

# 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

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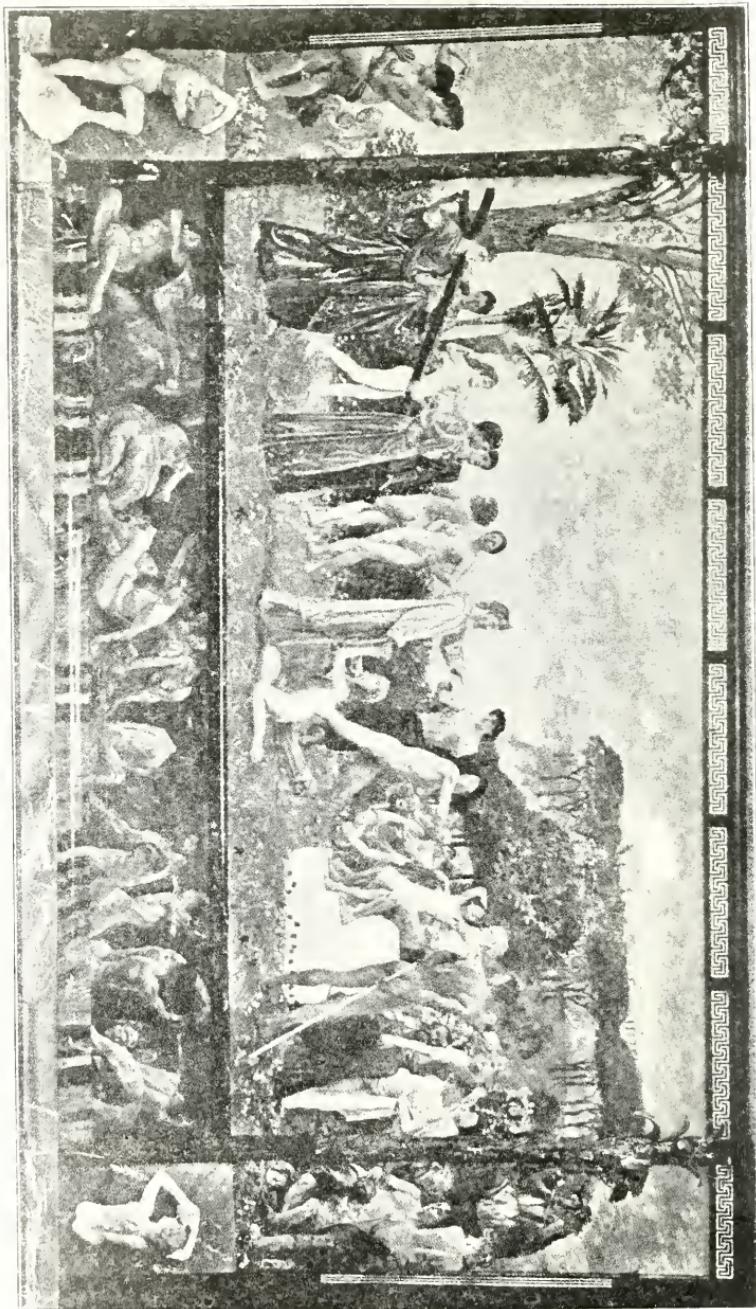
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*Prerogative to The Open Court.*

CHRIST ON MT. OLYMPUS.  
By Max Klinger, 1857-1920. (From M. Schmidt, *Klinger*, p. 151.)



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## THE BIBLE AND PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.

BY HENRY F. COPE.

THE question of the Bible in relation to public instruction will not down. At this time the Convention, called by the State of Illinois for the revision of the Constitution, is besieged by petitions for amendments which would either require or permit daily reading of the Bible. Several attempts have been made to secure legislation making such reading compulsory in New York State. The Pennsylvania law predicates a teacher's position on her reading the Bible daily! Resolutions favoring compulsory Bible-reading or calling for the study of the book in public schools are formulated almost daily in conferences and other meetings of Protestants, especially in those of the more emphatic Evangelical group. On the other hand, protests against such action come with no less vigor from groups of Jews and occasionally from the Roman Catholics. Often these take the form of appeals to the courts for injunctions restraining the public schools, as in Wisconsin, Illinois and Louisiana.<sup>1</sup> Occasionally Protestant and independent bodies go on record in opposition to required Bible-study in tax-supported institutions.<sup>2</sup> This indicates at least two things: that in spite of declining church membership and discouraging financial campaigns, religion is still, under some aspects, of vital interest to large numbers of people, and that American public opinion is decidedly sensitive on the subject of the use of the public schools for private purposes.

<sup>1</sup> The Bible is excluded from the public schools in eleven States, either explicitly or by court decisions: Arizona, California, Idaho, Illinois, Louisiana, Minnesota, Mississippi, Montana, Nevada, Washington and Wisconsin.

<sup>2</sup> Notably several very definite resolutions and "statements of principles" adopted by The Religious Education Association. The Northern Baptist Convention is on record as opposing. A special commission of the Chicago Church Federation unanimously adopted a platform opposing.

## PROPAGANDA.

Why is this question raised? Why this agitation for the special study and use of one particular group of literary products? We have a fair measure of peace in public-school affairs so long as the Bible, and the Koran, and the sayings of Buddha, and the wisdom of Confucius, are left to the interest of voluntary groups and the care of private libraries. Except for the first, unfortunately, no one seems to be particularly solicitous as to whether children know them or not. But with the Bible it is different; it is the literature of the greatest propagandist faith the world has yet seen. That faith has not only sought to win children, it has been solicitous of their welfare. It is not strange that, when so many believe that the literature has vital importance they should seek to use every possible means of teaching it to children.

There are at least two distinct groups of persons persistently campaigning for the Bible in the public schools. They are:

I. *The Ecclesiastical Group.*—Many who regard the matter from the point of view of the churches have a variety of striking reasons:

1. They regard Biblical knowledge as in a class by itself. To them it possesses a special power. They are moved by the traditional conviction that there is a quality in the Bible which, by the contact of intellectual perception, performs some necessary part of the process of a person's salvation. The greater number of the most persistent advocates of the Bible in the public school treat the current King James one-volume edition as a fetish; they are Bibliolatrous. However, there are some who simply follow a conviction that Bible-study must be a "good thing," they believe that the Bible makes a definite contribution to personal character or they implicitly follow the tradition that this book has some virtue *per se* which other books do not have.

2. The ecclesiastical group find themselves unable to persuade children voluntarily to obtain this desired knowledge of the Bible. The churches succeed in getting not over twenty-five per cent. of the public school enrollment into any kind of schools of religion or of the Bible. They have totally failed in their program of Protestant Biblical teaching on a voluntary basis. Protestant schools of all kinds do not teach, even in their ineffective manner, more than fifteen of the forty-five millions of persons under twenty-five years of age in the United States.

3. They have been unwilling to bear the cost of placing this

instruction, upon which they insist, on an adequate educational basis. If the figures prepared by the Interchurch World Movement have any significance they show that the average Protestant church is spending less than two cents out of every dollar on its work of religious education, that these denominations expend seven mills *per capita per annum* on religious instruction, and that they provide teaching accommodations for less than ten per cent. of the school population. Demanding instruction in the Bible, while failing totally to give such instruction, they now turn to the schools and demand that their work be done at public expense.

4. There are those who clearly recognize the literary values of the Bible, and despairing of reaching any large proportion of the population or of securing educational efficiency in churches, with an open mind they are seeking some way by which, without offense to the conscience of any, public school children might obtain knowledge regarding the Bible.<sup>3</sup>

*II. A Group Composed Largely of Educators.*—These men and women recognize the Bible as literature. They recognize that its ideals and phrases have saturated English literature, that in many respects it is the source of great and fundamental ideals in our civilization. They lament the sectarian difficulties which, in some States, have totally excluded the Bible from the schools. They cannot conceive of an educational program for the people which wholly ignores this literature. Therefore they are seeking ways by which the Bible may have the same place that any other great literature would have. They are not agitating for its use in worship or for separate classes devoted to its study. It seems to them unfortunate that State laws and Supreme-Court decisions have discriminated against the Bible and prevented it from having that place which would be determined by its real human values.

#### THE DIFFICULTIES.

Now what are the difficulties in the way of the ordinary use of the Bible in the course of a child's education? Here is one of the world's masterpieces, or rather a unique collection of masterpieces; here is the child who has a right to his full literary and spiritual heritage, and here is the school; what could be more natural than to use the school to help the child to become the possessor

<sup>3</sup> Note the systems known as "The North Dakota Plan," for accredited high-school study of the Bible in churches, and "The Gary Plan" for week-day instruction of school children in religion. Particulars may be obtained of the Religious Education Association, Chicago.

of this joy and wealth, this well of unfailing water? He will miss much and remain poor indeed if he does not know at least that of the Bible which has gone into his own literature; much of it will remain as in a foreign tongue, with unknown allusions and empty phrases so long as he is unfamiliar with the songs and speeches of the ancient Hebrews and the narratives of Jesus and his followers. And yet, wherever this deathless literature has been taught in public schools for children, no matter in what land, it has produced only strife, its values have been lost in the controversies and buried under the shattered weapons of polemics.

The fundamental difficulty is that Protestantism has made the Bible a sectarian book. It is almost impossible to use it without taking or accepting some divisive or sectarian position as to its origin, nature and authority. It is impossible to teach it in any way without conflict with private religious convictions. It is impossible to discuss its literary construction and history without giving offense to some person's religious convictions. The very people who are most urgently pressing for Bible-study in public schools would soon be raising a riot if teachers taught the Bible as they now teach any other literary material. These same persons would turn their energies to agitation to keep those profane pedagogical hands off their sacred book. So long as the Bible is the basis and court of appeals by which the various sects establish their separate creeds it has a place in a category apart from all other literature.

Next, it is impossible for the public schools to take over any specific religious responsibilities. The group who are urging the use of the Bible in the public schools for the purpose of religious culture should be reminded that the State encourages them in supporting other institutions for specifically religious purposes, that we have provision in the churches for religious work and that public agencies cannot engage therein. We have settled once and forever the question of religious freedom: we will not permit the civil power to be used for propagating special religious views—not, if we are wise, even our own views. We must protect the civil rights of every man in this respect; in the United States the civil rights of the minority are equal to the rights of the majority. We cannot compel the conscience of Catholic or Jew or Mohammedan.

When that position is stated one meets a singular answer in many Protestant circles. It is asserted that "the United States is a Christian nation," or that "the State is a divine institution." Of course, if this is true—that the State is a religious institution and,

specifically, a Christian institution—it has the obligation to definitely teach Christianity. Yet it might be questioned, even then, whether it should not use the Christian method of teaching its particular way. Can one imagine even the pragmatic Paul employing the police power to recruit his congregation? Is it a Christian method to use the civil arm to compel Jews to listen to the New Testament or to stigmatize themselves by permitted absence? But where did this notion of the democratic State as a religious institution arise? And what are its consequences? If only religious agitators were logical they would shudder at the conclusions of such a premise.

Further, the public school teachers are not prepared for teaching the Bible or religion. This is a highly specialized subject having no experts in the teachers' colleges and normal schools. No part of the teacher's training is projected on such instruction, and as to their fitness, one can imagine the complex situations that would arise in most communities as parents and pastors proceeded to examine, test and rectify the religious instruction that their Johns and Marys and Tonys and Gwendolyns were getting in the public schools.

No agreement is possible on any common body of religious literature or of creed. At least six different books have been prepared by joint committees of Catholics, Protestants and Hebrews for use in public schools but scarcely any use is made of them.<sup>4</sup> They are a drug on the market simply because they are always open to sectarian objections; as a separate anthology such material does not become integrated into general instruction, and the body of literature upon which there is absolutely no controversy is very small and is already in the possession of practically all the people.

So far as the religious purpose is concerned, too, it is a waste of time to attempt to realize that purpose by the formal methods of the school. No one has yet established that the character and purpose of religion are achieved by instruction about the Bible or by any particular body of religious knowledge as such.

It is strange that Protestantism has, in all the heat of the controversy over the Bible and the schools, never stopped to ask the simple question whether anything would be gained if their purposes were successfully realized. Does any one know that children and young people become Christians through reading the Bible? Granting the validity of the literary arguments, the desirability of ac-

<sup>4</sup> In a bibliography dealing with this whole subject, a list of books of Biblical selection for school use is given. It may be obtained, gratis, from The Religious Education Association, Chicago.

quainting all with this splendid precipitation of developing idealism, two serious problems stand out:

1. It is exceedingly difficult for young people to catch even an occasional gleam of the idealism; they cannot surmount the barriers of Oriental customs; the time-mould of ancient thought binds and holds the richest parts of this literature until wider knowledge and maturer thought unfold them to man or woman.

2. If the purpose in teaching the Bible is to develop the Christian type of character there is no special reason to suppose that Biblical information would have that effect. Here is the old scholastic error of general education, the attempt to determine life through information. Learning about ethics does not make the ethical life and learning about religion does not make the religious life.

The current Protestant program of religious instruction needs candid examination. It is in danger, at least, of repeating the tragedy of our high-school instruction in English. By attempting to drill the young in the minutiae of those ancient writings, by its dry textual exercises and its elaboration of learning on historical backgrounds and authors and languages it creates a definite aversion to the whole subject. It leaves students just where the school or college graduate often arrives after the courses in English, solemnly determined to have no more to do with the dreary subject. It effectively crushes enthusiasm with its academic pedantry; literary analyses inhibit affection. There are millions of American citizens with no enthusiasm for their own literature because they were dragged through deserts of dry facts and empty speculations year after year in classrooms. So also there are large numbers who never will have any enthusiasm for the Bible because of its associations with amateur efforts at packing-house methods of dealing with that literature.

The ideal of the present courses of Biblical instruction seems to be to "cover the Bible in the period of childhood." That is what the pedant in the schoolroom seeks to do with English, so that there are no undiscovered countries to beckon the later years, no possibilities of adventures and new enthusiasms. Happy the man who finds authors of whom he had never heard, treasures that had not been yet cataloged for him, and friends, in books, whose lives and motives had never been laid on the analyst's table! So ought it to be with the Bible; maturer years should find it new. There might be keen delight in discovering those bloody Kings and Chronicles if childhood had not suffered from them. That is precisely the experience of the Protestant who discovers the books of the Macca-

bees. It would seem, then, that both literary and religious considerations would bid one pause before urging that the Bible suffer from the intellectualistic, information-packing processes of the schools.

