

The Open Court

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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

Founded by EDWARD C. HEGELER

VOL. XXXVI (No. 6)

JUNE, 1922

NO. 793

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The Open Court Publishing Company

122 S. Michigan Ave.

Chicago, Illinois

Per copy, 20 cents (1 shilling). Yearly, \$2.00 (in the U.P.U., 9s. 6d.)

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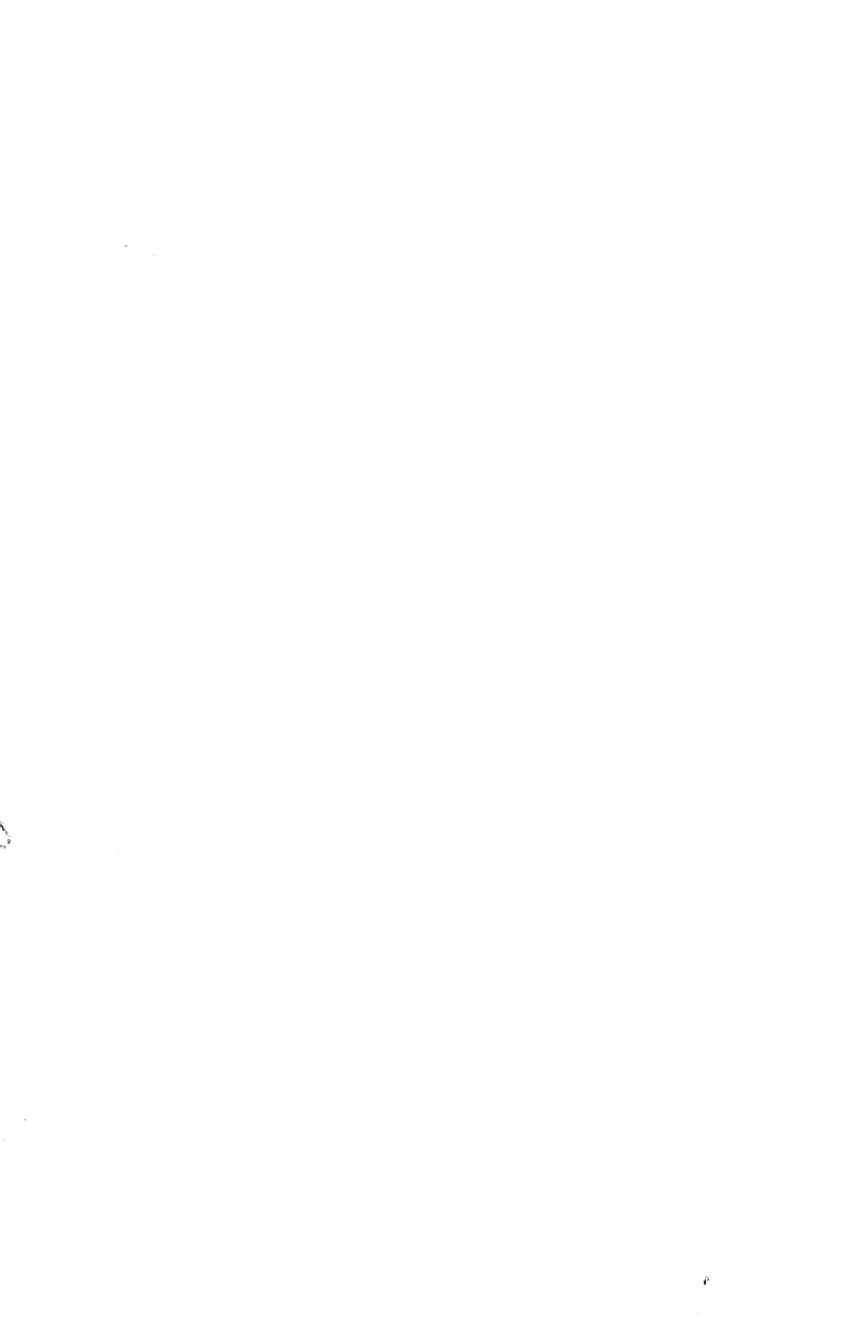
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5832 Ellis Avenue

Chicago, Illinois





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A TWENTIETH CENTURY EMANCIPATOR.

BY J. V. NASH.

FOR many years I had been familiar with the name of Dr. George Burman Foster, the great Liberal religious thinker of Chicago, Baptist clergyman and Professor of the Philosophy of Religion at the world-famed University; now and again I had heard the rumbling of the distant thunder when the artillery of Protestant orthodoxy (whatever Orthodox private judgment or dissent may mean!) discharged its broadsides upon some outspoken questioning of traditionary concepts or some disturbing discovery by this daring searcher of the spiritual skies!

At last our paths met. In the summer of 1915 it happened that Professor Foster was in residence at the University and giving a course in the History of Religion. My interest in the subject of the course being naturally keen, I gladly accepted the invitation of a friend, who chanced to be registered in it, to visit the class. And so it came about that one afternoon I accompanied my friend to Professor Foster's class-room. The room rapidly filled and for some minutes we sat awaiting the great teacher's advent.

Almost as an apparition, he came. He was a large man, with something Lincolnesque in his tall, ungainly figure and the broad, stooping shoulders. For so massive a frame, he had—or so it seemed—very small feet, and touched them so lightly upon the floor that he made scarcely any sound as he walked along the corridor and entered the room. His figure was indeed an unusual one. His head would have attracted attention anywhere; it dominated and threw into the background, as it were, all else. There was a reminiscence of Cardinal Newman in that ascetic face, with its forward thrust, the prominent nose, the forehead with its crown of grey hair, the

beetling eyebrows, and the eyes with that far away look, peering one might fancy, into another world. His clothing was grey, like the locks thrown carelessly back from the sloping forehead. Grey, indeed, was the habitual tone of his external make-up: grey, the grey of eternity and infinity, it seemed naturally associated with him.

There was an air of hushed expectancy in the class-room as Professor Foster, with his curious, silent, tip-toeing tread, made his way up to the little reading desk, opened his portfolio, and sorted his lecture notes. Then he began his lecture. It was delivered in a quiet, even tone of voice, dispassionate and unperturbed; the voice of one who knew whereof he spoke, a master of his subject. In this lecture he traced briefly the history of the religious idea, showing its development in classic paganism, in Buddhism, in Zoroastrianism, and in Christianity. Though so quietly delivered, it was a remarkable lecture and made a deep impression upon me.

By a welcome coincidence, as it seemed, he brought into this particular lecture many of the Fosterisms which I had heard commented upon most frequently. For instance, he developed the famous Foster analogy between God and Uncle Sam. This had been a great rock of offense to the ultra-orthodox and naively devout, and had been severely criticised by them. His argument was, in brief, that just as the character known as Uncle Sam had been created by the imagination of the American people, as the personification of their patriotic spirit, and thus anthropomorphized their political ideal, so humanity, far back in the days of its early religious yearning, had created the spiritual personage known as God, who thus became the personification—the living symbol—of man's supreme spiritual values. The implication, of course, was that the ideals, the values, were the important considerations in both cases, and that the question of the actual, bodily existence of Uncle Sam or of God, did not in the least affect their usefulness to the group.

After having heard such a stimulating and thought-provoking lecture, I, *Oliver Twist*-like, wanted more. I visited the class a number of times that summer. In another lecture, he sketched the history of the sacred writings of India, the Vedas, showing how they had started as folk and hero tales, had been passed down from generation to generation, becoming embellished and elaborated with time, until finally the people ascribed a divine origin to them and they were held as inspired writings. The class was composed largely of mature men and women, most of the men appearing to be pastors from country towns, taking summer work at the university. At this point I recall that a member of the class—a sharp-featured, minis-

terial-looking individual, interrupted Professor Foster, and, in loud nasal twang, interrogated him thus: "Well, Dr. Foster, if that is true of the Hindu Vedas, what about the Hebrew Bible?" Smiles and significant looks passed among the class. But Professor Foster was not at all disturbed by what seemed to us to be a rather embarrassing question. With the same far away look in his eyes, he glanced up, and answered in the same quiet voice: "Oh, just the same thing, just the same thing exactly." Then he fumbled among his papers, picked up the thread of his lecture, and went on. The respect in which he was held by his students—perhaps, too, their appreciation of his fearless mental honesty—was evidenced by the fact that no one in that large class of mature men and women interrupted him to controvert his answer, deeply as it must have traversed the personal beliefs of some.

I have spoken about some of the sayings of Professor Foster which aroused criticism among the ultra-conservative. Perhaps nothing that he ever said aroused more bitter controversy on the part of this element than his famous challenge: "Liberty first, virtue second." It turned to scarlet the pallid cheeks of the disciples of Mrs. Grundy; many such, doubtless, were scandalized to the point of utter speechlessness. I confess that I myself was somewhat startled when I first heard it, but the more I have reflected upon it, the more I have realized the deep spiritual truth underlying the dictum. Can we have any ethical values at all, without liberty of choice or freedom of the will? Is the enforced, negative virtue of a Simon Stylites on his pillar, of an anchorite, a cenobite, in the desert, or of a "stationary," or again, of a convict in solitary confinement, to be our ideal, our model? In the allegory of the Garden of Eden, as told in Genesis, did not the Lord God place the apple on the tree, within the reach of Adam and Eve, and give them perfect freedom to obey or disobey the command to eat not of it? Certainly, the Lord God seemed to have instituted liberty first and to have desired that virtue should be the sweet fruit of it. A Prohibition Deity would have put up an iron-spiked fence around the tree. Personally, I can see no value at all in virtue anterior to and apart from perfect liberty.

From the foregoing, it may be easily inferred that Professor Foster had little sympathy with the Prohibition movement. Such was indeed the case. He did not care to associate himself with it. One day when he was down town, somebody pointed out to him a procession of Prohibitionists marching down Michigan avenue,

bearing placards and transparencies on which were inscribed slogans such as "Down with the Demon Rum," "Abolish the Whiskey Trust," "Make America Dry," etc. etc. "Ah," he commented, "but you couldn't get these people to march down Michigan avenue with signs reading 'Down with Unkindness,' 'Abolish Backbiting,' 'Make America Generous.' No," he continued, ironically, "they would hardly support a cause that did not promise them the pleasure of giving a jail sentence to those who do not share their opinions."

Professor Foster was one of the most intellectually honest and fearless men I have ever met. He refused to doctor, medicate, or sophisticate the truth as he saw it. It is true that he said: "In the pulpit I try to reveal my inmost faith, in the class-room my inmost doubt." But that was merely a matter of emphasis. In reply to a direct personal question, as we have already seen, he gave a direct, fearless answer without a moment's hesitation. His tone of voice was uniformly low; he seldom raised it. There was in it, however, a suggestion of the Southern drawl, which reminded one of the fact that he had been born in the Old Dominion and that the father of this apostle of spiritual freedom was a soldier of the Confederacy. In reply to a question, he would often give the answer in a terse, pithy sentence, with the characteristic Southern drawl, and with a certain emphasis on some word or syllable. An illustration of this occurs to me, but I must first resume my story by way of introduction thereto.

After having been personally introduced to Professor Foster, I made bold to leave with him one day to look over, a little paper of mine, dealing with some aspects of Modernism in the church of my own inheritance, the Roman Catholic. The result of this was an invitation to visit him at his home. Mr. and Mrs. Foster kept open house every Monday evening, at which times a remarkably cosmopolitan group, of various degrees of sophistication, assembled at the Foster home to discuss religion, politics, literature, and art. The catholicity of Dr. Foster's interests seemed to be without limit. I recall one such evening when a young radical poet, then little known but whose name is now almost a household word among literary folk, was the guest of honor and read from his verses. Professor Foster's sympathetic toleration of alien *mores* was strikingly exhibited at these soirées. I remember a certain highly cultured lady who was a frequent visitor at the Foster home, in company with her husband, a Harvard man and a distinguished architect. This lady was a Viennese and, in keeping with European custom, usually enjoyed a

cigarette with the gentlemen. Professor Foster, ordained Baptist clergyman though he was, never raised any objection to this practice. My own provinciality was such that I felt a certain uneasiness, and, in private conversation with Dr. Foster, I once alluded to the matter; but he passed it off with a laughing remark concerning the lady's nationality.

Frequently I formed one of the company at these Monday evening affairs, and thus had an opportunity of coming to know Professor Foster in a more intimate way than would otherwise have been possible. I have in mind one such evening when Professor Foster was feeling tired—he had been out lecturing the night before—and lay down on the couch, by the wall, having to double up his lanky frame in order to do so. Although weary, he listened alertly to the conversation. The question of evolution being under discussion, I said to Professor Foster: "If the theory of evolution be true, what becomes of Adam?" I settled myself respectfully to listen to a learned disquisition on Genesis in the light of modern exegesis and the higher criticism. But without a moment's hesitation, this laconic reply flashed back at me from the sofa, in that curious drawl to which I have referred, and with a loud emphasis upon the second syllable of the last word: "He's *eliminated*." Professor Foster then closed his eyes—having dismissed the subject with this terse answer to my problem—and the interrupted hum of conversation among the company went on as before.

Professor Foster's theory of religion, and the philosophy of it, centered around the word *values*. It was the inherent, spiritual value that gave validity to dogma and doctrine, which without it were sterile. Just as Professor James, through his theory that beliefs are of significance only to the extent that they have the potentiality to affect human action, formulated the Pragmatic philosophy, so it might be said that Professor Foster, through his insistence upon values as criteria, evolved a Valuistic—I coin the word—philosophy. Beliefs are of worth according to their power to give us spiritual nourishment and enrich our lives. That was his great contribution as a religious philosopher. He was constantly on a quest for "values," but he cared nothing for creeds as mere abstract theological propositions. "I am come," said Jesus, "that ye might have life, and have it more abundantly."

Although Professor Foster's youth had been passed largely out of doors, amid the mountain grandeur of West Virginia and the Blue Ridge, in his mature years he seemed to take little interest in

Nature. One day in early autumn I was with him in a party which went out to the Dune country of Indiana. The region is one which is full of thrills for the Nature enthusiast, but Professor Foster showed little emotion. I recall that we unpacked our baskets and enjoyed our little luncheon on the front porch of the clubhouse belonging to the Prairie Club, perched on the brink of the cliff and looking out over the broad expanse of Lake Michigan. Professor Foster gazed upon the sparkling blue waters of the lake spread below us, but he remained silent, the habitual dreaming, meditative, far away look filling his eyes.

Probably no other man of his day was assailed with such harshness by certain unthinking classes as was Professor Foster; yet he practiced forgiveness and forbearance more genuinely and more cheerfully than, I think, any other person whom I have ever known. He was most charitable toward the motives and acts of others, even, and notably so, in the case of those who disagreed with him most fundamentally. He tried always to look at a problem from his opponent's point of view as well as from his own. Indeed, his adversaries in debate used to admit that he stated their case better than they could do it themselves. It was seldom, if ever, that he criticised anyone; and if he did, it was usually in a playful way which left no sting behind.

One day the name of Mr. Mangasarian was mentioned in conversation. In answer to some question about this gentleman—an Armenian rationalistic lecturer of some note in Chicago—Professor Foster expressed the opinion that the great sway which he exercised over his audiences was largely due to his being "a natural born actor." This was a penetrating analysis. I had on occasion attended Mangasarian's lectures and at once realized the truth of Dr. Foster's remark, casual as it was.

This Mr. Mangasarian, who had deserted the Presbyterian ministry, held a debate in Chicago some years ago with Mr. Algernon Crapsey, an Episcopal rector who had been unfrocked for heresy. The subject was the historicity of Jesus, Crapsey taking the affirmative and Mangasarian the negative side. I happened to mention to Professor Foster, one evening at his home, that I had been reading the report of this debate. With a twinkle in his eye, he observed that the only thing the matter with the debate was the fact that "neither of them knew anything about the subject." Yet when Brother Crapsey visited Chicago shortly afterwards, Professor Foster entertained him as an honored guest at his home, extending to

him the hand of Christian fellowship denied to the deposed Anglican priest by his own denominational brethren.

Professor Foster suffered many heavy domestic afflictions, but he bore his cross and trod the road to Golgotha again and again with uncomplaining lips. The death of his son Harrison, who had been drafted into the army in 1917 and in the following January fell a victim to pneumonia in a Texas camp, was the last great blow of his life. He himself did not live out the year. Although, with heaviness of heart, he accepted the war in a genuine conviction of its necessity, he declared again and again, in addresses and letters to the press, that the war would be a failure unless it should not only guarantee the rights of small nations, but also assure social justice to the masses in every country.

