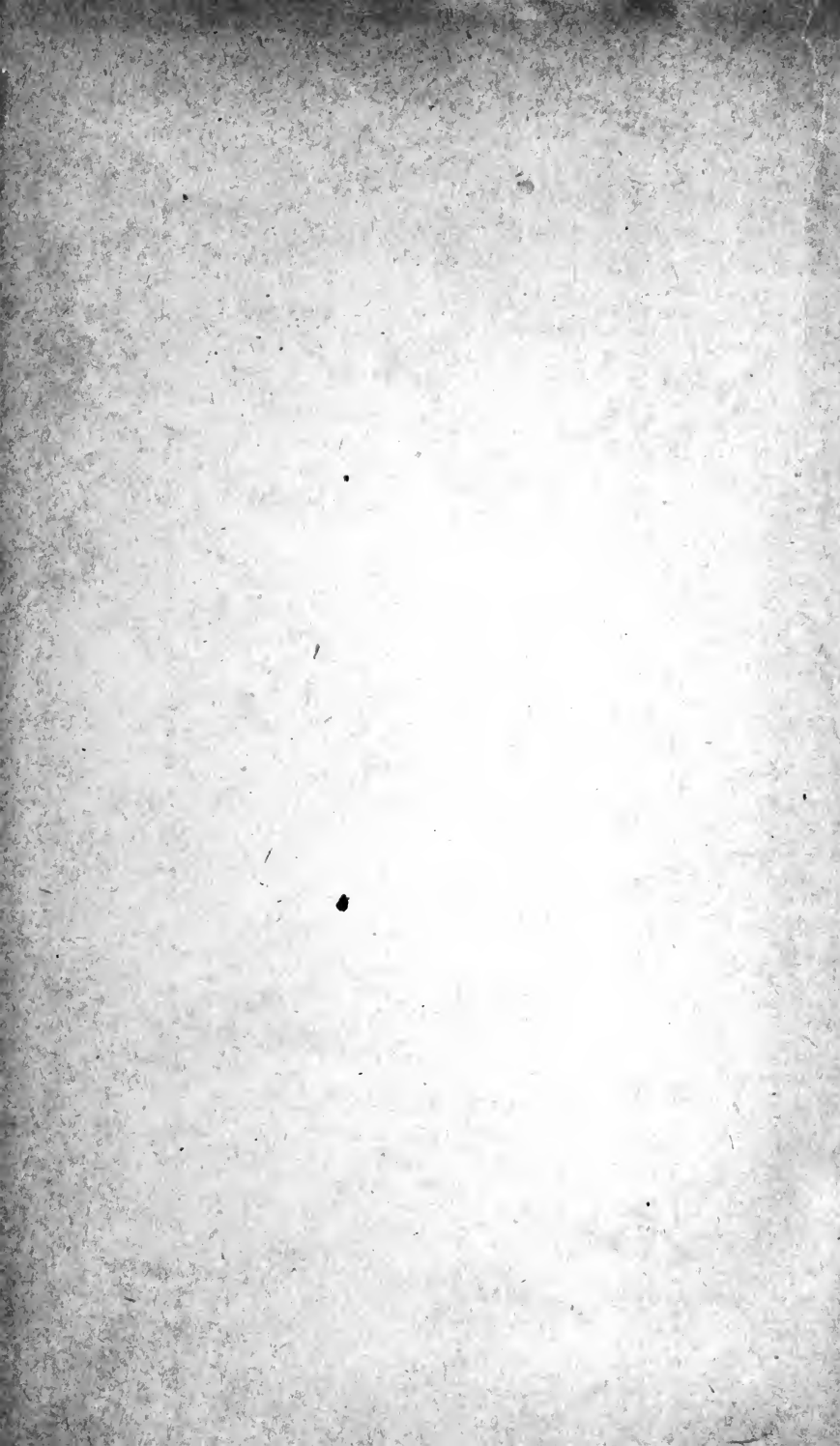


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THE UNPOPULAR REVIEW



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Contents

VOLUME VII

No 13. JANUARY-MARCH, 1917

SOME SECOND THOUGHTS OF A SOBERED PEOPLE	Edward A. Bradford	1
THE CONSERVATION OF CAPACITY	Jesse Lee Bennett	12
THE INGENUITY OF PARENTS	Agnes K. Anderson	25
THE ECONOMIC HYMN OF HATE	H. R. Mussey	36
WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH THE THEATER?	Brander Matthews	56
ŒDIPUS AND JOB	Arthur W. Colton	67
THE TWO OPPOSING RAILROAD VALUATIONS AS TO PARSONS	Morrell W. Gaines	84
GERMAN TRUST LAWS AND OURS	Edward M. Chapman	98
ON THE DIFFICULTY OF BEING ALONE	Otto H. Luken	113
NATURE, NURTURE AND NOVEL-WRITING	Edna B. Schwarzman	135
A DOUBLE ENTRY EDUCATION	Calvin Thomas	140
MODEST MODERNIST PAPERS, I.	Franklin H. Giddings	151
THAT PATIENCE WORTH BABY	Grant Showerman	164
	Mrs. John H. Curran and The Editor	179
CORRESPONDENCE: A Friend Who Helps. Æsthetic Culture. The Sense of Time and Rhythm — A Possible Subvention to Literature — A Counsel of Perfection		199
EN CASSEROLE: "Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?" — Why It Should Not be Quite so Proud — Gift-Books and Book-Gifts — Psychological Research at Harvard — Opportunity — Endicott and I Burn Driftwood — The New Passion for the Drama — One Way of Being Fooled — A Word to Contributors — More Fads in Writing — Hibrow — The Eternal Boy		203

No 14. APRIL-JUNE, 1917

THE LAST BARBARIAN INVASION?	The Editor	223
THE LEGEND OF GERMAN EFFICIENCY	Herbert F. Small	230
THE WEAKNESS OF SLAVIC POLITY	Alvin S. Johnson	243
THE FUTURE OF INDUSTRY	A. Hamilton Church	251
MODEST MODERNIST PAPERS, II.	Grant Showerman	273
THE RIGHT TO LIFE	A. G. Keller	286
SELF-ADVERTISING	June E. Downey	302
SOME FUNDAMENTALS OF PRISON REFORM	O. F. Lewis	314
MAKING TOO MUCH PROFIT	Perry Rush Cobb	327
ON BEING A PROFESSOR	Carl Becker	342
ON BEING A HERMIT	Miss C. F. Richardson	362
THE JOURNALIZATION OF AMERICAN LITERATURE	F. L. Pattee	373
THE "CONSPIRACY" SUPERSTITION	P. W. Slosson	395
SOME NEW LIGHT ON THE FUTURE LIFE?	The Editor	408
CORRESPONDENCE: Pedagogy Even Once More — Mania Editorum — A Correction — A Nut for Psychological Researchers — Faculty Athletic Committees		422
EN CASSEROLE: Some War Forecasts — The Total Depravity of Type — The Tyranny of Talent — The Scarcity of Paper — Teaching Greek and Latin — The Passing of Mr. De Morgan — Looking the Part — The Real Feminist Ideal — A Columbia Number — Queries and Cuckoos — Things that Need Remedying		429

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The Unpopular Review

No. 13

JANUARY—MARCH, 1917

VOL. VII

SOME SECOND THOUGHTS OF A SOBERED PEOPLE

THE election is over, and there arises the usual babel of explanations. Yet who certainly knows which particular issues caused the result? The answer cannot be found in any relation between the platforms and the votes. The platforms were hardly mentioned, and in some respects were openly flouted. In our politics the candidates have become the platforms to such an extent that one function of the convention system has been outgrown, and survives only as a basis of false pretenses to the electorate. The election of President Wilson to succeed himself is the one sure lesson of the election, whatever that lesson may teach. Everywhere he was stronger than his party, and never did a President reach the White House with freer hands than he in his second term. Beyond this all else is chaos. The woman suffragists threatened both parties with four million votes, but where were they shown in operation? Illinois is the only State which reports woman votes separately. Illinois gave Hughes his greatest plurality, next to Pennsylvania, but Wilson carried ten of the eleven transmississippi woman suffrage states. The demonstration of sex solidarity is obscure, but so far as it is discoverable it went against the candidate of the women. There are more union votes in and near New York than anywhere else, perhaps than everywhere else. But it was in the Eastern industrial states that the labor candidate was weakest. There is hardly a chemical trace of the influence of the German vote on the final result, however it may be traced in a few locali-

ties. These are small inconsistencies compared with the grand fact that the strongest vote the Democrats ever cast does not give them the House of Representatives. It is still doubtful that the Republicans have a reliable majority over the Democrats, but it seems sure that the balance of power lies with the scattering vote. A curious sidelight upon the working of our institutions is shown by the fact, as it seems at the time of writing, that Hughes gets the votes of Minnesota by a total of about 300 voters, or an average of 25 for each electoral vote, although the whole State averaged about 30,000 for each electoral vote. It is useless to attempt to reconcile the votes of Wisconsin for Hughes and Lafollette, the Reactionary and the Progressive. Wilson carried California by about 3,000, the exact figures still being subject to correction. Johnson carried California by nearly 300,000. The entire result would have been altered for all the United States if there had been loyal coöperation between Johnson and Hughes, and between the Republicans and the Progressives. Most of the foregoing contrasts are of a post-mortem nature. Most interest for forward looking observers lies in the new alignment between the comparatively backward South and the somewhat premature West. There's little hope for the conservative East if those two sections are to unite against it. False starts in that direction were made in the Granger movements of the 70's and 80's, and the silver movement. The country united for the rejection of those heresies. There now arises the question how the country will comport itself toward the alignment of those sections upon the Progressive movement. Will the leaven of the East prevail as before? Or will the Wilson Republicans finally conquer the Hughes Democrats? It would seem that a clue to the answer may be found in the results locally of the Progressive policies which have been adopted in the States and the cities, and which now are proposed for the country by the promoters of Progressive reforms.

Second Thoughts of a Sobered People 3

Oregon is the "extremest" example of the initiative, referendum, recall, and most similar devices for the rule "of the people, by the people, for the people." An apology should be offered for the use of the honored phrase in the light of the experience of the working of the machinery: for the operation of it belies the argument for its adoption. The referendum is no novelty in American affairs: since the earliest times many constitutions and many specific laws have depended upon popular votes. But that is something different from the institution of direct legislation as a practice. According to Oregon authority, that was first done in Oregon by the vote of 1902 establishing that system of lawmaking by 62,024 to 5,668. The legislation in this manner began in 1904 and gained headway in proposals, but lost headway in percentage of approval. This reaction from wholesale legislation by the people is well brought out in the following table:

<i>Years</i>	<i>Proposals</i>	<i>Percentages adopted</i>
1904.....	3.....	100
1905.....	11.....	73
1908.....	29.....	63
1910.....	32.....	28
1912.....	37.....	27
1914.....	29.....	14

In other words the voters struck against being overworked by the politicians. In 1912 Presidential year in Oregon there were numerous candidates on national, state, county, district, city, and precinct tickets. Besides, there were proposals of legislation containing 932 square inches of solid print. It is not within human power to vote wisely upon such avalanches of proposals. They make a mockery of short ballot reform, and demand a remedy. The local advice to those overwhelmed by these political conundrums had several formulas. Examples are: "When in doubt vote no," "Vote no on everything," and "Vote on nothing."