But, whatever the conclusion may be on such considerations, the fact remains that so long as the churches continue to make more of the Bible as a sectarian handbook than as literature, so long as their interests are primarily ecclesiastical and sectarian, the sectarians will remain too jealous of one another and the common people too wary to permit their taxes to be applied to private and divisive purposes. The churches might just as well abandon all efforts to compel the public schools to take over those duties of religious instruction which they have so carelessly considered and so seriously and persistently neglected. And until these purposes are changed the great mass of the people will remain impoverished for lack of at least this one storehouse of religious idealism.

## WHY WAR?

BY T. SWANN HARDING.

REASON is the noblest faculty of man; at its highest stage of development it differentiates him most clearly from the brute. But reason is also a recently acquired faculty and is far from evenly distributed among men. It is present to the greatest extent in the abnormally developed human mind but shades down through the normal, the dull normal and the moron to the lower types of imbecility and idiocy where it can scarcely be said to exist at all. Consequently the mental line of demarcation between man and the lower animals is indistinct and overlapping; many hold that animals reason, while it can scarcely be insisted that the idiot and the low-grade imbecile go through the process.

Reason, being a recently acquired faculty, is all too readily slipped off in moments of emotional tension, and, just as a foreigner reverts to his native language under stress of anger, so we all tend to revert to impulse and instinct in the presence of emotionally exciting ideas. It is only reason at its highest—*sui compos*, as James tells us—that enables a man to view things tolerantly, rationally and cosmically when his lower and more purely animal instincts are aroused. Moreover, many men capable of true reasoning when alone become victims of what is called “mob psychology” when in groups and the flames of emotion kindle them wholesale: they become utterly deaf to the voice of moderation and woe unto him who shall bravely stand forth to rebuke them in the day of their madness. The fact that scientific tests have shown that at least one third of our population will test below the moron grade on an approved mental scale demonstrates the reason for this, at least in part. It would seem that more of the higher-grade minds should be able to withstand the assaults of the impulsive masses, but many factors enter in here, and even the man who thinks rationally in private

finds it expedient in emergencies to cater to the herd instinct in public.

It is perfectly possible for waves of irrational emotion to sweep nations off their feet at peace. Such a wave struck France during the celebrated Dreyfus affair when millions of people ceased altogether to reason and gave themselves up to emotion and impulse. So prevalent is this tendency, even at normal times, that philosophers of the cast of Bertrand Russell question the fact that reasoning exists in the sense usually postulated, but are rather inclined to think that each individual is the battlefield of conflicting impulses of which the strongest finally wins and rules.

Certain it is that there is more emotion and habit in the world than reason. The average man would rather do almost anything under heaven than think; it is so much easier to adopt the opinions that are vouched for by those who want him to think as it is to their purpose to have him think. For there is always a cunning group ready and waiting to take advantage of man's weakness, to gorge him with one side of a case and suppress the other, thus to whip him into a fury for or against some pet idea. Whether the ultimate desire is rational or not matters little; whether the projected end to be attained ever is attained matters less; once arouse the emotion and it will carry on automatically till discharged, whereupon the individual feels a wholesome sense of righteous relief that repays all effort with interest.

To-day we find ourselves for all practical purposes at the end of a great war which was fought ostensibly for ideals by all nations engaged therein. Viewed in a large sense, one must inevitably conclude that the ideals espoused by one side were infinitely superior to those espoused by the other. Whether we believe in cosmic progress or no, in absolute values or no, we must admit that the theoretical contentions of the Allied nations stood upon a higher plane than did those of the Teutonic powers. We cannot think otherwise without ignoring the lessons of history altogether.

In spite of this fact we find ourselves possessed of a peace that is no peace in the sense that we meant to have it; and that we have been duped and disappointed just as war always dupes and disappoints us. In spite of what the past told us we set out to uphold idealism by force of arms and failed miserably, just as the reflective man foresaw that we must inevitably fail at working such a miracle. And now come the halting, stammering apologies of the liberals who went wildly war-mad; who forgot their reasoned doctrines of other

days and, intoxicated with emotion, promised us everything if we would but gird our loins and draw the sword for "democracy."

Had we kept our lofty ideals all would have been different; but just this it is utterly and forever impossible to do in the welter of conflict. While armies meet opposing armies in battle array there is waged continually the conflict between reason and emotion, and in war, emotion invariably wins, however much restraint be preached. The ethics of civilized life cannot be reversed and good come therefrom; the morals of peace cannot be disregarded and conflict remain on a high moral plane; and, most important of all, war is not constructive and is powerless to bring about a reign of justice, truth and brotherhood.

These melancholy facts are not due to man's intellectual insincerity, to the machinations of capitalists or diplomats, or to any one of a number of other things so much as to the fact that mass psychology is so consummately mismanaged, the lower emotions are so violently aroused and played upon by different agencies, violence and slaughter are so unanimously lauded and all rational considerations are so bitterly denounced and so ruthlessly suppressed that no nation, while in a state of war, can act upon high ideals.

This is not to say that war can always be avoided at the present stage of world progress; it is not necessarily to preach the doctrine of non-resistance. The desire is to direct attention to the tremendous fallacy—the greater illusion—that the noblest purposes and the highest duties may somehow be miraculously accomplished by the magic power of war; the doctrine is really and simply that Might can make Right, the doctrine that it was our misfortune gradually to absorb from Prussia to our great disaster.

We do not need labored explanations to tell us why Mr. Wilson failed at Paris: certainly he did not fail on account of old-world reaction. This may have been an immediate cause but it was not the ultimate cause. America began the war in a novel and unusual manner—she began it without any desire to gain material things, without rancorous hatred and in a high spirit of altruism. We had a matchless opportunity to deal militarism a death-blow by obliterating its worst pest spot—Potsdam. Russia had disintegrated, and if ever, war had an opportunity to accomplish something of value.

Instead of this we soon became mad with emotion; a vicious propaganda was started to lend the white heat of fury and no story was too absurd to be told solemnly in order to deprive us of more reason and to give in its stead the most degraded instincts. We

even welcomed a new democracy with sneers and went madly on and on until man's noblest faculty was submerged in the conflict and only a wild and incoherent mêlée of emotion and impulse remained. In the effort to defeat autocracy in the field we ourselves adopted more and more of the hateful institutions of autocracy; so much so that, spiritually, Germany really won the war.

In the midst of this raging animalism the Germans suddenly and unexpectedly collapsed and we reaped the whirlwind of our blocked neuron paths: inhibited from annihilating the Teuton race to the last babe, we discharged our emotions first in a mendacious and predatory peace and ultimately in mad forays against our own selves in lieu of foreign enemies to damage.

Yet there were and are occasional voices of reason raised in this rude storm of passion. In the *Atlantic Monthly* of December, 1919,<sup>1</sup> A. Clutton-Brock dared protest that we could put no nation outside the pale; that we were really not gods after all, but men, with the sins and shortcomings of men; then he promulgated that rank heresy that we should forgive even as we desire to be forgiven and, in the broader sense, actually love our enemies. While these dubious doctrines from that most dangerous and radical of books, the New Testament, may be looked upon with proper trepidation, this trepidation would perhaps be less if we dared contemplate the war cosmically and in its true relationships.

When we turn to consider the prime question of *why men fight* one is led to wish that all people mentally capable of reasoning might read at least three books; it would seem that the perusal of these three books would be the best preventive for wars of the future—so trivial, so childish and so absurd are the common incentives to collective homicide. And yet the average man could doubtless read these books without changing his opinion a whit, so enslaved is he by habit and so impervious to cold logic by reason of emotional bias. The three books to which we have reference are *How Diplomats Make War* by Francis Neilson, *What Is National Honor?* by Leo Perla and *Why Men Fight* by Bertrand Russell.

Neilson's book does precisely what the title indicates and that most effectively; Russell's book carries out its title in similar manner but necessarily on broader lines: Perla dissects and analyzes national honor or prestige and makes very clear the childish inconsistencies and errors into which our entire lack of any inter-

<sup>1</sup> Arthur Clutton-Brock, "The Pursuit of Happiness," *Atlantic Monthly*, December, 1919.

national consciousness leads us. A more complete logical demonstration of the emotional and irrational character of national honor would be hard to find than this clear and concise work of Perla.

To this brief list might well be added Thorstein Veblen's fine treatise on the *Nature of Peace*. In the first two chapters of this book will be found a masterly exposé of the imbecilities of what goes under the name of patriotism, containing also the following excellent paragraph:

"It is, at least, a safe generalization that the patriotic sentiment never has been known to rise to the consummate pitch of enthusiastic abandon except when bent on some work of concerted malevolence. Patriotism is of a contentious complexion, and finds its full expression in no other outlets than warlike enterprise; its highest and final appeal is for death, damage, discomfort and destruction of the party of the second part... There is, indeed, nothing to hinder a bad citizen from being a good patriot: nor does it follow that a good citizen—in other respects—may not be a very indifferent patriot."

With an emotion of such character as this nurtured and encouraged the transition to armed conflict is sooner or later inevitable. And until this sectarian orthodoxy is replaced by a more universal philosophy we shall have nationalistic wars just as we had religious wars until sectarianism—without being annihilated by any means—gained a catholic view-point and the tolerance that goes therewith.

Some years ago James Hopper told in an article in *Collier's* how wars come about. It was at the time we had gone into Mexico after Villa: hereupon the Mexicans decided that we wanted not so much to take Villa as to take Mexico, and Carranza said "Get out!" We replied that we would get out when Carranza properly policed the border. Carranza dispatched troops for this purpose. Thereupon we shook our heads and wisely said, "Why are these troops in Chihuahua? D—n funny business. Going to attack us, eh?" And Hopper commented—"Such is human nature—and thus wars come." And it is alas true. About just such microscopically trivial things do men fight.

Men fight because they will be realists; because they postulate nations as personalities and not as aggregations of individuals like unto themselves. They will revert to the universalism of old Albertus Magnus and look askance at nominalism. "What is honor? A word. What is that word honor? Air—a trim reckoning." Hear that incorrigible nominalist Falstaff; but do we usually agree with him? Or with stoic Brutus who in deep despair cried "Alas! I

have found thee. Virtue, but an empty name." Virtue had been to him a reality and he had seen it so in the same positive fashion as he had seen his own wife.

It is the unconscious realism of humanity that makes up the glory and the heroism of life, and that makes war possible. "Men die, not for a statement of fact, but for the Truth: not for a name, but for an ideal reality! not for a territory with its inhabitants, but for a country; not for a piece of colored cloth on a staff, but for a flag!" What is honor? Air? Indeed! Men fight because of their profound, quite scholastic, realism.

Here might be quoted with profit satirical Dean Swift's delicious remarks entitled *A Digression on the Nature, Usefulness and Necessity of Wars and Quarrels*. Therein may be found the following pithy sayings which help still further to show why men fight. "War is an attempt to take by violence from others a part of what they have and we want.... Every man fully sensible of his own merit, and finding it not duly regarded by others, has a natural right to take from them all that he thinks due to himself.... Wise princes find it necessary to have wars abroad, to keep peace at home.... Most professions would be useless if all were peaceable." To read this is to laugh, and yet we should be careful how we laugh; for when we come right down to brass tacks it is just such silly and absurd things as these that start wars.

Arthur Ponsonby<sup>2</sup> declared that "the inevitable clamor which arises on the outbreak of war is construed as popular approval." He explains that the people are kept in ignorance of foreign affairs and of diplomacy generally, but that things are so explained to them and news is so colored at the outbreak of war that the part of diplomacy in bringing it about is obscured. He remarks that the London *Times* of November 23, 1912, admitted that diplomats alone caused war. Imagine what would have happened had the *Times* dared print such an opinion in 1915! In 1912 it was safe to reason about such matters; in 1915 it was unsafe to do anything other than to cater to the wild emotions of the blood-intoxicated populace.

Roland Hugins<sup>3</sup> repeats the old story of how England was in 1906 secretly committed to act in concert with France in any case of war with Germany, though Lord Grey repeatedly denied such a fact when interrogated in the Commons. He declared further that the London *Times* of March 12, 1915, said "Herr von Bethmann-

<sup>2</sup> Arthur Ponsonby, *Democracy and Diplomacy*.

<sup>3</sup> Roland Hugins, *Germany Misjudged*.

Hollweg is quite right. Even had Germany not invaded Belgium, honor and *interest* would have united us with France." It seems more than probable that England was diplomatically bound to her allies more stringently than her people or her parliament for a moment suspected; that a small coterie of diplomats can so bind over an entire nation is absolutely wrong, regardless of the merits and demerits in this particular instance.

It is also to be remembered that the Crimean War is said to have been partly brought about by Lord Stratford de Redelyffe who boasted to Lord Bath that he would get back at the Czar for a personal grudge by fomenting a war! How easily the man in power can foment a war is demonstrated by Bismarck's faked telegram which placed the foolish and bellicose Napoleon III in such a position that he could not avoid a conflict. However, there were two sides to this war, as to any other; the emperor is known to have shouldered the entire blame for the conflict of 1870 in a letter to a friend. W. Morton Fullerton, a good apostle of militarism,<sup>4</sup> absolves France for 1870 on the theory that Napoleon III did not truly represent her; this appears to be dangerous doctrine because it would absolve the Germany of 1914 on the theory that the Kaiser did not represent his people—though emotionalists have proven both that William II was and was not a power in his empire—in either case entirely to their own satisfaction. The words written by Napoleon III to the Comtesse de Mercy-Argenteau just after Frankfort nevertheless remain; they are—"I admit, we were the aggressors." We are willing to admit that this paragraph proves neither side of the case; what it does prove is the utter triviality of the causes which often lead to wholesale murder.

In the case of the Boer War we have a conflict which is now viewed apologetically and with shame by the more clear-thinking and equitable inhabitants of the victorious nation. In *The War in South Africa* J. A. Hobson very clearly analyzes this predatory struggle, showing first how lies, carefully used, can cause a war, and then how they were used in this instance. He declares that his nation scorned arbitration and that a letter from President Steyn of the Orange Free State was mutilated for public consumption in a way strikingly Bismarckian, for Sir A. Milner omitted from its contents anything that would have tended toward peaceful sentiment and made it appear exaggeratedly bellicose. The chapter entitled "A Chartered Press" is a classic exposé of the diabolical activities of this institution when set to war-making. In another

<sup>4</sup> W. Morton Fullerton, *Problems of Power*.

volume<sup>5</sup> Hobson explains how imperialism and colonialism connived together to cause this unfortunate war and to put the Boer States under the British flag.