Professor Foster was an optimist to the end. During the last year or two of his life, he held several debates with the brilliant barrister, Mr. Clarence Darrow, on such subjects as, "Is the Human Will Free?" and "Is Life Worth Living?" These debates were held before packed houses at downtown theatres on Sunday afternoons, under the auspices of Mr. Arthur M. Lewis's "Workers' University Society." At one of them, after Mr. Darrow had proved to his own complete satisfaction that life was not worth living, Professor Foster rose from his chair, slowly pulled himself up to his full height, and "floored" the cheerful pessimist by drily replying, in his accustomed drawl: "Well, if all you say is true, I can't see, for the life of me, what right you have to be here this afternoon at all—you ought to be out under the lake." And again, I recall the deep feeling with which, in closing his side of a debate, he quoted Henley's famous lines:

"It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll;
I am the master of my fate—
I am the captain of my soul."

The force of this fine affirmation was not weakened by Mr. Darrow's cynical if paradoxically witty retort: "You haven't got any soul, and you're not the captain of it anyway." Yet Mr. Darrow was one of Professor Foster's warmest admirers, and in a splendid public eulogy mourned his loss when he passed into the beyond. With an earnestness I shall never forget, Professor Foster asserted, in one of these debates, that notwithstanding all the sorrows that had been his, he still found life worth living, and would be willing to live his life over again, if thereby he might be of service to the world. .

Professor Foster's death, occurring as it did, when he was apparently just at the zenith of his career, and on the point of delivering a noteworthy series of lectures, by special invitation, at Yale University, came as a great shock to all. The death of his son Harrison, which I have already mentioned, and the illness of other members of his family, added to the loss of two children some years before, greatly weakened his vitality. However, he continued about his duties, holding his classes at the university, often hurrying out at night to bring a religious message to groups of eager inquirers, frequently securing a hearing among groups opposed to religion in any form, and filling pulpits in distant cities as special supply preacher on Sundays. Though living in Chicago, he was for a number of years the pastor of a Unitarian church in Madison, Wisconsin, making weekly trips back and forth between the two cities during many months of the year. Mrs. Foster used to relate how time and again he returned home late at night, tired to exhaustion, but brimming over with eagerness to tell about his experience at some workers' meeting out in the slum district where he had spoken that evening.

In the dark days of the fall of 1918, the deadly epidemic of influenza swept the country, taking a heavy toll of life. In November his old friend, President Van Hise of the University of Wisconsin, succumbed. Professor Foster was asked to conduct the funeral service. Although far from well, he responded to the call, and set out for Madison. It was a cold, wet day, the house where he was lodged for the night in the Wisconsin city was poorly heated, and he returned to Chicago with a severe chill. He kept up and about, however; on Thanksgiving day, the weather being fair, he even played a little golf, his favorite outdoor recreation. Shortly afterwards, his condition became such that he was obliged to go to St. Luke's hospital. Complications soon set in, with fatal issue, the immediate cause of his death being abscess of the spleen.

To the end he held the faith which he had proclaimed all his life. His last words, whispered to Mrs. Foster as she bent over the bedside, were: "Tell them I still am captain of my soul."

And so, on December 22, 1918, the great spirit of George Burman Foster passed onward: onward, one fain would believe——

"Ex umbris et imaginibus in veritatem."

The funeral was held on Christmas eve, in the Baptist church, to whose fellowship he had clung throughout the years with a pathetic devotion.

Early in January, 1919, a noble memorial service was held in

Mandel Hall at the University of Chicago. At about the same time a memorial meeting was held for the general public at the Garrick Theatre downtown. It is of the university service that I would speak here. A large oil portrait of Professor Foster, singularly life-like in expression, occupied the place of honor on the platform. A great concourse of friends filled the hall. One after another, distinguished colleagues arose and bore witness to their appreciation, from different points of view, of Professor Foster's life and work. Telegrams and letters from former students scattered all over the country, many in places of eminence, were read. One of the most notable tributes was that of Dr. William Wallace Fenn, Dean of the Harvard University Divinity School, one of the principal speakers, who declared that, in his opinion, Dr. Foster was without question, at the time of his death, the greatest theologian in America, if not in the whole world besides. In a subsequent letter to the present writer, Dean Fenn said:

"As I reflect upon him now and look at his photograph which hangs on my library wall, the sweet loveliness of his nature stands out more prominently in my memory than his keen and mighty intellect. That is as it should be, and as he would have it."

The immensity of the field covered by Professor Foster in the domain of religion—historically, philosophically, psychologically, and comparatively considered—was astonishing. That a single investigator could successfully have worked so vast an area seems well-nigh incredible. The Annual Register of the University of Chicago for 1917-18, the last full academic year of Professor Foster's life, credited him with the following courses of instruction:

1. Outline History of Religion.
2. Outline Philosophy of Religion.
3. Psychology of Religion, Individual.
4. Psychology of Religion, Social.
5. Religion of Primitive Peoples.
6. The Egyptian and Assyro-Babylonian Religions.
7. Religions of the Indo-European Peoples, Indian and Iranian.
8. Religions of the Indo-European Peoples, Greek and Roman.
9. Religions of China and Japan.
10. Epistemology of Religion—The Knowledge Problem.
11. Metaphysics of Religion.
12. History of Patristic and Scholastic Thought.

13. History of Protestant Thought Prior to Kant.
14. Kant's Philosophy of Religion.
15. Philosophy of Religion from Kant to Hegel.
16. Hegel's Philosophy of Religion.
17. Schleiermacher's "Glaubenslehre."
18. The Relation between Religion and Morality.
19. The Relation between Science and Religion.
20. The Relation between Religion and Art.

"The greatest living thinker in his line!" President Harper exclaimed enthusiastically when, only three years after the opening of the University of Chicago, he announced that George Burman Foster, a young man still in his thirties, professor in McMaster University, Toronto, had been secured as Professor of Systematic Theology in the Divinity School of the University. President Harper was seldom mistaken in his judgments, and the passage of the years increasingly confirmed the early estimate of Professor Foster's scholarship. Nor did his constantly growing reputation seem to change in the least his characteristic modesty and democracy. Whether we see him as the young Phi Beta Kappa graduate of the University of West Virginia, working his way through the seminary as a student preacher in the hill towns, or thirty years later, as the distinguished head of the Department of Comparative Religion at one of America's greatest universities, he is ever to our eyes the same figure, going his way quietly and unassumingly yet with the unconscious dignity which marked him as one of the world's elect.

He possessed abundantly not only the high respect but the deep affection of a host of friends drawn from varied walks of life. Students and colleagues, working folk and professional men, clergy and laity, orthodox and heterodox, conservative and radical, all alike revered the qualities of heart and mind which made him all that he was—all that he meant in their lives. The beloved Dr. C. R. Henderson, in one of his last addresses at the university chapel services, characterized Professor Foster, in the hearing of the present writer, as a man whose mighty intellect he admired and whose great heart he loved.

Professor Foster's literary fame rests largely on two noteworthy books published during his lifetime: first, *The Finality of the Christian Religion*, a work of ripe scholarship, finely keyed together; and, second, *The Function of Religion in Man's Struggle for Existence*, a book designed for popular reading. Although

both books have been criticised by some as destructive, what can be more truly constructive than to provide a solid foundation, cleared of rubbish, upon which the earnest spiritual truth seeker may construct his own edifice of belief? That was Professor Foster's purpose in both books. In conversation with him one day, on the steps of Cobb Hall, I recall his remarking, with reference to *The Function of Religion*, "I tried to give a minimum of hope that was sure, rather than a maximum that was not." His exquisite meditation on "Death," published in the volume of "University of Chicago Sermons," brought comfort to many bereaved by the losses of war.

At his lamented and untimely passing, Professor Foster left a large amount of manuscript, none of which he had had time to prepare for the press. This was distributed by Mrs. Foster among his various friends for editing. To Dean Fenn of Harvard went his miscellaneous sermons, to Dr. Douglas C. Macintosh of the Yale Divinity School a set of his class lecture notes on the interpretation of Christianity, now published by MacMillan under the title "Christianity in Its Modern Expression," to Professor George Herbert Clarke, of the University of the South, his papers on Nietzsche, while to the present writer's hands there came the notes of his lectures on Maeterlinck, Ibsen, and Bjornson. The world of thought will surely be the richer for the eventual publication of all of this material.

REMAKING OF MINDS AND MORALS.

BY VICTOR S. YARROS.

DEEP and interesting questions are raised by Prof. James Harvey Robinson in his new book, entitled *The Mind in the Making*.

It is highly probable that the author himself did not realize fully the nature and variety of the questions he indirectly and unconsciously recalled to thoughtful persons by the thesis and its treatment in the bold and suggestive volume. Doubtless he considered the issues he did discuss quite sufficient unto the day, or the element addressed by him; but the matters ignored, though clearly involved in the problem, will repay some attention and study. Indeed, they challenge such attention, and he who deals with them soberly and scientifically, not arbitrarily, may be driven to dissent from some of Prof. Robinson's propositions.

The quintessential thesis of the book is that the modern mind is not free or fit enough to cope with the intricate and perplexing problems, social, economic and ethical, that face it and imperatively demand solution. And the mind is not free or fit because it has not succeeded in emancipating itself from "lumber"—metaphysical, theological, historical, what not. It is, in other words, still enslaved and enchained by the dead Past, and does not clearly think of the present in the appropriate and real terms of the present. It still cherishes superstitious veneration for Old Masters, old notions, and lacks the courage to scrap them and build independently on the basis of facts and established principles of science. The modern mind persists in seeking light in the dust-covered volumes of Aristotle, Plato, St. Paul, St. Thomas Aquinas, or in vague biblical texts that each school interprets to suit itself.

Why not do what Dr. Johnson advised—clear our minds of cant and irrelevance, let the dead bury the dead, and use our own knowledge, our own experience and our own faculties? Why not go to

Nature and to Society as we ourselves see and feel them for necessary generalizations?

Such questions are decidedly pertinent—or, rather, they would be pertinent were the underlying assumption well-founded—namely, the assumption that the modern mind *is* unduly fettered by the past, or that it is afraid to face the facts of life, or that our conduct *is* governed by obsolete and irrelevant ideas against which our own independent judgment revolts when it gets a chance.

But the assumption in question is baseless. Humanity is *not* fettered by notions which it could shed at will as garments are shed. To the degree to which humanity *is* controlled by the past, that past has entered into the warp and woof of the present. Ideas men live by are not mere empty professions that could be renounced and made to give way to significant and vital ideas. It is true that there is such a thing as “lip service,” but the very fact that there is such a thing militates against the assumption that we permit antiquated and refuted precepts to shape our lives and govern our conduct. The phrase, Lip Service, implies a conflict between the code professed and code followed. In condemning lip service, or hypocrisy, we tacitly affirm that our actual conduct is controlled by newer principles than those inherited from the past.

It is not the staggering burden of past superstitions and past fallacies that prevents us moderns from standing up and grappling manfully with the problems of our own day. It is something wholly different. What is that something?

Prof. Robinson himself answers this question correctly, though he fails to draw the right inference from that answer. “We are,” he says, “always and at once animals, savages and children.” Exactly; that is what we are, and cannot help being. Our calamities and maladjustments, our fratricidal wars, our class and caste divisions, our cruelties and wrongs are all ultimately ascribable to our natures and minds. And we are born with certain traits and characters that are scarcely more subject to voluntary manipulation than are the properties of true natural elements. Human conduct is determined by human nature. If we are always and at once animals, savages and children, pray why complain of our conduct, and why quarrel with the inevitable?

If there is hope of healthier and nobler human relations, of a better society, of peace and concord, in the future, that hope rests on the fact that man, after all, is something more, at times, than animal, savage and child. He has glimpses, visions, impulses, as-

pirations, ideals that we call sublime or divine. We speak of our conscience, of the still small voice, of the categorical imperative, of our better nature. Surely, even the narrowest materialist or the most inveterate pessimist will not quarrel with Shakespeare's tribute to man—

“What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!”

The root of the difficulty is in the fact that man has too much of the ape and tiger in him and too little of the qualities that make for unity and the peace of righteousness. Not past “ideas”, but present passions, emotions, interests, prejudices, are responsible for the ills of the body social.

If the modern mind is not free or fit, it is because it is enslaved by irrational passions and habits, by ingrained and inherited antipathies, and by greed, envy, jealousy and fear.

This conclusion should be self-evident, but since many question it, let us consider the proof of it supplied by the familiar yet ever-striking contrast between the operations of the modern mind in the sphere covered by the exact or pure sciences and the sphere sought to be governed by the social and moral sciences. There is no complaint from any quarter that the mathematician, the astronomer, the physicist, the chemist, the geologist, or the biologist is hampered by past or present superstitions. The minds of the men and women who devote themselves to the exact sciences are fit and free. The scientists in their proper domain are not conscious of any pull from the animal, the savage or the child within them. Darwin, Huxley, De Vries, Mendell, Tyndall, Helmholtz, Pasteur, Mach, Einstein, to name only a few pioneers and leaders in science, did their work, and thousands of more modest workers in laboratories and libraries are doing their work, without any sense of subjection to or interference by the past.

It is only in the fields of economics, politics and ethics that we hear so much about the “dead hand”, the unfortunate influence of motives alien to our own true interests, the survival of puerile beliefs in an age of reason and science. Why this difference? The explanation is not far to seek. In dealing with economic and political questions the average person is almost invariably governed by his interests, his lower ambitions, his passions. He pays little or no attention to the principles of science, and he suspects that the self-

styled savants themselves are not free from bias and prejudice. Economics and politics affect the pocket, the love of power, the social standing of men and women. No one favors the Relativity theory because it will help him to make money, and no one opposes it because it will cause him to lose money. Is there life on Mars? The question will be answered eventually by evidence, evidence gathered and weighed without bias. How old is the earth? Is variation a factor in the evolution of species, or not? Are acquired characters inherited or not? The average person expects the men of science to solve these problems, and he expects to accept the solutions. Not so with protection vs. free trade, the gold standard vs. some other standard, or no standard at all, or public ownership of utilities, or compulsory arbitration, or the referendum and recall. All such questions as these arouse class, group and party passions. It is idle to appeal to scientific opinion; that opinion is rejected with contempt or indifference. Professors are sneered at as "theorists", and the "practical man" creates his own economics and politics as he runs.

Now, where, pray, in all this is there any subjection to the past? The subjection is of the less powerful to the more powerful motives, of altruism to egoism, of justice to self-interest, of ideas to fears and suspicions.

Prof. Robinson is aware of these facts and considerations. But he pleads for the banishment of all motives that conflict with the one proper and sane human motive, the steady promotion of the rational happiness of humanity. By all means, by all means. Let us strive to undermine and destroy those unworthy motives, but in doing so what shall we encounter? Mere notions bequeathed by the past? No, very lively and robust emotional factors functioning in the present. To narrow self-interest enlightened self-interest must be opposed. To provincial ignorance, breadth of view. To race and national antipathies, inter-racial and international ties and bonds of every kind and description. To fear of pecuniary loss, forms of mutual insurance and social assumption of risks incident to necessary but painful readjustments. To excessive and wasteful competition, intelligent co-operation.

Some time ago Mr. Elihu Root, a keen and experienced diplomat and statesman, asserted in a public address that "the world was full of hatred and strife and murder today because of the incapacity of millions of people in organized states to receive the truth that is being spread through all civilization and which is to be theirs in the

centuries to come—but which they are not yet ready to receive." What can the lovers of peace, justice and human progress do meantime? Mr. Root answers: They must build character; they must exercise, and stimulate in others, the virtues that make human character—compassion, kindly consideration, willingness to make sacrifices or positive contributions to the stock of general good and the joy of life.

Who will, after due reflection on human conduct, past and present, seriously challenge Mr. Root's diagnosis or remedy?

It is not enough to attack and correct false ideas, superstitious survivals, outworn creeds. It is even more important to attend to the emotions of men, as well as to their institutions and arrangements. International and inter-racial walls or barriers make for misunderstanding and distrust and antipathy. Intercourse, contacts, service in a common cause, the creation and development of institutions conducive to peace and mutual comprehension—these are the factors that will gradually free us of hate and strife.

If the foregoing be sound and true—as, in fact, it self-evidently is—let us inquire whether the great teachers and seers of the Past propagated doctrines or principles inconsonant therewith. If we have to repudiate and unlearn ancient precepts, let us make sure we are repudiating and unlearning the right—or the wrong—things. If we must cleanse and free our modern minds, let us take care we remove that which ought to be removed, not that which ought to be conserved and cherished.

