely and widely used that confusion results much as with the use of the younger term "English." It may be used to mean the population of the great peninsula of Arabia, partly citizen, partly nomadic. Or it may be applied to the native population of Syria and Palestine which speaks dialects of the Arabian language and bases much of its history on Arabian civilization. These natives are largely Moslem in faith although a considerable minority has always professed Christianity. Lastly, "Arab" is more loosely used to cover the Moslem portion of any population of a Near Eastern country once conquered by Islam.

At the center of the Arabian world during Europe's Dark Ages lay Palestine and Syria with population largely descended from the ancient Canaanites. When Mohammed was a young man most of them were Christians under the care of Constantinople and the Greek Orthodox Church. But the reform in Arabia which was led

by this zealous Meccan was to affect profoundly the politics and religion of the northern countries. Today in Palestine, seven hundred thousand of the million population are Moslem natives and one hundred thousand are Christians. The ancestors of the latter are traced back to the beginnings of Christianity. They represent those who through thirteen centuries never succumbed to the missionary influence of Islam but persisted with almost incredible tenacity in their Christian loyalties. Their ancestors were brought over from Judaism and other faiths by the early Evangelists. They spoke Aramaic, Greek or Arabic according to the centuries in which they lived. Sword, tribute, humiliation—none of these moved them from their allegiance though hundreds of thousands of their racial kindred were converted to the newer faith during the centuries from the seventh to the tenth. And the pressure to convert has never ceased. It would be well for anyone who estimates slightly the quality and practices of these humble, native Christians of Palestine, if such an one would try to imagine and appraise their heroism of thirteen long centuries of subjugation with all the social and economic implications, with the unspeakable personal suffering and loss. Under the heavy burden of their disadvantages, political and economic, these native Palestinian farmers have been cut off almost entirely from the knowledge of western Christianity but have held on to their profession albeit with diminished standards of living, catching the brunt of world changes whenever these changes involved their country. Hospitable, keen in appreciation, part of a great fellowship, and steeped in memories of the past, they send many of their youth to America and to Europe to trade, to study, and to observe. Meanwhile, their own home fortunes have dwindled, being usually at the mercy of the fickle remembrance of the West. They belong to the oldest race of occupants of the land and are members of a very ancient Christian communion. Western Christianity has seldom if ever realized any effective fellowship with eastern Christians. The hostility between Rome and Constantinople was for a long time a contributing initial cause of this unsympathetic attitude.

Friends have no ecclesiastical orders. They are as essentially a lay fellowship as are the Moslems. Two simple Quakers from the state of Maine, Eli and Sibyl Jones went to Syria and Palestine on a "concern" shortly after the middle of the last Century. They had before that followed the divine leadings to many parts of America, Europe, Africa, and finally this journey to hither Asia. As with so

many religious devotees, that confluence of the world's faiths, the birthland of Christianity, attracted them. Theirs was a mission of mercy and illumination in answer to divine impressions, but it had no converting propaganda. On the other hand, certain natives over there have always called themselves disciples of the Americans. The mission of the Friends was mainly to Christians, but Christians who had lived in the shadows of poverty and neglect. While the Friends were in the Christian village of Ramallah, one day a native girl of fifteen asked them to open a school for girls. Such schools were rare in the country districts where the peasant farmers live in closely huddled villages surrounded by the fields which they till. "Who would teach such a school?" was the natural enquiry. "I would," was the answer of the child. Her name was Miriam (Mary). She knew very little English and had been under the care of a German missionary school in Jerusalem. Since most schools of the country were for boys, she felt the urge to increase the number of opportunities for girls. At Ramallah, ten miles north of Jerusalem, then, a small school was begun. That village became an exception among the farmer populations of Palestine, and greatly has it prospered in the years since. Female education was scoffed at by the hard-headed peasantry. But times have changed, and women have been increasingly honored. Before long other schools for girls were introduced in the villages and the great discrepancy between city and village folk was reduced. Indeed one difficulty today is that the city families, who naturally have better incomes, tend to crowd these excellent country schools with their children. Those former days were rude in social organization and there were frequent conflicts between the villages. Poverty and the heavy hand of the tax farmer oppressed the country folk and drove the standard of living very low.