Sydney Low is quoted<sup>6</sup> as saying that Cecil Rhodes admitted all British grievances could have been solved without war, but that he wanted the territory from the Cape to the Zambesi, a suzerainty to which the Boer States could not agree. While the Boers were, during the war, described as most inferior people, immediately after the war was won they were praised extravagantly as virile additions to the empire by their former defamers—Grey, Froude, Geo. Colley, Hercules Robinson, Bishop Colenso, Kitchener and the *London Standard*. The amount of reasoning in such procedure could scarcely be detected microscopically. Furthermore, England hastened to adopt the same harsh attitude toward the native for which she avowedly went into the war to chastise the Boers, and the Boers themselves were permitted to mistreat British Indian subjects as much as they liked. So much for the ultimate moral value of war: for once the aroused emotion has its psychological discharge there is utter indifference to the ideals which were used as a cloak of self-righteousness to camouflage simple aggrandizement.

Alfred Hoyt Granger<sup>7</sup> says England now admits that the famous Kruger telegram was not written by the Kaiser and that while France and Holland rapturously received Kruger on his European visit, he was spurned by William II. Hobson furthermore declares that Rhodes "used the legislature of Cape Colony to support and strengthen the diamond monopoly of the De Beers, while from De Beers he financed the Raid, debauched the constituencies of Cape Colony, and bought the public press in order to engineer the war, which was to win him full possession of his great 'thought,' the North." It is plain that men fought in this instance for very uncertain ideals at least, if not purely for material gain and the love of fight.

We American have had our own unnecessary wars, there being the Mexican debauch, which General Grant himself condemned as unnecessary, and the Spanish war. In the latter instance Spain was apparently willing to grant our every contention<sup>8</sup> and McKinley was quite as anxious to avoid war as Spain, but propaganda had succeeded so admirably in inflaming the ill-controlled emotions of

<sup>5</sup> J. A. Hobson, *Diplomacy After the War*.

<sup>6</sup> E. D. Morel, *Germany and Morocco*.

<sup>7</sup> Alfred Hoyt Granger, *England's World Empire*.

<sup>8</sup> David Starr Jordan, *War and Waste*.

the masses that armed conflict was inevitable. Individuals sadly lack "the power to suspend belief in the presence of an emotionally exciting idea"; what can we expect of emotions *en masse* where intellect is necessarily at the low, average level?<sup>9</sup> William Graham Sumner<sup>10</sup> uses this war to demonstrate the fallacies of militaristic philosophy; he also calls attention to the fact that we blandly forced our "civilization" on the Phillipines although we fought Spain for forcing hers upon them, and that the ideas of the nations for the betterment of the "uncivilized" are mutually antagonistic.

David Starr Jordan<sup>11</sup> holds that the Italo-Turk War was largely fomented by the Bank of Rome, that it was tolerated both by Britain and Germany because each of them hoped to win Italy to their Alliance; and that the real victors were the French bankers who finally stepped in and, with a wave of the hand, stopped the war to prevent Turkey from being too badly beaten! Prof. Francis Delaisi of Paris admitted that France was vitally interested in the Balkan War and this "vital interest" was, of course, pecuniary; French money helped both sides in the contest. Nor was this "France" considered abstractly and in a sense in which no country exists; it was individual French investors who thus cheerfully prolonged war when it was at a distance; and these were the same French who wailed so miserably when exposed to it at close range.

It is well known that while internationalistic labor is looked upon as most wicked, the internationalism of armament trusts was accepted quite amiably. In 1913 Turkey, an ally of Germany, contracted with the English firm of Armstrong-Vickers to reorganize her naval yards. Krupp and Schneider-Creusot were partners in developing the Algerian iron fields while the British arms trust had branches in Italy, which country stood in enemy alliance. Furthermore, the celebrated Mulliner scare, formulated by a munition's man to the effect that Germany was secretly constructing battleships, helped the armament men increase their dividends and made war more inevitable in 1914.

Again, it is almost impossible for us to realize that it was an actual fact that England's phrase "Mistress of the Seas" appeared quite as menacing to Germany as did Germany's "place in the sun" doctrine to England. Never will we see ourselves as others see us. Even our Monroe Doctrine, denuded of the extenuating associations with which we habitually surround it in our own minds, appeared

<sup>9</sup> William James, *Psychology*.

<sup>10</sup> William Graham Sumner, *War*.

<sup>11</sup> *Op. cit.*, p. 8.

formidable and perplexing to Europe generally.<sup>12</sup> As W. L. Grane said,<sup>13</sup> however much England felt that her fleet was for purely defensive purposes (and she largely did feel so), Germany could not, in the very nature of things, view it otherwise than as a menace. And W. Morton Fullerton<sup>14</sup> quotes Mr. Goshen as declaring in 1898 that this navy must be increased against Russia and might even be needed against the United States. Certainly men imbued with big navy ideas fight about trivialities quite as readily as do men of big army ideas; and while it is not intended to minimize German militarism in the least, it is apparent that we have studiously ignored our own side of the case while giving the other side pitiless publicity.

A commercially unimportant piece of territory like Morocco, which would be more valuable to all nations concerned if it were internationalized, has been made a test of prestige between two proud countries presumably inhabited by adults and not by boasting boys in their early teens. Should any one care to investigate the deplorable morals of the powers generally in regard to this celebrated affair, their infinitely petty bickerings with one another, their endless machinations and trickeries, their wholesale lies to the world and their underhanded dealings in secret, their disregard for treaties and for their solemn word of honor, their flagrant neglect of all that is good and just and true and rational and honorable—let him peruse *Germany and Morocco* by E. D. Morel. A more terrible exposé of the shamelessness of governments could scarcely be written.

Then too, purely faked causes can bring about war. At Algeciras France pledged herself faithfully to respect the independence of Morocco. Subsequently the Sultan was deliberately encouraged in extravagance and France repeatedly expanded her police zone, always backed up by England. In spite of the fact that France needed money at home she made a loan of \$10,000,000 to the Sultan with a "rake-off" to her bankers of \$2,500,000. Clashes with the natives were repeatedly provoked—one in particular by deliberate French violation of a native cemetery—and each clash resulted in further French seizures. More money was continually forced on the Sultan; enormous bills were presented to him for damage inflicted upon French troops (*sic*); French writers faked stories of the dangers Europeans underwent in Fez, and finally, when public opinion was sufficiently inflamed, Fez was seized—and Germany protested French aggression in violation of her agreement. Such

<sup>12</sup> Cf. Max Eastman, *Understanding Germany*.

<sup>13</sup> W. L. Grane, *The Passing of War*.

<sup>14</sup> *Op. cit.*, p. 4.

was French morality when desirous of more territory. Of the morality of protesting Germany we have subsequently had nauseating evidence.<sup>15</sup>

We must remember here and always that "France," "Germany," etc., are purely abstract terms frequently representing nothing more than the private opinions, grudges and ambitions of a small group of men who have managed to collect power into their own hands; a plebiscite on any question—with all the facts known—might result very differently. The Social Democrats, for instance, might really have represented Germany since they were her most numerous party. There are always antagonistic elements within a state and there is no nationalistic boundary-line to the ills of the downtrodden. When a few unscrupulous men are no longer able to throttle a country, to diffuse and to repress facts as they see fit and to play upon mass psychology in order to attain whatever end—good or bad—they may have in mind: more certainly when men begin to reason and cease to be herded like impulsive animals, an international consciousness of race solidarity will take the place of petty fratricidal bickerings and human life will become vastly more pleasant, and obviously more rational.

The unthinking masses are quite bad enough without giving them any particular incentive to slaughter. It may be remembered that American sentiment, aroused by unscrupulous public men, once demanded war with England over absolutely nothing. In 1896 Cullom was denouncing Britain roundly; Dickinson was calling her a sinister intriguer; Lodge was declaring we must strike her; Jos. Hawley saw her as our natural enemy; Rear-Admiral Belknap insisted that her growing navy must be crushed; John B. Wilson lauded war as a good thing and would have seen the Stars and Stripes over the whole of North America; Ambrose Bierce advised that we pray for war with England, and the dear, old blind Chaplain of the House furnished the required prayers while the press howled in rage. President Cleveland stepped into the mass brainstorm with a totally unnecessary and extremely bigoted near-ultimatum, and those who counseled moderation were, as is usual, denounced as traitors and pro-enemy.

Fortunately, there were sane and intelligent men guiding the destinies of England at the time, and a silly and disastrous war was averted in spite of our contentiousness. In a short while Spain felt the glowing ardor of our patriotism, this time deflected toward Cuba, for ulterior motives certainly, because the infinitely worse

<sup>15</sup> Cf. John Haynes Holmes, *New Wars for Old*.

sufferings of other American republics under cruel dictators had failed to move us. This time public men, the press and the pulpit prevailed in bringing about a war which was, in the usual fashion, demonstrated to be necessary, righteous and forced upon us. Yet, be it noted, we found similar bellicose struttings most abominable and most tremendously menacing in pre-war Germany!

For Germany was vastly misunderstood by outsiders, just as any nation is so misunderstood.<sup>16</sup> Dr. Labberton has called them a contemplative nation of poets and thinkers whose devotion to the inner life rendered them easily misjudged and certainly peculiar. Perhaps this explanation is as good as any other. The central point is that no nation sees facts relating to itself other than in a halo of meaningful associations and interpretive limitations which are unknown to any other people. To us "America for Americans" is wholesome and reasonable; to the Japanese "Asia for Asiatics" is the same; yet each nation finds the phrase of the other at least perplexing if not positively irritating. Pile these misunderstandings together, add thereto armaments in equal quantity, garnish with diplomatic subterfuge and underhanded dealings, season with the most acrid emotions and you invariably produce war.

In the case of the Great War we at first adopted a holier-than-thou attitude and deplored the insanity of Europe; public men, pulpit and press agreed here. With the events culminating in the "Lusitania" a wave of emotion swept pulpit, press and public, and war seemed inevitable; but Mr. Wilson—then against preparedness—did not wish our country an armed camp, and Mr. Daniels "refused to lose his head because some people were nervous"—in short, the government, for some reason, saw fit to avert war. Mass emotion at its very height was held in leash, demonstrating again how easily war can be prevented if an intelligent and reasoning government desires to prevent it.

Ultimately a change came about: precisely why it is too early to predicate, nor are the facts available. Eventually the Senate declared for war in almost the same terms that had ornamented Reichstag debate for years, and Roosevelt matched Treitschke in truculence. At the time when a friendly gift of a billion or of five billions to the sufferers from the war would have done more to demonstrate that one nation at least stood for the highest things, the vacillate ministry was forsaking a peace-loving Christ as too

<sup>16</sup> Cf. J. H. Labberton, *Belgium and Germany*; also *op. cit.*, p. 12 and Sigmund Freud's very rational little volume *Reflections on War and Death*.

idealistic and demanding blood and destruction.<sup>17</sup> In short, we finally forsook the hard and bitter path of idealism and nobility and took what seemed to appear the easy way to a New World—that which led by paths of glory through fields of gore.

And, "since the ethical values involved in any given international contest are substantially of the nature of after-thought or accessory, they may safely be left on one side in any endeavor to understand or to account for any given outbreak of hostilities. The moral indignation of both parties to the quarrel is to be taken for granted, as being the statesman's chief and necessary ways and means of bringing any warlike enterprise to a head and floating it to a creditable finish. It is a precipitate of the partisan animosity that inspires both parties and holds them to their duty of self-sacrifice and devastation, and at its best it will chiefly serve as a cloak of self-righteousness to extenuate any exceptionally profligate excursions in the conduct of hostilities."<sup>18</sup>

We went in ourselves. We should not be criticized for the plunge if half the things we claimed that we could thus attain could have been thus attained. The incidence of regret falls upon the fact that we were not sufficiently reflective and reasoning animals to then postulate how miserable our failure would be. That it was a failure the results demonstrate, and any good that came after the war and after the efforts of the inept Supreme Council of Paris, came in spite of these agencies and in no sense because of them.

<sup>17</sup> Fred. Lynch, *The Challenge*.

<sup>18</sup> Thorstein Veblen, *The Nature of Peace*.

## ALEXANDER IN BABYLON.

BY H. A.

### ACT IV.

SCENE: The Hanging Gardens. The time is early morning and from the summits of the temple pyramids in the near distance rise lazy wisps of smoke into the sunny air.

Enter Cassander and Iolaus.

CASSANDER: Thou art new come from attendance on the King,  
My brother?

IOLAUS: Yes—if attendance it be called.  
To keep in eye his hourly changing mood  
Is more pursuit than service.

CASSANDER: What is his state?

IOLAUS: No state at all—his soul is like a wind,  
Now chasing laughing Dryads mid spum leaves.  
Now hurtling clouds 'gainst granite mountain peaks.

CASSANDER: Why, who would guess? My brother grown fantastic!  
This windy soul hath caught thee in its breeze!

IOLAUS: Who waits on Alexander reads his mood  
And mirrors back its image—safety 's there,  
Hadst thou the wit for this thy bones would be  
Securer of their flesh.

CASSANDER: Aye, craft is thine,  
As bluntness mine. Antipater did well  
To hostage thee, not me, to Alexander.  
But keep thy craft sharp-whet.—Who comes here?

IOLAUS: Console thy tender courage! 'Tis not the King.

(Enter Nearchus, Craterus, Ptolemy, Onesicritus.)

ONESICRITUS: Hail, man of Macedon! The sun still shines  
On thine attachèd head? I had supposed  
That thou wert gone to greet Hephaestion.

CASSANDER: Quiet thy bark! Three-headed Cerberus  
Roars not more dismal. From the camp, I come.

PTOLEMY: Where stand the soldiers?

CASSANDER: Grieved for Hephaestion,  
But doubly grieved that gilded Persians make  
The nearest guard of Alexander's body.

CRATERUS: Yes, I am dispossessed, and Persian boys  
With moon-shaped scimitars now take the place  
Of Macedonian swords.

NEARCIUS: That Philip's son  
Should so forget King Philip's men! With me,  
While he was but a boy, he learned to use  
Blade and sarissa, the while I told him tales  
Of lands beyond the seas no Greek had known  
And misty worlds to conquer. Now, I am old,

CASSANDER: He thinks him god, and all the world a gem  
To toy upon his finger!

ONESICRITUS: Cassander's luck!  
Thus kings' disfavor sickens piety!

CASSANDER: Favor or none, the peril is as near;  
Hephaestion was his friend.

PTOLEMY: The world 's too big—  
For one to rule this unpartitioned sphere  
Is pride that tempts the anger of the gods.  
'Twere best divided.

(A fanfare of Oriental trumpets is heard.)

IOLAUS: 'Tis the King returning.  
The priests have made him morning sacrifice.

CASSANDER: Stay you who have learned the Eastern bows and scrapes;  
My neck 's too stiff for them. I go.