Shall we, for instance, repudiate the Ten Commandments? Hardly. Shall we repudiate the Greek ideal of a sound mind in a sound body? Hardly. Shall we repudiate the essential teachings of Jesus of Nazareth—the gospel of the Kingdom of Heaven within ourselves, the gospel of human brotherhood and mercy? Hardly, again. Shall we repudiate the essential teaching of Gautama, that men, to achieve serenity and happiness, must lose themselves in something far greater than their egoistic interests? Must we repudiate the essential teaching of Confucius? Once more, hardly.

These teachings, indeed, have been commended to us by the most modern of the moderns—from Tolstoy, the Anarchist-Communist, and Ruskin, the "reddest of the reds", as he whimsically called himself, down to Chesterton, Shaw, Wells, James and Bertrand Russell, and other Pragmatist and Neo-Realist philosophers.

It strikes one, on further analysis of the situation, that what we have to repudiate and unlearn is something that passes for *modern*

thought rather than for ancient. The gospel of the ruthless oppression of the masses, the "rabble", by the "supermen"; the gospel of brute force, of utter indifference to the fate of the weak; the gospel of a remorseless struggle for existence and domination, of the rejection of pity and sympathy as "slave ethics"—these are the teachings that, whether professed or tacitly acted upon by men innocent of philosophy, hamper and retard human progress, and continue to fill the world of hate and strife!

The truth is, the moral development of civilized humanity has not kept pace with its purely intellectual development. The intellect proposes, but the passions and emotions dispose. To perceive the right is one thing; to follow and practice it is another thing. Just as the average criminal knows and admits that murder, burglary, arson and forgery are wrongful and anti-social acts, which society properly forbids, and the only plea he is able to make is that his will was too weak to resist temptation, or to keep him on the path of virtue, so the vast majority of human beings perceive and concede that their conduct as neighbors, or citizens, or employers, or workers, or merchants, or professional men, leaves much to be desired from the viewpoint of their own professed ideal, but at the same time they plead that as society is organized they cannot be as just, as high-minded, as generous as they would like to be. They have a sense of weakness, of inferiority, of sin, of imperfection—and they have this sense because they "know better", because they have an ideal. The ideal belongs to the past, but it is the nobler part of the present.

Many have blamed modern Science in recent years for its non-moral, indifferentist attitude toward human happiness, its willingness to lend its marvelous resources to the forces of destruction. "Chemical warfare" is an instance in point. Submarines and flying torpedoes are another instance. Science, the indictment reads, shows the race how to commit suicide, how to ruin and wreck the structure of civilization so slowly and laboriously erected in the course of the ages. Why should not Science indignantly refuse to play so ignoble and vicious a role? Why should it not deliberately limit itself to construction and improvement?

The answer is clear and obvious. Science is an abstraction. It is the men and women of science who invent weapons and instruments of destruction, and they do so, first, because they are not mere or pure scientists, but nationalists, patriots, citizens or subjects as well, and they are told that patriotism demands of them loyal performance of such functions as "the State" may assign to them, and,

in the second place, because it is a fact that any weapon is utilizable in defensive as well as in offensive operations. The weapon itself is not criminal; the men who order its use may be criminal—or imbecile. Chemical warfare is horrible, but it may be resorted to, of course, to punish and repel brutal aggressors, enemies of human peace and happiness. The men of science cannot know how their inventions will be used. They may even be misled and duped by cunning politicians and diplomats in a given case and made to believe that they are rendering laudable patriotic and humanitarian service when, by ingenious inventions, they are helping to win a particular war. In our time of specialization, it is becoming increasingly difficult for a man of science to form opinions and judgments concerning complex questions in other fields than those they respectively cultivate. An excellent chemist may be a very poor economist or sociologist, and a good economist may be a most indifferent psychologist. To ask science to save the human race is, in effect, to ask hundreds of distinct groups of specialists to drop their several departments and work out solutions of the problems that lie outside of the spheres of most sciences—moral, industrial, political and social problems. The request would be absurd. Society itself must ardently wish to escape destruction, and to apply scientific discoveries constructively instead of destructively. That way lies salvation. In each community there will have to be, at least, a sufficiently strong and influential minority of lovers of righteousness to be able virtually to leaven the whole mass and to guide it toward the goal of the noblest and greatest of men since the advent of civilization. And neither the minority, the exceptionally gifted individuals, nor the mass should break with the Past—or *could* possibly break with the Past. We must conserve our social inheritance, for much of it is sound and wholesome, and seek to improve it only where it is manifestly obsolescent; improve it in the light that is ours, with the minds fashioned by the evolutionary process.

DEMOCRACY AS A FORM OF EXPERIMENTALISM.

BY T. V. SMITH.

TO interpret as sheer experimentalism any form of the state—and particularly the democratic form, which during the last century has, as Viscount Bryce notes,¹ been establishing itself as the universal norm—is of serious moment. The seriousness of such an interpretation grows chiefly out of the unique ubiquity of the political state: uncertainty in the ultimate authority infects with uncertainty all lesser associations. Man's fondness for absolutes indicates his dislike for contingency. With Luther, men turned from infallibility of Church to infallibility of Bible and from infallibility of Bible to guidance indeed more vague but hardly thought less infallible, an immutable Law of Nature.² Human nature seems such that it cannot stay content at its job until it feels its back against the wall of the universe. In order to tackle any problem with concentration and whole-hearted devotion, man needs some assurance that all other (potential) problems will for the time being stay out. The human terror at having too many things become problematic at once, has made men slow to welcome democracy and reluctant even after its coming to recognize it for what it is—a form of genuine experimentalism.

And so the implied guarantee *about things in general*, derived from the infallibility of king or pope or book or nature, has for long seemed to men ample compensation for the infinite trouble *about things in particular* caused by those who claimed the infallibility. So thoroughly does the "turbulency of the crowd" terrify even the crowd itself, in prospect or in retrospect, that for long men chose to bear the ills they had (under autocracy) rather than fly to those they knew not of (in an experimenting democracy). Hobbes' insight is essentially sound in that men do prefer *less* with more se-

¹ *Modern Democracies*, 1:3.

² Ritchie, *Natural Rights*, pp. 13-14.

curity for enjoying it, to *more* conditioned by continual uncertainty of tenure. Men will gladly exchange many "liberties" for a very little order, if they think that order cannot be had in any other way. This profound human desire for an absolute guarantee of the future, for infallible guidance, has had a marked influence on men's notions of how democracy is to justify itself. These notions may be grouped under three general philosophies of democracy.

The first of these philosophies has to do with the individual-as-such, his nature and his capacity; the second with the group-as-such, its nature and its capacity; and the third, with a combination of the two eventuating in a logic of scientific control.

I. *A Philosophy of the Individual.*

The individual-as-such—i. e., the individual guided neither by God from above nor by an immutable law of nature from beneath—has been universally adjudged impotent. "It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." On this conviction kings have appointed themselves keepers of men; on this conviction men have gladly suffered these self-appointed rulers. Had not inheritance provided tyrants, fear of the future would have raised them up. This inherited view of human nature, democracy has not entirely overcome, but has sought to reconcile in the curious notion that though a man as a man may be ignorant and fallible, as a voter he is wiser and more dependable. This faith may be based, as Bryce suggests,³ on the tacit assumption that to bestow the ballot, bestows also the will to use it, and that to establish a popular system of education, guarantees that suffrage will be used wisely. Or it may be based on the more naive view that when a mere man approaches the ballot box (which has gathered a kind of halo from current discussions of its purity, etc.), he somehow enters a sanctuary of authority from which he, like the Pope, speaks *ex cathedra*.

Whatever be its basis, it can hardly be doubted that this comforting faith is abroad in democratic societies. This view of the individual might possess some validity if on the ballot he as a voter were confronted with a sharp issue either alternative of which would lead to better results than he unaided could produce. This would, however, obviate the need of his voting at all. Moreover, no party is willing to admit that the issue on which the common man votes is not a live alternative, fraught with genuine significance to his country. No mystic faith can get more virtue out of a ballot box than party leaders and voters have put into it. If it is not in man that

³ *Modern Democracies*, p. 70.

walketh to direct his steps, then no electoral machinery can mysteriously endow him with power from on high.

II. *A Philosophy of the Group.*

But if reassurance cannot be found in the individual, let us seek it in the group. A group, it is argued, is more than an aggregation of individuals; and out of this "more" comes super-direction. May not the decision of twelve ignorant jurors be a wise verdict? The admitted fallibility of the individual is supplanted by a new kind of infallibility when many separate men become a group. The actual increase of power and wisdom, so this view would hold, corresponds in some mystic way with the *feeling* of heightened security which a gregarious animal feels upon joining his group. Decisions that would not inspire the isolated individual with confidence seem quite the inevitable thing when one is a member of a great group. This feeling of rightness and wisdom probably arises from the fact that a crowd is mightier and is therefore better able to enforce its desires than is the individual. But if we are to preserve any distinction between might and right, we can hardly take this as evidence of the wisdom or rightness of the crowd. Moreover, the crowd is more likely to be swayed by uncontrolled primitive emotions (the very antithesis of wisdom) than is the individual, as mob actions testify. This doctrine does not greatly gain in plausibility even when stated in the impressive terms of a "real will" which, whether men know it or can know it, coincides with the good of all, though it may override the concrete wishes of every member of the group.⁴ While, then, we may grant that a democracy may conduce materially to the feeling of security, it does not appear wherein it really has any assurance other than what Hobson has called "the hitherto baffling hope which has deluded several generations of democrats, the power of numbers."⁵ No more in the crowd-as-such, then, than in the individual-as-such, do we find any superior excellence of a democracy.

Indeed, it will be seen, I think, upon close analysis, that to the extent that democracy has emphasized either of the foregoing motives, it is not really democracy at all. People who emphasize either of these motives are in search of a new kind of Absolute. On the one hand, they are looking for a magic that will make the voter as

⁴ Hobhouse in *The Metaphysical Theory of the State* appears to me to do full justice to this view, both in his refutation and in his evaluation.

⁵ J. A. Hobson, *Democracy After the War*, p. 159.

voter infallible; they seek a substitute for intelligence. Either divine power or natural law must guarantee the outcome. Professor Croly has remarked that "the faith of Americans in their country is religious, if not in its intensity, at any rate in its almost absolute and universal authority."⁶ "The powers that be are ordained of God." The voter of the popular faith is but the lineal descendant of the king, and so the voter as sovereign can do no wrong either. Here, then, instead of one, we have many kings, each being the same sort of absolute sovereign as was the ancient king. It seems, on the other hand, that this same sanction is not lacking in the philosophy of those who find efficacy in the democratic group-as-such. The old adage expresses this truth literally, *vox populi, vox dei*, the first implication of which is the guarantee of infallibility. The upshot of both of these philosophies seems to be this: we do not want to go wrong, and consequently we cannot do so.⁷ But when we seek some rational guarantee of the validity of this naive but elemental logic, God or Nature seems the final sanction. Verily the soul of man will not rest until it rests in certainty. If this be in fact democracy, it is democracy made bearable by undemocratic blessings. It is democracy builded on absolutistic foundations.

On the contrary, we are coming to admit for the first time that democratic institutions must rest on democratic foundations; and a democratic regime must, if it be bearable at all, be rendered so by democratic assurances. If such foundations and such assurances cannot be found, then we must frankly resign ourselves either to despair or to absolutism once more. Our political theory cannot exist half slave and half free. This conviction brings us face to face with a third philosophy of democracy.

III. *A Philosophy of Scientific Control.*

This is the philosophy of experimentalism. Negatively put, this philosophy does not seek to read out of the individual-as-such or out of the group-as-such an infallible guarantee of success. It rests its case neither in divine guidance of king or of sovereign voter nor in any law of nature that pushes us up—willy-nilly—toward an inevitable goal. It is equally distrustful of any optimism the basis of which is laid in a hypothetical "real will" that may do violence to

⁶ *The Promise of American Life*, p. 1.

⁷ Cf. James description of the bases of selfishness: "Whatever is me is precious; this is me; therefore this is precious; Whatever is mine must not fail; this is mine; therefore this must not fail." *Psychology*, I:318.

the "will of all" as it journeys to the Absolute, the reconciler of all contradictions. These are all would-be short-cuts to that Land of Promise whereunto there is in truth no royal road. Indeed, these remnants of absolutistic hopes are more than excrescences upon a genuinely democratic order; they are verily among the worst enemies of democracy. As Croly has vigorously declared: "To conceive the better American future⁸ as a consummation which will take care of itself,—as the necessary result of our customary conditions, institutions, and ideas,—persistence in such a conception is admirably designed to deprive American life of any promise at all."⁹ Such views are forces of retardation because they encourage a soft dependence upon mystic, if not magic, means; they encourage instead of a belief in the efficacy of human effort, indolence born of faith in a "manifest destiny;"¹⁰ they lead us to judge institutions, not by their results, but by their pretensions—a procedure that has been at the expense of mankind from the beginning; and, finally, such views give us the feeling of security without the security itself and at the same time cause us, in the enjoyment of the feeling, to neglect the attainment of genuine security in the only way possible, through intelligent and far-sighted control.

On the positive side, democracy as experimentalism makes it clear that, in whatever other sense equality prevails, we are at least all equally devoid of infallibility. Instead of an *a priori* deduction of inevitable goods, we have only our own confessedly imperfect instruments with which to brave the future. "Trial and error" is here king of all. Genuine democracy represents man come of age. He now must take himself for better or for worse. This is a game at which we must throw our cards—our lives, our honor, or sacred all—upon the table of contingency and look for no other sanction

⁸ Croly has elsewhere said that on the whole we "still believe that somehow and sometime something better will happen to good Americans than has happened to men in any other country". *The Promise of American Life*, p. 3.

⁹ *ibid.*, p. 5. Cf. also J. A. Hobson, *Democracy After the War*, p. 162. "One of the most subtle defences of conservatism has been the modern notion, sedulously sown, that democracy was a process so inevitable and predestined in the evolution of society that no clearly conscious and purposive direction was required. . . . Democracy cannot be brought about by a drift or tendency of unconscious purpose; it needs conscious organization and direction by the co-operative will of individuals and nations."

¹⁰ Croly says (*ibid.* p. 4 *supra*): "The American calls his country, not the Land of Promise, but the Land of Destiny, and quotes H. G. Wells as saying: "When one talks to an American of his national purpose, he seems a little at a loss; if we speak of his national destiny, he responds with alacrity".

than that provided by the experiment itself. Democracy, like all things else, must submit to the test of time. "That such an experimental philosophy of life," says Dewey, "means a dangerous experiment goes without saying. It permits, sooner or later it may require, every alleged sacrosanct principle to submit to ordeal by fire—to trial by service rendered."¹¹ But the very danger of the challenge banishes fear and trembling and arms man with a new strength as he goes forth to work out his political salvation.

But since this philosophy confesses its only instrument to be experiment, trial and error, and since it proposes to apply this instrument to the state, upon which under our present system practically all our other institutions and cherished values vitally depend, it must be prepared to show evidence—if there be any—that its hit-or-miss experiments will not be more "miss" than "hit," that its trial-and-error will not be all error.

Briefly put, the answer to this legitimate and highly important question is found in the fact that man is a *learning* animal, that he can profit by past experience. This human endowment expresses itself in both passive and active adaptation to the environment (i. e., first in fitting man to his environment and then in fitting the environment to man.) This enables man constantly to change his mode of reaction to the changing world. There is nothing here of infallibility; so long as the future remains the future, it will remain contingent. Time is time, and the road in front is entirely open.¹² And herein is the element of risk, here is the genuine experimentalism. But in man's ability to learn is the ground for hope that his trial and error plan may be made to yield more successes than failures. And here the group fortifies the individual; here the individual enriches the group. For if we will avoid abstractions, we shall not contrast the individual and the group; but shall remember, as Professor Tufts has said, that we have "a social individual," "a society which reflects individuality."¹³ Through collaboration and comparison of experiments generalized conclusions can be had. Isolation of conditions can be effected, and improvement be made continuous, though the generations come and go.¹⁴ In the social nature of the individual and in his consequent ever-enlarging co-opera-

¹¹ *German Philosophy and Politics*, pp. 125-6.

¹² It is interesting to note that concurrent with the growth of democracy, new philosophies emphasizing the reality and significance of time—Bergsonism and Pragmatism particularly—have arisen.

¹³ *Philosophical Review*, 5:379.

¹⁴ As for technique, compare Will Durant's proposal for a Society of Social Research, in *Philosophy and the Social Problem*.

tion¹⁵ lies the possibility of intelligent control, both of mankind and of mankind's environment. It is in the concept of continuing and ever-increasing control that there is to be found a substitute for absolutism. Through a never-ending series of experiments so set as to eliminate the errors of the preceding ones, we can gradually approach as a limit, happier adaptation to and completer mastery of, our world.