In the adjoining State of Washington experience was similar. The *Indianapolis News*, a journal sympathetic toward anything labelled reform, sent one of the editors to investigate the working of the system in Oregon and Washington, and he reported that in both States the overloaded "direct legislators" were ridding themselves of their load by leaving it by the roadside. He illustrated the reason of the breakdown of the system by telling how it worked in Seattle:

In the last year and a half Seattle has had an almost constant series of elections. Last year in February came the non-partisan municipal primaries, then in March the municipal election, then between March and September a school election, and constant and vigorous agitation for the recall of the newly elected Mayor. In September came the statewide primary, in November the State and National election, in December the port of Seattle election, and in June this year again another port election. One of the most important elections on this list was the last election, in which the people were called to approve or to reject different proposals on the \$20,000,000 harbor work. Only twenty per cent of the people went to the polls.

In Wisconsin the case is similar. In 1912, Colonel Roosevelt gave a certificate of character to Wisconsin politics in these words:

Thanks to the movement for genuinely democratic popular government which Senator La Follette led to overwhelming victory in Wisconsin, that State has become literally a laboratory for wise experimental legislation aiming to secure the social and political betterment of the people as a whole.

At the next election in 1914, the people rejected one hundred per cent of the proposals, the same clean score that Oregon made of approvals in the first flush of enthusiasm over the rule of the people. The voters were so thoroughly sick of "laboratory" work that they rejected all ten proposals by majorities ranging from 56,060 to 105,825. This is interesting because several of the proposals resemble those pending in New York State, such as

Second Thoughts of a Sobered People 5

home rule for cities, excess condemnation, State insurance, and others. The proof of the pudding being in the eating, it is noteworthy that the voters were gratified when the Governor elected at that election announced an economy of \$8,000,000, in the expenses run up in the name of reform under the La Follette regime. Whatever the merit of the laboratory work, the voters thought that, with an increase of expenses from \$4,000,000 to \$16,000,000, it came too high, and they welcomed a reduction by half as heartily as they rejected the proposals for continuing the good work.

Missouri also made a clean score of rejection of fifteen proposals by majorities ranging between 40,000 and 292,000, in a poll including seventy per cent of the voters in the preceding Presidential rejection. That is, the votes on the rejections were more truly representative than the votes on the approvals in the other laboratory states. This was the election in which the people of Missouri rejected by 324,000 to 159,000 the full crew law which the Missouri legislature had passed, and which the recent New York legislature considered without repealing.

Arizona defeated a conspicuous labor class measure — an anti-blacklist law. This year San Francisco cast the first popular vote approving the “open shop” by amending the charter so as to prevent “picketing” and similar union measures to deprive non-unionists of their rights as citizens.

California was one of the states which rejected an eight-hour proposal, one of the demands in the pending railway wage dispute. Indeed in this most progressive state the referendum itself was turned to reactionary use. The progressives enacted an anti-alien land law bill, and a referendum was petitioned upon it. This disgusted Governor Johnson, who vouched for the bill as “drastic.” He was so sure that it was popular that he declared that any man who voted against it was “either an idiot or bought.” Such family troubles are frequent enough among wealthy malefactors, who are actuated by original

sin, but it supplies food for thought when the progressives say such things of their own proposals, and turn against each other the spear which knows no brother.

What is true of the states is true of smaller divisions of government. Take for example the commission form of government of cities, which at first spread like wildfire. It is said that three hundred cities placed themselves under this form of government, and it was a boast that none, having adopted it, had ever reconsidered it. Recent cases of rejection of the innovation are numerous. Among them may be mentioned Minneapolis, and Sunbury, Shamokin, and Mount Carmel in Pennsylvania. The most conspicuous case of all is Denver. After a trial of some years it returned to the Mayoral form of government on May 20. The *New York Sun's* despatch from Denver said "the reversion from the Commission form of government demonstrated that the intelligent voters decided that municipal government is primarily a business and economic problem, not a political problem to be handled by politicians, dreamers, and reformers. There are many psychological reasons that helped bring about the reversion, but the economic problem was the basic reason. The test of four years under the commission form has shown a constant increase annually in the cost of administration, with little or no money going for permanent improvements. The reasons for the rejections are various, but include unhappy experiences. The great increase of expenses in Milwaukee, Trenton, and Nashville was the cause of the disillusion in those cases. Nashville was placed in a receivership, and has been cited as the climax of misrule in city government. The Commissioners built up a political machine, looted the city, and defied recall. One set of officials succeeded another until citizens could not tell to whom to pay taxes.

There is nothing peculiar to the United States in these second thoughts. Across the border, in Canada, notice

Second Thoughts of a Sobered People 7

was taken of the early enthusiasm of prosperity through the ballot in Oregon, and a referendum was ordered on the adoption of the referendum. But the craze had passed its climax, and only nine per cent of the electorate voted. Thirty per cent was necessary, and the result was a rejection: for only six per cent favored it.

The instances of reversals of opinion, without the rejection of the reform proposals, are among the oddities of politics. In Seattle, where there is woman suffrage, the women and the ministers secured the recall of "Hi" Gill on local issues not worth stating, with the result that "Hi" was re-elected at the next opportunity, chiefly because of the woman vote. In Tacoma the women and the saloon keepers secured the recall of Mayor Fawcett, and at the next election re-elected him. Sentiment rather than sense controls such oddities; and where people have had experience they do say that new bonnets will control the female vote as well as bank notes will control the male vote.

That the reform proposals are as capable of being prostituted as the older forms of popular government is illustrated by an experience in Ohio. The liability companies which disliked the workmen's compensation law used against it the referendum, after they had opposed the adoption of the referendum. The manner of its use would have been a credit in the days and manners of the ward heeler system. Cents bought signatures to the petition for the referendum, and in a single night eight hundred were secured in the "resort district" of Cincinnati. Signatures were forged by wholesale, and petitions were stolen by burglary after they had been filed. Charges like these were made by Governor Cox, and were sustained in the courts.

Such is some of the evidence that the people become reactionary upon becoming surfeited with progressive ex-

periments. The reason why their second thoughts on the new political playthings are "different," is the discovery that there are no shortcuts to perfect government, and that there are no substitutes for — nothing under any form of government "equally as good," as — oversight of the people's business by the people. No suggestion is made that the new methods are not capable of giving good results. But they give no guarantees of working as promised. The reason for reaction is that the people are more conservative than reformers, and that they mark the difference between promise and performance.

Reverting to Oregon as a horrible example, it is apropos to cite — as the Oregon journals cite, the contrast between experience and the pretense upon which the reforms were obtained. In 1902 the *Oregonian* recapitulated among reasons for the adoption of the referendum, that it "would be an obstacle to too much legislation, to partisan machine legislation, and to boss-rule." As to quantity of legislation, the record has been given above. The quality of legislation has been much the same as under the old system, the politicians being able to deceive the people by using the people's weapons against the people. Thus in 1910, the people enacted by a direct vote an amendment to the constitution taking all tax powers from the legislature, and vesting it solely in the people. The only power left to the legislature regarding taxation was to propose measures which could become effective only by vote of the people.

That has been contested up to the Federal Supreme Court upon two grounds. First, it was argued that direct legislation abolishes representative government, and establishes taxation without representation; secondly, taxation by direct legislation deprives those taxed of property without due process of law. If those propositions are established, it follows that Oregon is deprived of a Republican form of government. The Supreme Court dismissed the cases, for the reason that the court lacked jurisdiction

Second Thoughts of a Sobered People 9

to decide issues suitable to be decided only by the political department of government. It is a political question whether a State has a republican or constitutional form of government, and should be decided by Congress, not by the courts. This leading case involves the status of all such legislation, and it is to be remarked that the merits have not been decided. The arguments have never been passed upon by competent authority. It is open to those who dislike such legislation to rely upon the *obiter dicta* of the judges who discredited such innovations when refusing jurisdiction.

The last word has not yet been said. Two Senators, Bourne and Chamberlain, were seated at Washington during the pendency of these proceedings, and therefore without the consideration of questions which Congress left to the courts, and which the courts have referred to Congress with expressions of unfavorable opinion. The point is interesting because there is Oregon authority for the statement that those Senators were elected by popular vote and by procedure designed to make their election sure, in evasion of the legislature's action. A later amendment of the Federal constitution cures this defect in the election of other Senators, but the point survives in Oregon and other States, respecting other "progressive" proposals which do not rest upon amendments of the Federal constitution. This is the account of the situation in Oregon as outlined in the *Oregon Voter*, of Portland, by Mr. L. B. Smith, who concludes that there are "grave dangers in continuing farther upon principles admittedly doubtful."

No state which has acted in the manner of Oregon can be sure that its laws are laws before Congress has decided the political issues, and the courts have decided the constitutional issue. Take for example the "blue sky" laws which have been passed in twenty-seven states, and in some of them by the progressive machinery of enactment. Ohio's law was passed under a constitutional amendment, and this month was declared unconstitutional. The same

fate previously befell laws of the same sort forbidding the sale of wildcat securities, in Michigan, Iowa, South Dakota, and West Virginia. The point is not that "blue sky" laws, any more than much other progressive legislation, are objectionable, or cannot be worked but that it is not prudent, through enthusiasm for virtue, to neglect the ordinary safeguards of conservative procedure.

In many cases the accelerators of social progress have simply stumbled over themselves in their haste. They have sometimes tried to do by politics what it is only proper or practicable to do by ethics. Conduct can be regulated by the police power, but discretion in economics and politics cannot be conferred by statute. The relations between labor and capital, the questions of excessive hours and deficient pay, the attempt to regulate private business whenever "affected by public interests," are rather matters of social and moral nature than of law. Majorities have not always the right to enact their will, even for a good end, and with the best of motives. If majorities could enact their will unrestrained, the law could have no stability: whenever the majorities changed, the law would change; whoever controlled majorities could enact folly, injustice, revenge. Not all old things are good, but old things embody the wisdom of generations, and there is usually a reason for their defects. The idea that constitutions are laws, and may be changed at will whenever majorities wish to make laws, is at war with our institutions. The idea that the voice of the people is the voice of God, and that what the people order is right because the people order it, has been revised by the people themselves. In many cases experience has shown them their folly and the unwisdom of their leaders. Once more it is established that the people are conservative.

This reactionary trend in national affairs has caused more and more delegates to the national conventions to be commissioned without instruction. What is the

Second Thoughts of a Sobered People 11

interpretation of this fact? Is it not clear that the people thought that their delegates upon assembling could make a wiser choice than the people themselves, and that they were left without instructions in order that they might make their choice upon their responsibility? That is the theory of representative government, for which it has been sought to substitute democratic government, which the people refuse to accept or to exercise.