The schools which were opened by the joint effort of the British and American Quakers for the poorer people in both Syria and Palestine were accompanied usually by the services of doctors, nurses, and dispensers to relieve the simple distresses of those poor peasants for whom the expensive journey to the city hospitals might be too difficult. Thus, the schools and other social aids flourished in what is now known as the Ramallah district and also in the northern Syrian villages, of rather more advanced character, such as Bru-mana and Ras el Metn, in the Lebanon Mountains, now under the French Mandate. Hundreds of graduates of such schools are scattered today in various employments throughout the Near East. Their

influence is generally beneficent. Friends encourage them to remain with their own church communions, wherever possible, in order that they may help to vitalize the native communities. Notwithstanding this policy and the traditional Quaker expectation that membership with Friends shall be by birth within the Society, there have been those who pressed for Quaker membership. After years of waiting, a Monthly Meeting was organized, and in still more recent times the meetings, north and south, have come together in a Yearly Meeting which meets in the Spring, alternating between Syria and Palestine.

For long, British and American Friends were united in this service to the poorer natives of the two countries, seeking by cultural, pacific measures to lift the standards for women and the respect felt for them, and to assuage the inter-village feuds. These last were peculiarly devastating, socially, during the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries. It will be readily understood that there were many occasions for emphasizing the teaching of Peace. In 1887, the responsibility for the work was divided, the British assuming the Syrian stations and the American Quakers taking sole responsibility for those in Palestine.

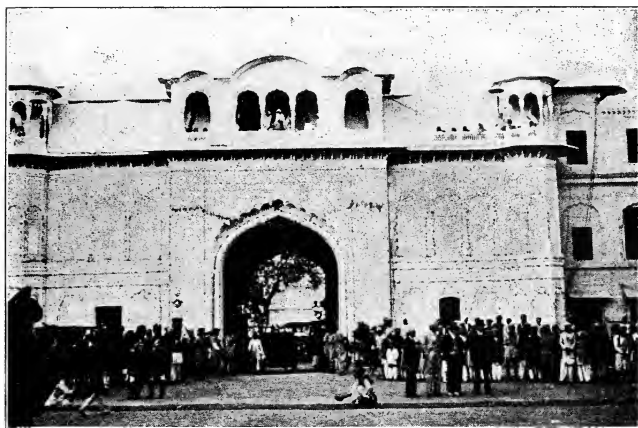
In 1889, several leaders from Maine, Timothy and Anna M. Hussey and Charles M. Jones went to Palestine to inaugurate a new turn for the Mission, to wit, a residential training-home for girls where continuous effort might be made with selected pupils to fit them to become home-makers. Such boy-training as had accrued in the educational field up to that time was laid by for a dozen years when a similar training-home for boys was established, but not until what Friends felt to be the prior need, the uplift of the womanhood of the country, had been well recognized.

For the new effort, a native Syrian woman of fine culture and personality, Katby Jabriel (Katie Gabriel) was brought from her post in Beirut and she has given her life service to this calling. More of those devoted people from Maine came to assist, Huldah Leighton and Henrietta Johnston. A peace society was organized with these children who said among themselves, "I promise by the help of God to live as peacefully as possible with everybody and to try to induce others to do the same." Does this create something akin to nostalgia in us as we remember that this was in the "nineties" and in the Holy Land?