Distrust of such a conception of democracy ought to be lessened by noting the fact that the suggestion really is that we apply science to the problem of government. If democracy is ever to be scientific, it must consciously and frankly become experimental. Science knows no Absolute; its progress is indeed in inverse ratio to the *a priori* element in it. It is an interesting fact that political theory is the last great interest of life to falter at the threshold of science. Why, even religion has entered the kingdom before politics! As was suggested at the beginning of this paper, the innumerable interests¹⁶ that the state includes has made political theory the citadel of conservatism. But as rapidly as it becomes indubitably clear that the security that absolutistic theories promise is false, so rapidly, it seems certain, will democracy, now spread throughout the world, seek the only basis that can promise well for the long future. Grief over loss of impossible infallibility or of specious certainty will in time be replaced by a new found joy in creating manifold new values in our human world. Experimental democracy means a turning at last from magic to a growing control of such means as can most surely realize whatever ends we set up as constituting the goods of life.

¹⁵ The need of and the progress of co-operation is suggestively sketched by Professor Tufts in his *Ethics of Co-operation*.

¹⁶ For the state, to which alone the term democracy has as yet been seriously applied, even in democratic countries tends to swallow up all other interests and organizations. To what extent this has come true, Hobson vividly shows. *Democracy After the War*, p. 160.

THIS THING CALLED CIVILIZATION.

BY HARDIN T. MCCLELLAND.

“The old, old urge, based on the ancient pinnacles;
lo, newer, higher pinnacles; from science and the
modern still impell’d—the old, old urge: *eidolons*.”
—Walt Whitman.

AFTER three years of discussion over the negative findings which Prof. Babbitt has made against the naturalistic and pseudo-romantic tendencies in modern life, there is coming to be an irresistible query in many minds whether our boasted Civilization is anywhere near the real thing. It is so much a mere round-robin of subscribed deceit and subsidized debauchery, so much a vicious circle of publicity propaganda, smear-culture and profit-squalor, that any sensible or sincere person has a perfect right to doubt the sumptuous sanity and the proffered prestige it is supposed to afford us.

To cheat oneself and neighbors is the ultimate procedure of “success.” To make our friends the hirelings of our own self-advancement or petty ambition is the customary motto of political preferment. To anticipate the inevitable settlement with cunning spoilsmongers is the principal function of industrial courts and economic conferences. To shirk the holy duty of public trust and personal integrity, and force a selfish usury on widows, orphans, defectives, the aged needy and disabled veterans is one of the flagrant practices of professional parasites and others who falsely proclaim the credentials of organized charity. While to jerk and twist one’s features in the aping of nobler emotions or in the mad nightmare of a hedonist’s reckless life is what often passes for sympathy, pity or the amiable sociability of an inert happiness. It is certainly a bad mess of affairs when anyone has *cause* to become

sceptical about the supposititious principles, functions and durable values which idealists ascribe to Civilization.

But what have we failed to do that permits our affairs to become thus disarranged and cause us to thus grope about in the bleak anxiety to avoid the pitfalls of our spiritual cavern? Why should we lose both the vision and the skillful practice of the beautifully good and true?—that principle which Ruskin once enunciated to the effect that

“Fine Art is that in which the hand, the head, and the heart go together . . . making a little group of wise men better than a wilderness of fools.”

One possible explanation is the following more or less subjective account. I have always felt but little confidence in the civilization of an age whose people could not be easily imposed upon. It is hardly less discouraging to have a jungle of ravaging knaves making our path of progress unnecessarily hazardous than to have a wilderness of fools so cowardly and unwise as to feed and succor them. For when a community, state or nation is composed of that ruling minority of individuals who are ever wary, sophisticated, unscrupulously cunning, and whose action-patterns are consequently the expressions of complex motives, how can it survive for long except on condition that the rest of the population remain gullible, myopic and misinformed? And even when it does survive for any comparative length of time, how can it result in anything but a commonwealth of mediocrity, obscurity and sterile civilization? The continued hegemony of the Few requires a certain proportion of exploitation, arbitrary control, injustice and clever propaganda to secure its power over the heterogeneous Many.

Thus then, except in sporadic individual cases of intelligent life, the general texture of Civilization is shoddy, faded and of ugly design. Times indeed do often change, but not the people or the actual code by which they live. The rhyomism of petty minds and purposes seems to be perennially in fertile flower and gives employment to the vigilant *weeder*s of a more thrifty and industrious field. Lacking initiative virtue and ethical hospitality, such a former age as our grandchildren will look back upon will be said to lack also generosity, sincerity, faith and unselfish love. It will probably be called the age of exploit, confusion and unrest that was concerned only in its attempt to *get by* on the least possible expenditure of honest thought and expression of moral energy. No wonder its so-called civilization is even now looked upon in various circles

as a questionable process culpable of many veiled devices set to trick and spoliage the keepers of her shrine.

It seems to me then that our only national safety, like our ultimate cosmic destiny, is assured to us only in the honest pursuit and ethical perfection of our moral capacity. We must educate ourselves to become keen purveyors as well as accurate surveyors of righteousness, sensitive alike to the close discriminations of justice and to the broad distinctions of honesty, kindness, public courage and private responsibility. For we are secure from future disaster only when we have actually and irrevocably destroyed all special privilege, all kakistocracy and economic tyranny; and only when our social institutions have been established on the fundamental principles of equal opportunity for all, the vocational recognition of genius and special types, the non-eligibility of mere fortune of birth to power and plenty, and the homogeneous (if not harmonious) placement of every form of creative capacity, executive ability or constructive skill. Spingarn has very ably shown us the utter antithesis between "the Seven Arts and the Seven Confusions" (New York, 1917) as well as the utter folly of trying to foist an economic yoke on genius and appreciative taste. But I think there is an *eighth art* that comprises the normal rational method of all honest civilizing processes, while there is also the correlative *eighth confusion* which results from an abnormal, foolish and misdirected cultural process. Our choice then is between just such an art and just such a confusion of human life. It is the Great Alternative which Charles Fletcher Dole sees at the foundation of Christianity.

I seldom lend so close an ear to the clamor of this boisterous world as I do to the thrill of a peaceful song, a bird in rapturous delight, or a woodsman whistling as he goes to work. It is to me a world that gives us more in proportion as we pay it less attention, and troubles us less in proportion as we accommodate ourselves with periods of repose and meditation. That is, we should be less concerned with worldly goods and more enamored of the sunny nooks and refuge of the woods. Only if we will, we can make of it almost over night a world, not of bustling self-interest and high-g geared expediency, but of music, virtue, wisdom, love, hope, science, religious devotion and (last but of equal importance) *sane conversation*. This is no distant or quondam possibility. It is an individual problem in *how* to keep one's balance and stay really civilized in the turmoil and ephemerality of this rancorous modern world. Howsoever we disclaim its general applicability, our ultimate

realization or failure to achieve an upright life proves that it remains a moral problem decisively immediate to our inward needs. That is surely one good reason why it demands our most capable and sincere attention.

In "The Summit of the Years" America's venerable philosopher and Nature-lover, John Burroughs, deplures this mad wrangle called modern civilization; our sophist paradoxes of power and weakness, longevity and race-suicide, social prestige and superficial ideals, prodigy-education and statistical smear-culture. He gives also a fine description of how we kill the spirit trying to save the soul. We certainly have sufficient evidence on hand to argue successfully that the world has gone mad over size-and-quantity measures of achievement; the sentiments of sanctity, sincerity, courage, and true noble quality being relegated to the dusty limbo of second-hand and third-rate literature. It is far otherwise than an auspicious religious sign when we find that people are overly devout only because they have access to the giant eight-foot Bible at Oxford or the Lord's Prayer which is engraved on a cherry stone at Pittsburg. The true and irredundant biography of humanity can actually and sufficiently be written into the space of a hundred pages pica. All over this amount is merely the fringe of a wizard carpet, beautiful perhaps but foolish and useless. Only an endless series, as it is today, of notes and indices, quotations and tables of contents for the information of babes and fools and knaves. Think then of the three million idle if not actually culpable repetitions in the Parisian Bibliothique—not to mention the thousand and two other vast collections scattered over the face of the earth! No wonder Christopher Morley, rehashing an old riddle, says that a book nowadays "is black and white, but seldom red (read) all over." And we are fast becoming inveterate triflers, not only in literature, but even in art, sociology, religion, science and philosophy.

This thing called modern civilization is certainly a far-fetched guess at the riddle of life. It really is, in its last analysis, an exceedingly awkward attempt to wear a starched collar on a work-shirt, to dance the Newport glide in logger's boots, leaving all the graceful charms of artistry to professional press-agents. The world, very much after the fashion of Schopenhauer's dictum, is a pendulum perpetually swinging between the extremes of culture and anarchy, religion and blasphemy, philosophy and folly. And yet the one extreme is as obstructive and disastrous in its *softness* and luxury-aims as the other is in its *hardness* and energy-values. The

real distinction is closer cut than that which only sees external aims and applications, and hence is moral and ethical in the principles which render the two sides distinct and antithetical. It is not so much a question of *how to interpret* religion and literature, as Matthew Arnold's "sweetness and light" would have us think. Quite possibly "mind and purpose ride on matter to the last atom," but this does not point out an adequate solution to the world's age-old problem of evil, nor does it offer any suggestions how to cure the raucous incorrigibility of those who persist in doing evil either openly or covertly. A good world must be rendered fool-proof as well as unsusceptible to the seductions of evil and finite interest.

After looking, with J. M. Guyau, at Art from the sociological point of view, we have known for long that

"Life is that in which thought, action and will converge toward one end—*la synergie sociale*. But this is not enough. To this must be added the exaltation of the individual thru *la sympathie sociale*; the production of this being the supreme function of art."

And it is one of the primary functions of every real cultural process to be social in aim, not merely a private and uncommunicable activity. It must honestly *mean* to build up and control the relevant affairs of Civilization whether these be early or late, good or bad, valuable or vain. Because the moral and the ethical tendencies of any particular code of life are invariably reliable criteria of its worth and the degree of its ultimate practicability, we need not remain raw humanists, but should seek to refine our heritage from Nature into a spiritual reality. The only art that is more fundamental in skill and ideal action-patterns than are usually listed in the bare chronicle of man's civilization is the art of living. And there are, just as there have always been, but very few masters to guide us aright.

Knowing how to live is at once the specialty of wise men and the puzzling paradox of fools; for the latter seem always to either live without knowing how or else they know how but do not live according to their knowledge. And yet, to be honest, preserving one's even temper, reserving judgment, and being always amiably disposed—this is the fourfold passport to the exotic shore of normal living. The physical reflection of normal intellectual and moral life will always be a faithful reproduction of the original pattern, and anyone can readily see where the original fault lies whenever there is evidence of a physical or ethical deformity.

An honest mind will not pass impeachable judgments upon anyone or anything, nor be vexed with them only in reflecting on brawling reports, equivocal opinions, or base conjectures. A balanced mind will always keep to the normal level of thought and speculation, sensible of but not weakly susceptible to the influence of external circumstances. An ephectic mind will not run headlong into the myopic impasse of rash decision, for it is ever disposed to await the truth and treat its deliverances in a cheerful mood of cautiousness. Likewise too, the amiable mind will not desert its unique refuge of innocence and contentment, for it experiences the daily gratuities of calm discretion and hopeful courage. The one element most common to these four aspects of the normal mind, or rather the one reliable compository which settles them in anticipation of any possible disturbance or infirmity, is the nobler function of the heart, its pattern of persistent truth, its perennial prescription of capacity-culture or development of talent, and its implacable struggle against all manner of treason, strategems and spoils. These are the necessary instruments to normal living; and yet there must be a sad minority who use them in daily practice, for it is getting to be a rare thing indeed to find anyone who is honest and liberal and cheerful at heart as well as in mind.

However, the criticism of others' conduct as being distinct from the similar tendency of our own is a truly risky business. Even when our own lives are actually set upon the estimable pedestal of probity and judicial discernment, we are taking chances with the *whole truth* of whatever we presume to judge. Especially when publishing a conception of how our neighbors ought to live, we are proceeding under the false impression of self-love and the egotism of presuming our own a normal capacity for pronouncing judgment upon the moral and intellectual responsibilities of others. Thus our own individual virtue and manner of living may be unimpeachable, but yet not a suitable or sufficient ground on which to dictate the conduct of someone else. What is measurable as limited good and what is indeterminate as variant evil are matters that we take exceptional hazard in attempting to decide from the ground of self-esteem alone. Our own merits and abilities may be sufficient to allow our critical function an adequate scope of action, but without benevolence and meekened sympathy our judgments are likely to result in little short of mere self-bias and automorphism—a truly ridiculous label on our decision.

Goethe had a rule from Wilhelm Meister that "every day we

should hear at least one little song, read one good poem, and look at one choice picture." This procedure, in distinction from what I have above named the moral course, is to lead the aesthetic life, and have those rarer qualities of intellectual power and artistic taste which will accommodate our sensitive appreciation of the finer forms of beauty and goodness which may be found here and there in the two great worlds of Nature and Human Life. Music, poetry, and painting are the three elder sisters of our creative genius (sculpture, architecture, design, creative prose and dramatic literature being others of the same family); and hence we do well to have an ear for the solace, the advice and encouragement they lend in our struggle against the uncouthness and vandalism of our awkward adolescence. Even in our later years they are of much practical counsel warding off ennui and pejorism. All these items might be considered as sidelights on F. W. Fitzpatrick's article on the "Evolution of Ethics" in *The Open Court* for January.

With peculiar regularity we find that the constant casuist cycle of opinion is to make inordinate claims and then fall into doubt over them. Habitual casuists are never tender-minded; they will unconsciously and, apparently, by second nature seek for specious irenics and apologies to cover every situation in which their acrobatic faculties place them. No social wrong, usury, hoax or out and out fraud seems capable of ruffing their well-oiled feathers. They have intellectual scruples and microtomic instruments aplenty, but none of conscience or moral principle. In any honest ethics the data of the "beyond good and evil!" moralist are indeed meagre, for he is seeking to live beyond morality and cannot take a reliable back-sight testimony. Man's only defensible brief for civilization is the slight degree of progress he has made in fellowship and aspiration, not the vast material wealth and achievement he has so shrewdly made his own. If there is any lesson in history it is this: that man has found that worldly codes are vain, that selfish utility and indulgence are the idle maxims of half-wise dupes and hedonists, and that all this mass of would-be eternal values is but the mercury on our automorphous mirrors. Progress is change for the better, and Civilization is an illusion if it is not wholly melioristic.

There is a legitimate tho fragile support allowed to romantic morality by our highest ideals of justice, altruism, integrity and loyalty; but these ideals have a background of ethical promise and true expediency in our instinctive tribal nature, they are subjective first and adjectival afterward. The heroism of Gandhi and the

ruthlessness of his non-co-operators in contemporary India clearly illustrate the order in which a man's ideas and aspirations seek to become realized. Anyone having philosophical doubts regarding the *inherent* degree of a certain nation's civilization and wishing to prove his case one way or another, needs only to try to change the existent system of life. And there are usually more conservative elements present to offer reactionary proof than can be immediately discountenanced and set aside in favor of those more progressive.

Biologists agree that environmentally acquired traits of character cannot be transmitted to offspring, that they are not inheritable, altho of high survival value in the disposition of the individual. It would seem then that traits of character can only be developed *after* birth, and that what we really do inherit is nothing but bare tendency, a disposition to be of a certain type regardless of the fortunes and moral suasions of our subsequent surroundings. Still, contemporary moralists have a strange sympathy for the creed-shy caution of the modern sceptic's departure from Melanchthon's synergism (a departure which Guyau anticipated and sought to forestall)—holding that neither God nor man can have any lasting influence on meliorism to take effect in the external processes of Civilization, much less in the obstinate sphere of human appetite and material ambition. The mere desire for better conditions of life and civilized progress can in time be realized, but it should not be carried forward entirely naked of other considerations and have its bare limbs cramped and forced into some pet scheme of intellectual content or reified into some far-off theological purpose; for then it is liable to hatch up less scrupulous mischiefs if still a positive purpose or, if weak and grown negative, it is liable to become an illusory sentiment or an inert moral force making its devotees nothing but helpless and negligible social factors in the world.