And yet so little is this appreciated that many leading journals, including the *World* and the *Sun*, are proposing that the electoral college should be abolished, and that there should be substituted for it a direct popular vote for President. The suggestion is that the electoral college is aristocratic, undemocratic, and that the people should rule directly. Yet it has been shown that now as in the eighteenth century the people reject what is proposed. After a century's trial the verdict of experience is that representative government is better than democratic, if the meaning of democratic is that everybody shall vote upon everything. They simply will not do it, and cannot be made to. They are too much concerned in their own affairs to give the necessary attention to the affairs of government. It is enough to ask the people to determine the broad lines of policy. Details would be better attended to by representative experts. Reëlection of deserving representatives is an easier road to good government than the recall of officials for no better reason than a shift of popular sentiment. There is no surer road to political efficiency than the methods which have proven successful in economic and industrial managements. The people would be happier if they allowed the politicians to trouble them less, retaining nevertheless the power to intervene whenever the politicians deserve correction.

THE CONSERVATION OF CAPACITY

WHEN President Wilson announced to Congress in his message of 1915:—

I take it for granted that I do not need your authority to call into systematic consultation with the directing officers of the army and navy, men of recognized leadership and ability—no protesting voice was raised against his assumption. Yet earlier American statesmen might have considered the assumption a most dangerous one, and protested strenuously against it. That complete distrust of authority which actuated the makers of the Constitution, and was the keynote of Congressional oratory in the first half-century of our national life, has curiously disappeared in our present tendency toward greater national centralization. Some of the eighteenth century fetiches must appear to our present statesmen as dingy, discolored, and no longer worthy of worship.

Mr. Martin H. Glynn, former Governor of New York, focuses our attention upon one eighteenth-century idol that seems less imposing than once it did. He says:

The American ideal that "All men are born free and equal and endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights," etc., was set out in the Declaration of Independence, not as anything new, but as the affirmation of a well-settled principle that had been violated by British aggression. It had long been held that in a state of nature men were in a condition of "perfect freedom to order their actions and dispose of their possessions as they see fit, within the bounds of the laws of nature." Our Declaration of Independence reaffirmed this principle. . .

This is the reiteration of a grandiose proclamation so familiar that the mind receives it almost without scrutiny or examination. The underlying principles of modern social speculation are so opposed to it that we do not immediately see that connection between it and Mr.

The Conservation of Capacity 13

Wilson's statement which would have been instantly apparent to our suspicious forbears.

To-day we are beginning to ask: Is that "principle" really true? In this world of ours has there ever been a "state of nature" in which men moved without the leave of those stronger, wiser, more determined or more cunning than themselves? Does it not seem more in line with the basic elementary facts of life, as we know it and see it about us, that, almost from the very beginning, any desirable thing — feather, food, cave, wife — has been taken from the weak by the strong; the time of the weak used either for the benefit of those who could master and exploit him, or for the common benefit by those who could master and guide him? Is civilization not to be distinguished from barbarism simply by the abridgment of the "perfect freedom" of the man of narrow range into concerted effort under the direction of those of wider vision than himself?

If to find abstractions upon which to found states, and by which to weigh the laws of those states, it is really necessary to speculate upon the conditions of primitive life, certainly biologists and anthropologists might profitably be called into consultation with the slightly over-speculative Jean Jacques Rousseau and his somewhat individual conceptions of a "state of nature."

To the anthropologist it is much more likely to appear that the very origin and beginning of all society is to be traced back to the greater strength of a few, and the use of that strength to weld men together into some sort of organization, if it were but slavery. The strong have always taken that which they desired from the weak, and authority and discipline — the spinal column of civilization, without which there can be no organized human life — developed in their most elementary and rudimentary forms when the controlling few saw the desirability of a greater cohesiveness in the tribe, either to accomplish

tasks for their sustenance or pleasure, or to conquer other tribes possessing less solidarity. The original gregarious anarchy — if it ever existed, save as with beasts in the jungle — disappeared very quickly as the bands of men became larger, the food scarcer, or some women or things more desirable than others. And than that, probably no one fact is more clear to those who see that any brotherhood of man is a thing which must be achieved, and not a thing which has been lost — to those who see life without either rose or gray glasses, and who find “a gloomy truth a better companion through life than a cheerful falsehood.”

Against the great background of history, the “master” type — the man who bends his fellows to his will, creates discipline and wields authority — stands out sharply and clearly. In his very earliest manifestations he was an unconscious instinctive instrument of evolution, preparing the way for civilization. With the development of intelligence and morality, however, he gradually evolves into two distinct types — the despoiler and the leader — alike in their ability to gain power over their fellow-men, but antithetically opposed in the impulses that actuate them and in the uses to which their power is put when gained.

The reformer, the idealist — types developed in the security and protection created by the strong — generally fail to recognize this division of the “master” type. The reformer lives in a very simple world, and does not often split any of his abstractions. He was at his greatest ascendancy during the period in which Mr. Glynn’s “principle” was considered as “well-established.” Lifted to momentary power because of widespread revolt against the selfishness of unworthy monarchs, he almost made men believe that all history is reducible to the simple terms of an abstraction “man,” deprived of an abstraction “liberty” by an abstraction “the conqueror.” From such an interpretation of history, the logical deduc-

The Conservation of Capacity 15

tion is inevitable: to secure universal happiness, it is necessary simply to remove or to enchain the "conqueror," to restore "liberty," and to permit homogeneous and approximately uniform masses of men to govern themselves by representatives duly chosen. But a century and a half of experimentation along such lines forces, even upon the idealist, the realization that the abstraction "man," far from being simple and comprehensible, is a synthesis of diversities infinitely more remarkable than the myriad shades and colors that are synthetized into the abstraction "light." But even now the idealist and reformer will not learn that the "master" type is but one of the colors of the spectrum of "man," not a thing distinct and apart. Confronted by very hard facts he would have us believe that new "conquerors" have arisen, or old ones burst their chains. Our great industrial leaders, our captains of industry, he tells us, are the "conquerors" of to-day. Representative democracy has simply altered the form of conquest and power. A new revolt must be organized, a new social system evolved, to fetter them anew.

Thus our contemporary reformers are preaching an interpretation of history slightly more complex than that of their eighteenth-century forerunners. They now virtually proclaim that the "conqueror" cannot be destroyed. A very avatar of Jove, he is able to change his form at need, to assume any shape essential to his conquest under the changing conditions of life. Civilization must evolve ever stronger and more elaborate weapons with which to fight him. Conquered personally by the combined strength of other men, he developed armed bands to support him, and lived a merry life of pillage; overcome by greater bands, he was discovered in possession of the soil when population had grown to the point where possession of the soil was all important; removed from possession of the soil, when the dust had cleared away, and capital and the machinery of production had become more important than land, he was found in possession of

them. The various current panaceas, we are told, will, by industrial evolution or revolution, take from him his capital and factories, but we must expect him, sooner or later, smilingly to emerge in the possession of some new, unthought-of, but most necessary and desirable thing which changed conditions shall have created. Chasing and fighting him has been, and will be, the great sport of history. But, not until the millennium, may we ever expect him to be finally enmeshed.

In this ingenuous explanation of history, it will be observed that the "conqueror" must be fought because he is in possession of something or other. The fact that he may possibly be the one best fitted to utilize that something or other for the general good is nowhere developed; neither is the fact that that something or other might never be discovered or utilized at all unless discovered and utilized by him. Nor is there developed the possibility that the so-called "conqueror" may be a manifestation of the creative principle at work in man; that, having not only natural forces to direct and control, but the inertia of the non-creative types to overcome as well, he must first gain power to enforce discipline, and cannot direct his every act by idealistic niceties, or by the notions of inert and sedentary critics.

It appears that Machiavelli, so many centuries ago, had clearer vision than have our reformers of the day. He was able to see that the concept "man" is infinitely divisible, that the "conqueror" is one of the types of "man" and not a bogie existing without that concept. Machiavelli declared that:

In the capacities of mankind there are many degrees: one man understands things by means of his own natural endowments; another understands things when they are explained to him; and the third can neither understand things of himself nor when they are explained by others. The first are rare and exceptional, the second have their merit, but the last are wholly worthless.

The Conservation of Capacity 17

Mr. Wells, whose social theories have developed during two decades from an almost anarchic radicalism to his present pleas for the conservation of "the quality of the quarter-deck," elaborates Machiavelli's differentiations. In a very interesting chapter of *The Modern Utopia*, Mr. Wells speaks of the Creative, the Kinetic, and the Dull, but he illuminates the subject by adding to these the Base, who may come from any of the three divisions, and represent the negative and evil manifestations of life. The Base Creative, it will be instantly recognized, evokes the strictures of the reformer. He is the "conqueror." Unquestionably the type has existed and does exist, but that very ethical nature of man of which the reformer and the idealist are manifestations, long ago developed to the point where it can hold the Base Creative strongly in check. To-day the "conqueror" is hedged in by suspicions and restrictions, and only rarely, — and then not for long, — is he able to manipulate the levers of the greatest power. Seldom does he gain even a momentary acceptance by the leaders, the positive Creative types.

Since the Assyrian and Babylonian monarchs none of the greatest and most powerful figures among men have represented the unadulterated greed and selfishness of the earliest primitive chieftains (and even in the vain-glorious Mesopotamian inscriptions is seen a developing ethical sense). From Cæsar on, the great historic masters of men have evinced a "decent regard for the opinions of mankind," and have expressed allegiance to ethical concepts not only in words but in actions. The brutal, bestial tyrants among civilized peoples, have been those inheriting and not acquiring power. And only the docility and supineness of men have permitted their crimes and vagaries.

The speculative philosophy of the future will probably divide and redivide and subdivide Mr. Wells' classifications, growing ever further away from any conception of men as in any way alike in innate capacity. It will

probably recognize the validity of the protests of the idealist against the "conqueror," the base creative, and will attempt to reduce his power for evil to the minimum. It will not, however, endorse the idealist's refusal to recognize the "master" or "leader" to whom we owe our civilization. Far from removing or enchaining such men, it will seek to utilize their great abilities for the common good to the utmost.

In those parliaments of the world that have developed naturally and with no definite break with evolutionary force, the leaders are represented because they founded the governments of which the parliaments are growths. In our American parliament they are represented only indirectly by the governing machinery they own or control. There is no recognition of their existence as a type, nor of their claims to greater influence in our government than other men have. Our constitution was too much a reaction against the reformer's bogie "conqueror." Proclamations of abstract right had so convinced us that our Revolution had given him his final quietus, that, during all the time the will of the "despoiler" and even, sometimes, the will of the "leader," dominated our counsels, we comforted ourselves with the wish-befathered thought that neither existed, and that the concept "man" was the simple thing the reformer would have us believe it to be.

Probably the greatest fundamental fact in the English democracy is that since William the Conqueror established his quintessential autocracy, the developing system of government has represented no absolute break with the past. It has used logic, but has never builded upon a complete and definite logical system: it has remained in many ways illogical and mysterious, like life itself. From the central seat of authority established in the primitive and unreasoned way by force, the individual has snatched ever and ever greater liberty by the use of force or by the

The Conservation of Capacity 19

show of strength. All the essential rights enjoyed by the English, for good or for evil, have been won by men with weapons in their hands — men tempering the authority of the master by the use of his own qualities of force and vision. Might has remained the social amalgam, however differently distributed from generation to generation. And the master type has enjoyed, whenever and wherever recurring, an accepted voice in the national life. The King, remaining to-day possibly only as a race representative, a symbol of the past or a mystic figure-head, can, even so, admit to the upper house and its powers, every new comer with broader chest or bigger brain who has won mastery over large numbers of his fellows, gained power, and proved his possession of the quality of leadership. Price Collier gives figures and dates to prove his assertions that: —

The present House of Lords is conspicuously and predominantly a democratic body chosen from the successful of the land.
and

Strange as it may seem, there is no assembly where a man could go — granted that all the peers were present — where he would be more certain of getting sound advice upon every subject, from higher mathematics and abstruse law down to the shoeing of a horse or the splicing of a cable.