The fame of this Girls School went throughout the Levant. Ap-

plications for admission were made from Armenia, Crete, Smyrna, Beirut, and Trans-Jordan. Wives, mothers, teachers, hundreds of them have carried the impressions of the School over the Near East, and an especial result of its lessons has been the improved status of marriage relations. A direct sequel to the opening of these American schools has been the opening of many other schools for boys and girls by the native church authorities so that a revolution in the care of the young and the dignity of homes has taken place. Within the neighborhoods affected by these cultural changes, the pervasive quality of the Friends' service has been absorbed by other agencies but not wholly obscured. The first village boy who was admitted to the newly opened Boys' School in 1901 is now head of the greatly expanded school system in his native village of Ramallah. He is a graduate of Clark College in Worcester, of Teachers' College in New York City, and is a Doctor of Philosophy of Columbia University.

There are thousands of Semitic Christians from Syria and Palestine in the United States. Among them are many who were pupils of the American Schools in their homeland. A few of them are members of the Society of Friends. More of them know of the pacifist Arabs at home. But Christian, or Moslem, there is a growing body of Syrian and Palestinian-Americans. They are keen in business, assiduous in toil, even successful in the professions. The mellow Arabic language interwoven with the wisdom and whimsicalities of the East marks them as does also their newly-acquired English tongue and their zest for American ways. All these newcomers cling loyally to the name "Arab" as denoting the origin of their early culture. Another group represents those in the second and third generation, born in this country, noticeable only in their names and by their physical characteristics. Among all these, Christians are far in the majority and they run the entire gamut from high-church to Quaker.



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THE PATIALA FORT

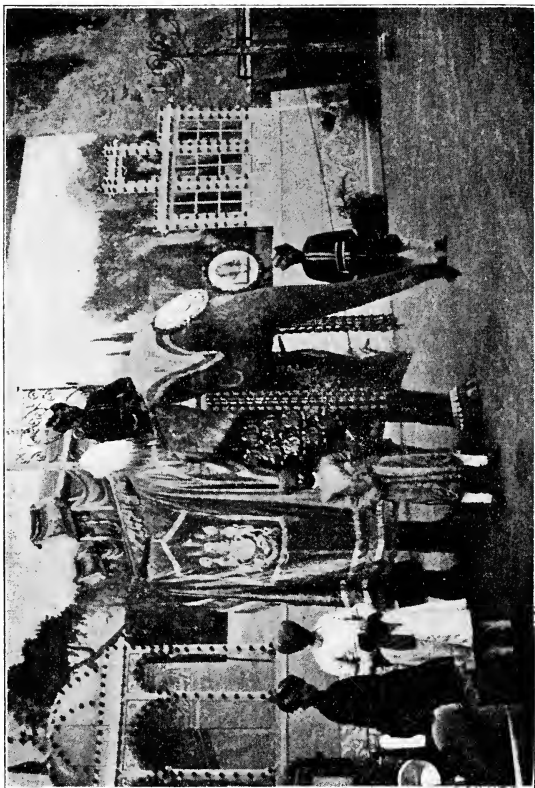
FROM MY INDIAN NOTEBOOK

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE MARRIAGE OF AN INDIAN PRINCE

BY DR. VERNON B. HERBST

NOT LONG AGO, when the attention of the world was focused upon the wedding of Prince George and Princess Marina, when newspaper, radio, and cinema described and pictured that brilliant event in the capital city of the British Empire, I was vividly reminded of another wedding. This wedding, which I witnessed in India, was not heralded by newspaper or radio, nor pictured on the screen, yet it rivaled in seriousness and grandeur the royal wedding in London.

In 1932, when the Yuvaraja of Mysore was a patient under my care in London, he graciously invited me to be his guest at the big elephant hunt, the *kedda*, which was to be held in Mysore in November. In anticipation of my prospective visit, the Yuvaraja gave a dinner for me that I might meet some of the Princes of India who were sojourning in London at that time. His Highness the Maharaja of Rajpipla, His Highness, the Maharaja of Kapurthala, and His Highness, the Maharaja of Patiala were among the guests. The party turned out to be an unusually congenial occasion, and when



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ELEPHANT WITH HOWDAH
Ready for the State Procession

parting, each one present urged me to visit him when I came to India.