It is significant that none of the modern *travailleurs intellectuels* are any longer dupes to such outworn intrigue as the sparkling wit and clever worldly wisdom of the "three literary madams" (the Mmes. Sevigne, de Stael, and Maintenon) whose slightest glance and expression of opinion could make or break a powerful statesman's reputation. And still, with all our intellectual freedom and social democracy giving sanction and support to practically every conceivable sort of initiative, this modern sophistication seems yet to be inadequate to save us from the corruption, fraud and injustice of a false civilization. Not since the precious days of Louis

Quatorze and the "grand age" which culminated in the deliberately immoral policy of Louis XV, the fanatical contest between Jacobins and Girondists, and the bloody denouement of Robespierre's triumph, has there been such an impasse of unrest, ethical malfeasance, and general debauchery of both public and private honor. One of the foremost contemporary causes of this deplorable condition is the too popular but fallacious idea that the very spirit and genius of human nature can be temporarily repaired, advertised with gaudy labels, and bought and sold across the bargain counter of ephemeral and foolishly mercenary motives. But human life is not an ephemeral commodity, else it would meekly submit to the wage-cuts and other economic trimming or jobbery administered by cold-blooded financial autocrats; nor can all the venality and commercial intrigue of a myriad spoliating schemers ever thus translate the value of our personal wills-to-live or the primal aim of our individual destinies. Such a vulgar and selfish plot cannot become a durable transvaluation because it is wholly unnatural, artificial and chimerical. And anyone so desiring is either a fool or a knave to seek solace in such sycophantic sophistry.

Civilization is that degree in the process of spiritual development which should guarantee justice, equal opportunity, education, eugenesis and proper moral heritage to everyone regardless of their material fortune or power; and any phase of life which presents characteristics of less moral or intelligent quality might very well be of a certain definable promise but should not be prematurely called *civilized*. One of the surest arguments for the notion that we have made progress during the last two milleniums is not based upon this or that compend of material advancement or mere external perfection, but on the obvious fact that at least *some* of the people of the world are awake and are exerting themselves to realize Aristotle's decision that,

"The State came into being that man might exist, but
its end is that man might live nobly."

It is the gradual dissemination of this decision among the minds of modern people which makes them see their proper political (moral and educational) heritage, and appreciate the aspirational will that God has given them to fight for the actual and durable realization of this natural birthright in all its economic scope and social grandeur. And so it should be in a truly intelligent and progressive world. But until the general public, both communal and international, is brightened and ennobled with this conscious decision and

given signatory power over its verbal drafting and official presentation to the world, especially in its moral, educational, ethical and economic measures, we may only expect to continue our jungle-caveman mode of life and always have with us a vast majority of knaves who will derive an easy sustenance from those of us who are foolish enough to support them with the culpable mediocrity of our indifference and incapacity.

However, excepting as we let our attention dwell on the pejorative tendencies which nowadays seem so obstinately in the ascendant, there are still many items that encourage us to believe that the age of a normal world is at hand. There are new departures everywhere springing up to replace the old prejudices, giving brighter vision and exaltation to the mystic inner life of man. Justice and kindness, honesty and benevolence, political brotherhood and spiritual aspiration are the flaming watchwords. These are always the symptoms of an urge to progress, a thrust-bearing which takes up the strain of a direct conflict between an irresistible moral character and the mass inertia of an outworn age of circumstance and finite interest.

It is promised that men and women shall set up a co-regency of public and domestic honor, law and order, culture and freedom, wisdom and love which, when once firmly established, shall prove to be the most durable dynasty in all the archives of human history. Then shall the full significance of our social and political life flower into obvious prospects of moral culture and ethical achievement. And by becoming manifest to the multitude it will be afforded the rare opportunity of becoming realized on a universal scale. But can these promises, these high ideals for our moral future, be to any measurable or practical degree realized? And when realized, can they be economically applied to the social and political problems which are so absorbing and persistent today?

This present finitude which dims our vision and corrupts the contemporary souls of people cannot endure for aye, for it spells its own doom by its very mischief and limitation of function. We must somehow and sooner or later deliberately shuffle off this mortal coil of cumbrous ethical evasion, and set up instead the normal bisexual composite of moral government with its attendant complements of social equality, economic justice, educational reduction of delinquency and mediocrity, and the vocational recognition of genius and creative capacity. Surely we will some day recognize and advocate the now unborn principle of co-operative spiritual

effort and co-ordinated aspiration, using real efforts and real aspirations in solving our everyday problems. Surely we will some day pick out the kernel of truth which now nestles so snugly in the unnecessarily ponderous shell of our crusted ignorance. And in the digestion and assimilation of it into our general moral system we will probably begin to realize how long we have gone hungry for just such an occasion and just such a sumptuous repast.

Our moral life grows by means of justice and kindness, honesty and benevolence, culture and freedom, wisdom and love. So why should we not arrange our communal affairs so that our social or ethical life also would proceed according to a harmonious government by means of an equal dispensation of law and order, sincerity and service, industry and art, skilful thinking and honest manual labor? Why can we not recast this barbarous system now in ridiculous if not rancorous vogue? Is it really impossible or only difficult to start up a phoenix nation of real men and women who will live respectively according to the normal masculine and normal feminine principles of life, knowing no hermaphrodite illusion about soft foppery or hard androgyny, but resting content to be exactly as God intended them to be—complementary to each other? Can it be denied that we are already the dual vehicle in the world conveying justice and kindness, moral decision and cultural aspiration, brotherhood and constructive industry, wheresoever they have thus far been conveyed and the spark of divinity kept alive in human nature?

Such as these are our ultimate political questions; they have a vital bearing on the contemporary trend of Civilization, and the various manners in which we find occasion to answer them will certainly bear an equally various fruit in the ethics and morality of the future. The actual data on both our origin and destiny are very meagre and obscure. So, while science does not know and religion offers but little solace, we can at least exercise anticipation and hope, feeling that the Great Perhaps of Erasmus and Robert Burns is the last word in any valid confessional of faith in the hereafter.

SUPERNATURALISM AND SATANISM IN CHATEAUBRIAND.

BY MAXIMILIAN RUDWIN
(Continued)

Chateaubriand falls particularly short of his models in the delineation of his supernatural beings. These are not persons but marionettes, manufactured out of the tinsel borrowed from the classical and Christian poets. Our author is especially unsuccessful in his descriptions of the demons. The illustrious painter of Atala, Chactas, René, Eudorus and Velléda could not paint the portrait of his infernal majesty. The Devil as the Deity in *les Martyrs* is but the grand "machinist" of the poem. Chateaubriand aspired to surpass his models in the creation of Satan. "Dante," he asserted, "has simply made of Satan an atrocious monster, locked up in the center of the earth. Tasso, by giving his Devil horns, has almost rendered him ridiculous. Misled by these authorities, Milton had, for a moment, the bad taste to give the measurements of his Satan" (*Génie*, Pt. II, bk. iv, chap. 9). Chateaubriand, for this reason, refrains from detailed description of the figure of his Satan. We learn only that "he no longer resembles the star of the morning, but is like a baleful comet" (*Martyrs*, VIII). Dante, however, meant his Dis to be nothing but a foul and frozen fiend—an object of horror and hatred.³³ Tasso's Pluto fully retains his imposing dignity notwithstanding the traditional horns. Milton describes Satan as a powerful giant, but enters into no details of his physical appearance, leaving them to the imagination of the reader (*Par. Lost*, i, 194ff.). But Chateaubriand's Satan is so far inferior to all of these devils that he can bear no comparison with them. Chateaubriand's Satan is so much below Milton's Satan that we blush to think how he could ever sustain a conversation with him or even appear in

³³ Cf. the present writer's article, "Dante's Devil," in *The Open Court* for September, 1921.

his company. It is only after a prolonged sojourn in the dread and dismal darkness that the Devil of Milton has become the Devil of Chateaubriand. The Devil of the latter is, indeed, the Miltonic Devil, "but oh how fallen! how changed!" (*Par. Lost*, i. 84). In Milton's poem, Satan is still full of the memories of Heaven. His recent fall has not deprived him of his celestial beauty. He is a stranger as yet to his new and nebulous surroundings, while in Chateaubriand's book several thousand years of reprobation have passed over his head. The long habit of criminal thought has effaced from his brow every vestige of his past splendor, and he now appears as black as the regions which he inhabits. He has neither the greatness of intellect nor the charm of personality with which he was clothed by Milton. We meet in *les Martyrs* no longer the proud and bold archangel who would rather "reign in Hell than serve in Heaven" (*Par. Lost*, i. 263).

Chateaubriand's Devil answers to both of his biblical names, Satan and Lucifer. Satan was not generally identified with Lucifer before the time of Anselm (1034-93). Among the early Church Fathers, Eusebius was the only one who applied the name Lucifer to the chief rebel. In medieval literature Lucifer and Satan are not blended, though they are thoroughly in agreement. Lucifer is the Prince of the Pit, while Satan is but a second rate devil as in the Latin apocryphal book *Descensus Christi ad Inferos*, which forms the second part of the *Evangelium Nicodemi* (third century). Satan is Lucifer's chief minister and bosom friend, a "clever rooster," as his master calls him. A sharp line of demarcation is drawn between the characters of these two devils. Lucifer is a weakling, a cowardly despot, and Satan is his strong arm. The arch-regent of Hell is nervous and timorous, sentimental and brutal, vacillating and temporizing, always whimpering and whining for his past glory. Satan, on the other hand, is bold and proud, ever optimistic, never regretful. He submits to his fate without a murmur. He is far manlier than his master and often upbraids him for his womanish manners. After the fall from Heaven, Satan marshals all his powers of oratory to cheer and comfort his crest-fallen and despairing lord.³⁴

The worst fault of Chateaubriand's Satan in contrast to Milton's is his lack of freedom of action. The two conceptions of the Devil, the Catholic and the Protestant, are well illustrated by these two authors. In Catholicism the dualism is less pronounced and

³⁴ On the differentiation of character and personality between Lucifer and Satan and the lesser demons, see the present writer's monograph on the Devil in the religious plays of medieval Germany (Baltimore, 1915).

the Devil less powerful than in Protestantism.³⁵ Milton's Satan, acting of his own free will, is really an epic, majestic figure, a Promethean character who vainly but valiantly opposes a power which he knows he can never conquer. Chateaubriand's Satan has no will of his own. He belongs, to speak in the language of the Church, not to himself but to God (Anselm, *De casu Diaboli*). The Adversary in *les Martyrs* is but a tool in the hands of the Almighty, who knows his plans in advance, overhears the discussions of his council and takes a hand in its deliberations whenever he deems it necessary.

Another weakness in Chateaubriand's diabolistic conception is the representation of Satan and his angels as writing in physical torments and frightful agonies. Thus Chateaubriand robs them of all dignity. In this respect our author follows Milton, whose devils also suffer from fire (*Par. Lost*, ii. 88). But this material pain is in Milton very insignificant as compared with the spiritual sufferings of the devils. It is the inward torment on which Milton lays chief emphasis, and this inner pain shows itself in the face of his Satan. "Myself am Hell," he cries in the anguish of his soul (*ibid.* iv, 75). What gnaws at his heart is not a serpent, but

"The thought, both of lost happiness and lasting pain."
(*Ibid.* i. 54-5.)

The pain of Milton's Satan is psychical rather than physical. His is the boundless horror and despair of one who has known "eternal joys" and is now condemned to everlasting banishment. Marlowe's Mephistopheles also complains of moral rather than material sufferings. His torment is to be hopelessly bound in the constraint of serfdom to evil. There is a suggestion of peculiar horror in the tortured protest which bursts from his lips when asked as to his condition:

"Thinkest thou that I, who saw the face of God,
And tasted the eternal joys of heaven,
Am not tormented with ten thousand hells,
In being deprived of everlasting bliss?
O, Faustus, leave these frivolous demands,
Which strike a terror to my fainting soul!"

Chateaubriand, moreover, on this point runs counter to the teachings of the Church. "The everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels," is not to be lighted until the Judgment Day. Up to that time the punishment of the devils consists only in the

³⁵ The English reformer, John Wycliffe, in his *De dominio divino*, seems to imply that here on earth God must obey the Devil

fact that they must torment the souls of the wicked (*Book of Enoch*. x. 37). It is only the chief devil who was laid in everlasting chains by Christ during his descent to Hell, "as a special punishment for his audacity in tempting and persecuting our Lord on earth or for some other unfathomable intention of the Lord for the salvation of his Church and his elect" (Suraez, *De angelorum*; cf. also Gregory, *Moral. Lib.*, xxxv). The confinement of Satan, however, has in no way fettered his activity on earth. No matter how often the Devil has been bound and sealed in the lowest pit of Hell, his baleful influence on the affairs of men has never suffered any diminution. Satan apparently directs the work from his dungeon and despatches myriads of myrmidons to effect his will on earth. This conception of the imprisoned rebel, by the way, is a pre-Christian tradition. It may be found in many of the ancient ethnic religions. Ahriman, who fought against Ormuzd, was bound for a thousand years; Prometheus, who assailed Zeus, was chained to a rock in the Caucasus; and Loki, the calumniator of the northern gods, was strapped down with thongs of iron in his subterranean cavern.

Another serious deviation from tradition in *les Natches* is Chateaubriand's placing the demon Rumor at the southern extremity of our earth. To be canonically correct he should have domiciled her in the north. The north and not the south was looked upon as the Devil's special domain. It is described as the Devil's dwelling in the passage where the Lucifer legend first finds expression (*Is.* xiv. 13; cf. also *Jer.* i. 14f. and *Par. Lost*, v. 689). "The Lord," says Lactantius, "so divided the world with the Devil that *occidens, septentrio, tenebrae frigus* fell to the sphere of his Adversary." This accords with the saying, "ab aquilone omne malum." The good Goethe also said:

"The further northward one doth go,
The plentier soot and witches grow."

By taking up his sojourn in the north, Satan is but following his Persian ancestor Ahriman, who, as a winter-demon, had his habitation in the cold north, from whence he sent down hail, snow and devastating floods. The north side of a churchyard is considered unconsecrated ground and is reserved for suicides. As the entrance to a church is at the west end, the north is always to the left. For this reason the left has always been the seat of, and has practically become a synonym for, the Opposition. The Devil, like the traditional Hibernian, is always "agin the government" of Heaven or of earth. As a matter of fact, Dublin was by some demonologists con-

sidered to be Satan's earthly capital. The Scandinavian form of this name is *Divelina*. Burns had this fact in mind when he wrote:

"Is just as true's the deil's in hell
Or Dublin city."

Chateaubriand may have been thinking of the *daemon meridianus* of the Vulgate for Psalm xc. By this term, however, is meant the demon of middle age and not of the south. It was applied by Joseph de Maistre to Napoleon,³⁶ and recently served as title for a novel by Paul Bourget (1914).

The greater part of Chateaubriand's demons are but dull and dreary abstractions devoid of body and blood. Our author resorts to the simplest method of personification, in the medieval manner of the *Roman de la Rose*, which consists in writing an abstract noun with a capital letter.³⁷ In vain does he claim scriptural sanction and orthodox authority for his method of diabolizing our various vices. The objections which he raises against the physical allegory of classical mythology (*Génie*, Pt. II, bk. i. chap. 2) hold just as well against the moral allegory of Christian theology. A personal devil is a lot more interesting than an abstraction. The Eternity of Sorrows our author considers as "the most daring fiction of *les Martyrs*." But Eternity of Sorrows is the counterpart of the Augustinian "aeternitas felicitatis." From the fact that Chateaubriand counts among his allegorical characters the demon of Labor, it would seem that he believes with the Arabs that Leisure comes from God and Labor from the Evil One.

Allegory as a form of literature has long since passed away. Chateaubriand's allegorical phantasmagoria belongs to the antiquities which pseudo-classicism bequeathed to him. His devils even multiply with synonyms. There are two demons of Death: *la Mort* and *le Trépas*. This duplication is rather unusual. Hell is known for the precision of its distribution of labor. There is in addition an angel of Death. Our author puts an emissary of Heaven and one of Hell in charge of every natural act and of every human emotion;³⁸ and one must at times be a perfect connoisseur in spirits to know

³⁶ *Correspondance diplomatique* (published posthumously in 1860), ii. 65. Cf. K. R. Gallas, "A propos du titre *le Démon du midi*," in *Neophilologus*, vol. IV (1918-19), pp. 371-2. The writer of the note makes no mention of the passage in Joseph de Maistre.

³⁷ Cf. W. Wright Roberts, *loc. cit.*, p. 422.

³⁸ Contrary to popular belief, but in conformity with his esthetical views (cf. Matthey, *op. cit.*, p. 32), Chateaubriand maintains that, though leaving to Satan the power over most natural processes, the Lord has reserved for himself the storm and the thunder. (*Natchez*, X). He admits, however, that Satan

who's who. Uriel, the angel of Love, is supposed to be the antithesis of Astarte, the demon of Love. They are to be as far apart as Heaven is from Hell. In Chateaubriand's descriptions, however, the twain meet rather often. "The birth of Uriel, the angel of Love," we are told, "was coeval with the universe: he sprang into being with Eve, at the very moment when the first woman opened her eyes to the newly created light (*Martyrs*, XII). According to the rabbis, however, it was the Devil who entered the world at the same time as woman. He is believed to have issued from the aperture caused by the removal of the rib from Adam.