ONESICRITUS:

Wise, wise!

That same stiff neck is none too soundly jointed!

Enter, from the stair, Alexander surrounded by a body of Persian youths gorgeously robed and armed with curved swords. Alexander is in the flowing robes of the god Dionysus, thyrsus in hand.

ALEXANDER: The smoke is in my nostrils and the fires  
 Of sacrifice within my body burn!  
 Sweet-savored blood! How many battlefields  
 I have been mine altars and what hecatombs  
 Have burning cities offered up to me!  
 Was ever such a god in high Olympus?  
 Zeus, Zeus himself is jealous of my might  
 And rocks uneasy on his cloudy throne!  
 Ha! Bow, ye Immortals, to your conqueror! . . .

(He sees the generals.)

What men be these, that stand them thus unbent  
 In Alexander's presence? Down, slaves, down!  
 Ere in my spirit's burning ye be caught!

(The generals bow down to Alexander. His manner changes.)  
 Good men, good men they are—wise generals:  
 This one is Ptolemy, Craterus this one 's called,  
 And old Nearchus who held me on his knee—  
 The rime sea-salt had grizzled all his beard  
 There where I plucked it—good men, good men all,  
 And priests that on many a bloody day  
 Slaked my desire with blood! Farewell, my friends;  
 I go to receive the homage of the Sun:  
 He'll kiss my hand, and I shall bid him bear  
 The image of my glory zenith high!

(Exit Alexander, with Persians.)

CRATERUS: Now Zeus defend King Alexander!

ONESICRITUS:

Tst!

I pray defense for us from Father Zeus!  
 There is a maxim of the Delphian god,  
 "Nothing too much": here 's much too much a king  
 With much too much divinity conjoined  
 To spell our safety.

PTOLEMY (*thoughtfully*): Such a thing is ambition?  
 How ghastly is its image in another!

NEARCHUS: He remembers still how these old arms did lift  
 His slim boy's body from his father's courts  
 And bear him out into the natural hills  
 To greet the breeze incoming from the sea....  
 Oh, I did fear this madness when we stopped  
 Mid those Nysæan witches who lured the King  
 To myrtled Meros, there to sacrifice  
 Unto the vagrant god. Ye do recall  
 How many madmen there took up the cry,  
 "Evoë, evoë," as if they were god-seized?

PTOLEMY: I have heard say that Philip to his fear  
 One morning found his bride Olympias couched  
 With a bright golden serpent. On that day  
 The babe that was to be King Alexander  
 By his mother was conceived.

ONESICRITUS: Not gods that are  
 Nor kings that deem them gods are made to be  
 Mere men's companions. I am for the camp.

PTOLEMY: And I!

CRATERUS: And I!

NEARCHUS: The old man, too, will go.  
 These Eastern palaces were not meant for me;  
 I long for Macedonia and the sea.

(Exeunt.)

IOLAUS: 'Tis so the noon winds blow! Their loyalty  
 Melts thin with the rising sun! For me 'tis well  
 To keep a kingward eye—though mad, he's royal.  
 (Exit.)

Enter Roxana and Rachel, an aged Jewish slave, her attendant. Roxana picks up an ivy leaf fallen from Alexander's garlands.

ROXANA: He's wreathed with ivy. For a little while  
 Its leaves are green, and then they fall and fade  
 And scatter in his path, and are forgotten....  
 I'll keep thee in my bosom, withered leaf—  
 Oh, thou didst crown his temples for an hour!....  
 Rachel, hast thou seen Statira?

RACHEL: Aye, daughter.

ROXANA: She is not happy—though she be his queen;  
 And all the jewels of her father's throne  
 Shine cold and shrill upon her. Oh, 'tis the heart,  
 And not the crown, that makes a woman queen!  
 Yes, I do pity her—proud, proud Statira—  
 Who is not loved, and loves not—or yet loves  
 Another. What an empty heart is hers  
 Beneath her hollow state!....And yet, this state—  
 Oh, she is haughty, daughter of a king.  
 And tall and upright in her will to stand  
 Up to her father's stature....Then how shall I--  
 I and my son, how measured be against her?—  
 Nay, pity is too dear! There is not space  
 For her and me in one king's lordly shadow....  
 Rachel, what is the hour?

RACHEL:                                   The prayers are said  
 Within the temple at Jerusalem;  
 The priests descend from the altar; I have prayed  
 My daily prayer with Israel. Noon is near.

ROXANA: The appointed hour! Sisimithres should be come.  
 (Enter Sisimithres, cautiously.)

ROXANA: Sisimithres!

SISIMITHRES:                           He. Roxana's servant ever.

ROXANA: Thou bring'st....

SISIMITHRES:                           The potion, in this ass's hoof.  
 Its nature is so chill no other vase  
 Will bear its strength, unbroken. I do give,  
 Roxana, into thy hands its fused strength—  
 For like this world, whereof it is quintessence,  
 It doth commingle in so deep a brew  
 The good and evil principles, that none—  
 Save Auramazda shining in his skies—  
 Can say if he who drinks of this chill draught  
 Will wake to love and life or whiten in death.

ROXANA (*gazing into the vessel*):

How colorless it is—like mine own life,  
 No light reflected in it. This shall be  
 The blade whose sheath 's my heart!

(She puts it into her bosom.)

Oh, kings shall learn

That when they storm the craggy citadels  
 That harbor women's souls, not they alone  
 For love risk life—risk life, and all, and all!....  
 Sisimithres!

SISIMITHRES:                   Princess.

ROXANA:                         There is yet Statira.

SISIMITHRES: Begrudge her not, O daughter of Oxyartes,  
 Her hour of queenship. It will be but brief.

ROXANA: How mean you?

SISIMITHRES:                   Royal through Darius, queen  
 Through Alexander, she should die royally.

ROXANA: Aye, aye; thou speak'st with a Magian's riddling tongue.

SISIMITHRES: We Magi know full well the nether stones  
 That bear this cumbrous palace up from earth.  
 In the depths there is a silent crypt where lie  
 The regal dead whom kings could not endure  
 To share their day with. Royally they lie,  
 Each stark and gorgeous in his jeweled robe:  
 A couch is there befitting proud Statira.

ROXANA: How wilt thou bring her thither?

SISIMITHRES:                   Love such as I  
 Do bear the fair Roxana in device  
 Is rich. When others sleep the noon tide out,  
 Statira's restless soul leads her astray  
 Through shadowy halls. Old palaces are full  
 Of devious ways. To-day, for the love I bear  
 Roxana I will keep the noon in vigil.

ROXANA: Ah, thou art gracious to me!

SISIMITHRES:                   Love is glad  
 To serve its day, waiting for love's reward.

(Sisimithres departs; Iolaus enters.)

ROXANA: The King's cupbearer!....Iolaus!

IOLAUS: Who calls?  
Ah, Princess Roxana!

ROXANA: I would speak with thee:  
How is it with the King?

IOLAUS: Why now, 'tis thus:  
Having mounted to the terraced garden's top  
And sat there on a golden burnished throne  
Flashing his challenge to the sun, he now  
Descends again into the shade. Meanwhile I'm sent  
To summon here Statira; he has thought o' her.

ROXANA: He speaks of her?

IOLAUS: He speaks of many souls.  
Some live, as she; some are new dead.

ROXANA: Of me?

IOLAUS: Nay, not of thee.

ROXANA: 'Tis thou dost bear him wine.  
Is he not often hot—often athirst?

IOLAUS: Aye, often; and calls for cooling snows. He dreams,  
I vow, of honest Macedonian ice.

ROXANA: I, too, was born amid the mountain cold,  
And fever i' the heat. Iolaus, I have here  
A liquid of a principle so cold  
That but a single drop will cool the life  
In the most parchèd body. When the King  
Doth call thee for his draught do thou call me.

IOLAUS: The gods plan shrewdly! Out in yonder camp  
There's muttering of men and knavish thoughts  
Popping in heated helmets; here at home  
The once queen finds a potent draught  
To calm the ardors of the new-wed King!  
Shrewd be the gods, and grim!

ROXANA: Thy meaning 's hid.

IOLAUS: 'Tis naught—save that I choose to wear  
 Iolaus' skin rather than royal purple.  
 Were I the King I should stay far from camp  
 Until the season's settled, and were I King  
 I'd drink no drink. Farewell, mine errand calls.

(Exit.)

ROXANA: The camp against the King! Can treason threat  
 So fair adornèd head? Nay, where he walks  
 No evil thing can stand!.... But yet, I fear....

(Re-enter Alexander, with attendants.)

ALEXANDER: Hephaestion. . Hephaestion. . I'd speak with Hephaestion  
 Was ever poet kinlier to a king  
 Than Hephaestion is to me? Castor and Pollux  
 Are not more like, triumphant mid their stars.  
 His sire is Poesy, minè ruddy War,  
 But, ah, our common mother is bright Love—  
 Queen over all the gods!

(He sees Roxana.)

What maid is this?

Why, such a form I've seen mid Bactrian snows  
 Sun-glinted—alabaster-white she was,  
 But with a ruby soul that flashed its flame  
 Relentless into my soul! Beautiful  
 She was, and she was named Roxana. Maiden,  
 For the sake of one whom Alexander loved  
 Thou shalt be queen of Bactria and shalt hold  
 High court amid the snows, by eagles guarded.  
 Thou art so like her....

Where is Hephaestion?....

He is dead—oh, I know well that he is dead.  
 And they that caused it, they shall feel the edge  
 Of Alexander's wrath! He was my brother....  
 I'll crucify physicians till there be  
 No more an art of medicine, and none  
 Be saved to live within this charnel world  
 Whence sweet Hephaestion 's gone....

Hephaestion!

The worms will eat thee; thou wilt rot unknown,  
 And the poor eloquence of thine epitaph  
 Will rouse the laughter and the ribald noise

Of puny mortals, through their transient day  
 Swarming like the ants above the sunny ground  
 Ere the dark earth receive them. Thou shalt lie  
 In cold composure couched, whilst loathed decay  
 Kisses away thy lips and steals thine eyes  
 From out their sightless sockets....

Ah, we men,  
 In what reek of blood we live, to foul with death  
 The beauties of the world! I've slain men, too,  
 And seen thick blood gathering on the spear,  
 Red, red, and gory....

Is Statira come?  
 I have commanded it. There is a thing  
 That she must answer for—aye, though a queen  
 And daughter of Darius!

(Enter Statira, with attendant.)

Ha, 'tis she!....

STATIRA: My lord, thou didst command me. I am come.

ALEXANDER: I'd look into thine eyes, for they do say  
 That when a murder's done, the murderer  
 Doth leave his image printed in the eyes  
 Of him that's slain. Thou hast been murdered;  
 I'd look into thine eyes!....So....so....and so....  
 How many eyes bear Alexander's image!  
 In thine I thought to find Hephaestion's,  
 For he hath murdered thee with love....Go, go!  
 Prepare thee for thy funeral....Go, go!  
 It shall befit the daughter of Darius.  
 King Alexander's queen. Hephaestion's love!

STATIRA: My lord, I hear thy will, dimly and afar  
 As all things are that sound against my heart.  
 God's winds blow strangely. Here there's nought to say—  
 Save only that I pity, pity thee.

ALEXANDER: Nay, do not go! For I have need of pity—  
 I am a king, but I have need of pity!

(Enter Kidinnu, who prostrates himself before the King.)

ALEXANDER: Who is 't comes here? The seer of the stars!  
 Oh, is there grace, Kidinnu, in the stars  
 And prophecy for such a king as I?

KIDINNU: May Anu, Bel and Ea, Marduk lord,  
 Bestow the light of wisdom on the King!  
 I come with message from the Indian sage,  
 Calanus, whom you brought from Ganges' bank.  
 "Greeting," he saith, "from king to king, I send—  
 "From Calanus, whose empire is the world  
 "Of spirit spirit-conquered, to the king  
 "Who rules the dust and ashes of illusion.  
 "This night, beyond the walls of Babylon,  
 "I light the pyre whereon my body burns  
 "Quick to its glory—whence my Phoenix soul  
 "Shall fly triumphant. To-morrow I shall sit  
 "By Gunga's changeless pool and contemplate  
 "The day of Alexander, long fordone!"  
 This say, he did command, as king to king.

ALEXANDER: Why, here is challenge! Is there such a soul  
 In this wide world as durst do more than I?  
 Nay, royally shall burn this royal Calanus!  
 Tinctures and incense and aromatic oils  
 On gilded cedar shall build him such a pyre  
 As shall outblaze rich Sardanapalus!  
 No soul so like to mine hath this earth bred  
 Since living Heracles did mount to his doom  
 In shirt of Nessus! My soul, too, is flame,  
 And it shall leap to greet its element  
 High in th' empyreal husk that rings the world  
 Which feeds it with combustion! . . . Ho, men! Ho!  
 Bring me Bucephalus, for I would be  
 Guest of this kindred flame! Too long, too long  
 The walls of Babel have imprisoned me!

ROXANA (*throwing herself at his feet*):  
 My lord, my sweet, sweet lord! Go not! Go not!  
 There is such peril as thou dost not know  
 Beyond the city's gates! Stay! Stay! With me—  
 I am Roxana—and thou hast a son!  
 Stay, stay! My lord—my sweet, sweet lord!

ALEXANDER: 'Tis the princess of the snows—ah, snow and flame,  
Like love and war, do mutually destroy  
Each other's beauty! I kiss thee, Snow!  
'Tis I am fire: I did consume the world:  
Now to its starry crest I would be whirled!

(Alexander goes out with Kidinnu and attendants.)

STATIRA: 'Tis so thou lovest him? . . . Ah, such are hearts  
That beat in women's breasts! We still must love,  
Though they we love be mad, and love be madness. . . .  
Thou art Roxana? and a princess once?  
And a king came, and wooed thee. . . . Now, but a woman. . . .  
I was a princess, too, and am woman, now. . . .  
We all are women only, when we love;  
And when our loves are gone are something less--  
Are something less, than woman.

ROXANA (*rising*): Thou art queen.

STATIRA: Queen! This palace is not more lugubriously empty  
Of the sweet gift of happiness, than am I  
Of all things that can make my queenship queenly!....  
Oh, let them make their wars, these bloody men.  
But give us women just the little right  
To love our loved ones for a sunny hour  
There where the scented gardens wear their glow!

ROXANA: Thou dost sleep—in the garden?

STATIRA: Sleep! 'Tis such a bliss  
As queens dispense with! Nay, I walk the noon.