Thus, January found me near Jullundur in the plain-land of the Sutlej River as guest of the Maharaja of Kapurthala. One day in the midst of our tranquil and idyllic existence, a delegation arrived bearing a message from the Maharaja of Patiala to the Maharaja of Kapurthala. We were summoned into the Ambassador's Salon of the palace to witness the ceremony. The delegates, refreshed after



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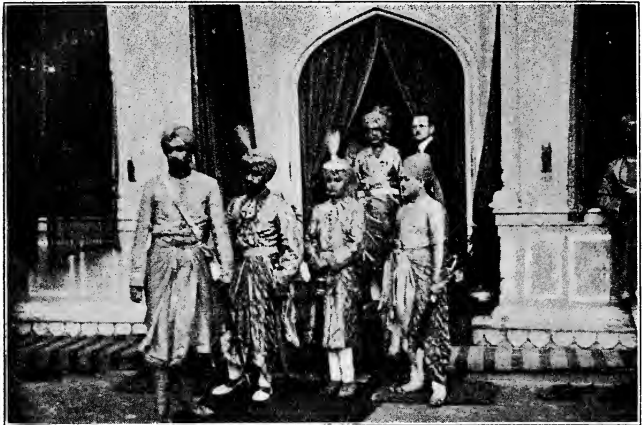
THE MAHARAJA OF PATIALA

their journey and clothed in achkans of gold and silver brocade over an undertone of delicate colors, with sashes of finely woven gold cloth, and swords hanging from their belts, were ushered into the presence of His Highness. Following them came fifty-one servants wearing white coats sashed with red, and red turbans tied Sikh fashion, each one carrying a tray of exotic and delectable-looking sweetmeats. Fifty-one trays of delicacies were placed upon the floor before the Maharaja. Whereupon the spokesman of the delegation extended greetings from the Maharaja of Patiala and invited His Highness, the Maharaja of Kapurthala, to be present at the coming celebration of the marriage of the Crown Prince of Patiala. The fine faces of the men, the colored and gold brocades, the trays of

fragrant sweetmeats arrayed on the floor, and the cluster of servants standing respectfully in the background in the spacious hall of colored marbles, made a rare picture.

Word of my arrival had been sent to Patiala, and I was thrilled shortly thereafter to receive a telegram inviting my party also to partake of the celebration.

Since His Highness, the Maharaja of Kapurthala, is well known as one of the outstanding hosts of India for the luxury of his sur-



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THE CROWN PRINCE (left) AND GROUP OF GUESTS

roundings and his elaborate entertaining, I felt honored and privileged to travel as his guest in his well-appointed private car. During the trip I learned that the coming celebration was to be a very special event for this was the first time in more than a hundred years when a ruling Maharaja of Patiala was to witness the marriage of his son. The old curse on the State of Patiala was broken, and no expense would be spared in the celebration. To heighten my anticipation, I learned that the Maharaja of Patiala was to be elected Chancellor of the Chamber of Princes at their next session in March.

As the train drew into the city of Patiala—a city of about 50,000—the streets about the station were crowded. The Maharaja and his ministers of state were there to welcome us. A troop of lancers

stood at attention while courtesies of greeting were exchanged and guns were fired in honor of the visiting prince, His Highness the Maharaja of Kapurthala. We entered the waiting Rolls Royces and were driven through the eager crowd who were anxious to get a glimpse of their ruler and his guests on this auspicious occasion.