In the evolving English Constitution, the hereditary feature of the House of Lords, may, some day, be removed, and the body reduced to a fixed number. But, however it may change externally, the fundamental principle of such an upper house will doubtless remain as long as England herself.

In America we have developed very differently. The rights the individual enjoys in America were given to him by wise men with pamphlets in their hands, and logic and idealism in their heads. In our Constitutional Convention a great nation of civilized men was founded upon a

written constitution based upon abstract ideas. In that constitution was embodied, without doubt, all that the wisdom and idealism of many wise and good men could abstract from history to serve for the glory of the new nation, the happiness and best interests of its citizens, the wholesome progress of the race, and as a model to all mankind. And it has worked — it has succeeded. Against all the prophecies of those opposing it, against increasingly difficult and unimagined conditions, the constitution, so written, has worked wonderfully well. It commands the admiration of the world.

The greatest purpose of that constitution was to protect the nation from any possibility of the idealist's bogie "the conqueror"; to prevent the exercise of power or authority save by those duly entrusted with it by the people. Even in that purpose it has been successful. It has prevented the disruption of the state by the unscrupulous or the ambitious, it has prevented injustice to the weak at the hands of the strong to any such degree as have arisen under other systems. But it has not prevented the securing of great power either by the base creative or by the authentic creative. And to the degree in which it has not done so, the fact must be faced that in English government the changes have been somewhat continuously away from an original materialism toward the idealistic direction of greater liberty; the changes in American government have been somewhat continuously away from an original idealism toward the recognition of the existence of materialistic forces by attempts to regulate them. Sometimes they are selfish, greedy, ruthless forces; sometimes irrepressible evolutionary, constructive forces, but in either case forces which the constitution had not sufficiently considered.

In England the strength of the despoiler, who has arisen by greed or cunning, is somewhat lessened by putting him in conspicuous place and under the elaborate restrictions of an aristocratic régime: the constructive force of the

The Conservation of Capacity 21

leader — to whom power is but a necessary preliminary to usefulness — is utilized by permitting the outlet into constructive channels of his capacity to lead and direct real men in a real world for the common good. In America, no distinction between them being recognized, resentment has been felt toward both types, and during the past few decades, the direct participation in governmental activities by either has been prevented as far as possible. Under the spell of the eighteenth-century fetiches, the master, whether for good or bad, has appeared a parasitic growth on the body politic, not a component part of it which could be made to work for the good of the whole. Since the development of the widely-discussed, world-famous American fortunes and enterprises, the greater the business success of an American, the more difficult has been his entrance into the ranks of the elected representatives of the people. The Senate became a "rich men's club" before the people took hold. The successful American was in possession of things universally desired, therefore he was the bogie "conqueror" bursting his chains, and therefore he was an enemy of "man."

The two natural results of this condition require no comment. There arose the inevitable ownership of the Senate and legislatures by railroad and express companies, to the consequent obstruction of wholesome progressive legislation, and there arose the inevitable growth in country estates and city palaces of the utterly parasitic life of arrant hedonism of those who found themselves with wealth, power, leisure, but with the utilization of any of their constructive powers — of their wisdom or experience — prevented by a distrustful electorate.

There is no particularly marked change in the public attitude even yet, but there are certain straws which indicate the direction of a changing wind of public opinion which may finally veer so greatly as to permit a wiser utilization of certain great constructive forces in our

national life upon which too great a pressure has been kept heretofore. The sort of distrust felt toward Vanderbilt or Huntington or Harriman does not seem quite so much in evidence now. For the past few years there has been considerable interest in the writings, views and comments of such men as Mr. J. J. Hill and Judge Gary. Editors begin to give greater space to the opinions of those very successful men whose success has not been malodorous, and a reaction from the muckraking sentiment has lessened indiscriminate public distrust of all tremendously successful men. New York — sophisticated and imperial — has gone farther than most parts of the country, and the presence of Judge Gary on a Municipal Commission and of Mr. Root as President in the Constitutional Convention are suggestive. The difference between the despoiler and the leader is, apparently, becoming recognized.

The formation of the Naval Advisory Board is probably, as yet, the greatest governmental step in the utilization of knowledge and experience, no matter by whom possessed. The practically universal endorsement of the experiment by the press, and the complete lack of protest against President Wilson's statement to Congress concerning it, are profoundly significant facts. It is true that the Advisory Board itself is largely composed of inventors, and that a great difference may be felt to exist between the inventor type — akin to the artist type — and the leader type. They are both manifestations of the creative principle, but one is better equipped to deal with things, the other with men. Down the ages, indeed, the leader has been the natural protector of the artist, the scientist, the inventor. In immediate concerns, the hard-headed, hard-hitting practical man of affairs might be distrusted more than the inventor. But the committees appointed by the Advisory Board, particularly the Committee on Industrial Preparedness, have embraced many men of the very type most castigated by the muckrakers, and still

The Conservation of Capacity 23

there has arisen no protest against the utilization and conservation of any knowledge, capacity, or experience which can be used for the general welfare.

The change in public sentiment thus indicated justifies the most careful consideration. A fundamental principle of the American type of representative democracy is involved, since the *complete* utilization of natural leadership would eventually result in a new kind of legislative body. The original design of the constitution, the original sentiment of the people, was wise and sure. In our modern life it is difficult to distinguish clearly and surely between the despoiler and the leader. Among the masters there are always utterly negative and ruthless forces which do not appear in their true aspect. It is better to keep the original sentiment — to keep all egocentric forces under pressure until something breaks, than to admit these negative forces, unregulated, to direct governmental power. We must evolve an acid test for the real creative, which the base creative cannot survive. There must be elaborated some new, essentially American, method of utilizing the constructive genius of such men as Mr. Hill, the late George Westinghouse, Mr. Daniel Willard, Colonel Goethals, Mr. Vail and others, in more direct and definite manner than through interviews, and yet of keeping completely out of direct executive or advisory place, more predatory and ruthless gentlemen who need not be named. We shall never desire, nor be willing, to copy a House of Lords to which admittance may be gained by contributions to party funds; but, nevertheless, if we are to conserve capacity as well as other "natural resources" there could be a Council of the Elders used to our very great advantage.

It is being slowly borne in upon the world that the man who is able and willing to spend a lifetime in securing a constituency by talking of his own merits, may possess very much less of the quality of the quarter deck than the

man who is moved by an irresistible urge to exercise the quality rather than to talk about it. There is much truth in the statement of Speaker Reed, that it is a fair inference that a man who can impress himself upon 200,000 people or upon the whole population of a great State, has something more than ordinary qualities and something more than ordinary force. But Mr. Bryan, from one angle, and Mr. Sulzer from another, show us that those powers may not be essentially the powers of statesmanship, while the qualities and force of our empire builders and railroad kings are certainly those of proved statesmanship, whatever undesirable concomitants may sometimes be associated with them.

In a long and disastrous war, we should probably find a method of admitting to greater participation in the affairs of state, men with ability proved by deeds and not by oratory. A little broader vision, a little greater energy might well replace in our upper house the eloquence with which we could easily dispense. Sooner or later we shall enmesh certain of our "masters" — not in chains — but in the silken bonds of *noblesse oblige*, and shall elaborate a method of utilizing their abilities. Such a development can be progressive, and not the reactionary move it may seem. Should it ever come, the Naval Advisory Board will have played an important part in the evolution of American government.

THE INGENUITY OF PARENTS

I SEE audacious boys and girls born to parents whose spirits are drab; I see the sullenest children born into homes where life is high-spirited; I see all sorts of incongruities, and yet a tolerable peace prevails. Whenever I stop to consider how arbitrary are the accidents of birth, I am always filled with wonder that so many families are passably congenial—that so few come to open warfare.

It may seem strange for anyone to wonder at there being peace within the home; it must seem little short of irreverent to those people who hold that the family is a God-assembled unit, and that the home is *per se* a little zone of peace, marked off by its very nature from the world outside. I cannot bring myself to agree with these people; I cannot think that in this matter of domestic peace such harmony is a pre-determined state; I cannot believe that some families are damned, some elect. And yet I probably go to the opposite extreme; for I see in every child newly come into a home, a little potential rebel smuggling in, under cover of his individuality, traits at real odds with that perfectness in which the "home circle" has so long indulged itself.

But I have great confidence in the ingenuity of parents. In fact it seems to me that of all people in the world parents are the most ingenious. Not, to be sure, in the sense of being out-and-out inventors: for that implies a choosing of material, which is not allowed them; but in their unequalled ability to reconcile material at hand. They might, in fact, be called "opportunists" in ingenuity. Certain it is: they make the best of things; they take the medley that the average family is, and they make of it a domestic unit; they bring order out of chaos, though the odds appear to lie all against them.

For this ordering of the home is not as easy as it once was, when children were to their places born. In the old days a child was frankly just a child, and not, as he is today, a "little citizen" of the world — that composite creature who lays infant hands on all the rights and duties of adult individuality. It must have been the exception, in those days, for the home to be out of gear, because it must have taken nothing but good machinery to keep it running; it was just a matter of the giving and taking of cues, I should think. For everyone had his part — a stock part to be sure, but nevertheless his own. A father was a straight father, without having to be at the same time a companion to his boy, and the "outside world" to his little girl. A mother could be a mere mother; she did not need to fret herself with feverish anxiety to typify an all-round neuter attitude toward everything on land or sea. Children were only children taught to be children, obedient and submissive, regardless of the fact that at twenty-one they must have developed in them enough of originality, enough of courage, to vote for themselves.

But let me hasten to remark that I am not siding with the régime; I am as keen as any democrat against left-over tyrannies, though they be mild and kindly ones. All that I say for the old technique is that it was simple, as a caste system always is, with its members trained to give or take rule. But now that democracy is upon us, invading our very homes, all is changed; the old ways have been driven out of vogue. The birch rod has become bad taste. It is no longer good form for a parent to issue a command. What place could it have among equals? What place, in fact, have any of the old attitudes?

And yet, in spite of changes, human nature stays about the same with parents and their children; they fall heir to the same old frictions and complexities; the home still teems with its old confusion, to be calmed, the Lord knows how! Or, in more literal terms, as best the parent can! For it is literally up to them, now that the Lord has

ceased to be exclusively the God of Fathers and has extended his backing equally to all members of the household. Parents are left with only their unaided ingenuity to bank upon. Now that behavior claims the rank of conduct, the sure touch they had attained against child behavior has given way to trial-and-error faltering. To what shifts are they not driven! To what genius may their ingenuity not be spurred!