Chateaubriand's method of attributing sex to his allegorical characters, it must be admitted, bears the charm of novelty. The demon of Voluptuousness is a man, while the demons of Death and of Pride are women. We will not contest the quality of pride with the beautiful sex, but as far as Death is concerned we protest in the name of fairness. In our ignorance of the rules of personification we have always represented the Reaper as a member of the sterner sex.³⁹

Chateaubriand falls far short of his model, Milton, in his portrait of Death. In Milton's description of this demon all is vague, shrouded, confused, tremendous, terrible and sublime in the highest degree, while in Chateaubriand this demon is depicted in odious and hideous detail. Our author praises the manner in which Milton represented Death (*Génie*, Pt. II, bk. iv, chap. 14). His praise is more apt than his imitation.

often unchains a storm against the will of God (*Martyrs*, XV) and even raises a hurricane (*Natchez*, IX). In the popular mind, however, the wind and the storm have always been identified with the Devil. "We read in the Old Testament that the devil, by the divine permission, afflicted Job; and that among the means which he employed was a tempest which destroyed the house in which the sons of the patriarch were eating. The description in the *Book of Revelation* of the four angels who held the four winds, and to whom it was given to afflict the earth, was also generally associated with this belief; for, as St. Augustine tells us, the word angel is equally applicable to good and bad spirits" (Lecky, *Rise and Influence of the Spirit of Rationalism in Europe*). This is the origin of the belief in the four chiefs of Hell. The medieval expression "faire le diable à quatre" is now easily understood.

³⁹ It must be admitted, though, that in the Basle *Dance of Death* (15th century), the figure of Death is feminine (cf. W. Vischer, *Ueber die Entstehungszeit und die Meister des Grossbasler Todtentanzes* (Basel, 1849). This may be due to the fact that in the temptation scene of the medieval mystery plays the Tempter usually appeared as a serpent with a woman's head. According to the Venerable Bede, Lucifer chose to tempt Eve through a serpent which had a female head because "like is attracted to like." Peter Comestor in his *Historia Scholastica* concludes from this fact that while the serpent was yet erect, it had a virgin's head. Ruskin shows an unfamiliarity with medieval literature and art when he states that the serpent in Paradise was for many centuries represented with the head of a man. In Grandchamp's painting of the Temptation, however, the serpent has the head of a handsome young man.

Nor has Chateaubriand equalled his master Milton in his delineation of the lesser lights of Hell. In *Paradise Lost* there is a distinct differentiation. The personality of each devil reveals itself. Satan is not merely a devil; he is the particular devil Satan. Beelzebub, we feel, is distinct from Belial, Moloch is not Mammon, nor is Dagon Rimmon. Milton's devils are not metaphysical abstractions. Even his allegorical figures are living symbols. His demons are not ugly beasts. They have no horns, no tails. Nor are they wicked men. But they act in a manner which men can understand. The Devil should not be human, but he must have enough in common with human nature to play a part intelligible to human beings. In the artistic treatment of diabolical material the chief difficulty lies in preserving the just mean between the devil-character and the imparted element of humanity.

Like their author, Chateaubriand's devils—and angels, too, for that matter—are lacking in humor; and humor is a devil's redeeming quality. We cannot warm up to Chateaubriand's demons. They leave us classically cold.

Chateaubriand's devils are like nothing upon earth. An exception is the demon of False Wisdom, whose prototype on earth is the eighteenth century *philosophe*. Chateaubriand claims originality for this demon. "It is true," he says, "that he has been better known in our times than in the past and that he has never done so much harm to men" (*Martyrs*, VIII. n. 27). He also boasts that the idea of the demon of False Wisdom as the Father of Atheism was original with him and was well received by the public. (*Ibid.*) In conformity with the orthodox view this reactionary to Romanism calls a deist an atheist. Similarly our great and recent Roosevelt called Tom Paine, "a filthy little atheist."⁴⁰ But whatever vices the demon of False Wisdom may have fathered, he is certainly innocent of the vice of atheism. Satan and his satellites are not and cannot be atheists. We know upon the authority of our Evangelists that the devils believe in God and "confess Christ" (*Mark*, i. 24; *Luke*, iv. 34). It would never occur to the Devil to deny the Deity. If he were to reason God out of existence he would have to apply the scalpel of self-obliteration to himself as well. The Lord is as neces-

⁴⁰ Dr. Frank Wicks, of Indianapolis, whom the present writer first heard refer to this passage in Roosevelt's *Gouverneur Morris* (1888), is authority for the statement that proofs of Paine's theism had been submitted by the Thomas Paine Association to Roosevelt, but that he refused to make a correction in subsequent editions of his book.

sary to Lucifer as Lucifer is to the Lord. Though they oppose, they complete each other. They are part and parcel of the great universal system. Wesley's famous cry: "No, Devil, no God!" may just as well be reversed: "No God, no Devil!" The words that Chateaubriand has put into the mouth of this father of Atheism were never spoken by any demon in time or in eternity. To apply to this atheistic devil the remark of the cook in regard to Tennyson's parents, "If you raäked out Hell with a smaäll-tooth coämb, you weänt find their like."⁴¹

VI

Chateaubriand's best and most successful diabolical creation is the demon of Voluptuousness. This demon is described as the most beautiful of the fallen angels after Lucifer. She left Heaven, she informs us, not from any hatred against the Eternal, but solely to follow an angel she loved. At last we find a sympathetic devil in Chateaubriand's Hell. The demon of Voluptuousness is, in the opinion of Jules Lemaitre, the charm and the grace of this insipid and sordid Hell. The author gives us a very sensuous description of this demon of Voluptuousness.⁴² He portrays her with such passionate concern that the reader is not at a loss where to find the author's sympathies. With what complacency does Chateaubriand put beautiful words into her mouth! Commenting on the speech of this demon, Jules Lemaitre exclaims: "Ah que le peintre de cet enfer aime visiblement le péché!"⁴³

"Dieux de l'Olympe, et vous que je connais moins, divinités du brahmane et du druide, je n'essaierai point de le cacher; oui, l'enfer me pèse! Vous ne l'ignorez pas; je ne nourrissais contre l'Eternel aucun sujet de haine, et j'ai seulement suivi dans sa rébellion et dans sa chute, un ange que j'aimais. Mais puisque je suis tombé du ciel avec vous, je veux du moins vivre longtems au milieu des mortels, et je ne me laisserai point bannir de la terre. . . ."⁴⁴

Chateaubriand tries to conceal his admiration for this demoness by referring to her as a member of the sterner sex. This, however,

⁴¹ Quoted in *Alfred Lord Tennyson: A Memoir*. By his son (New York, 1905), p. 15.

⁴² A similar sensuous description is given in *les Natchez* of the demon Night, daughter of Satan.

⁴³ *Op. cit.*, p. 186.

⁴⁴ "Gods of Olympus, and ye with whom I am less acquainted, divinities of the Brahman and of the Druid, I shall not attempt at all to conceal it; yes, I cannot bear Hell! You well know that I cherished no hatred whatever against the Eternal, and that I only followed an angel whom I loved in his

is an error of judgment on his part. He describes the demon of Voluptuousness as the most dangerous of the spirits of the Abyss. This leads us to suspect that this demon must be a woman if we agree with Daniel Defoe that "a lady devil is about as dangerous a creature as one could meet."⁴⁵ Her name, Chateaubriand informs us, was Astarte among the Phoenicians and Venus among the Greeks. Now both Astarte and Venus were goddesses. This demon could not have changed sex after entering Chateaubriand's Hell, inasmuch as the demon of Jealousy is represented as the son of this demon and of Satan (*Martyrs*, XIV). Our author is unfair to wish to monopolize voluptuousness for himself and for his sex.

The reason why Chateaubriand succeeded so well with the demon of Voluptuousness is because here he approached Greek mythology. It is rather strange that in this book, supposedly written to show the superiority of the Christian Supernatural, the devils are only interesting in so far as they represent Greek divinities. Our author was far more successful with the gods of the Greek Pantheon than with the spirits of the Christian Heaven or Hell. Whatever touches upon Hellenic mythology in *les Martyrs* is pleasing and charming; whatever relates to Christian Supernaturalism is heavy and laborious. This book, written, as its author claimed, to show the beauties of Christian legend, charms us only in so far as it is permeated with the Hellenic spirit. Chateaubriand pleaded the cause of Christian theology and won the triumph for pagan mythology. "Chateaubriand," as G. Pellissier says, "set out with a pilgrim's staff; this staff changed to a thyrsus in his hand."⁴⁶ We may well say of him also what A. Barine remarked in regard to Saint-Pierre: "He desired to open the door for Providence to enter; in

rebellion and in his fall. But since I have fallen with you from Heaven, I wish at least to dwell among mortals, and shall not suffer myself to be banished from the earth. Tyre, Heliopolis, Paphos, Amathus, demand my presence. My star still blazes upon Mount Libanus; there I have enchanted temples, graceful festivals, swans which bear me in the midst of zephyrs, of flowers, of incense, of perfumes, of fresh lawns, of voluptuous dances and of smiling sacrifices. And the Christians would snatch from me this trifling compensation for celestial joys, would transform the myrtle of my groves, which has given so many victims to Hell, into a savage cross in order to multiply the inhabitants of Heaven! No, indeed! I will this day make known my power. Neither violence nor wisdom is necessary to obtain a victory over the disciples of a severe law: I will arm against them the tender passions; this girdle assures to you the victory. My caresses will ere long have softened these austere servants of a chaste god. I will subdue the frigid virgins and will disturb, even in their solitude, those anchorites who think to escape my fascination. . . ."

⁴⁵ Cf. Thomas Wright, *The Life of Daniel Defoe* (New York, 1894), p. 336.

⁴⁶ *Le Mouvement littéraire au XIXe siècle* (8e éd., 1908), p. 61.

ract he opened the door for the great Pan." ⁴⁷ In *les Martyrs*, Chateaubriand represents Satan in the effort of bringing the old religions back to life. "He carries the fatal spark to all the temples, and lights again the extinguished fires upon the altars of the idols." Well, this is exactly what Chateaubriand himself did. ⁴⁸ When he believed that he "raised the cross among the ruins of our altars," he placed wreaths of laurels upon the brows of the neglected Greek gods.

A further point must not be overlooked. In his great efforts to show the originality of his Hell, Chateaubriand maintains that it differs from all the hells of his predecessors by containing the Olympus. This claim stands perhaps unparalleled in the annals of literary history as a case of colossal self-deception. From St. Paul to Savonarola the pagan gods were considered as fallen angels. The Church Fathers were very explicit on this point. Tertullian states unequivocally that all the old gods were demons (*De spectaculis*). The Church regarded the gods of mythology as devils who beguiled men into worshipping them in the form of idols. ⁴⁹ In literature as far back as the Middle Ages the name of almost every Greek and Roman god was applied to the devils. In the French medieval mysteries the demons often bear the names of classical divinities. ⁵⁰ The *chansons de geste* called the devil Apollin (*Chanson de Roland*, l. 8); hence the line in Victor Hugo's *le Mariage de Roland*

"l'Archange saint Michel attaquant Apollo."

In Huon de Méri's *Torneioient Antechrist*, we find among the infernal barons Jupiter and Neptune together with Beelzebub. Dante and Tasso both drew upon Greco-Roman mythology to fill their hells. Milton, Chateaubriand's own master and model, places the "Ionian gods" in his Pandemonium (*Par. Lost*, i. 508; cf. also i. 738ff.). Chateaubriand needed, however, no foreign models for raising classical gods to demonhood. He could plead precedent in the poets of his own land. The pseudo-classicists Godeau and Desmarets already turned the gods of classical antiquity into demons by preserving their names and attributes. But there is yet another con-

⁴⁷ *Bernardin de Saint-Pierre* (1891), p. 133.

⁴⁸ Cf. also Bertrand, *op. cit.*, p. 354.

⁴⁹ "But the fundamental cause (*consummativa*) [of idolatry] must be sought in the devils, who cause men to adore them under the form of idols, therein working certain things which excited their wonder and admiration" (St. Thomas Aquinas, *Summa Theologica*, II, ii. 94).

⁵⁰ H. Wieck, *Die Teufel auf der mittelalterlichen Mysteryenbühne Frankreichs* (Leipzig, 1887).

sideration. If the Greek gods are devils, and if the Greek gods are beautiful, it must syllogistically follow that the devils, too, are beautiful. If, furthermore, the demons are diabolized vices, it must necessarily follow that vices, too, are beautiful.⁵¹ This amounts to an esthetic appreciation of that which is morally condemned. Thus, we already scent in this first of Romantics Baudelaire's fragrant and flaming *Fleurs du Mal*. But of this later.

It must be admitted, however, that in his great eagerness to be original, Chateaubriand tried to outdo his masters and sank the very Olympic rock, together with its inhabitants, into his Christian Hell. But by placing the Olympus as well as the Tartarus in his Hell he robbed it of its terrors.⁵² The bright gods of Greece dispersed the gloom of his Gehenna. Chateaubriand followed his masters with a vengeance, indeed, and assembled in his Hell the gods of a goodly number of ethnic religions. To the Oriental and classical divinities that had been consigned to Hell by his predecessors he added characters of northern mythology as well. His demons are a truly cosmopolitan company. We find in his Hell, Belial of the Hebrews, Moloch of the Ammonites, Baal of the Babylonians, Astarte of the Phoenicians, Anubis of the Egyptians, Mithra of the Persians, Brahma of the Hindus, Neptune and Apollo of the Greeks, Teutates and Dis of the Gauls,⁵³ Odin of the Scandinavians and Erminsul of the Saxons. In *les Natchez* the ranks of Satan are swelled also by the divinities of the North American Indians. This motley assemblage of discarded deities brings chaos into Chateaubriand's descriptions of the infernal hosts.

Even the physical torments of Chateaubriand's Hell hold no great terrors. "Any great modern poet's notion of an everlasting Hell," says Swinburne, "must of course be less merely material than Dante's mechanism of hot and cold circles, fire and ice, ordure and mire." Our author did not feel the need of presenting a Hell less material than that of this medieval poet, whom he followed in this respect, not having found any descriptions of the agonies of the lost souls in Milton. Chateaubriand's Hell, taking it all in all, is indifferent and insipid and not at all to the taste of a modern man.

Still Chateaubriand was more successful with his Hell than

⁵¹ Cf. Jules Lemaitre, *op. cit.*, p. 187.

⁵² Cf. François Guizot, *le Temps passé (Mélanges de critique)* (1887), ii, 218.

⁵³ Teutates (Tuisto in Tacitus) was originally the god of the Teutones. He may even be identical with Dis. The Teutonic god of light became the Gallican god of darkness. In the history of religion the god of one people is the devil of another.

with his Heaven. His remark in regard to his predecessors, that they achieved greater success with Hell than with Heaven, holds good of himself also. He himself admitted that it is easier to conceive of eternal unhappiness than of endless happiness (*Génie*, Pt. II, bk. iv, chap. 14). We can grasp Hell and even Purgatory but not Heaven. "Our imagination," says Anatole France, "is made up of memories." We can easily form a Hell out of the materials taken from earth, but we lack on our planet the stuff with which to construct a Heaven. It is Hell and not Heaven which is most real in the consciousness of man. We all know what Hell is, but when questioned in regard to Heaven we feel embarrassed to answer. The information is so scanty, as a brilliant French lady once remarked to Sainte-Beuve. It was Hell and not Heaven, which, according to the testimony of his contemporaries, had left deep marks on Dante's face. "There may be Heaven, there must be Hell," is the conclusion reached at the end of Browning's poem, "Time's Revenges." A further illustration of this idea is the legend of the three monks of Mesopotamia, who set out one day on a journey to the departed and who found Hell and Purgatory, but not Heaven.

VII

When not taken from Milton, Chateaubriand's imagery of Heaven is borrowed from the *Revelation of St. John*, but our author failed to adapt the ecstatic visions of Oriental imagination to the feelings of a modern man of the Occident. Julian Schmidt could get no idea of the Catholic Heaven from Chateaubriand's descriptions.⁵⁴ Lady Blennerhasset says truly: "Visions of Heaven have been denied to Chateaubriand."⁵⁵ No, our author has not succeeded in making heavenly bliss any too attractive. Chateaubriand is a greater master in the description of an earthly than of a heavenly environment just as he is a better painter of earthly than of heavenly passions. Of all men, Chateaubriand was least fitted to offer a description of the regions of the blessed. One who claimed that he delighted in speaking of unhappiness ("Je me délectais à parler du malheur") could form no conception at all of Heaven. He was certainly more in his element among the spirits of darkness than

⁵⁴ *Geschichte der französischen Literatur seit der Revolution* (Leipzig, 1858).