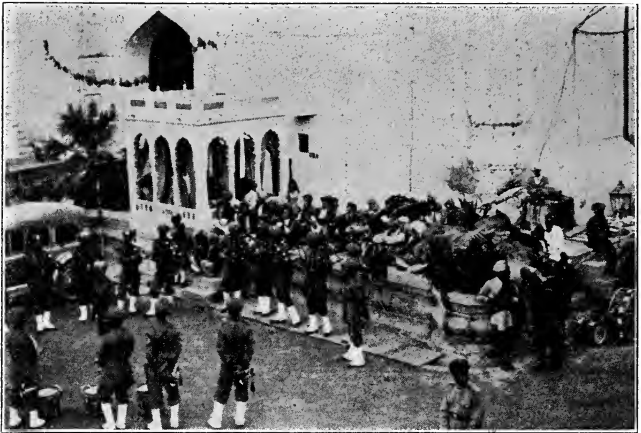
Upon our arrival at the Patiala Palace we were presented to the groom-to-be, the Crown Prince of Patiala, a young man in his early twenties of handsome appearance and courteous demeanor.

We were then escorted to our living quarters. Since the large palace was not ample to house the multitude of invited guests, three marriage camps had been constructed, and gardens newly laid out about them with all the appearance of permanence. Each of the camps was equipped with electric lights and fans, running water, and all modern conveniences for comfort. Our tent, for example, besides a large living room and bedroom, contained a dressing room, bathroom, and servant's quarters. It was luxuriously furnished with upholstered chairs, settees, and reading lamps. Hangings of many colored linens were draped upon the walls, and the floors were covered with rich oriental rugs. Each of the dwelling tents was situated conveniently near a larger tent which served as club room and dining room where one could enjoy His Highness's unstinted hospitality. Here the guests assembled, their every wish gratified even before it could be expressed. As they became acquainted with one another a spirit of communion was fostered among them, and a desire to make this a most successful occasion permeated them all.

New guests were arriving at all times by motor, by aeroplane, and by train. They were greeted with ceremonies varying in pomp according to their rank and position and accompanying them came smaller or larger retinues of servants bearing gifts.

In India a marriage ceremony is not a matter of a day or an hour, as it is often here, but there are many religious rituals which are performed in preparation for the event. Almost daily for a few weeks before the marriage, ceremonies were held in the Patiala Fort, and the formal, colorful processions back and forth between Palace and Fort gave impressiveness and a feeling of solemnity to the occasion. The most important of the religious ceremonies, *Dhol Rakhai*, was held at the Fort in the Quilla Mubarik, the spacious hall of carved brown sandstone with its windows of latticed marble and its raised dais with three throne-chairs in the center of one side of the hall.

No written records of marriages are kept in India, nor was any written announcement of the approaching marriage made by the Maharaja. But, in order to acquaint his subjects with the desire of his son to wed the Princess of Seraikella in such a way that they might bear witness to it by eye and ear, a magnificent spectacle, the State Procession was arranged. Following certain religious rituals at the Fort, the Prince garbed in glittering gold brocade started for



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THE GOLDEN THRONE

Motibag Palace in the golden throne-carriage drawn by two magnificently comparisoned elephants. Heavy gold brocaded trappings hung over their sides, chains of gold medalions encircled their necks, and jewel-studded bands were about their legs. Then followed the Maharaja and his relatives riding in exquisitely fashioned howdahs on equally exquisitely comparisoned elephants, the ministers of state, guests and friends, and soldiers both foot and cavalry. The visiting maharajas in ceremonial dress followed each with his court and retinue of servants, some rode on elephants, some on horseback; one brought a group of camels. The Procession went on and on accompanied by strains of Oriental music amidst the rows of happy interested subjects.

It was five miles to Motibag Palace. Since the days were short

(February 27), and the Procession did not get under way until after four o'clock, it was not long before darkness would have engulfed everything had it not been for the foresight of the Master of Ceremonies. He had provided hundreds of acetylene lamps carried upon the heads of servants like living chandeliers to light the way.