One of the commonest devices used by parents to unify the home is their insistence on the belief that each child in the family is bound to be like one or the other of his parents. "She takes after her mother," or "He takes after his father." These are stock phrases, and they are employed in the face of the most obvious misfits. "Oh yes, Jennie, she has an awful temper — stubborn as can be. Oh yes, her father was the same before her." It does not seem to matter that the father in the case of Jennie is as yielding and spiritless as a lamb! He must, in theory, take on new qualities or give up his own, that Jennie may stand in consequential relation to him. Sometimes it is the father — sometimes the mother — whose character is stretched to make the point. It is always the less self-defensive of the two on whom are imposed all those traits that startle and annoy.

It need not be a parent or an immediate relative to whom these discordant elements are referred. A more remote ancestor is often called upon to serve, especially if those of contemporary kinship happen to have an eye for the congruity of their own make-ups. For no matter how sincere a home pacifist one may be, there is a limit to the odds and ends of character he will care to welcome unto himself. It is natural and easy to refer back to the dead. In a negative sense, at least, they are willing sources; they cannot rise up and organize their reputations, and by a sort of inverted atavism they can be forced to re-inherit according to the conveniences of their descendants.

I, myself, have always been explained on the basis of my great-grandfather, about whom much could be affirmed, because little was actually known. Fact had it that he met his death while reading under a tree — the tree fell down upon him and killed him. But why, in consequence, he should be blamed for my being impractical and absent-minded and vague was, at first, a puzzle to me. I undertook defending him with some seriousness, arguing naïvely from the facts in the case; why shouldn't he read under a tree? Why shouldn't he keep an eye single to the plot? — assuming the stability of the tree, on a clear day. This I continued for some time, succeeding only in confirming my parents' theory of myself, until I suddenly discovered that the "annoying nervous alertness" of my brother, was also being laid to the absent-mindedness of that same great-grandfather. Then I gave up my defense, for I realized that my great-grandfather's posthumous self was doomed to be forever in the making; that his memory was not to be maintained with any care for its consistency. I knew him then for the tool that he was in the hands of my parents.

And at the present stage, this exploitation of our ancestors cannot be helped. Later perhaps, when parents have perfected themselves in ingenuity, ancestors can be relegated to their pedestals again. But as things stand now, with democracy and equality rife within the home, fathers and mothers are hard put to it to manage. A trait cannot be quelled as previously, it cannot even be ignored, it must needs be embraced, no matter how unwelcome: for democracy insists on equal cordiality toward everything on hand. There they are — little Susie's temper fits and little Willie's sullenness — and there is no need for better introduction. They cannot be beaten out of operation; the parents' hands are tied, but their wits are on the job, casting about for an explanatory source. For the family's hope lies solely in shouldering its own eccentricities. What if an ancestor or two be compromised? Surely

it is worth the price, if the family can hitch along placidly in a sense of self-responsibility.

It is hard, of course, on the ancestors — this fall from idol to tool — but, in a way, it is a change for them. I suppose they turn over in their graves with resentment, though it seems to me they might better save their energies to applaud the parents for bringing them up to date — out into the whirl of present-day affairs, as it were. For it is no small achievement, whether it be appreciated or not, to feature an ancestor out on the fighting front.

But this service to the dead and gone is only incidental with parents, and their ingenuity is not to be measured thereby. They are the servants primarily of the alive and coming, the “rising generation,” as we word it to-day, a phrase by the way which was not invented until deference for youth came in. Today this deference for youth honeycombs our entire domestic system; it shows itself at the most unexpected points. In parental commands, for instance, where one would least think to find it, there it lurks, negating the essence of the command, with its tendency to make all clear, that Willie may see and know and understand. Willie has the right to know, it seems — the God-given right to know *why* he must not suck his shoe-strings or cheat in school. Though the technicalities of bacteriology and criminology confuse him out of obedience, the explanation is his by rights: he must have his share of respect. The brief, succinct, “Willie, don’t do that!” has become, “Willie, I shall have to ask you not to, because, Willie, you see . . . you see . . .” Thus do parents obtain results without falling back on frank despotism.

Another device in common use consists in making the child feel that by obeying his parents he indulges them. This, of course, may result in extreme parental subservience, but as a bit of ingenuity, it is flavored high with democracy and equality. Great care must be taken not to appeal too openly in behalf of the parents; for

should the child once clearly realize that he is master of his elders, he is apt to slip into sensations of superiority, an error against equality as great, on its side, as the birch-rod was on its. But though it can be abused, it is a workable device, and its worth has been proven many times. I know homes that depend entirely upon it for their peace, and they are homes in which the greatest reverence for child assertiveness prevails. The scheme works in this way. One of the parents is established as an invincible lover of peace. Usually it is the father who is chosen to take this part. He falls into it easily because it seems natural for him to want his home quiet, spending his day, as he does, in the seething outside world. He can love calm for its own sake — for pure selfish reasons — without seeming to plot against his children's right to be noisy. True — he cries as insistently as ever tyrant did: "Give me my peace!" but that is an advance on the old: "Stop that noise!" — an advance in the direction of democracy: for is not the child's right to refuse him clearly implied?

Much is made of the strenuousness of the father's life, and through sympathy for it the mother makes the appeal to her riotous offspring: "Poor papa! He will be so tired!" "You know, dears, papa has such hard days down-town!" Peace hangs upon so frail a thread that the exhaustion of the male parent must be stressed. If he is a professor, the clamor of the class-room is emphasized; if a lawyer, the bickerings of the court-house; if a mere sitter in an office, the constancy of buzzers and of telephone bells and the never-ending tread of busy feet in and out of his quarters. Such a life! "We must do all we can to make home quiet for Dad!" Thus do they plan together to indulge him.

As I have suggested, the father does what he can to play-up this aspect of himself. He forms the habit of sinking into his Morris-chair directly on entering the house. By resting his head weakly in his hands and re-

laxing utterly, he makes himself a reminder of the atmosphere he expects. Thus he often forestalls a real outbreak. If he feels a squall in the air, he exclaims with automatic emphasis: "Can't a man have peace, even in his own home?" Like Mr. Gilbey of *Fanny's First Play*, he has learned to rise, in no matter what crisis of domestic friction, and cry out, "Would you have me go mad, here — here — on me own carpet!"

It should be noted that never by word of his does he deny his children's rights: in all that he says and does, he is merely asking attention to this one right of his — the right of any man to peace in his own home.

I have often suspected fathers of carrying this device to deceptive extremes. And yet who can say where ingenuity leaves off, and deception begins? Even were the line easy to draw, much could be forgiven the tired father who has the perilous straits to steer between the Scylla of tyranny and the Charybdis of noise. What if the father break into a dishonest run on nearing home, that he may enter flushed as from recent battle? What if he *has* rested at his Club from three till six! What if he fail to mention this play-time and his lunch-hour, in stressing the life he leads in the intervals between leisure? He is only representing his day with an eye for its unity — and for the unity that works. And why not? Why should not a man apply the pragmatic sanction to his version of himself? Especially a father, in a democratic era!

So vital has this device of peace-within-the-home become, that we find husbands and wives acting in accordance with it long before their home affairs demand. It has come to control the attitude of any wife toward any husband. I would not claim that it has become hereditary; perhaps it is only unconscious imitation that makes the childless husband declare himself a lover of home peace years before his peace is threatened. Why should a man, newly married, be outspoken for a "calm

and quiet home"? He should be innocent of friction. Has he an intuition perhaps, of what this allegiance will later mean to him?

Someone has suggested that men and women early adopt this attitude so as to train themselves for the children that the future may bring upon the scene. But this I cannot believe: the husband takes too naïvely to his part, the wife to hers. I cannot think of these preparental days as a frank dress-rehearsal for the years that follow.

Has the young wife, too, an intuition of the future? It almost seems so, to look at the home she plans. The soothing green that she hangs upon the walls — the draperies with which she obscures the doors — every piece of furniture that she chooses with its quiet wood, its drowsy lines, its drawing depths — all seem to suggest that she sees clearly what is ahead of her. But, in reality, it is only the "exhausted husband" idea that has subdued the decorations: she has no real notion why her own taste for vivid effects has deadened. She is in the grip of intuitive wisdom that sets her preparing, in advance, just the setting that the "exhausted father" will later approve and need.

But it cannot be rated as a device — this home-decoration sense; it is too unconsciously possessed. It cannot lay claim to ingenuity: for ingenuity knows always what it is about. But it had its origin in parental cleverness; of that there can be no doubt, else why did the Morris-chair and the wide-spread taste for green come so soon upon the heels of home democracy?

But lest it be thought that all parents are blind intuitionists, I hasten to mention another group — the philosophic parents. They are most self-conscious and reflective. They have gone so far as to build a philosophy around the exigencies of home democracy.

They scorn the tactics of the every-day opportunist,

with his chronic willingness to grasp at straws. *They* will deal with a situation by theory or not at all. They have passed beyond the piece-meal ways of ordinary ingenuity; they settle what they are going to do, once for all, on a firm philosophic basis.

They say — and this is their fundamental hypothesis — that the domestic sphere *is* life. This is a practical conclusion, arrived at empirically, though they would die rather than admit it. They have felt that they are cut off from life-in-the-large. They have seen that their parenthood localizes their experiences. They have realized that they cannot rush out and seek experiences *en masse*. They cannot free-lance with life, and they know it. Therefore they have come to the conclusion that life must free-lance with them. In fact, that is what life has been doing, they say, right along, only they have been too blind to see it. They conclude that their children are not hindrances at all, but experiences to be lived. In short, they are life's representatives, trailing in their wakes all the phases of which life is capable.

One can only realize the ingenuity of this point of view by seeing how it fits in with all the prevailing tendencies. It capitalizes the uppishness of childhood, for instance, for all that is worth. Instead of trying to compel the child into the way that he should go, it asks only that the child should have a way to go, and then that he should *go* it. Parents request nothing more of the child, except permission to follow in his trail.

According to this theory, a child is not a failure unless he does not furnish his parents variety and shock. The successful child is the one who is unique in the eyes of his parents; and to be unique is, often, but to be naughty in the old tried ways. The old ways of being naughty may not always thrill parents, however, especially if they have had long and varied pasts. Then, to be naughty in a fresh way is all that is required of the child.

Occasionally this is too heavy a burden for the shoulders

of the young. But not often does a child go under; only in those few sad cases where parents are extremists in variety, and the child defective in distinctiveness.

I recall a case in point, where a younger brother was frightened out of what hope he might have had for special development, by a too insistent father. The boy showed every sign of going the way of his older brother, who was, I suppose, a failure, from the point of view of experience, insomuch as he was the copy of his mother in submissiveness and docility. "Be something! Be yourself!" Thus the father rudely gave vent to his growing irritation, when the only hope the boy had for personality lay in the application of kindergarten methods: he must be coaxed and caressed to it.

This instance is, of course, the exception; it is only the congenital copy-cat who cannot throw off the fetters of heredity and example in the heat of his individual emancipation.

This philosophy of which I have been speaking deals the death-blow to the parents' efforts after peace, and in so doing it again shows itself wise to the times. It was a losing fight anyway, it says, so why not lose it with a theoretic sanction. Harmony in the home was always a bit stuffy, so let in the drafts and wind. Of course, if harmony exists in the outside world, well and good, let the home mirror what is there—that and no more. Nothing is ever out of order in these philosophic homes except, perhaps, monotony.