⁵⁵ Chateaubriand, *Romantik und die Restaurationsepoche in Frankreich* (Mainz, 1903); see also her essay on Chateaubriand in *Sidelights* (New York, 1913), pp. 212-45.

among the spirits of light. From his descriptions of the different sorts and degrees of punishment it would seem as if, to speak with Erasmus, he "were very well acquainted with the soil and situation of these infernal regions."⁵⁶

Chateaubriand lacked the qualities of a poet of the Supernatural. Only a great poet can leave with impunity the solid ground of nature and give solidity to the Supernatural. Our author was less fitted than many another of his day to do justice to his chosen subject. He wanted the soul of a mystic and was no symbolist. He possessed no sense of myth and mystery. "The taste of Chateaubriand," says G. Merlet, "was of a different school from his talent."⁵⁷ He had the taste but not the talent for the miraculous and marvellous. He was too much of the earth earthy to portray the Spiritual and the Supernatural.

Chateaubriand achieved the antithesis of his purpose by his interjection of the Supernatural. He not only failed to show the superiority of the Christian to the classical Supernatural, but also spoiled the story. The Supernatural, which was designed to raise *les Martyrs* to a poetic dignity, impaired its value as a work of art. It does not add to the beauty of the book, but detracts from it.⁵⁸ Had it not been for *le merveilleux chrétien* this novel of the Christian origins would have been beautiful: A woman gladly abandons her father and her faith to follow the lord and master of her heart and after a long separation joins him in the arena of the gladiators, where a common martyrdom seals their virginal union. But Chateaubriand preferred to write an epos, and a Christian epos at that, and needed scenes of divine and diabolic interventions and of celestial and infernal assemblages.

But why call Heaven and Hell to witness? Chateaubriand supposes that the martyrdom of Eudorus and Cymodocée will bring about the triumph of the Christian religion. Consequently Heaven and Hell must be tremendously interested in this pair of lovers. Our author thus distinguishes from the vast number of Christian martyrs two persons whom nothing in the world puts in a class by themselves. Why, we ask, should Eudorus and Cymodocée have

⁵⁶ It may be interesting to note in this connection that after 1830 Chateaubriand bought a pavilion situated in the rue d'Enfer, which, however, as Professor Todd suggests, probably is more correctly spelled rue d'Enfert.

⁵⁷ *Tableau de la littérature française de 1800 à 1815* (1878), iii. 157.

⁵⁸ The English translator of *les Natchez* (1827) very wisely omitted all supernatural parts. The English translator of *les Martyrs* (1812; new version, 1859), though including the "Christian marvellous," considered it nevertheless "tedious and misplaced and rather diminishing than increasing the interest of the story."

been chosen to make up the required Holocaust to the exclusion of all others? Indeed, in what respect do Eudorus and Cymodocée stand out above all other martyrs? Why is it that only through their martyrdom is the Devil to be put in chains? They do nothing that other Christian martyrs before and after them have not done. There is nothing in their characters, in their personal worth, in their sufferings, to explain the striking distinction made by the poet between them and all other martyrs.⁵⁹ Moreover, why should the merit of the martyrs be unequal? Within the bounds of human understanding we are not made to see what could fit certain individuals more than others for the work of the salvation of the Church. As a matter of fact, if we followed our reason we should say that Eudorus was less fit to accomplish this aim than most other martyrs. Even admitting that his repentance was sincere, a repentant sinner is not greater than a saint. "Le repentir sincère égale l'innocence," says the French proverb. Sincere repentance equals innocence, but does not surpass it.

Chateaubriand's great and fundamental error, from the theological point of view, is his effort to make of his Eudorus the equivalent of a second Christ. It has already been noted by his contemporary critics that in the colloquy between God the Father and God the Son, the question is of a new Lamb to wash away the sins of the world, of a new Holocaust chosen for the triumph of the Christian religion, of a new Host necessary to hurl Lucifer into the Abyss. It would almost seem, as Sainte-Beuve ironically remarks, that the author of the *Génie du Christianisme* had the presumptuous air of wishing to reform Christianity. Commenting on the death of the two characters, Chateaubriand says simply and solemnly: "The Host was accepted: the last drop of the blood of the righteous to make triumph that religion which was destined to change the face of the earth." Of whom does our author speak in such terms? Of Jesus Christ? Oh, no! Of a fictitious person by the name of Eudorus. But all the rivers of blood which have been shed by men and women who sacrificed their lives for their faith are, in the opinion of the Church, not worth a single drop of the blood of the Saviour. To hear and heed Chateaubriand we would say that the first and great Victim, which is none other than Jesus Christ, is no longer sufficient as a ransom for our sins. We know that the Son of God died for our salvation. We have been taught that by the fall of Adam man became the slave or subject of Satan, but was

⁵⁹ Cf. Alexandre Vinet, *Etude sur la littérature française du XIXe siècle* (2e éd., 1857), pp. 286f.

redeemed from bondage by the death of the Lord. It was not necessary for Eudorus to be torn to pieces by lions in order to fetter the Fiend. We know upon the authority of the Evangelist St. Matthew that Lucifer was put by Christ "in everlasting chains." The Devil's overthrow occurred on Calvary and not in the arena at Rome.

Did Chateaubriand really think that the Lord Jesus did not bring salvation to man? He was overanxious to show that his treatment of the Supernatural was in accord with the teachings of the Church Fathers.⁶⁰ But on this point he revealed an utter ignorance of patristic literature. The idea of salvation according to Irenæus, Origen and Gregory the Great is briefly as follows: All men, by reason of the Fall, became the rightful and exclusive property of Satan; and it would have been unjust on the part of God to take from him by violence that which was in reality his due. Satan, however, was willing to relinquish his claim to the human race on condition that Jesus should be given to him as the ransom price of humanity. But Heaven outwitted Hell in the bargain for man's redemption. When Satan got the price he found that he could not keep it. In demanding Christ as payment he did not know the dual nature of his prize; and, as Ruffinus puts it, in swallowing the bait (the humanity) he was tortured by the hook (the divinity) and was only too glad to relinquish both.⁶¹ Whether by fair dealing or foul, the fact remains that through the death of Christ man was redeemed from the power of Satan. Of course, we will leave this matter for the doctors of the Church to discuss, and we do not envy Chateaubriand in the least to have on his hands an affair with these learned gentlemen. All we wish to point out is that Chateaubriand erred grievously when he believed that Heaven and Hell were greatly concerned whether or not his lovers were happily united in the end.

Furthermore, Chateaubriand's reason for the persecution under Diocletian does not hold good in the face of facts. In vain does our author appeal to the authority of Eusebius, who explains the persecution as a visitation from Heaven for the sins of the Christians in their prosperity (*Martyrs*, I n. 2). Chateaubriand's own story

⁶⁰ Chateaubriand is so anxious to follow tradition that he has the Virgin Mary walk about in her body amidst the blessed souls in Heaven. It is on this point in particular that Jules Lemaitre (*op. cit.*, pp. 73f.), raised the laugh against him. Cf. Juan Manuel's *Treatise showing that the Blessed Mary is, body and soul, in Paradise* (14th century).

⁶¹ An excellent presentation of the evolution of the theory of salvation will be found in Hastings Rashdall's, *The Idea of Attonement in Christian Theology* (London, 1919).

of the Christians of those days, however, does not bear out their alleged prosperity and perfidy. Throughout the book we get a picture of the life of these early Christians wholly opposed to the affluence and apostasy with which they are charged. With the exception of Lasthénès, whom our author represents as the richest man in Greece, all Christians belong to the lowest classes of society. They are recruited almost wholly from the proscribed and despised of men (*ibid.*, V). We read of the evangelical poverty in which they live (*ibid.*, IV, XI, XII), of their innocent lives (*ibid.*, XIII), and of the bitter torments which they undergo for the sake of their faith (*ibid.*, IV, VI, VII, XV). They gather for worship at midnight (*ibid.*, V), have tombs for temples and wounds for treasures (*ibid.*, XVI). The Church had already suffered nine persecutions within the brief period of less than three centuries.⁶²

Moreover, the triumph of the Christian religion (the title of the book) consisted, according to Chateaubriand, in the adoption of Christianity by Constantine and the official promotion of Christianity to the rank of a State religion. But this triumph, which is in the form of a support lent to truth by a temporal and political power, cannot well be called the triumph of the powers of light over the spirit of the Abyss. Some of us would even go so far as to call this union of Church and State the defeat of the Christian religion. From the days of Constantine the religion of Jesus of Nazareth has been so linked with political and financial interests that its moral and spiritual power has been largely overlooked. The Church has become the handmaiden of the State and has been willing, sometimes, at least, to sponsor whatever the latter wished.

Furthermore, the imprisonment of Satan, which is supposed to have been caused by the merit of the martyrdom of Eudorus and Cymodocée, in no way changed the conduct of the men and women in Rome, or in the rest of the world for that matter. The Principdom of the air does not seem to have been overthrown even by the vicarious death of Eudorus and Cymodocée, and has been in commission all the ages down to the present day, as recent events have conclusively proved. Even the ecclesiastics believe that in the eternal combat between the Deity and the Devil for the mastery of this

⁶² This does not mean, however, that there are not even nowadays men who hold the Devil responsible for the persecution of the Christians under the Roman emperors. A century and a decade after Chateaubriand (November 16, 1919), a clergyman in the metropolis of America said from his pulpit on a Sunday morning: "Working through Nero, Diocletian, and other emperors, the Devil deliberately and carefully planned literally to wipe from the earth all the Christians."

world the latter gradually has been gaining the upper hand. The *Malleus maleficarum*, a large volume written by two inquisitors under the papal bull against witchcraft of 1484 and published in Germany at the end of the fifteenth century,⁶³ contains the very singular avowal that the Devil is constantly gaining ground, or in other words, that the Lord is constantly losing ground; that Man, who was created to fill a vacancy in Heaven, is rather headed downward.

All this Supernaturalism is extraneous and extravagant in *les Martyrs*. Chateaubriand erred greatly when he believed that "the good and bad angels sufficed to carry on the action without delivering it to worn-out machinery." The supernatural agencies hinder rather than help the action; and instead of composing an epic, our author created a creaking work of pulleys and puppets. "In few pseudo-epics," says Professor Babbitt, "is the creaking of the pulleys with which this "machinery" is managed so painfully audible as in the *Martyrs*."⁶⁴ The interweaving of the spiritual with the material, of the superhuman with the human is as infelicitous as the mingling of earthly and heavenly passions. There is too much stiffness and awkwardness, too much pedantry and puerility, too many inanities and inconsistencies in his "merveilleux chrétien." It was too laboriously imagined and too coldly applied. His machinery of marvels is simply monstrous. We are irritated by the complexity of his supernatural characters. We are bewildered by the mazes of his mechanisms. We are dazed by the *mélange* of the different *merveilleux*: *merveilleux chrétien*, *merveilleux mythologique* and (in *les Natchez*) *merveilleux indien*. The incomparable absurdity of this farrago makes us at times nearly burst into laughter. A specimen from each of the two books will suffice to show the ludicrousness of this epic machinery: The demon Rumor in *les Natchez* quits her palace upon the command of her father, Satan, and sets out upon a secret mission. And what is the object of this flight through the air? What mighty empire is the demon thus charged to overturn? Hear Reader and marvel at this marvellous! Rumor goes "preceded by Astonishment, followed closely by Envy and accompanied by Admiration" to play the gossip in an Indian wig-wam! Satan in *les Martyrs* mounts upon a chariot of fire,⁶⁵ places

⁶³ *Malleus maleficarum*. *Der Hexenhammer*. Verfasst von den beiden Inquisitoren Jakob Sprenger und Heinrich Institoris. Zum ersten Male ins Deutsche übertragen u. eingeleitet von J. W. R. Schmidt. 3 Bände. Kritische Ausgabe, Berlin, 1905.

⁶⁴ *Op. cit.*, p. 65.

⁶⁵ It is, mind you, a real chariot with wheels and drawn by winged horses. But what is the matter with Satan's wings? Have they been so badly singed

at his side the monster whom he calls his son, and they both drive in state to the valley of the Alpheus to visit Hiéroclès. And what, pray, is the aim of this journey? Never was a finer bit of bathos. The demon of Jealousy, disguised as an aged augur, approaches the bed of the proconsul of Achaia and touches his breast with a rod that he holds in his hand. And all this fuss, as Jules Lemaitre rightly remarks, to inspire in a man the most natural of sentiments!⁶⁶

Chateaubriand's efforts to make his supernatural characters act naturally are also absurd. Satan "borne down by the might of his crimes descends *naturally* towards Hell." We read also that during his physical contact with Velléda the language of Hell escaped *naturally* from the lips of Eudorus.

Chateaubriand's mystic notions of the workings of the universe may be characterized as too silly for words. How amazing must sound to a modern man the explanation of high and low tide which the angel of the seas gives to Gabriel! Our author here speaks after the heart of his yoke-fellow Joseph de Maistre, who wished that a scientist might come forward and credit the Lord and not the moon with the ebb and flow of the tide. What shall we say of Chateaubriand's cosmogony? Uriel, the angel of the sun,⁶⁷ informs in *les Natchez* the guardian angel of America how his planet was created. This star, he tells him, was not at all formed as men imagine, and then goes on to explain the origin of the sun: When the Lord thinks, his thoughts send forth beams of light throughout the universe. The child Emmanuel, playing one day with these thought-beams, breaks one of them: and out of a drop which he lets fall, the sun is formed. The sun-spots, this angel instructs us further, are caused by the shadow of his wings, which he spreads whenever a thought crosses the Divine intelligence: otherwise the universe would be consumed.* And this in the days of Laplace! Mr. John Foster in a review of

by cannon fire during the war in Heaven that they cannot bear him aloft? His means of locomotion may, however, be the result of his wish to counterfeit Christ, who has "a living chariot with wheels which hurl thunders and lightnings" (*Martyrs*, III). The tendency on the part of the Devil to mimic the Deity in every detail of his character and conduct has earned for him the appellation *simia Dei*. For the Evangelists, the wind is the proper vehicle of Satan and his angels. "Rain seems to have been commonly associated, as it still is in the Church of England, with the intervention of the deity, but wind and hail were invariably identified with the devil" (*Lecky*).

⁶⁶ *Op. cit.*, p. 188.

⁶⁷ In *les Martyrs*, Uriel resigned as guardian of the sun to take up his new duties as angel of Love.

* In *les Martyrs* it is the old Fiend himself who darkens the universe with his bat's wings.

les Martyrs said that its author "has introduced some of the most foolish extravagances that ever Popish fancy mistook for grandeur."⁶⁹

(To be Continued)

⁶⁹ *Eclectic Review* of September, 1812. Reprinted in his *Critical Essays Contributed to "The Eclectic Review"* (London, 1856), vol. II, pp. 263-78.

THE ECONOMIC SIGNIFICANCE OF HIGH PRICES.

BY T. B. STORK.

LIKE some elusive insect imprisoned in its amber, important truth may sometimes be caught up in hap-hazard popular saying. Flung out at random by some one, then adopted by all as expressing their own thought, it flies from lip to lip, gathering suffrage as it goes. Such is the now hackneyed saying that it is not the high cost of living but the cost of living high that is our present economic trouble.

It is the obvious that most easily escapes observation: we fear the black cloud on the horizon and stumble over the stone at our feet. So it is with the various economic phenomena that just now challenge our attention to such a degree that some thoughtless persons declare that the end of the world is at hand. At every surprising turn in the affairs of the world, there is always somebody to bring forward this suggestion with the air of uttering an entirely new and original contribution to the general stock. So far from solving our problems that oft predicted event might possibly be but the beginning of far more troublesome ones.

While it is certainly true that many of our high costs of living are the direct results of the war, an aftermath of bellicose follies, nevertheless many others are, to quote the popular saying, nothing more nor less than the cost of high living, a high living not to be depreciated or feared, but rather properly appreciated and understood as the mark of the industrial progress of the world, more particularly in prosperous and progressive countries like England and the United States, where it is most in evidence.

Imperceptibly but very surely there has been growing up in all civilized communities a great multitude of conveniences and luxuries that, small in themselves, have yet in the aggregate tremendous

economic effect. These superfluous appurtenances of living have encroached on the plain living of the olden time.