When the Procession approached the gates of Motibag Palace, the *mahouts* were given a signal to halt the elephants, and the bride-



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GRANDCHILDREN OF THE MAHARAJA OF PATIALA

groom descended from the golden throne which glistened in the light of the many lamps. A servant was awaiting him, holding by the bridle a magnificent white stallion. The Prince mounted into the pink velvet saddle, took the reins of the emerald-studded bridle in his own hands, and with gold medalions clanging as the restless animal pawed the ground, he rode off into the darkness to the foot of a huge magnolia tree where one could dimly see the forms of two priests awaiting him. From the distance came the sound of chanted mantrums, part of the rituals accompanying the avowal of marriage intentions.

The many people, the hushed excitement, the fragrance of burning incense, from the distance the dim, rhythmic sound of chanted

mantrums and beating drums—all combined to make a scene of unforgettable glory reflected by the light of the many lamps.

The State Procession ended the celebration of wedding festivities at Patiala, and now all set out by private train to Seraikella, the bridegroom, his family, ministers of state, and all the guests. A magnificent welcome awaited them at the Sini Railway station. The representatives of the Prince were escorted to the Seraikella Fort where the formal request for the hand of the Princess was made and granted. The Prince waiting in an antechamber was notified of



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A GROUP OF DANCING GIRLS

this, and he was then received by His Highness, the Maharaja of Seraikella, his future father-in-law.

Now the sacred ceremonies and merrymaking began in earnest. Religious rituals, colorful processions, gift ceremonies, and banquets filled the next three days. One especially impressive ceremony—on account of the beauty and rarity of the jewels—was the presentation of gifts to the Princess by the royal family of Patiala.

The actual marriage ceremony took place at the home of the bride, at which none but the members of the immediate families were present. According to the old Hindu custom, the bride was in *Purdah*. This meant that she must keep her face veiled from all men

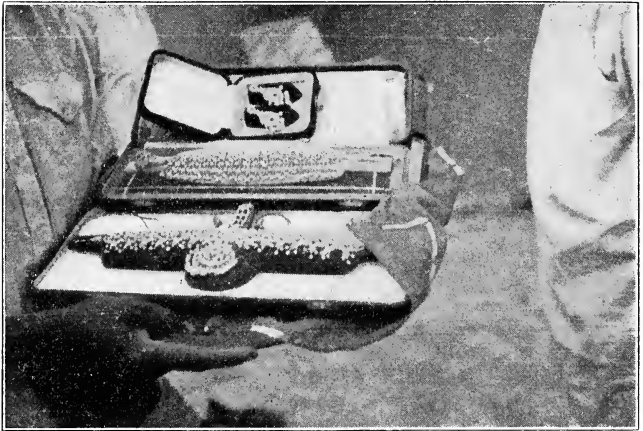


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SERVANTS BEARING GIFTS

not of her immediate family. This custom is traced by non-Moslem Indians to the time of the Mohammedan Conquest of India when the bold conquerors would carry off any beautiful woman who might please their fancy. The necessity of the veil is no longer urgent, but the custom of wearing it has become so much a part of the way of life that the women still cling to it, with the exception of some of the progressive women leaders or those who have had contacts with the ways and customs of the West.

The dinner following the wedding and marriage procession was



WEDDING GIFTS

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held at Janwasa Camp, for the banquet hall in the palace was not large enough to accommodate the seven hundred guests. Only men were present. On a wide expanse of lawn, surrounded on all sides by black trees and lighted by acetylene lamps, many rows of long tables were spread, tables just the right height for comfort if one was accustomed to sitting cross-legged. In the moonlit garden the silver and gold vessels glistened on the white tables as the Maharajas and other guests in their brocaded achkans and their high turbans and many jewels, sought their places. Barefooted servants in white tunics and red sashes silently brought dishes of the choicest foods,

fragrant with Oriental spices and served only as the hosts of India can serve.

Dancing girls from various parts of India seemed to appear from nowhere out of the blackness, and danced in the exotic rhythms of the Orient. An orchestra of native instruments played on and on, unformed, unframed, seemingly endless strains.