The parents that hold to this philosophy reduce themselves, by doing so, to a mere cipher of what they once were. The fall from absolute monarch to benevolent demagogue was great enough, but the fall to the place of spectator is greater; it almost does away with parental identity.

I think I suggested awhile back that philosophizing parents had ceased to be opportunists. Let me re-state myself and say that they are the very kings among op-

portunists: for they have carried opportunism up into the high planes of theory. They have invented a philosophy to match the way things are going. And now they have argued themselves out of place because they have seen that their recall is pending. With a philosophic flourish they have made out their own papers of dismissal. Need one look farther for unfaltering ingenuity? Surely, I think not.

THE ECONOMIC HYMN OF HATE

WAR breeds war. In no other respect has the present struggle been more war-breeding than in the new-old ideas of trade to which it has given rise. The world over, men have begun again to think in terms of seventeenth-century mercantilism, and seventeenth-century thought means seventeenth-century action. Are we, then, once more to enter on a period of devastating wars, such as marked the turbulent centuries of nation-making from 1500 to 1800? That depends in good part on the direction taken by the world's thinking, and just at present that is pointing back toward international struggle based on trade rivalry.

Mercantilism was the system of thought and practice that governed the European powers during the years when modern Europe was coming into being. As the central idea of statesmen was that of relative national power, economic and social activities were subordinate to the political end. National power was to be attained only through military struggle, which filled these bloody centuries and reached its culmination in the grim carnage of the Napoleonic wars.

The economic basis of these conflicts lay largely in the struggle for the rich commerce of America and the east, bringing to a poverty-stricken Europe undreamed wealth. American silver poured into Spain and Portugal; the loot of India and the Indies filled the coffers of London and Liverpool and Amsterdam. Foreign trade, as in all centuries of the world's history before the nineteenth, was in no small measure plunder, and the sword determined as between Spain and Portugal, Holland and France and Britain, which should be chief plunderer, and by consequence chief beneficiary. Relative national power was of primary importance in such conditions. "Can a nation

The Economic Hymn of Hate 37

be safe without Strength?" wrote Charles D'Avenant in 1696; "and is power to be compass'd and secur'd but by riches? And can a country become rich any way, but by the help of a well managed and extended Traffick?"

Small wonder that the state was central in the thoughts of rulers and ruled alike. Small wonder that the "condition-of-the-people question" was scarcely broached. Machinery hardly yet existed, the world's power of coal lay in the ground untouched, the internal productive powers of the nations were small; they were poor to a degree hard to realize in this richer age. The apparent avenue to wealth was trade, but athwart the trade routes stood the jealous figures of other nations eager to seize the same golden opportunities. And the nations that would be great and powerful built navies and raised armies, and settled on the battlefield and gun-deck the question who should have the trade. Trade followed the flag without questioning, for the trader flying the foreign flag was unceremoniously driven out of the trade—with violence if need be.

Such were the conditions of the mercantilist era, such the sanctions of international rivalry, and such was the justification for seeking to advance your own nation by injuring your neighbors. It was a poverty-ridden world, with not enough to go round, and relative military and naval power decided who should enjoy the small riches that did exist. There was a real basis for national hatreds. One nation raised itself on the ruins of another. Portugal, Spain, Holland and France successively yielded the hegemony and the final struggle left it with England. It would require a bold man to deny that the mercantilists were right in declaring national power the proper aim of the statesman's efforts.

To-day these ideas are coming back. For a century men had been learning to think in other terms. The multiplied productive power of steam-driven machinery had been teaching us to look for the increase of wealth to

internal development, not to foreign exploitation. We had been discovering that we could produce wealth enough if only we could learn to distribute and use it wisely. Our interest had been shifting to internal problems, social questions of all sorts as contrasted with international ones. America came into being scarcely knowing that there were such things as international problems. Throughout Europe west of the Russian border democracy in the last half of the nineteenth century had been making long strides, and democracy was turning its attention, with no small promise of success, to solving the internal problems of the industrial state. Amid all the tumult and confusion and shouting could be discerned the steady onward movement as the mass of the people slowly became better fed, better educated, better fitted to rule themselves.

The democracy gave little thought to foreign affairs, trusting them largely to the secret diplomacy of statesmen supposed to be expert in such matters. In recent years, however, there had been growing up among the people in all the western countries and in Japan a type of internationalism rich with promise for the future. Intelligent, scientific, broadly patriotic, it recognized that national isolation was a thing of the past, and that the world civilization of the future must be a coöperative task, enlisting the energy of all nations. This "international mind" that was just coming into being was not jealous of a progressive neighbor; it rejoiced in that neighbor's contribution to the common stock. The small nations no less than the large had their place in its scheme of things. Underneath all, it was recognized that machinery had given the world the basis for peace and plenty. No longer need the nations spring at one another's throats in order to get a chance to snatch their own insufficient share from the world's too scanty stock.

Then came the colossal tragedy of 1914. With the first roar of the cannon, democracy abandoned its tasks,

The Economic Hymn of Hate 39

and sprang to the defense of country. And magnificently has the peace-trained citizen played his part in the face of the machine gun and the flying shrapnel. But the tasks of social reconstruction have been laid aside, and popular thinking has been turned in large part toward international relations. Here the ordinary man finds himself in a field to which he is unaccustomed. Bewildered by the sweep of the forces that the war has let loose, emotionally stirred to the very depths, he finds himself thinking as his ancestors thought two centuries and a half ago. His leaders, under the same emotional stress, have for the most part spoken no word of protest. The whole world seems in danger of being carried back to a place where its international relations will be determined by the ideas of 1650, however different may be the conditions of 1916.

No better illustration can be offered than the proposals of the economic conference of the allies held at Paris in June last.

The measures proposed for the war period, already largely in effect before the conference, may be passed over with the mere mention of the blacklist of neutral firms "under enemy influence." The sequestration of property owned by enemy aliens is likewise not without significance.

The really important plans are those proposed for the period of reconstruction after the war. Countries devastated by war are to have restored to them their agricultural and industrial plant and stock and their merchant fleet. This sounds like indemnity. For a period of years after the war enemy subjects in allied countries will be excluded from certain industries and professions which concern national defense or economic independence. The proposal of course means the exclusion of Germans from business in the allied countries, and it has been suggested in Great Britain that the period covered be twenty years.

Further, and more important, the allies agree during the whole reconstruction period to conserve their raw materials for one another before all others, and to make special arrangements to facilitate their interchange.

This amiable design for starving German industries by depriving them of raw materials is to be supplemented by a far reaching plan for cutting off German markets. During a period of years to be fixed by agreement, the allies resolve that none of them will grant the Central Powers most-favored-nation treatment; this will leave the allies free to do exactly as they please regarding Teutonic commerce. Yet more striking in phrase, "in order to defend their commerce and industry and their agriculture and navigation against economic aggression resulting from dumping or any other mode of unfair competition," the allies will fix a period of time during which commerce of the enemy countries "will be subjected either to prohibitions or to a special regime of an effective character" (evidently tantamount to prohibition), and Teuton ships will be subject to special agreement.

As permanent measures the allies propose to render themselves economically independent of the Teutons as regards both raw materials and manufactures, considering not only sources of supply, but also financial, commercial and maritime organization. To this end the governments concerned may adopt whatever methods they choose — subsidies, grants in aid of research and industrial development, customs duties or prohibitions, the various countries "having regard to the principles which govern their economic policy" — a recognition of British free trade as the rock on which the whole scheme is likely to split. It is also agreed to facilitate mutual allied trade by the development of shipping facilities, and communication by post and telegraph, as well as the assimilation of the laws of patents, trade-marks and copyright.

Putting the whole thing in a nutshell, the allies propose

The Economic Hymn of Hate 41

after the war to boycott Germany, cutting off her raw materials, closing her markets for manufactured exports, and hampering her shipping all they can. They propose to make themselves as a group economically independent, and interdependent only among themselves, though they profess a tenderness for neutral trade. In view of existing economic relationships these proposals are startling enough; it is doubtful whether more astonishing suggestions were ever seriously put forward by responsible statesmen. This extraordinary document was signed by the representatives of France, Belgium, Italy, Japan, Portugal, Russia and Servia. The British government later approved the resolutions, which may accordingly be taken to represent the collective wisdom of allied statesmen as applied to the future conduct of economic affairs.

The sweep of the proposed policy is really even wider than appears on the surface. What a large part of its advocates really desire is a policy of economic separatism like that demanded by the association of chambers of commerce of the United Kingdom, advocating for Great Britain a tariff with four levels of rates, rising successively, against: (1) All parts of the British Empire; (2) the allies; (3) present neutral states; (4) present enemy countries. Every protectionist in Europe, needless to say, is in full cry on this scent, and the echo of their cry is heard on our side of the water, where the demand for retaliation for anticipated injuries is already becoming vocal.

The more the Paris proposals are studied, the more do their mercantilist preconceptions and purposes assert themselves. "The present war," says the editor of the *Edinburgh Review* in discussing them, "has revealed to the world the fact that Germany regards commercial enterprise as a form of preparation for military action. . . It is the combination of a highly efficient industrial organization with an aggressive military state that we have to fear." The preconception of relative power — could it be more clearly expressed? The idea

of an innate hostile rivalry breathes through every syllable of the Paris proposals and every word of their supporters. From the resolutions themselves we learn that the allied representatives "perceive that the Central Powers of Europe, after having imposed upon them their military struggle, in spite of all their efforts to avoid the conflict, are preparing to-day, in concert with their allies, a struggle in the economical domain which will not only survive the reëstablishment of peace, but at that very moment will assume all its amplitude and all its intensity. They cannot in consequence conceal from themselves that the agreement which is being prepared for this purpose amongst their enemies has for its evident object the establishment of their domination over the production and the markets of the whole world and to impose upon the other countries an intolerable yoke [presumably by selling those countries certain goods cheaper than the countries can make them themselves]. In the face of such a grave danger" the allies propose "to secure for themselves and the whole of the markets of neutral countries full economic independence and respect for sound commercial practice." Stripping the matter of its rhetoric, the allies fear the economic efficiency of Germany, and propose to cripple it if they can. This is stark mercantilism.

Even the methods proposed are those of the seventeenth century. Depriving a rival of raw material, prohibiting his goods from your market, excluding his subjects from trade in your country, limiting the movements of his ships in your ports — one can match these devices measure for measure in the laws of Cromwell and Colbert and the great Frederick. One almost turns the page in expectation of finding some recommendation for burying in woolen, in order to encourage the consumption of woolen goods, or for eating fish on Friday, to aid the fishing industry — measures of ancient mercantilist policy that might well be expected to recommend themselves to these modern mercantilist statesmen. The new mer-

cantilism, in fact, so closely parallels the old, in spirit, in purpose and in methods, that one wonders whether existing conditions actually give the same sanction to it as was possessed by the older philosophy of hate. If present economic and political conditions furnish the policy with a firm basis, it is useless to cry out against it; if not, the nations are but yielding to an outburst of passion, and they may well pray to be delivered from their insanity.