We all live, I will not say better, but more elaborately than ever before; we all expect and require in one way or another more things than ever before; that means more service from labor. The industrial world produces more for these requirements and is continually spurred on to produce more and more every year, while at the same time, by various inventions and devices, labor is made more efficient, more capable of answering these increased demands. I need not go back to ancient Greece, or still more ancient Egypt, to illustrate my thesis or contrast the highly differentiated costume of the average man of today, with his shoes and stockings, his collars and cuffs, his shirts and suspenders and garters, his collar buttons and shoe laces, handkerchiefs, neckties, scarf pins, coats, vests, trousers, watches, pocket knives, pencils, tooth picks, chewing gum, cigarette or cigar cases, match boxes, canes, umbrellas, overshoes, etc., with the simplicity of dress and belongings of even the kings of those ancient countries.

We, who are middle-aged, can get a sufficient contrast by recalling our own youthful days, when there was no chewing gum, no photo plays, no trolley cars, no telephone, no talking machines, no motor boats or cars, no electric torches, and the like.

Does the mention of these little superfluities seem puerile: beneath the dignity of grave discussion? Is it a small economic fact that fourteen million persons attend the "movies" every day in the United States? At even five cents apiece this would mean an expenditure of \$700,000.00 per diem, or, say for three hundred days of the year, 210 million dollars. Some half million of laborers, artists, etc., are employed, and 1,000 millions of wealth are invested in this apparently trifling appurtenance of everybody's living.

Or is it of no economic consequence that 50 million dollars is paid every year for such a trifle as chewing gum? This may seem small compared with the tobacco and cigarette bill of nearly three billions, or that of automobiles of two billions, but they all go to make the "demnition" total of some 8710 millions of money expended every year in the United States for what may be called the superfluities of living, the cost, in other words, of high living; that is, of living outside and beyond the mere necessities of food and shelter.¹

¹The authority for these figures is the report of the Women's Activity Division of the Department of Justice, lately made public.

If we reflect for a moment on what a demand on labor and on produced wealth these figures import, we may perhaps become aware of one or two important economic truths: one, the impossibility of meeting the demand for these luxuries of living in the early days of primitive production when it was all that men could do by their labor, constant and unremitting, to keep themselves in life; in those days when eight-hour work was an absurdity, the real question was, not how many hours of labor were allowable, but whether any length of labor time would get food and shelter sufficient to keep the laborer in life. It was only when these difficulties had been surmounted by dint of the accumulation of what is called capital, and by the increased facility of production that accompanied it, that there was a surplus of labor left over from necessary production for the luxury production we have been discussing, the making of chewing gum, talking machines, cigarettes, etc., etc.

The other truth is that this great production of the appurtenances and luxuries that make high living acts as an automatic increase of wages to all. For these articles of luxury are made for sale, for exchange; they must be exchanged and used at once or not at all. They cannot be saved or stored for any time without losing their value. They must be used by everybody or their owner and producer would lose his profit. That means that everybody must perforce get the use and enjoyment of them. Chewing gum, the movies, even automobiles, would be of little profit if used only by a few millionaires: it is the use by the crowd, by everybody, that makes them economically possible. The production and use of these raise all wages automatically and of necessity: for they are the real wages of labor of which money is but the symbol.

Or to put it a little differently, high living costs and high wages in money are in part due to the ever increasing wealth of the industrial community. For modern wealth, unlike primitive wealth, depends for its existence on the use and enjoyment of that wealth by everybody. An increase of wealth in any community of necessity and automatically has the effect of ultimately increasing wages, because the great demand and consumption of wealth of every kind must always come from the masses of the people, the consumption of wealth by a Rockefeller, a Morgan or a Rothschild is negligible. It would never maintain the wealth of the world which can only exist by a perpetual flux of consumption on the one hand and reproduction on the other. It is the laborer, the wage earner, whose consumption of goods is the important factor in industrial society; it is

his use and enjoyment of increased wealth that alone can make that quantitative demand for goods which is necessary to sustain and continue the production of wealth. Hence, in part, the resulting higher and ever higher wages for labor and prices of goods.

How then does it happen that with this great increase in the number of useful, exchangeable things produced with less labor cost by reason of the use of machinery, improved methods and the like, the price in money should be constantly going higher? A bushel of wheat, for example, was never produced more cheaply than on our Western prairies, with their power plows, tractors, and threshers, and probably never sold higher in money since the time when Joseph put the money in his brethren's sacks in Egypt. And the penny a day of the Scriptural story makes a sorry contrast with the generous wages of the day laborer of the present century.

Perhaps we may be able to understand this better if we eliminate money and consider the actual fundamental transactions that take place in industrial society. Putting it in the simplest form, all industry of the modern sort may be said to consist in the making of goods by one man to exchange with the goods of another man. Now the value of the goods to the maker under these circumstances will depend on two elements: first, and most important will be the ratio of exchange, that is the amount of goods which one man will give for the other man's goods. This is expressed in its price in money and we say goods are cheap or dear according to their money prices, but of course in the last analysis the essential to the owner of the goods sold is how much can he get of the other man's goods for his own. And this will depend, not only on the price of his goods, but also on the price of the other goods which he expects to get for his own. It is plain that to double the price in money of both goods will not alter the amount for which they exchange with each other, the ratio of exchange will be the same. It is only when the price of one is raised in money without any corresponding raise of price in the other that the ratio of exchange, which is the vital point, will be affected.

But there is another element which enters into the value of all goods that depend for their value to their owner on exchange. This is the ease or difficulty of making the exchange. For it is evident that to make an exchange two things must be present: first, goods that are acceptable to the other or second party to the exchange, and secondly, goods in that other or second party's hands which are acceptable to the first party. There must be a mutual willingness to

exchange in other words growing out of this. The maker of goods can make no exchange except for such goods as present themselves; if there are no goods or goods undesirable to him, no exchange can take place. Every increase in the number and variety of goods offered will mean an increase in the possibility of exchange since that will increase the probability that each party to the exchange will be able to find desirable goods.

The use of money to effect these exchanges does not alter the fundamental principles that govern the transaction. It furnishes a convenient measure of the ratio of exchange of goods; that is, their price; and it also furnishes a medium of exchange; that is, it represents a something into which, if the owner of exchangeable goods can transform them, he will be assured that he may get any other kind of goods he himself may desire irrespective of any necessity to find some one person who wishes his particular description of goods. All owners of goods, that is to say, find money a desirable something into which to exchange their goods. Thus money facilitates exchanges between various goods by virtue of that confidence which each owner of goods has that with money he will be able to get any goods he desires. It represents the sum of all the possibilities of exchange possessed by all the goods in the industrial community. It solves for its possessor one and that the main difficulty of exchange; it finds for the maker of the goods a taker and a taker who puts at his disposal all other goods he may desire. It has a compulsory market and can always command a sale of itself for goods.

Of course the exchangeable power of money will depend for its value on the number of exchangeable goods made by the industrial community. Money does not make goods, but goods may be said to make money. Indeed it may truly be said that as the number of exchangeable goods increases, with that increase there will come an ever increasing ease of exchange for goods so that the value of money's exchangeability will constantly decrease as the exchangeability of goods increases. For one of the elements of money's value is this power of exchange and that will always be most important where there are few exchangeable goods; that is, where the difficulty of exchanging goods (or selling them) is greatest owing to their paucity. For every article offering itself in sale or exchange is at once a buyer and a seller; it buys the article given in exchange for itself, but it also sells itself for that article, and its ability to sell itself depends on the number of articles that offer for it, the greater that number the more saleable it will be.

Money grows, therefore, less important as the possibility of exchange increases and grows easier by reason of the presence of many exchangeable goods, for money represents and stands for instant exchangeability and its value depends on this power to effect exchange; where it is difficult to effect exchange owing to the paucity of goods, money has great value and the price of goods in money will be low owing to the difficulty of making exchange and the desire to do so. But readily exchangeable goods are equivalent to money for they possess that power of exchange which is money's distinguishing characteristic.

Thus there comes about that curious economic anomaly that where goods are most numerous and plentiful, say in London or New York, they are worth more in money than in places where they are scarce, contrary to the general rule that the more abundant an article is the cheaper in money it becomes. It all turns on this power of exchange which money possesses and which grows less important with the increase of exchangeable goods, thus diminishing the value of money in goods and increasing the value of goods in money as goods approach that degree of exchangeability which money possesses.

Readily exchangeable desirable goods are as good and sometimes better than money. In that economic chaos of Russia we are told that a famous surgeon accepted 40 pounds of rye flour for a surgical operation and signified his preference for linen, groceries, or wood, rather than money, for his professional fees. Ten pounds of potatoes he took instead of 100 rubles for a visit.

It was under this mistaken idea of the part played by money in business transactions that some historians have attributed the commercial quickening of Europe in the 15th and 16th centuries to the gold and silver brought chiefly by Spanish adventurers from the new world of America. Surely it is much more reasonable to suppose that the new articles of human enjoyment, the new exchangeable goods, tobacco, potatoes, maize, sugar, coffee, tea and the like brought into use and knowledge from that world stimulated new wants and desires, supplied new articles of exchange and so spurred the commercial and industrial activities of the whole population. A large amount of spending money with nothing new to spend it on would have little permanent effect on people generally compared with the presentation of all these new objects of use and enjoyment.

The single item of sugar may give some notion of what these new objects of enjoyment meant to trade. In the tenth and eleventh

centuries, used by Persian physicians as medicine; in the year 1920 it is estimated by Mr. T. R. V. Kellar of the trade paper "Sugar," that the consumption of it will reach a total of 16½ million tons. Even at 7 cents per pound, this calls for an immense sum of money for exchange, say roughly, about 2,310 million dollars.

What took place thus suddenly with the discovery of America and its new articles of commerce has been going on less spectacularly for centuries. New articles of human enjoyment multiply each year; new inventions, new devices of luxury, new comforts of life, are continually appearing. The increase in the money price of things and of labor, the depreciation in the value of money, if you choose to call it so, simply witness the greater ease of exchange which has come with the greater number of exchangeable goods, thus decreasing the importance of money in so far as it commands exchange. This has been a continuous and reasonably uniform process from the earliest times. At first it may seem a process of inflation, an unwarranted swelling of the money value of everything until we gain a right understanding of its cause, until we perceive that money is only the means of convenient transfer and in the transfer of measurements of relative value, that is exchangeable value of goods with regard to each other. Money apart from things loses all significance; its depreciation or the appreciation of things in it is merely a symptom of the gradually improving conditions for all. High living and its cost are signs of a healthy, vigorous industrial life, found only in prosperous, progressive societies so that a scale might be made of the relative prosperity of a given nation based on the price of goods and labor within its borders, the higher the one the greater the industrial welfare of the other.

It is undoubtedly this increase of goods that has thus put up the price of both goods and labor in money. The exact process may not be easy to trace; it is plain that an increase in exchangeable goods would make a demand for ever more and more money to effect their exchange, and the presence of these goods would make a strong bid for goods and for labor; for all goods are buyers as well as sellers, the more goods there are the greater competition will arise for both other goods and labor. Every species of goods is an effectual buyer of other goods and of labor; it cries out for its brother goods or for labor to come and be exchanged for it.

Another less constant but important cause of the gradual tendency of prices to rise will be found in the occasional disturbance of normal industry from pestilence, war, famine and the like. These

increase the price of labor, or of certain kinds of goods, and when former conditions return and the ratio of exchange is restored, it often turns out that this was accomplished, not by a resumption of the original prices, but by an increase in the price of other goods, thus restoring the former ratio but not the former prices. Of which the explanation may be simply a bit of business psychology that it is easier to restore the normal ratio by one man raising the price of his own goods rather than by demanding a lowering of the price of the other man's goods. Probably this method tended to conceal the real nature of the transactions and beguiled each into the belief that he was getting really more for his property than if the price had been reduced by way of restoring the ratio of exchange.

So of labor, not only has its money price gone up, but its real wages which are not money at all, have also been greatly increased. That all exchangeable goods are buyers of labor may have seemed an odd statement but it is only another version of the platitude that all wages consist in the last analysis of the various kinds of goods which the laborer consumes. Contrast then the innumerable things which the meanest day laborer now has for his consumption compared with, let us say, the penny-a-day man of the Scriptures. The actual amount of wages in money counts not at all in this computation. Picture theaters, trolley cars, telephones, telegraphs, tea, coffee, sugar, tobacco, rice., etc., etc., are his every day. It is not to be wondered at that the price of labor in money should have gone up accordingly, yet the ratio of exchange, the actual exertion required of the present laborer is no greater, if as great, as that of his Scriptural elder brother. The labor cost of all goods having been reduced by inventions and economies of various sorts, the same amount of labor earns as its equivalent in exchange many more goods than formerly and it is not surprising that the real ratio of exchange between goods and labor having been thus changed, that the expression of it in money prices should also be changed and its value measured in money rise.

Nor does this increase of the money cost of things work any permanent hardship; for the real cost of things is the labor cost and the laborer, while paying more in money, gets all these new goods with no greater expenditure of exertion than before. It is a mere bookkeeping device, we might say, except for those who deal in money not as a medium of exchange, but as a commodity itself. In the artificial society of today there are necessarily such dealings by way of lending, by way of investment, in which the dealer has no

claim or property in goods, but only in money, and as money's only ultimate value consists in its command of goods, any change in this command will affect the dealer in money very seriously and may work temporary hardship and injustice to individuals, but is of no significance to the society as a whole.

The high prices which occur normally and distinct from the flurries of panic or war are simply marks of high living standards, of increasing prosperity, of an increasing abundance and variety of exchangeable goods, and need inspire neither present apprehension nor dismal forebodings of the economic future.

SOUL.

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Does man alone possess that subtle thing
 Thro' which he yearns for immortality?
 The formless essence that is prayed to bring
 Man's right to live throughout eternity?
 Its attributes are marked in love and joy,
 In friendliness, in offspring's gentle care,
 In grief's distress, fidelity's employ,
 In all that filial duty doth declare.
 Is so-called instinct in the speechless brute
 Less true in kind than man's intelligence?
 Why one elect? the other thus refute?
 Since all is but life's stored experience?
 Distress and woe and love and joy depend,
 In brute creation, on that 'prisoned wraith
 In man called "soul," how then shall man defend
 His single right to life-eternal's faith?
 In what climactic age, as man evolved,
 Did instinct cease, and soul become divine,
 Immortal essence, from death's claim absolved,
 As bursts the moth from fibrous fold's confine?
 Nay; rather own thy kinship with the brute,
 Thro' common claim for immortality
 Than to that spark of life called "soul" impute
 In form a want of continuity!

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"In proportion as the knowledge of history becomes more profound and intelligent", says the great French scholar, Gabriel Monod, "an ever larger place is given to the study of religious beliefs, doctrines, and institutions". But, continues the same authority, the study of these phenomena is as yet very backward, partly because of the intrinsic difficulty of the subject, partly because the fear of wounding others' feelings or of exciting their prejudices prevents many investigators from cultivating this field in a scientific spirit. The present work attempts to subject to rational analysis and objective consideration one of the most interesting and fundamental of Christian doctrines. The author, who writes *sine ira et studio*, as one who has no party to serve and no cause to advance save that of truth, coolly exhibits the history of the idea of the sacrificed and eaten god from its obscure dawn in primitive times to its evening twilight in the present.

The practice of eating a god in the form of first-fruits or of a divine animal originated in ancient times, and attained an extraordinary development in the Mystery Religions of the Greeks, in the cults of Attis, of Adonis, of Osiris, of Dionysus, of Demeter, and of other Saviour Gods. From these cults the idea was borrowed by Paul and, against opposition of the Jewish Christians, fastened on the church. The history of the dogma, after the first centuries of our era, has been the story of attempts to explain it. Transubstantiation and the doctrine of the sacrifice of the mass were not, as commonly by Protestants and rationalists they are said to be, the inept inventions of a barbarous age, but were the first endeavors to reason about and philosophically to elucidate beliefs formerly accepted with naïve simplicity. The hardest battles over the dogma came in the Reformation period, which accordingly bulks large in the present work. While Luther, Calvin, and other prominent Reformers believed in a real presence, but tried to give its mode new explanations, other more advanced spirits, Honius, Carlstadt, Swingli, Tyndale, and their fellows, adopted the view, now prevalent in Protestant communions, that the eucharistic bread and wine were mere symbols. After the heat of the sixteenth-century controversies, Zwinglian or rationalist views were quietly adopted by most Christians, though here and there high sacramentalism survived or was revived.

Rightly understood the present study will be appreciated as a scientific essay in the field of comparative religion, and as furnishing a rational explanation of much that is most delicate and important in the history of Christianity.

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Published at the beginning of JANUARY, APRIL, JULY, OCTOBER

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