The following morning everyone returned by special train to Patiala. There a tremendous crowd was gathered at the railway station to witness the homecoming of the youthful prince and his bride. It seemed as though all the loyal subjects of Patiala were there in holiday mood—townspeople in colored brocaded achkans and their Sikh turbans, turbaned peasants in their tunics, their women gay in colored saris of red, blue, yellow, or green, and mingling with them police in their blue uniforms, and soldiers in their dress uniforms of blue and white. A troop of soldiers cleared a way for the golden throne to pass with its precious burden, but this time upon the windows of the throne-carriage there were curtains of fine-spun gold, so thin that the little princess could not be seen but she herself could look out at the many faces glowing with love and devotion, at the eyes alight with admiration and loyalty to the young prince who had now taken unto himself a bride whom they could respectfully worship.

That night we feasted again, eating the fragrant foods, drinking the delectable wines; exotic dances delighted the eye, and eerie strains of music filled the air.

But before we left, as if to blazon on our minds a memory that we could never forget, we were taken to see the diamonds, the jewels, and other gifts which were displayed in Durbar Hall at the Fort. Table upon table filled the huge hall. Upon a velvet cloth were displayed diamonds of all sizes, blood-red rubies and soft shimmering pearls of all colors, creamy white, pink, and even black pearls. Here were emeralds of deep, rich green, and sapphires of deep, dark blue. Spread out on tables were the finest brocades and softest silks. There were hand-wrought vessels, bowls, and goblets of the most beautiful designs. A veritable treasure house!

And, when the young prince had brought his bride to a palace of their own not far from that of his father and when it was time for the rest of us to return to a simple and humdrum life, we regretfully took our leave.

BOOK REVIEW

A Handful of Sand. Translated from the works of Takuboku Ishikawa by Shio Sakanishi, Ph.D., with a foreword by Hiroshi Saito, Japanese Ambassador to the United States. Marshall Jones Company. Boston, 1934. Limited Edition. Pp. xvi+77. Price \$2.00.

Though little known to western readers, Takuboku Ishikawa has influenced the development of Japanese literature by bringing back to the short, classical Japanese poem simplicity and freedom in both content and language. His poetry is autobiographical, full of longing for the things he lacked and appreciation for the precious, fleeting moment. He catches these moments and makes of them something intense and significant by his genius of expression, his dramatic quality, and his feeling for melody and rhythm. Yet to realize their full pathos and poignancy one should know something of his tragic life.

He received what education his father, a rural Zen priest, could afford. His poetic gifts were quickly recognized both at school and among the new poets of Japan. Marriage, however, brought upon him the responsibility for the support of his wife and child as well as of his parents and sister—a situation which he was unable to meet. They were desperately poor; their lives full of tragedy. The sister died; the father disappeared one snowy night.

His earliest poetry, written in the traditional short form under the influence of the idealistic romantic school, lacks individuality. But later, upon the advice of Tekkan Yosano, he tried the longer freer lyrics which were immediately successful, collected, and published under the title of *Longings*. His naturalistic tendencies soon ended, however, as years of hardships and contact with the injustices of life made of him a socialist. He was again writing in the short classical form. *A Handful of Sand*, written during these difficult years, created a sensation in the literary world because of the unconventionality of the subject matter and the simplicity of language.

At home there was discord between his wife and mother. Takuboku was in the hospital with chronic peritonitis. They were all ill, leaving no one but the aged mother to care for them. She collapsed, and they discovered that she had been suffering from tuberculosis for years. Sick as he was Takuboku cared for her until her death, and survived her by only one month. A week before his death, penniless and ill, he sold his third volume of poetry named *My Sad Toys* from the last sentence of one of his essays "Poems are my sad toys."

In complete harmony with the content of this little book of poems, is its physical appearance with cover of Japanese design, hand-set type, and laid, deckle paper.