How stands it, then, with the world's actual affairs? We can best answer the question by examining the probable effects of the Paris proposals. Similar policies worked fairly well two hundred and fifty years ago; how will they work now?

For purposes of discussion, assume an allied victory more or less complete, a Germany stripped of her colonies, her dream of an Asiatic empire shattered, her old boundaries restored or even on the west crowded back to the Rhine. The allies, flushed with victory, put the Paris boycott in full effect — what then? In the boycotting group we have the important manufacturing states of Great Britain, far and away leading partner, France, Belgium, Italy and Japan, with Russia and the British overseas dominions to furnish food and raw materials. It is certainly quite possible for such a group to live almost wholly to itself, independent of Teutonic and, to a large extent, of neutral materials and manufactures. Let Great Britain, then, as she is desired to do, impose protective duties, and let the whole machinery of preferential customs, as among the allies and their colonies, go into operation, leaving neutral trade to suffer for its neutrality, and leaving the defeated Teutons to stew in their own juice.

The consequences would apparently be about as follows: The allies could on paper deprive Germany — the only power of real interest to them — of nearly nine-

twentieths of her ante-bellum imports, and cut off the market for approximately three-eighths of her exports — a consummation devoutly to be wished, as they believe in their present hatred and fear of Germany. Imports of food valued at more than \$200,000,000 reached Germany from the allied nations in 1913, most largely from Russia, and German industries utilized ally-produced materials valued at nearly twice that amount. In normal times Germany eats Russian and Canadian wheat and barley, she burns British coal and weaves British yarn, she spins Indian and Egyptian cotton and Australian wool, and manufactures the palm products of Britain's African colonies. The list might be indefinitely extended. Deprive Germany of this food and these materials, and you indeed hinder her economic progress somewhat, but it is grotesque to believe that you strike a mortal blow at her industries. From the outbreak of the war Germany has been completely shut off from such allied supplies and in no small measure from neutral ones as well. Is German industry to-day prostrate? Listen to the answer that roars from ten thousand cannon throats along the far-flung battle lines in France and Flanders, in the Trentino, in Poland and Dobrudja.

Never was the power of science more impressively demonstrated than during the past two years of world torture. The grip of British sea power has fastened remorselessly on the throat of German industry, but respiration has not stopped. German science has produced a substitute for one "indispensable" material after another — and the war goes on. Let the allies cut off absolutely — assuming that were possible — German supplies of raw materials from present allied and neutral states as well, and they but hasten on the process of substitution that the war has already carried so far.

Of course the allies could not cut off neutral supplies. But when the war is over, they cannot even cut off their own supplies. Prohibit, if you will, the export of Canadian

wheat and British herrings and South African wool and Indian jute and rubber and copra to Germany, and they will go to Holland and Sweden, and Germany will get them at a cost but slightly enhanced. Or do the allies contemplate continuing as a permanent peace measure their friendly war devices of rationing Germany's neutral neighbors or allowing them to import for their own needs only on condition they will agree not to allow any goods to filter through to the hated Teutons? Nothing less, it will be observed, would have any real effect in keeping allied materials out of Germany, unless the allies are ready to prohibit all sales of materials to present neutrals, and we have not yet heard any suggestion of this particular form of madness.

But even if the allies could cut off from Germany the food and materials with which they supplied her — as they cannot — the loss would fall more heavily on them than on her, strange as it may appear. The world is not all divided between the belligerents. The Americas, Scandinavia, Holland, Spain, China have stood aloof. These neutrals supplied almost half Germany's imports before the war. Cut off Canadian wheat, and Argentinian wheat will take its place; British African copra, and West Indian will replace it; Indian rubber, and Brazilian will be imported instead — and so with other materials. No more effective scheme than an allied embargo on materials could be devised to make Germany a yet better customer than she has been to the United States and the other great neutrals. This would cement commercial bonds inevitably drawing these states to the Teutonic side in any future conflict.

How stands it with the boycott of German goods? Not much better. Indeed, both the proportion and the absolute amount of Germany's exports that the allies could cut off is materially less than the corresponding part of her imports; but there is something specially attractive about the notion of taking its customers from a nation.

Iron and steel products, textiles, leather goods, chemicals and dyestuffs, electrical supplies and other manufactures in bewildering variety and considerable amounts, go from Germany to all the allied countries. Her figures show total exports of 1,438,000,000 marks to Great Britain, her best customer, in 1913, 880,000,000 marks to Russia, 790,000,000 to France and 393,000,000 to Italy, to mention only the largest European allies. On paper it looks easy to clip a billion dollars off Germany's export figures, and the mouth of every allied manufacturer waters at thought of the rich plums awaiting him.

A little consideration, however, is calculated to moderate his enthusiasm. British shipbuilders for years have enjoyed cheap German steel, wickedly dumped in Britain at better prices than German shipbuilders could get it. In their sharp competition with German weavers in neutral markets, British cloth manufacturers in the past have had the advantage of cheap and excellent German dyes. German leather has been at disposal of British and Italian shoe and harness makers, German electrical and other machinery at command of French and Italian and Japanese manufacturers, German metals and alloys at the service of the thousands of establishments that wanted them in all the allied countries — and so runs the tale. If one allied manufacturer stands to gain by the cutting off of a dangerous rival, another will lose by being deprived of some important material or item of equipment, or else our poor old friend the ultimate consumer will pay a higher price on top of his staggering war taxes.

Moreover, practically the same difficulties present themselves as in cutting off Germany's raw materials. German goods, cut off from direct export, will find their way into allied countries through Holland and Scandinavia and Switzerland, nor will all the efforts of government suffice to stop the trade. To whatever extent it is stopped, German manufactures will go to both the Americas, to the Indies and China, and will in so far spoil the allied

The Economic Hymn of Hate 47

markets there. It is all very well to talk of allied economic independence, but in fact the four manufacturing allies, Great Britain, France, Italy and Japan, will not easily solve the problems of post-bellum finance and industry by selling their goods to one another, or even to Russia and the British overseas dominions, all alike eager to develop their own manufactures. It is too much like the South Sea islanders making their living by doing one another's washing. The allies' fear of being thought to intend action against neutral trade is all the evidence needed of their desire to hold neutral markets.

To sum up the whole matter — any attempt of the allies to injure Germany after the war by cutting off her materials or closing her markets will injure allied business no less than German. The effort at allied economic independence will have for its inevitable result a mutually advantageous economic union of Germany and the present neutral countries, a union certain in future to bind to the Teutonic side by the ties of self-interest and understanding the forty millions of neutral Europe, the fifty millions of South America, the hundred millions of the United States and the three hundred millions of China, together with all the enormous industrial resources and capacities of these great neutral states. If the world is to be a world of war, the true statesman will hesitate long before erecting such a combination against himself.

But this is not all. Germany and England are the inevitable manufacturing rivals of Europe, Russia the granary of that continent. England alone can furnish compensation to Russia for the markets she is to lose in Germany. But Canada and Australia, under the new ideas, must be paid for their sacrifices by a preference even over Russia. Just how England is to give up her market to Russian wheat at the same time that she allows Canada to occupy that market, we have not been told. Moreover, even at best the British market, where Russian grain must compete with that from overseas, will be

worth less to Russia than that in the interior of Germany, where her geographical advantage is marked. The simple fact is that none of the allies, nor all of them together, can afford Russia adequate compensation for the loss of her market in Germany, nor can they supply her as cheaply and advantageously as can Germany with a large part of the goods she needs to carry forward the industrial transformation her rulers desire. The allies' economic plan cuts squarely across the natural economic development of Russia, and even if her adhesion to the plan be secured, it is hard to see how it can be long maintained. The alliance of the great eastern despotism with the western republics is no less incongruous on its economical side than on its political.

The clash of commercial policy within the alliance, moreover, promises plenty of trouble. All the partners but Great Britain are protectionist in greater or less degree. Even hatred of Germany is not going to lead French and Italian and Canadian manufactures to welcome an inflow of British goods helped along by preferential tariff rates. If Britain is to enjoy the lowest rates, it will mean simply that neutral goods as well as Teutonic ones must be subjected to prohibitive duties, and we shall have another influence working for neutral-Teuton alliance.

And finally, the plan fundamentally involves the abandonment of British free trade. The leading partner in this precious scheme of industrial mischief-making cannot play her part as long as she maintains free ports. Without taxing her food and materials she cannot give preference to her colonies and her allies. And there is as yet no adequate evidence that Great Britain is willing or able to pay the price of giving up free trade. John Bull is a proverbially hard-headed person; his economic interests imperatively dictate the uttermost cheapness of food and materials with untrammelled freedom for his

ships. The war on the allied side has demonstrated the financial solidity of the free-trade partner. Facing the future with its burden of taxes and its problems of industry, will Great Britain abandon the fiscal policy under which it has become the world's workshop and banker? It may be, but if so it will be at cost of a tremendous financial sacrifice. The frantic outburst of imperial loyalty evoked by war and the fear and hatred of Germany, may suffice to lead Great Britain to industrial suicide, but the history of that sober-minded state scarcely leads one to expect such a result.

Turn the matter as one may, the allies' policy stands economically condemned. In the commercial situation created by machinery and modern transportation, such a policy is impracticable if not impossible, economically disastrous to its authors, and pregnant with political possibilities of the most serious sort. It means not only alienation of neutrals, but driving them into the arms of the very enemy fear of whom has given occasion to the policy. In its first application it promises to sow the seeds of dissension among its advocates, and that dissension will apparently mean early dissolution.

The Paris proposals, then, are not dictated by the economic interests of the allies, or even, in the long run, by their political ones. The same may be said of the whole array of mercantilist expedients that are urged at the present time. The world has outgrown them, and if nations acted rationally on a consideration of their real interests, we should hear no more of such expedients. But unhappily neither individuals nor nations act rationally under stress of strong feeling. What threatens the world after the war is the irrational reaction of the belligerents to the fear and hatred aroused by the war. So it is conceivable that in the contingency of a decisive victory for the allies, they might put into effect at any rate some part of the Paris proposals. All depends on how effectively war sentiments and passions are utilized.

No country now stands to gain economically by any such separatist policy; yet in every country there are important interests that might gain by it, and they always use the sentiment of national solidarity and foreign hostility to attain their ends. The policy of protection is the classic case in point. In every continental country and in America alike the interested protectionists have carried their case for higher prices on their own goods by appeal to patriotism. No case can be found where protection as a pure and unadulterated business policy has for any long time maintained itself. Men support it, often at personal disadvantage, because they think it is "a good thing for the country;" and the "good thing" may mean a political or military advantage no less than an economic one.

The policy of the United States under such conditions assumes large importance. A fifty-year continuance of Chinese-wall protection was made possible by our enormous territorial extent and unexampled natural resources. The rich domestic market was all our manufacturers needed or wanted; but in 1913 our trade burst its bonds, and a tariff law was enacted based on the idea of reciprocity in trade, not exclusion of competing imports. Some manufacturers, secure in the domestic market, were eager to reach out for foreign trade. To do this they wanted to cut costs, hence they began to favor a policy of cheapness rather than dearness. The commercial situation dictated increasing liberalism in commercial policy.