**ROXANA:** Thou shalt not walk to-day.

STATIRA: How else, to-day?  
Is 't thou would'st have me sleep, better to watch  
Thy king's return? Nay, he 's not thine, but mine!  
Oh, I am grateful for this king of mine—  
This bloody, bloody king! Nay, I shall walk,

Statira goes out. Roxana starts as if to follow her. Then she turns slowly back.

ROXANA: Aye, let her walk....We all do walk most strangely....  
The King's gone to the camp, where treason waits;

I'll follow him! I'll follow, follow on—  
 And whether life or death shall be the lot  
 The gods have sorted out, I'll share it with him.

[CURTAIN.]

ACT V.

SCENE: The Desert beyond the walls of Babylon. The time is night and the unclouded sky is brilliant with glittering stars. To the right are the shadowy tents of the King's quarters in the Greek encampment. In the center the plain stretches away to Babylon, which is revealed low and black in distant silhouette. A group of palms, to the left, marks the course of the Euphrates, in the middle distance. From the direction of the palms, flaring and dying away, is seen the declining glare of the funeral pyre of Calamus, falling to ashes beside the river bank.

Enter Alexander, Kidinnu, Iolaus and the Persian guards. The King's walk shows him to be weary and depressed. He pauses and gazes back toward the red glow of the dying fire.

ALEXANDER: Farewell....Thou spirit, Calanus, farewell....  
 May winds and waters bear thy scattered ash  
 Back to thy native East....Ash unto ash—  
 Oh, what a crumbling dust man's flesh is made of!  
 But souls be made of fire—yes, thou hast shown  
 What will of man can do, rist conqueror  
 Over the body's sodden elements....  
 Kidinnu!

KIDINNU:       Lord and King, thy servant hears.

ALEXANDER: Kidinnu, had he so much as moved a limb,  
 Trembled, or twitched a muscle, when the flames  
 Came swiftly licking o'er him, thou hadst seen?

KIDINNU: He moved not once, but gave his body up  
 Freely to the flames. His eyes were on the stars.

ALEXANDER: Oh, were but mine composure like to that!  
 For I, I too, do burn upon a pyre—  
 I was begot by flame, and it doth tent  
 The heart of me with fierce tormenting dreams.  
 Driving me on and on to wrack this world  
 With bloody conquest! Oh, this fire in me

Doth deeply hate the dark material stuff  
 'Tis prisoned in, and it would burn such path—  
 Such blaze of freedom, as should lift my soul  
 To empery of its kindred in the skies!  
 Thou know'st the stars?

KIDINNU: My years have long been told  
 With nightly observations of their course.

ALEXANDER: Perchance these stars are worlds? I'll conquer them!  
 I'll conquer all the stars and be the king  
 Who rules the far empyrean, and fires  
 The circling spheres in holocaust!  
 Kidinnu, thou art wise in Eastern lore—  
 The Greeks do say the world—this world of mine—  
 Did rise from ancient burnings, and will burn  
 Again and yet again as æons count  
 The slow revolving wheel of Destiny.  
 Is this thy wisdom, too?

KIDINNU: Most potent lord  
 And high, in this thy Greeks are wise with us  
 And wise with India's sages. We of Babylon,  
 By the grace of shining gods, have read the change  
 That measures out the world from fire to fire.  
 Shamash and Sin and Ishtar, rulers of the signs,  
 And those four planets that mark the mighty gyre  
 Upon whose spiral swings the yearly sun—  
 Marduk of the morn, Nebo the counselor,  
 Ninib of war, and Nergal lord of night—  
 Count out the Change of Ages. It shall be  
 When æons twelve, each two millennia  
 And centuries two, are passed since the ancient Flood.  
 The rulers and the planets shall conjoin  
 Their glittering powers within the starry Crab.  
 Then Earth shall burn once more, as Earth hath burned  
 In countless numbers past, as it will burn  
 All times to come, by this conjuncture marked.

ALEXANDER: Why, 'tis a cinder, then—this world of mine!  
 Dead ashes and black crusts! Our Calanus—  
 Oh, he was wise to burn away the flesh  
 And free the lambent substance of the soul!

Ash unto ash and mounting flame to flame....  
 How dry it crumbles in mine hand! How dross....  
 This gritty earth he leaves me!....Nay, I would sleep.  
 There 's less than fiery god within me now—  
 There 's weight of weary man....Sleep kindly, too.  
 My friends—beneath the healing stars, sleep kindly.

Alexander enters his tent, accompanied by Iolaus. The Persians disperse among the tents. Kidinnu, alone, raises exultant arms.

KIDINNU: Immortal Lights, what consolation sweet  
 Ye bring to me! Fulfilment of those Fates  
 Ye have foretold is nigh, is nigh, and here,  
 Within, the luxury of hate fulfilled!

(Exit.)

Iolaus comes forth and lies down to sleep at the door of Alexander's tent. Music breaks in—at first, slow, deep, hesitating—the throb of the desert and the distant city. Gradually a misty, supernatural light suffuses the sky and obscures the background. Within the mist moving figures appear faintly. The music takes up the theme of the Bacchanal song with which the play opens—"Evoë! Evoë!"—and the figures are defined as a rout of Bacchanals with Dionysus at their head. But as they pass, in their misty dance, the dancers change from wine-mad mænads to struggling, battling men. The music at the same time becomes grim and brazen. Then grisly death's-head men appear in the vision, and the ghastly note is echoed in the orchestra. Finally, the whole lurid field is strewn with prostrate, writhing bodies. Death and War triumphant in their midst. The moans of the dying and the hoarse discordant triumph of Death and War bring the music to its climax; the vision fades; and the orchestra sinks back to the fateful pulse of the desert and old Babylon. There is a moment of stillness. Then the roar of a lion, returning from his kill, is heard in the distance. Iolaus rouses at the sound, yawns, stretches and slowly rises. The roar is heard once more.

IOLAUS: The lion's bark....The beast should let me sleep—  
 Licking his bloody chaps, and howling out  
 His maw's inflation! Brutes shed each other's blood  
 O' night-times, men o' days—so time goes, redly.  
 I'd sleep again—perhaps to-morrow's blood  
 Will be king's crimson....Pf! who knows? who knows?....  
 Ho, ho! What shades are these that dodge o' nights  
 Mid lions' walks and thieves'? Women, by my soul!  
 Iolaus, hide thee in the crafty gloom  
 If ever thou didst love Odysseus' wiles!

Enter Roxana, wrapped in a concealing cloak, and Rachel, her slave.

ROXANA: "Tis this must be the camp. Ah, could we find  
The King's own tent!"

RACHEL:                           Morning will soon be risen.  
See, in the East the whiteness of the dawn  
Steals upward.

ROXANA:                           Oh, I dread the day, and long for 't.  
What leagues these hours of night do seem in passing,  
And when passed, what brief transitions! Rachel mine,  
Hast thou borne children?

RACHEL:                           Aye—to be men's slaves  
Beside the waters of Babylon. My sons!

ROXANA: And didst thou love—their father?

RACHEL:                           Love 's for the free.  
I bore my sons in pain less than my tears  
In bitterness. Fair boys, to look upon.

ROXANA: Oh, if one loves it is no easy thing  
To cease from loving! I do love this king  
Who is my loved son's father, with such love  
I'll not surrender him—nay, not to Death,  
Nor any Lord of Night! Where he goes, I go.

RACHEL: Daughter, I pray for thee—to Zion's God.  
Patience through suffering we women learn;  
It is His will.

ROXANA:                           Sh! There is one who sits  
Yonder in the shadow—watching. "Tis Iolaus!—  
Iolaus!

IOLAUS:                         Iolaus 'tis.

ROXANA:                         Where is the King?

IOLAUS: Where gods take dreamers. He is asleep, within.

ROXANA: The camp—is there noise there?

IOLAUS:                         Nay, 'tis quiet.

ROXANA: He sleeps—calmly or feverish?

IOLAUS: Like a king.  
Who sounds the sleep of kings?

ROXANA: He will awake  
With thirst—oh, I know it well, Iolaus.  
Often have my hands prepared his morning cup;  
I'd do it now.

IOLAUS: Why, I'm a spectator  
Of others' fortunes. 'Tis the servant's part.  
I'll bring the cup; prepare it as thou wilt.

Iolaus goes out. Roxana runs to the tent and listens at the door. Dawn is breaking.

ROXANA: I hear him stir. Oh, sleep doth fret his soul!  
He is a man to grudge the heavy hours  
That slumber steals. Sleep 's weakness, he did say.

Iolaus returns with amphora and rhyton. These he hands to Roxana. She takes them, sets the amphora down and kneels beside it, drawing from her bosom the vase of ass's hoof.

ROXANA (*holding the rhyton out to Rachel*):  
Rachel, hold thou the cup. My hand's unsteady.  
I would prepare the draught.... His lips will kiss it....

She drops the liquid into the rhyton. Then suddenly, on her knees, turns to the rising sun.

ROXANA: Auramazda, whom my mother's voice  
Taught me to name, be merciful to me!

As she prays the curtain of the tent is drawn, and Alexander appears in the doorway. He regards Roxana curiously.

ALEXANDER: Roxana.... praying to the Morn.... 'Tis strange....  
How came she hither? How came I?.... What dreams.  
What dreams did fret me!.... Roxana!

ROXANA (*turning*): Oh, my lord!

ALEXANDER: 'Tis long since I have seen thee. I have been  
To India in a dream, and in a dream  
In Babylon.... Oh, I will dream no more!

ROXANA: My lord, thou wast in Babylon.

ALEXANDER: What sayest?

There's vast confusion there. I was confused  
With images of gods and men that sought  
To take god's image—Mænads and Bacchanals,  
And friends of kings, and kings.... Oh, 'twas a dream!  
I was not in Babylon.

ROXANA: My blessed lord,

I do beseech thee come far from the city—  
Back, back to Sogdiana with its snows  
And the wild sweet winds we loved there, long ago.  
We'll roses sow, and laugh at the pricking thorns!

ALEXANDER (*gazing toward the palms and the Euphrates bank*):

What are those ashes yonder by the palms?  
Was there a pyre—last night?.... Where's Calamus?....  
Oh, what a king am I! Hephaestion!  
Hephaestion!.... Ye gods! ye clamorous gods!  
How roars the world with your relentless sound!  
Hephaestion! Hephaestion!

ROXANA: Sweet lord!

I do beseech thee.... Oh, my lord! my love!

ALEXANDER: Roxana, thou didst pray to Auramazda?

Thou didst well to pray.... And I, I too, will pray  
To him who brings the seasons and their fruits.  
My season's passed, and all its fruits I know....  
I'll make libation now. Give me the cup.

(Roxana tremblingly takes the rhyton from Rachel and hands it to him.)

ALEXANDER: Thy hand trembles.... and thy lips do move in prayer.  
Dost thou love me, Roxana?

ROXANA: My lord, my lord!

ALEXANDER: Why then, 'tis well—and not well. Love me not—  
I am a king, and mortal—love me not....  
How heavy is this wine—there is no glint  
In its dark substance—heavy, like my heart.

(He touches it to his lips; then lowers the cup.)  
Roxana, didst thou prepare it?

ROXANA: Yea, my lord.

ALEXANDER: I did deserve it of thee....of thy love,  
 And of Hephaestion's love....and I will drink....  
 But what be these who come?

(Enter Cassander, Ptolemy, Craterus, Nearchus.)

My generals!  
 Ye come betimes to greet me.

CASSANDER: Soldier's hours,  
 And with a soldier's message. In the camp  
 Our Macedonians are much at odds  
 With their condition—meritless demerit,  
 As it seems to them, with Persians nigh thy body,  
 Themselves, scarred with the toils of war, now left  
 To gaze upon thy glory from afar.  
 They long for home—since thou'st no use for them—  
 And for the honest quiet of the hearths  
 That were their fathers'. 'Tis their demand, through us.

ALEXANDER: Demand! Why, 'tis demand less strange, more just,  
 Than that he who bears it is their messenger.  
 They bore the toils of war? seek its rewards?  
 Have I a body that 's less scarred than theirs?  
 Or has one asked me gift that 's been denied?  
 I have outmatched desire, as well ye know—  
 And I have borne what in thought 's unbearable!  
 But that is nothing here. Nearchus, tell me,  
 Doth Cassander speak my Macedonians' wish?

NEARCHUS: There are old men among them, like to me,  
 Who long to see their wooded hills again,  
 And die at home. My King, thou wert happy there!

ALEXANDER: I have denied them naught. I'll not deny  
 This new thing that they ask. Say to my men  
 That Alexander bids them march for home.

NEARCHUS: Oh, they will bless you for it—as I bless!

(Exeunt Generals.)

ALEXANDER: Farewell, my comrades! Farewell, my Macedonians!  
 Ye were my father's heritage to me—  
 Born mid the clang of war! Too well I loved ye,

Too well the battle's bloody crest, and all  
The high red road to glory! . . . Unchanging Sun,  
Who bring'st the light of reason to men's minds  
And paint'st thereon the shining form of Truth—  
I drink to thee—and to the Day! the Day!

Alexander drains the rhyton; then turns, dizzily, and sinks upon the couch within his tent. Roxana has been watching him with terrified eagerness, coming nearer and nearer as he drinks. Now she rushes forward and throws herself upon the couch, clasping his body.

ROXANA: Dead! Dead! Dead! Dead! . . . Auramazda! . . .

(The shouting of the soldiers, joyous and exultant, is heard from near by.)

SOLDIERS: Home! Home to Macedonia! Home! Home!

Trumpets and drums break in with a lively and bright military march. The Generals enter, at the head of the Soldiers. They rush forward as they approach the King's tent. They see that the King is dead. They doff their helmets, and station themselves beside his couch, the old man Nearchus at the head, Craterus, the King's captain of the bodyguard, at the foot. The march music turns from gay to grim, and as the bent and sorrowing soldiers file past, it descends into a deep-toned dirge. At the last, the pulse of the desert and old Babylon beats and dies away.

[CURTAIN.]

THE END.

## CHINESE WIT AND HUMOR.

BY ALFRED FORKE.

THE Chinese have a keen sense of the ludicrous. They like a good joke and make very good ones. We see more smiling faces in China than in most European countries. With ready wit a foreigner who has to deal with Chinese people may win his cause more easily than by long arguments.

Wit and humor in China are in substance very much like ours, a different local coloring in some instances being the sole difference. We even find the various kinds of jocularity to which we are accustomed. To prove this and at the same time acquaint my readers with this branch of Chinese literature, I propose to relate a number of humorous anecdotes as specimens of Chinese wit and quote a passage from a famous drama which will give some idea of Chinese humor.