In conclusion we quote a few of the poems chosen at random.

O, the sadness of lifeless sand!
Trickling
It falls through my fingers
When I take it in my hand.

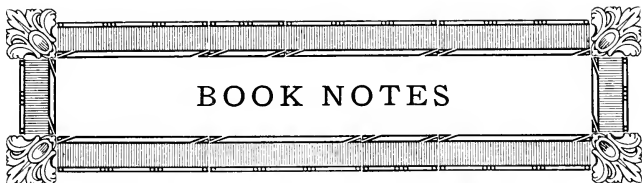
As a son of the hills
Thinks of the hills,
When in sorrow
I always think of you.

At nightfall,
A vague sorrow comes by stealth
And climbs up on my bed.

Balls of sand
That absorbed tears to the full!
How heavy indeed are tears!

Like to a kite
Cut off the string,
Lightly the soul of my youth
Has taken flight.

Never am I weary of watching
A wreath of smoke
That like a dragon,
Jumps out into an empty sky
Only to disappear.



BOOK NOTES

A Letter of Emerson. With analysis and notes by Willard Reed. Gift edition. Boston. The Beacon Press. 1934. Pp. 33. Price \$1.00.

Reality and man's apprehension of reality form the theme of this hitherto unpublished letter of Emerson to Solomon Corner of Baltimore in 1842 in response to an appeal for advice in his religious perplexity. A facsimile of Emerson's letter is added, and the two letters of Solomon Corner with a foreword, notes, and analysis by his grandson, Willard Reed.

Turkestan Reunion. By Eleanor Holgate Lattimore. The John Day Company. New York, 1934. Pp. xii + 308. Price, \$2.75.

Turkestan is perhaps the most remote of all countries, most difficult to reach, and least changed by modern civilization. Here Mrs. Lattimore joined her husband to travel along the trade routes where for centuries silk and tea were carried from China to the West, and where life is still very much as it was in the days of the great Khans. The Lattimores traveled simply and subsisted as much as possible on the products of the land in order that they might learn about the ways and habits of life of the inhabitants.

In these letters, which chronicle the journey, Mrs. Lattimore describes vividly the life of the sledge drivers on the Siberian plains in the midst of winter, a Siberian village with log or mud houses on either side of wide snowy streets and green-domed church, the snow-covered villages where nothing was visible but the openings in snowdrifts and the little chimneys sticking out the top. She tells of Chuguchak, primitive, merry, and exuberant with the first signs of spring, with its frontier-mixture of races, Kazaks with rakish, white-fur bonnets on ponies, Mongols in sheepskins with purple sashes on camels. Chantos and Tungkans in high red and black boots on jingling little sledges; of the Chinese capital city Urumchi; of Turfan which is completely Turki with arched gateways, carved balconies, gayly colored shops, and domes and mosques; and of Kashgar, larger and gayer, more splendid than the other towns.

They traveled by pony, cart, and camel both north and south of the T'ieu Shan or Heavenly Mountains, through black, spruce forests under glittering snow peaks, through desert and oases. They met migrating caravans, brilliant with reds and yellows, in search of fresh grass for their own welfare depends upon the welfare of their flocks; they lived as guests in the white-domed yurts of the Kazaks, eating their black bread and mutton, and drinking their kumiss.

And finally they crossed into India over the Karakoram Route, the most difficult trade route in the world, through five passes each over 16,000 feet high. This is a thrilling and exciting route. The way is lined with skeletons of dead animals and abandoned loads. They followed deep red gorges, winding river beds, steep valleys under pink snows and violet glaciers. They crawled up icy places where even the yaks needed help with their loads. From the top of the Khardong pass they looked back over a mass of rock and ice between walls of jagged mountains through which they came, and forward steeply down and far away onto green pastures, the spires of Leh, the silver thread which was the Indus River, and the snowy Himalayas.

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By IMMANUEL KANT

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