Wit is not felt by all persons equally, not even in their own language and still less in a foreign idiom. So I am not quite certain whether my stories will appeal to the American sense of humor and elicit a smile. But even if I should fail, I hope that they will throw some new light on Chinese thought, manners and customs, and help to a better understanding of the oldest of all Oriental peoples.

Everybody knows what wit and humor are, yet a correct definition is very difficult. The views of those who have tried to solve the problem differ very much. Wit and humor are closely related, but they are usually distinct from, and even opposed to, each other.

Both are creations of our brain and have as their object the comical, which they produce artificially by some ingenious invention, which must be novel and unusual. There is an association of ideas and words that cause pleasure and surprise. Between these ideas there is such a discrepancy, they appear to us so incongruous, odd and queer that they excite laughter, an explosion breaking the mental tension in which the story has held us.

So far there is agreement between wit and humor. Now for the divergence: wit appeals more to our intellect, humor to our feeling. Wit is brief, sharp, sudden; humor is slow, meditative, kind and full of sympathy. Wit finds expression in certain words and phrases, humor takes its material from situations and characteristics.

Humor is usually joyful and optimistic, wit often pessimistic. Humor is in keeping with a phlegmatic temperament, it resigns itself cheerfully to all the small imperfections of life, putting up with the inevitable. Wit goes more easily with a choleric temper, it shows us all the discrepancies in life but leaves them as they are and does not attempt a solution.

Humorous contrast is not always surprising and not necessarily comical, but more lasting than wit, which has a strong momentary effect.

Chinese wit is best learned from jests and stories passing from mouth to mouth and sometimes collected. Such a collection is, for instance, the *Hsiao-lin kuang-chi*, in which the anecdotes are arranged according to the subject-matter under twelve headings. Nowadays one finds jokes occasionally in Chinese newspapers, but funny papers are still in their infancy.

We are going to base our division of the various kinds of wit and humor on the distinctions usually made: they are: *harmless jests, irony, satire* and *puns*. Of humor we have to consider two groups according as it deals with *external events* and *situations* or with *human character*.

Here we have to notice that the distinction cannot always be clearly drawn. One may be doubtful to which class a joke belongs, since it may contain elements of various groups. E.g., a pun can at the same time be ironical and refer to a comical situation. It is often hard to say whether something is to be conceived as wit or humor. Some critics hold that the ancients had no humor at all, which they claim is a product of modern times. On the other hand, Aristophanes is by some called a humorist. Swift is generally considered a satirist, but some take him for a humorist too. In many humorous works, as in *Don Quixote* of Cervantes, the comedies of Molière and Dickens's novels, wit and humor are blended. In *Don Quixote* they say that only the scenes with Sancho Pansa are humorous, and those in which Don Quixote is the hero, comical or satirical.

Let us now turn to the Chinese. I begin with two harmless

unpretentious jokes in which the discrepancy of ideas makes one laugh.

#### 1. *Half-Killing.*

A rich man met a poor devil and said to him: "I shall give you a thousand dollars if you allow me to kill you as you stand there."

The poor man meditated a moment and then said: "Give me five hundred dollars, and then kill me half."

#### 2. *Only Rice.*

A woman who was entertaining a paramour during the absence of her husband, was startled by hearing the latter knock at the door. She hurriedly bundled the man into a rice-sack which she concealed in a corner of the room; but when her husband came in, he caught sight of it and asked in a stern voice, "What have you got in that sack?" His wife was too terrified to answer, and after an awkward pause a voice from the sack was heard to say, "Only rice."

In contrast to the preceding mild and good-natured jokes, irony usually contains an indirect and covert attack, a derision of human weaknesses. It is a form of speech by which the speaker says something quite different from what he thinks. Under cover of words sounding perhaps quite innocent he expresses his dissent and disapprobation.

The next two stories will show this. The first is a joke played upon a simpleton, the second a gibe at an incompetent officer.

#### 3. *Salt Ducks.*

A peasant came to the capital and was invited to dinner by a friend. Among other dishes there was also a plate with duck eggs boiled in brine. When he tasted them he said: "Is not this strange? How can these eggs be salty?" "Oh," replied his friend, "you do not know that here in Peking we have a special breed of salt ducks, and of course the eggs they lay must be salty too."

#### 4. *The Target-God.*

There once was an officer who during a battle fought in the first ranks with the utmost courage, but the enemies were so strong that he was on the point of succumbing when suddenly an unknown person came to his assistance and turned the impending defeat into

victory. After the battle the officer prostrated himself before his savior to thank him for his help, and asked him: "Who are you, venerable god, to whose kindness I owe my life?" "I am the target-god," said the other, "and came here to save you."

"What has your humble servant done to be worthy of your mercy, that Your Divine Majesty should take the trouble to come to his rescue?" said the officer. The target-god replied: "I wished to show you my thankfulness for the kind consideration you always had for me when you were at target-practice, for not one of your arrows ever hit or wounded me."

Whereas irony contains an indirect attack, *satire* attacks directly disdaining the cover behind which irony conceals itself. It is the sharpest form of wit, often caustic and then called *sarcasm*. It ridicules mercilessly vices, faults and all kinds of abuses. Here are two examples:

#### 5. *The Use of Books.*

There was a nurse with a baby that was always crying and refused to sleep. Suddenly a thought flashed upon her and she exclaimed: "Master, master, bring me a book." Her master inquired: "What do you want a book for?" and the nurse answered: "Whenever I see you taking a book, immediately afterward you are asleep."

#### 6. *Bad Luck of a Doctor.*

There was a doctor who understood so little of his profession that every now and then he killed one of his patients. He had a son and a daughter. One day he had again sent the son of a family to the other world, and since this family was not at all satisfied, he gave them his own son in compensation. Subsequently, he had the misfortune of dispatching the daughter of a couple and was obliged to give them his own daughter, so that he remained alone with his wife. They felt very lonely and miserable, when again some one knocked at the door and asked for the doctor. He went out himself and inquired of the man for whom it was. The man said that it was for his wife. The poor doctor went back into his room, and, shedding tears, said to his wife: "I see it coming. There must be somebody who has cast an eye on you."

In the jokes so far dealt with the wit lies in one or more sentences. If it is contained in one or more words we speak of a *pun*.

The same word is used in two more or less incongruous meanings. To translate puns is very difficult, because a word may have two significations in one language but not in other languages. Therefore the translator must find something similar in his own language, that is, make a new pun himself. This has been done, for instance, with great success by Schlegel and Tieck in their German version of Shakespeare's plays. Many Chinese puns are untranslatable. I hope that the following stories may pass in English also:

#### 7. *Too Low.*

In order to study a student had taken quarters in a monastery. On the morning of the first day he went out on a walk, and when he came back in the afternoon he told his servant to bring him a book. The boy brought him the Collection of the Masterpieces of Literature, but the student said, "Too low." Then the boy brought the History of the Han Dynasty, and again the student said, "Too low." The boy then brought the Anthology of the T'ang Poets, only to receive the same reply, "Too low." A priest in an adjoining room had overheard this and was very much astonished. He went over to the student's room and addressed him thus: "If a man thoroughly knows one of the three works mentioned, he may be considered a first-class scholar, why do you say 'Too low'?" The student replied: "I was just going to take a nap and therefore wanted a thick volume to place under my neck as a pillow."

#### 8. *The Golden Ox.*

There was a district magistrate who had his birthday. The clerks and constables of his office having found out that he was born in a rat year, all of them subscribed money and made a rat of pure gold, which they gave him as a birthday present. The magistrate was highly pleased and said: "You have really had a capital idea, but you do not know that the birthday of the lady will also be in a few days." The clerks replied that they really did not know, but would be glad to learn under which animal the lady was born. "The lady," said the magistrate, "is only one year younger than I, and her heavenly sign is the ox."

The rest of my tales are more humorous than witty. We may divide them into two groups. The first group, of which I offer one specimen, gives us ludicrous *situations*; the second deals with ridiculous *characters*. Comic situations may be brought about by a

peculiar connection of circumstances, by accidents, mistakes or misunderstandings, and not so much by human actions. Such a funny situation is the basis of the following anecdote:

### 9. *An Invitation to Tea.*

It is the custom in China to offer tea to a caller. One day a visitor called on Mr. Wang, who had not a tea-leaf in his house. He sent his servant to borrow some from his neighbor, but the boy did not come back. Meanwhile his wife was preparing the boiling water, filling in more and more, until the kettle was full to overflow, but no tea was forthcoming. Finally the wife called her husband to come to the kitchen and said to him: "I am afraid that we will not be able to offer tea to our guest, but you might invite him to take a bath."

In the humor based on *characteristics*, human activity prevails and it is derived from the peculiar character of the actors, who amuse us by their folly and absurdity. Comic actions are in opposition to normal ideas. There is a great incongruity between the aims and the means employed. Here we meet the well-known comic characters which play the same role with us as in China.

Everybody knows the humble position of women in China. Nevertheless, they manage even in China to dominate in matrimony and make the husband their slave, who lives in constant fright of his tormentress. This incongruity of a being much stronger physically and mentally and yet governed by a much weaker one has a comic effect. There must be a great many *terrorized husbands* in China, for the stories in which they are laughed at are numerous. I select the following specimens:

### 9. *The Vine Trellis.*

A district magistrate was sitting in his court trying cases. When the chief clerk appeared and took his seat the magistrate perceived that his face was full of scratches, so he asked him: "What have you done with your face?" The man said: "Yesterday evening I was sitting under my vine trellis enjoying the cool breeze, when all at once a gust of wind overturned the trellis, which fell upon me and scratched my face."

The magistrate did not believe the story and said: "Evidently these are scratches of finger-nails. I am sure that you had a quarrel with your wife and were thus scratched by her. Is it not so?" The

clerk blushed all over and said, "Sir, you guessed right." "Is your wife such a dangerous person?" inquired the magistrate, "I shall avenge you, summoning your wife before my tribunal and giving her a good thrashing." Just while he was uttering these words his lady came rushing in from the background and said, "Whom are you going to beat?"

The magistrate hurriedly told his attendants: "The sitting is adjourned. Leave the hall quickly. My vine trellis may collapse at any moment."

#### 10. *The Club of Henpecked Husbands.*

Ten gentlemen who were very much afraid of their wives, by whom they were ill treated at home, met by chance in a temple and resolved to form a club. They celebrated the event by a dinner, but when they were just enjoying themselves their ten wives appeared uninvited. Nine out of the ten husbands managed to escape, only one remained keeping his seat unmoved and apparently undisturbed by the abuse hurled against him by the enraged women. When they had left at last the nine men came forward and said: "We have not his courage, let us make him our chairman," but when they came near him they saw that it was impossible. The fright had been too much for the poor man, he had expired in the chair.

*Ignorance and dullness* are often ridiculed in China. Even teachers who as a rule enjoy the highest esteem, much more than in any foreign country, are not spared, as will be seen from the following anecdote:

#### 11. *The Wrong Person Died.*

A gentleman's mother had died, and he asked a teacher to write a funeral sermon for her. The teacher copied a funeral sermon for a dead father from a collection of sermons and gave it to the man. But as soon as the man looked at it he said that there was a mistake. At the word "mistake" the teacher became very angry and said: "I tell you, Sir, this sermon is printed in a book, and not a single character can be wrong. If there is a mistake, it can only be that the wrong person died."

*Boasters and braggarts* are favorite comic figures and often intentionally caricatured by grotesque exaggerations of their fan-

faronades, a device very appropriate here and calculated to enhance the comic effect. Here is one instance.

#### 12. *Boasting.*

Two travelers met and each told the other about the wonders of his country. The first said: "In my country there is a bath-tub which has room enough for more than a thousand people to bathe." The other man said: "That bath-tub is not so wonderful after all, but in my country we have a bamboo which grows straight to heaven, and, when it reaches heaven and cannot go farther, it bends and grows down to earth again. That is wonderful indeed."

The other traveler expressed some doubts saying: "How could there be so big a bamboo?" but the story-teller rejoined: "If it were not for our big bamboo, how could they make a hoop for your big bath-tub?"

In China we also find the fault directly opposite to boasting, namely *excessive modesty* which undertakes to minimize everything, even things which do not admit of it, and thus becomes ridiculous as in the following instance.

#### 13. *The Common Moon.*

There was a man who when talking with others would always disparage his own things and call them common. One night he had invited a guest, and while they were drinking, unexpectedly the moon rose. The guest was full of enthusiasm and said, "I did not imagine that to-night in your house we should have such a splendid moon."

The host rose, saluted his guest and said: "I am overwhelmed by your kindness. This is only the common moon of my humble cottage."

*Avarice* seems to be a wide-spread vice in China and is made the butt of ridicule by the humorists. One of the best Chinese comedies entitled *The Slave who Guards His Money* shows us the dealings of a miser, who has many traits in common with *L'Avare* of Molière. I have two short stories on the same subject:

#### 14. *The Drowning Miser.*

A miser fell into a river, and his son shouted: "Help, help; rescue my father, I shall pay a big reward." The drowning man

lifted his head out of the water and said, "Offer them half a dollar. If they want more, I do not care to be rescued."

### 15. *Rich and Poor.*

A rich man said to a poor fellow: "I possess a fortune of a hundred thousand dollars, do you know that?" The poor man replied: "That is nothing, I also have a hundred thousand." The rich man asked, "Where are your hundred thousand?" to which the other replied: "You have the money, but do not use it. I want to use it, but cannot. Is the final result not the same?"

*Filial piety* is considered the foundation of all Chinese virtue and therefore much more emphasized in China than with us. A peculiar conception of this cardinal virtue is held by the hero of the following story:

### 16. *The Filial Son.*

The father of a man was very sick, and the doctor told the son: "The case is almost hopeless. There is only one remedy left, if you are a filial son and agree to cut a piece of flesh from a limb, from which a medicine can be prepared. Perhaps this would touch Heaven and Earth and save your father's life."

The son said, "That is not difficult," took a knife and went out. It was a summer morning and rather warm, so he found a man sleeping almost naked in front of his house in the street. He went to him and tried to cut a piece of flesh from his leg. The man awoke and shrieked with pain, but the son waved his hand and said: "Don't make such a noise. Don't you know how excellent a deed it is to cut out a piece of flesh for the purpose of saving a father's life?"

A rich field of Chinese humor are novels and comedies. Chinese dramatic art reached its climax already under the Mongol dynasty in the fourteenth century. The religious-philosophical dramas of this time in which the doctrines of Buddhists and Taoists are satirized in a burlesque way are perhaps the most original production of Chinese dramatists. I am going to quote an episode of one of these plays, the *Tich-kuai Li*, which illustrates the transmigration of souls.

A corrupt judge Yo-shou dies and is condemned by the King of Purgatory to be plunged into the cauldron of boiling oil, but is

saved by the Taoist Genius Lü Tung-pin, who converts him to Taoism. The following amusing scene takes place in Hell:

*King of Hell*: Reverend Master, I ought to have gone to meet you, and am ashamed of my lack of courtesy which is inexcusable.

*Lü Tung-pin*: I have to speak to you of a serious matter. What crime has Yo-shou committed that you inflict such a punishment on him?

*King*: You do not know that this abominable creature (pointing to Yo-shou), while being assistant-judge of the tribunal of Chêng-chou, sold justice and took bribes on every occasion. He is a miser, a monster of avarice, and must go into the cauldron.

*Lü*: Great king, imitate the virtue of God who likes to give life to all creatures. Though this man may be very greedy, still he is predestined for a religious life. Besides, he is converted now. he has pronounced the vows, and I make him my disciple. Out of regard for me join his soul to his body again and send him back to the world.

*King*: Let me see. (He looks out.) What a misfortune! The wife of Yo-shou has this very moment burned the body of her husband.

*Lü*: What can be done?

*Yo-shou* (aside): What infamy, what cruelty! Oh, my wife, you were in such a hurry to do away with my body? Could you not wait at least one day more?

*Lü*: You might substitute another body for his own. Great king, what do you think?

*King*: Very well. (Looks.) In the suburb of Chêng-chou there is a young butcher, dead for three days. His family name is Li. Strange thing, the warmth of his body is not yet quite gone. Venerable Immortal, I can cause the soul of Yo-shou to transmigrate into the body of the butcher. What is your idea? But I must tell you that the butcher is horribly ugly, he has blue eyes.

*Lü*: I accept. (To Yo-shou.) Yo-shou, your transmigration is under way. You see, your soul cannot be reunited to your body because your body does not exist any more. Your wife has burned it. But this mishap must not leave any unnecessary regrets in your mind. You will transmigrate into the body of a young butcher, who was not a handsome fellow. You will have blue eyes. But what does it matter? Have you not just now renounced all greed and voluptuousness? Yo-shou, remain always faithful to your vows: remember well my exhortations. Now, your new name will

be Li-shou, and your religious name Tieh-kuai. Go and leave the city of the dead.

(*Yo-shou* thanks Lü Tung-pin and quits Hell at once.) In the house of the butcher Li the dead body of his son is lying on a bed, and the entire family in an agony of grief is assembled around him, when suddenly the dead man comes to life again and sits up on his bed.

*Yo-shou* (astonished): My wife, sheriff, my son, where are you?

*Father of the Butcher* (in a frenzy of joy): Thanks to Heaven and Earth! My son has been resuscitated.

*Yo-shou* (with an angry tone): Silence. Go to the court, only there I do business. Has there ever been such a row! What impudence! They come even into my sleeping-room.

*Father*: I am your father, this is your wife. My son, do you not recognize me?

*Yo-shou*: Let me see, come nearer....Truly, I do not recognize you.

*Father*: What strange language!

*Wife of the Butcher*: Li, my husband, you recognize me? You recognize your wife who loves you so dearly?

*Yo-shou* (with an irritated tone): Sheriff, turn all these people out.

*Father*: My son, come back to yourself.

*Wife*: Is it conceivable that he does not recognize his own wife?

*Yo-shou*: Oh, you deafen my ears. Let me meditate a moment. (Crosses his hands over his forehead and meditates.) Yes, now I remember the words of my liberator when I left Hell. My soul has transmigrated into the body of a butcher. The house where I find myself now is probably that in which he lived. What can I do to get out of it? (Aloud.) Listen; it is quite certain that just now I was dead, and it is equally certain that I am only half resuscitated. My soul is in my body, but my spirit is not. It remained in the Chêng-huang temple. I must go and fetch it.

*Father*: Daughter, give some incense-paper to your husband.

*Wife* (with animation): Yes, but in the state in which he is I do not want him to go alone to find his spirit.

*Yo-shou* (angrily): I shall go alone, I shall go alone. Don't you know that the spirits take to flight as soon as they behold a living being? They are extremely timid. You would frighten my spirit. (He rises, tries to walk, and falls backward.) Oh, this fall has killed me.

*Father:* My son, what are you thinking of? You know that you have one leg crooked. Wherefore do you attempt to walk?

*Wife:* Li, my husband, one cannot walk with one leg. Do you want your crutch?

*Yo-shou:* My crutch! (Aside.) Oh, my spiritual father, why did not I transmigrate into a more perfect body? In my former life, when I was judge at the tribunal, I had a crooked conscience, and now I am reborn in this world with a crooked leg. That is just retribution.

*Father:* Do you wish your crutch?

*Yo-shou:* Yes, bring it. (Yo-shou takes the crutch and begins to walk.)

*Wife:* Lean on me.

*Yo-shou:* No, no, go back. (Leaves the house.) Don't follow me, you would frighten my spirit.

Yo-shou walks back to his old home, but has great difficulty in finding it. At last he asks somebody.

*Yo-shou* (to a passer-by): Could you tell me where I live?

*Passer-by:* No.

*Yo-shou:* Do you know where the house of Yo-shou is?

*Passer-by* (showing the house): Here it is.

*Yo-shou* (surprised): How it has changed!

*Passer-by:* After the death of Yo-shou, Han-wei-kung, touched by the great qualities and virtues of this magistrate, wished to treat his widow with generosity. So he had his house painted and the pavillion behind decorated, and all the inhabitants were forbidden to enter there.

*Yo-shou:* Thank you. (Aside.) Touched by my virtues! I think, rather touched by the charms of my wife. Never mind. Let us enter.

Yo-shou reveals his identity to his people, but is claimed by the butcher and his daughter, who appear to fetch him back. Both women begin to quarrel, each claiming him as her husband, and finally go to court. But the case is settled by Lü Tung-pin, who arrives from Hell and takes his new disciple with him.

Among humorous novels the *Ching-hua yuan*, of which Giles in his *History of Chinese Literature* gives some extracts, ranks very high. Wit and humor constitute the spices in literature, and we must admit that the Chinese are not inferior to our writers in making a judicious use of this seasoning.

## EDWIN MILLER WHEELOCK.

BY CHARLES KASSEL.

ON the 29th day of October, 1901, a rare personality passed away, leaving behind him memorials of intellectual and poetic gifts such as would have cast luster on many a prouder name in literature. He was modest and self-deprecatory and at his death directed that his manuscripts be destroyed, but by happy chance a little book called *Proteus* had been printed in earlier years for circulation among friends, and this work was republished in 1910 by the Open Court Publishing Co. The sublime philosophy of *Proteus*, and its surpassing beauty, made an instant appeal to Dr. Paul Carus, whose discriminating judgment saved from utter loss a prose epic of evolution.

The earthly history of the author of *Proteus* was a heroic and impressive one. A preacher by instinct, his utterance displayed that forefeeling of coming events which marks in every age the great spiritual crusader, and his discourses, during a ministry of more than forty years, amply attest that at every stage of his career he was in advance of the time.

As early as 1857, while minister of the Unitarian church at Dover, New Hampshire, his pulpit had resounded with fiery invective against slavery—and this, too, when the Abolitionist was looked upon askance at the North, when the press was still unsympathetic and the mercantile classes antagonistic toward the agitation, when colleges and universities were silent upon the question and separate accommodations for negroes on railroads and steamboats and in the churches and theatres testified that the state of sentiment at the North then differed little from the state of sentiment at the South now.

When, in 1859, John Brown paid with his life for the plot that failed at Harper's Ferry, the young minister in a deliverance of which a striking passage has been preserved in Von Holst's *History of the United States*, marked the event as the harbinger of the "irre-

pressible conflict." Speaking a few weeks later, from Theodore Parker's pulpit in Boston, our minister reemphasized the prediction, and with remarkable foreknowledge bespoke the course of events. The threat of violence, he declared, which in the preceding year had affected even anti-slavery men with a shudder, would be uttered the following year in every Northern legislature as a thing of course; and within a few years, he said, the attack upon slavery for which John Brown had paid the forfeit of his life would be repeated on a grand scale by the entire North.

The great audience at the Music Hall doubtless referred these prophecies to the exuberance of a youthful and fervid imagination, though to Parker himself, then in Italy, they were significant and momentous. The faith in a pacific solution of the slavery question was well-nigh universal at the North, and more than a year after the delivery of this sermon the belief in a settlement by compromise prevailed everywhere. When, indeed, as late as January, 1861, three months before the storm broke, Governor Andrew of Massachusetts, a Republican and a friend and admirer of John Brown, placed the militia of his state on a war footing, the act, as Schouler tells us in his *History of the United States*, met the ridicule and derision of his entire party.

The early stages of the struggle he had foreseen found our minister at his station anxiously awaiting the event which would serve to him as a signal for action on his own part. President Lincoln, though setting his face sternly against secession, had, to the sorrow and disappointment of the young preacher, disclaimed all intention of interfering with slavery at the South, and Congress itself, on the very day of the battle of Bull Run, had adopted a resolution giving solemn expression to the same sentiment. The Abolitionists were still a small body with limited influence and their program was highly distasteful to the powerful classes. Emancipation of the slaves, indeed, was beyond the power of the Federal Government under the Constitution, and there was every inclination among Northern men to leave slavery untouched where it was already established. But emancipation was inevitable in the progress of the war, little as the fact may have been foreseen by the mass of men, and the eager young minister bided his time and from his outlook at Dover interpreted to his hearers the events gathering to a climax.

The North, meanwhile, was steadily losing. Bull Run ended in a rout, and at Ball's Bluff, too, success came to the South, though the moral effect of these victories was offset somewhat by the

achievements of Farragut at New Orleans and of Grant at Fort Donelson. The Peninsular Campaign, upon which McClellan set out with a splendid army and the high hopes of his government, ended by July, 1862, in ignominious failure. Close upon the heels of this crushing disappointment followed the disaster of Pope in Virginia, and the summer of 1862 went out in gloom. Displacing McClellan in command of the Army of the Potomac, Burnside struck at Fredericksburg in December, 1862, and suffered a terrible defeat, while Hunter, succeeding Burnside, went down before Lee at Chancellorsville in May following.

In that hour of despondency, when the catastrophe was at its height, the subject of our sketch stood like a flaming monitor in his pulpit at Dover. In words that peal like golden trumpet blasts he proclaimed the providential nature of the agonizing struggle, and he foretold complete victory for the armies of the North if only all word of compromise with slavery should fade from the lips of Northern leaders. The finger of the Almighty himself, he said, had marked that hour upon the dial-plate of time as the hour of the nation's deliverance from an incubus that was menacing its very life and destiny. Providence was calling to the North, he declared, to write as the motto upon its standards the principle of freedom for the slave, and it was at the cost of moral paralysis, and consequent physical defeat, that the more powerful side in the contest was suffering the great call to go unheeded.

It is impossible to read the discourses of that period without a deep sense of the tremendous feeling which inspired them. In few of the utterances of the time is there such exaltation of tone. He saw the fearful ordeal as a painful but necessary process in the nation's history. Time had been when the terrible contest might have been avoided, but the nation had paltered overlong and now the bitter surgery of war was needed. In all the suffering and sorrow he felt the invisible hand of the Deity, and on every occasion his voice echoed the thought.

Throughout these remarkable sermons preserved in faded manuscript, there are constant suggestions of the Hebrew prophet, so true is the insight into the meaning of events, so deep the feeling of divine agency at the heart of the storm, so calm the confidence in the outcome despite the blackest prospects. The land had grievously sinned, and the sin must be wiped out in blood as in the days of old, but the fate of the nation was sure, and nothing could defeat the ends of Providence. Again and again he gives words to these thoughts.

In September, 1862, the war entered the phase which our minister had awaited. President Lincoln issued his preliminary proclamation of emancipation and the nation definitely committed itself to the policy which the Dover pastor had from the first so insistently urged. The Abolitionists had won. The movement which had been a hissing and a scorn among the influential classes at the North was vindicated. The ground upon which John Brown had stood at Harper's Ferry was now, as the young preacher had predicted at the Music Hall in Boston, the ground upon which stood the entire North.

The declaration of emancipation was the signal the heroic young minister had awaited. In October, 1862, he gave up his pulpit at Dover and enlisted as a private in a regiment of nine-month men from New Hampshire. Made chaplain shortly after, he accompanied his regiment to New Orleans as part of the Banks Expedition, and at New Orleans, under General Banks, he became conspicuously connected with the work of education for the enfranchised blacks and that labor system for negro refugees which became the subject of such bitter discussion in Abolitionist circles, and which finally an address of rare eloquence and nobility from the young chaplain served to allay.

The connection of the New Hampshire chaplain with the labor system of General Banks represents an incident of surpassing interest in his career. That system was intended to meet the complex problem which inhered in the plague of negro refugees who besieged the federal army-posts and devoured the substance of the Northern conquerors. It sought the return of the refugees to the plantations—a forced return, it is true, under safeguard for the health, just compensation and protection of the blacks, but a forced return none the less. That the system would be assailed at the North as a reestablishment of slavery was foreseen, but instant measures were necessary to save the negroes, who were dying in hordes, and at the same time preserve the plantations from ruin and the army stores from dangerous depletion. It was not because of his talents alone, therefore, but likewise because of his standing and prestige as "a John Brown Abolitionist" that the New Hampshire chaplain was so conspicuously associated with this work by General Banks, and the stamp of his name upon the system, with the reassurance to the Abolitionists found in his eloquent letter to Garrison, rescued a plan vitally necessary at the time from the odium which would otherwise have overwhelmed it.

With suitable details of troops our chaplain and his associates in the work visited the plantations on each side of the Mississippi for many miles, investigating the treatment of the negro laborers by their masters to whom they were hired, correcting abuses and punishing excesses. In the course of this work most of the plantations in the Department of the Gulf came under his inspection, with the living conditions of thousands of ex-slaves.

It was a bizarre work. That the task should be doing at all was sufficiently extraordinary, but that it should be doing by a Northern anti-slavery clergyman, whose very presence on the soil two years before would have been the signal for a hanging, smacked of the unreal. He might have been pictured to the imagination of Northern children as a knight errant faring with his armed followers through a hostile land to right the wrongs of an oppressed and broken race.

In October, 1863, the labor system inaugurated and in fair working order, our chaplain was appointed inspector of schools for freedmen in the Department of the Gulf, and in March following he was made Secretary of the Board of Education for the Department. His report, issued at the close of the year, is a recital of absorbing interest, and in the heroic effort of which it tells, to impart the rudiments of learning to a backward race, under difficulties almost insurmountable, this report occupies a unique place in the literature of the period. Its pages yield a moving story of hundreds of courageous young women, often of Southern lineage, who dared peril and prejudice and braved innumerable hardships that the unfortunate blacks, both young and old, might taste the sweets of knowledge. Against a background of intensely hostile feeling on the part of the native white population and powerful local interests, this obscure drama was enacted under our minister's supervision and that of his associates, and it would be difficult indeed to find a page of Civil War history richer in interest or more grateful to the reader's sense of duty worthily done than is bound up in the four corners of this report.

In the case of Chaplain Wheelock the work held, as may be imagined, a peculiar and powerful interest. It presented an opportunity for putting to practical test the lofty principles to which he had committed himself so unreservedly in the sermons before the war. Of all aspects of the slave system, none had seemed so black in his eyes, and none had been denounced by him with such fire and passion, as the hopeless ignorance to which it consigned its victims. He must, therefore, have regarded it as a providential thing that in the hour of military victory the task of undoing this great wrong and

of demonstrating the capacity of the negro to receive and appropriate knowledge should have fallen so largely to his hands.

The war ending, Mr. Wheelock removed with his family to Texas. Here during what is commonly known as the period of reconstruction, he occupied a number of important public offices. At one time he was State Superintendent of Public Instruction, at another Reporter of the Supreme Court, and his last public service was that of Superintendent of the State Institute for the Blind, which office he relinquished in April, 1874.

In 1887, Mr. Wheelock organized a Unitarian society in Spokane, Washington, and for two years served as its minister. He then returned to Texas and not long after began his pastorate of the Unitarian movement at Austin, in which work he continued for eight years, when the gathering infirmities of age compelled his resignation. It was probably during the interval between his resignation as Superintendent of the State Institute for the Blind and his assumption of the duties of minister of the Unitarian church at Spokane that *Proteus* was written and the fragment which appears in this issue of *The Open Court* under the title of "The Psyche—a Study in Evolution." This fragment, with much of the content of *Proteus*, is found in a sermon delivered at Spokane and in another delivered a few years later at Austin.

## THE PSYCHE—A STUDY IN EVOLUTION.

BY EDWIN MILLER WHEELOCK.

SCIENCE to-day teaches the universal touch and clasp of all organic life, saying in vivid words that in the one loom of a common origin hath time woven all the forms of life; these forms being the sign-posts and mile-stones along the organic march of man. Star-dust, monad, fish, bird and beast are all steps in the stairway which reaches from clod to cloud and terminates in soul!

Every animal has been melted in the vital crucible from which man is made. Every form he uses is a wayside inn along the upward journey of the soul. His outward shell passed through every animal and vegetable body before it took on the human appearance, as in lower nature an analogous chemistry evolves electric bodies and wings from eggs and worms. When matter became organic, man was envisaged, for his psychic nature was once enshrined in flint and platinum: when the spine appeared he was already in view. To become a self-conscious spirit the psyche must first pass through every expression of life from landscape to skyscape; from the glow-worm to the star; from the daisy to the sun: from simia to seraph: from dust to Deity. This measureless cycle is all synthesized in man, who attains self-consciousness only after a countless series of evolutions. The stone becomes a plant, the plant a beast, the beast a man, the man a spirit, the spirit a god. "I said, Ye are Gods," was the large utterance of the Hebrew seer; or, as our Emerson has it,

"And the poor grass will plot and plan  
What it will do when it is man."

The world is here because there is an infinite reason for its existence; it is man at last that comes of it. The event reveals the design. Not a wind blew but sang of this wonder that should be. Not a river ran but hastened to have its water turned into the red wine

of his blood, and to run again, burdened with the message of the Infinite, in his veins. He stands in the center and feels all things as a dilation of his own being. He soars with the lark, crawls with the lizard, and shines with the gem or star. Man in nature becomes self-conscious, and thinking aloud. He folds round heaven and hell with equal arms. The cosmos is minimized in him.

It is the human idea that crystallizes the snowflake, veins the leaf, and paints the flower. These objects once carried our lives, and left them higher than they found them. Through all nature one glowing purpose runs—the building-up of man. There is nothing in the world but the human, actual or potential. Says the Kabbala: "If man did not exist there could be no world." He is the brother of all things even as God is the father. Though earth incessantly revolves, yet he is always at the top. Each of the various types in the mineral, plant and animal realms elaborates its mite of the vital principle; and, rising in the stately miracle of life, passes it on to a higher form. In the primal cell is purpose, aim, tendency. No atom can slip from the ligature of law. Prick the skin that is nearest, or the nebula that is farthest, and you draw the life-blood of law. Thought thinks in the atom; each molecule has a brain; each brain-cell has a memory of its own; and the forces of nature are the fingers of God. All thoughts are things, and all things have thoughts. The laws of the universe are circular, and from any arc may be computed the sweep of the circumference. To explore the creation man needs no wings. Let him seat himself on the earth at his feet, and as his eyes open the whole cosmos will swing into his sight. Time and space are the immeasurable continents, and matter the equally measureless content of creative investiture; thus all things wait on man to serve him in his fates.

Man is made of the same stuff as the oyster he eats or the corn he hoes. All the animals are on the King's highway, only at indefinite distances behind us. We are all interlinked in origin, in life and in destiny. If man is a philosopher he is also a polyp. The sage who would disprove his ascent from the ape, still shows in his argument the claws, tricks and tail of his noble ancestor. All creatures and all plants are on the same road. Our kindred stand at every mile-stone, and from the herded beast to Humboldt, from the saurian to Shakespeare, from the stone to the star, is but a step. The circumference of man is the universe, the center of the universe is man. He is the microcosm of the macrocosm. The dog is a barking man; the tree is a rooted man. He has cloaked himself with each astral fossil stored up in the etheric envelope of the earth.

In man are sun and moon, snow and mountain ranges, bud and flower. Many mothers fashion for one child, who yet, in his oneness, comprises myriads. There is nothing but is related to man, tree, sea-shell or crystal, the running river or the waving corn. Whatever is found as form in nature is present by form in him. In his matural degree he is the measure of the material cosmos, for he has grown from the starfish and the chickweed, and "he has prowled, fanged and fourfooted in the woods." Just as the stone feels its way to the flower, and as the acorn out of soils and sunbeams fashions the oak, does the animated dust climb at last to the human brain, and the fluent mountains melt into man.

The slice of beef on the rich man's table has a history that goes back to the dawn of creation, and so has the needle that sews the poor man's rags together. The pauper is brother to the prince. The life of the race circulates in each individual, and the disease of the individual is in the blood of the race. The world is in man as much as man is in the world.

Every atom avows life—human life—the kingdom of God in beasts. Man has touched every spherule. The circle of his arm is the girdle of creation. His electric wires have compressed the earth until the elbows of the nations touch, and the winged heels of Mercury come tardy off beside the fleet Ariel of Edison and Bell. All history lies under his hat, and he is the trustee of every past age. Religion is born from him. He makes his Deity in his own image, and from his own heart and brain are shed the Bibles of the race, as the leaves are shed from the tree.

And more or less signifies nothing. The revolving moon and the falling apple move by the same law. The smallest sin helps to warp the earth's axis. The globe is but an enlarged globule. If the lenses of our eyes were differently adjusted the whole universe might come within our plane of vision and the spaces between the planets be no greater than the intervals between adjacent grains of sand. The air-bubble then becomes the star-cluster, and in a glass of water behold the Galaxy!

In the unity of nature all is taken up. The energy that grouped the atoms of the sand grain welded on the same anvil the star. God's word is written in full on every mustard seed. Ourself and all we touch is, when we look with equal eyes, "God manifest in the flesh." The law that shapes the star-mist into suns outworks the frost-forest on our window-panes. A pebble is a microcosm. The moulds of the stars are used in forming the raindrops, and through each cubic foot of earth shoots the axis of the globe.

"The eye reads omens where it goes,  
And speaks all languages the rose;  
And striving to be man, the worm  
Mounts through all the spires of form."

Spirit is the great life on which matter rests as rests the ponderous globe on the free and fluid ether. Spirit impregnates matter; matter embodies spirit. Nature is the revelation of spirit in space; history the revelation of spirit in time. Spirit sleeps in the stone, grows in the plant, stirs in the animal, wakes in man, and will work on until the present chaos and old night are taken up into the higher evolution. The mind occupies every corpuscle. Spirit precedes time and space, builds its own structure and makes its own environment. The moral sense has its beginnings in the lower animals, just as the whale has its hind legs inside the skin, and its teeth that never cut the gums.

The psyche is present even in the lowest forms. It exists, but for want of fitting organs it is too dim for our faculties to ken, and increase in mind-force only takes place with ascent of organism. The pebble climbs to a rose, and the rose to a soul. Cosmic unity runs on the broad roadway of law through all the worlds. In every form alike the eternal God-seed comes and goes.

Man is the goal to which all uses run; the harbor where the world's freights come to shore. Man is conscious nature; nature is unconscious man. Her effort is to evolve her own God, who is man. The God of nature is always man. To bring her stupid deity to his senses, she cuffs and beats him as the angry fishermen of Naples do the images of their saints in stormy weather.

Our systems are charged in every fiber with the eternity behind us, and what was done a million of ages ago, when the crystal dreamed of the flower, is vital in us to-day. The laws that hold the world in their orbits are in the mind of man. The desire for a sentient life shows itself in everything from a seed to a sun, and it is a reflection of the divine will that the universe should continue. Things that have life are alive, whether they be atoms or orbs. Every particle in nature is a life, and there is not a finger-breadth of empty space beneath the dome of the sky.

The universe is swallowed up in man and by man all things are spread abroad. He barks in the dog, grows in the tree, murmurs in the passing brook, and his pulse vibrates to the stupendous movement of all the starry scheme. He is Atlas with the globe on his shoulders. He is the philosophers' stone transmuting coarse

matter into creative forces. He is the king of nature, for he knows himself in the midst of a universe that does not yet know itself. All through nebulous and planetary life there was one determined upward movement until man was reached. Form after form was flung aside, one creation after another left stranded until the human appeared. From the appearance of the first and faintest organism man was ideally present on earth, involved in the anatomical snarl. He is brother to the blossom and the tree, and with the same pigment nature paints the apple's and the maiden's cheek. From one form to another the monad has passed on. It was once encased in stone; then it crept out of its prison as a lichen or a moss. From change to change it climbed, until its physical form became that of a man.

In these lengthened processes of evolution the mystic advance of man has drawn into the various lines of the organism through which he has passed, the whole cosmos by minutenesses, till each one holds, mirrored in his structure, constituents and images of the universal All. I, that to-day am man, was yesterday a pine; the day before I sparkled in the crystal or the spar; before that I slept in the world-egg of stone; before that again, I was a rapid, sparkling sprite of the ether and the day, winged but unsouled, and hungry for incarnation; for the psyche desires birth and enfleshment, and the soul craves organism. Each form I use is but the inn where I tarry for a night; for the soul is an incurable nomad, dwelling always in tents. All things strive to ascend, and ascend by striving, so at last we work out the beast and let the tiger die. Tusks change to teeth, and the lion's paw and the jaw of the shark become the tools of culture. Evil in nature is unsubject force, not yet responsive to the human sway. But all evil is self-limited; and when carried too far pain becomes its own antidote. Evolution is the steady play of the Eternal Will through all these turning and belted worlds, and the death of Pan is his rebirth into humanity.

The primal nucleoid holds the soul-seed of man—the offspring of dust and of spirit. In every type the soul-force has a corresponding material house—"to every seed its own body." The forms which he inhabits at any epoch in his organic march are only the record of his spirit's unfoldment up to that date. A death is a birth; a corpse is a seed; a cadaver is a genesis; and every green grave is a cradle; "from form to form he maketh haste."

If God is great He is also little. He dwells in the small man-seed by powers of fate, and weaves upon it shape on shape in being's loom. He is dim in rock, flower and bird. In human flesh he is most himself, and in human eyes we look most closely into

the eyes of God. God is not a mind but the cause of a mind; not a spirit but the cause of a spirit; He is felt and known as the only creative life, and man as the creaturely form in which that life becomes fully expressed and glorified. Each human innermost is a gemmule of God; and over every cradle shines the "star in the east." The Creation is that God the One may become God the Many. Man stands in the doorway of the planet; God can enter nature only through him. He unbinds himself in man and gives his being outness and relief. The evolution of man is the slow growth of the divine in us from infancy and nonage to kingship and rule. The road is a long one. Man lurks in the lichen and sleeps in the stone. Nature has cunningly wiredrawn him through all her products from flower-bud to planet-bud, from the airy cope to the granite calyx of the globe.

In man, the divine impersonal becomes personified. The psyche is the God-element which, divided from Deity, is yet divine and human. The scale of humanity ranges from atom to archangel. Hunger for food is at one pole, and at the other hunger for God. Evolution moving backward does not leave us in the lap of the monkey—it traces us to the infinite arms. The long-evolving chain stretches not only from protoplasm to man, but from spirit to spirit. The way we have come hints at the way we are to go. The road behind us begins with the Infinite; vanward it ends only with the Infinite again. God creates Himself in man. Man completes himself in God. Man finds being in God; God attains existence in man. The universe is intelligence infinitely individualized. The creation is a thought discreted from the thinker's mind. It is the separateness of the personal entity or soul from the aggregate of soul in the cosmos. Nature holds the seeds and forms of all life in potency; in this way the primal slime becomes fish, bird, mammal, man; but all this stream of existence flows from the divine life, through every ancestral link, and is God's from end to end. An infinite force from first to last propels the eternal whole. Man has been crystaled, metaled, herbed and incarned. He will be unbeasted, humanized, godded. In his spiritual deeps all gospels lie in germ. To evolve at length a self-conscious personality is the end in view of the entire process. Thus "the word becomes flesh."

The long series of forms through which the psyche ascends furnish the curbing power that it needs to compress its action into orderly channels, and to endow it at length with self-control. Spirit must mount on the shoulders of matter, for man is a perpetual becoming, and the matter is the vehicle of all becoming. Before a

seed can grow it must be taken from the shelf and planted in the soil: so nature furnishes the soil for the growth of the soul.

The mermaid, the syren, the sphynx are parables of evolution. Those human-headed gods, with bodies of reptile, fish, bird or beast, are the pictures or object-lessons by which the Magi of the East taught the truth of the evolutionary ascent of the germ of man. Nature is the evolution of spirit in matter. History is the evolution of the Godhead, and each little child, like the holy babe of Bethlehem, intercedes for every person born.

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