Then came the war, and all was again in the melting pot. The president and his party found it expedient to make concessions — a tariff board, protection for dye-stuffs, anti-dumping legislation, provision for shipping and other discrimination by act of the president. Now the air is full of alarms and suggestions for "defense" of threatened industries. We are warned that the allies' combination is to shut us out of their market, and that

The Economic Hymn of Hate 51

the Teutonic Central European union is to exclude us from business there. Therefore we are urged to "prepare" by raising a tariff wall to a prohibitive height, in order to be able to take it down as against any nation that will promise to be good, by establishing a "bargaining" tariff, by enacting discriminating shipping legislation, by doing all sorts of things that are supposed to benefit our own citizens at cost of somebody else. We hear much chatter of the protection of "key" industries, newly discovered to be such.

In pursuit of such aims we are plied with extraordinary and inconsistent arguments. We learn on one day on the authority of certain timorous persons in Washington that the allies have established an absolute monopoly of certain materials essential to our industries, and that their policy will destroy those industries. On the same day the chief of the bureau of foreign commerce shows that Europe is going to need a billion dollars' worth of lumber in the year after the war, and that she is coming to us for a large part of it. Pray how is she to pay for it? By cutting off her exports to us? By making us hunt up new sources of supply for materials with which she has heretofore supplied us?

Yet more remarkable: in one and the same interview, the chairman of the executive committee of the steel corporation warns us that only a high tariff can save us from the threatening flood of imports after the war, and tells us that the government must allow export combinations so our manufacturers may compete with Europeans in South American and Asiatic markets — as though manufacturers who can meet the foreigner in neutral markets cannot meet him in their own market. One would imagine from what we are told that the European peoples, instead of devoting all their energy to the grim business of butchering one another, and supporting their own butchers, incidentally destroying every bit of property they can — that instead of this they have all taken a long holiday from their ordinary work of making a living, in

order to pile up enormous stocks of goods that they will force on us willy nilly after the war at slaughter rates, for the laudable purpose of enriching their impoverished lands by selling goods for less than it cost to produce them.

First of all, then, assuming that isolation is everywhere to be carried into effect, no other nation on earth can afford it so well as we. Endowed by nature with almost every material of industry, with all the resources of the two Americas at our disposal, and now by accident with agriculture and manufacture in close balance, even on the assumption of two closed European alliances, we are a set of pusillanimous cowards if we fear such a situation. Were it necessary, we could within ten years snap our fingers at Europe, and could go on living indefinitely on a plane of comfort that Europe's own folly would have prevented her from sharing.

But Europe is not able, and does not desire, to shut us out of her trade. The United States, half ashamed of the cool wisdom that has kept it out of the slaughter, is far too humble in its thought of itself. American cotton and iron and steel and copper and machinery and food-stuffs and lumber — these and a hundred other products that Europe thankfully takes wherever she can get them cheapest are our best assurance that no possible alliances will exclude us from her markets.

The appalling loss of life and maiming of productive workers on the battlefield, the withdrawal of men from the laboratory and the technical classroom, the highly probable loss of initiative and push in millions of men as a result of the nervous drain of war, the dissolution of foreign selling organizations painfully built up during years of peace — these are abundant assurance, if that be any joy to our business men, that after the war we shall face a group of crippled competitors. For our own part, relatively at least, we shall have gained. Our new financial strength, our new plant paid for out of war

profits, our new machinery for foreign trade, banking and investment — what are these but so many guarantees of success to the business man of intelligence, vision, daring? Can it be that in face of such advantages American business men, like children clinging to their mother's skirts for fear of hobgoblins and ghosts, will still run to their government, crying for individual aid against imaginary dangers? And can it be if they are so foolish, that American statesmen will listen to their babblings?

Whatever dangers may threaten European states, they do not threaten America. No one in his senses suspects Germany of a policy of "peaceful economic penetration" of the United States, relentlessly pursued by selling us goods cheap, as preliminary to armed attack on a good customer. Nor does anyone imagine that Great Britain buys and sells in our market in pursuance of a hypocritical design some day to annex us to the British Empire. Geographically aloof from the dynastic and militaristic struggles of the old world, rich beyond the dream of any European state, beneficiary of a system of liberty whose blessings we as yet but half appreciate, economically, politically and socially the spoiled darling of the gods, the United States can afford not to be afraid — nay, Americans cannot afford to be cowards. In their own interest, and in that of the world at large, they must be true to that ideal of individual liberty and international fair dealing for which we believe we stand.

In the coming crisis of world politics, the United States ought to champion the broadest liberalism of commercial policy. It is vain to establish a league of peace unless the foundations are to be laid in the solid masonry of mutual respect and commercial fair dealing. Anything less will sooner or later issue in international hatred. Let the United States, as seems to be too likely the case, now join in the cry for commercial "defense," "retaliation," all the other notions of commercial war in peace, and we may well see the whole world join lustily in singing the

hymn of hate, each nation against each. On the other hand, let the United States, guided by reason and not by emotion, hold itself steadfast on the path of liberalism on which we are happily entered, and the defenders of economic sanity in Great Britain will be heartened against the forces of unreason and hatred that now beset them so sore. If the structure of British free trade can be saved, the allies' economic combine as an engine for keeping alive national animosity will be all but powerless. British free trade in the past has given the lie to German imperialistic claims of commercial strangulation as her justification for waging war. British adherence to that policy in the future will strengthen the forces in Germany that are working for her liberalization. The liberalizing of Germany is an essential condition of world peace in the future. No mere internal question is involved in our proposed subscription to the hymn of hate, no mere matter of markets, no simple problem of dollars and cents; but our decision may well influence the whole future of international affairs.

If America can be big enough, brave enough, idealistic enough to believe that the coöperative basis of international relations indicated by economic fact is more important than the competitive one indicated by political hatreds, we may play a large part in saving much from the wreck that Europe threatens to make of western civilization.

But it may well be not merely western civilization that is at stake. From every advanced western country there flows out a stream of capital toward the less developed lands. Behind the railroad builder and the mining concessionaire in the past has marched the grim figure of the soldier. Investment has been but the preliminary to political interference and military aggression: for Europe has proceeded on the theory that economic and political power should be used to strengthen each other in international dealings. That theory is already threatening

The Economic Hymn of Hate 55

to bring Europe some day into armed conflict with the hundreds of millions of the East.

It has remained for America to show a more excellent way. Mexico testifies to an American belief that American capital invested abroad assumes the same risks in those lands as native capital, that the rights of American capital abroad are not superior to the rights of the peoples concerned to work out their own salvation if they can. And the situation in China shows that such a policy is a real business asset, because America is not suspected of any ulterior political end. American capital is eagerly sought in China, while European and Japanese capital is accepted only under stress of necessity. Present American investment policy is idealistic, gloriously impractical — and it is already in process of demonstrating its success, as witness the concession for a thousand miles of American-built railways in China. Only let our trade policy be established and maintained on the same high basis of reciprocal advantages, resting on mutual economic service and not on political pressure, let us turn our backs on the fears and hatreds that Europe is nourishing to-day, let us believe that the future lies with those peoples who coöperate most wisely in external economic relations at the same time that they order their internal social affairs most intelligently, and America may yet help the world take some steps toward decent international relations, as she has already helped it realize some new possibilities of developing order and liberty together over a continental area among a myriad of differing peoples. We must dare, and again dare, and forever dare.

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH THE THEATER?

THAT something *is* the matter with the theatrical business in the United States is only too apparent. It is true that there are more and more American plays which mirror with superficial accuracy interesting aspects of American life. It is true also that in every season judicious playgoers may enjoy an uncertain number of satisfactory performances. It is true furthermore that there is no dearth of good acting, both skilful and sincere. It is true finally that our newer theaters are sumptuous and comfortable and safe. But it is true none the less that the theatrical business, always precarious, has been descending for several successive years into the slough of despond. Every fall dozens and even scores of companies set out from New York with high hopes for the winter, only to return before Christmas, closed up at the customary two weeks' notice. Even in the more important cities, theaters are "dark" for weeks at a time, or eke out the lean season by opening their doors to vaudeville or moving pictures.

The splendid New Theater built by the millionaires of New York, was kept up by them for only two seasons; and after two more years of drama and two years of opera, it was turned into a variety-show, with a performance adroitly adjusted to the supposed tastes of the supposed Tired Business Man.

And the moving-picture managers are constantly annexing other playhouses built for the regular drama; the latest of these theaters to surrender is the Knickerbocker in New York, the house wherein the Irving-Terry company played, the Coquelin-Hading company and a host of other leading attractions, native and foreign. Equally significant is the withdrawal of a manager as capable and as resourceful as Mr. Daniel Frohman from

the field of production, to devote his energy and his skill to the making of moving-pictures.

These are the fatal facts; and no one familiar with all the circumstances can deny that the theatrical business as a business, as a money-making proposition, is in a parlous state.

Now, as Artemus Ward used to put it, why is this thus? What has brought about this unprofitable state of affairs? What are the reasons for this lamentable condition?

The explanations most often heard are two. The first is that times have been hard for half-a-dozen years, and that the theatrical business has suffered just as almost every other business has suffered, no more and no less. The second is that the sudden and startling and stupendous expansion of the moving-picture industry has exposed the regular theaters to a cut-price competition, the full effects of which may not yet be evident.

These reasons are both of them valid; they are good as far as they go. There is no doubt that ever since the panic of 1907 financial conditions have been unsatisfactory; capital has been suspicious; trade has been curtailed. But although general business has not been good for several years, it has been slowly getting better, — whereas the theatrical business has been steadily getting worse. And the fierce rivalry of the movies has incontestably aggravated the uncertainty of the theatrical situation. When a family is trying to economize, it is likely to weigh very cautiously the prospective pleasure of an evening at the movies for twenty-five cents a head, and an evening in a regular theater in seats that cost two dollars each. Probably this is a competition which the theater will always hereafter have to contend with, even if the immediate and excessive vogue of the moving-picture should wane after a season or two. Furthermore it must be said that the regular theaters almost invited the competition of the movies by their uniform scale of prices.

Here we find a third reason, probably at least as potent as the other two. It may be put bluntly: — the managers of the American theaters, instead of trying to entice customers and to build up a steady trade, as all other tradesmen do, have been engaged in discouraging theater-going by the terms and conditions on which they have sold their tickets. They have done as the railroad managers did when they made the rates all that the traffic would bear. They have demanded not only a high price, but a uniform price, for all the attractions, whatever the varying attractiveness of these might be. There is no common sense basis for asking the same price for the privilege of seeing a comparatively inexpensive performance of a simple play with a small cast, and an elaborate spectacular production with a large company of actors and actresses in receipt of high salaries. Five dollars was not exorbitant for the privilege of beholding Salvini as Othello with Edwin Booth as Iago. Three or even four dollars was not a prohibitive price for the delight of seeing together Jefferson as Bob Acres, Mrs. Drew as Mrs. Malaprop, John Gilbert as Sir Anthony Absolute, W. J. Florence as Sir Lucius O'Trigger and Robert Taber as Captain Absolute. Two dollars and a half or even three dollars would be willingly paid for the satisfaction of witnessing *The Merchant of Venice* with Henry Irving as Shylock and Ellen Terry as Portia, supported by the highly competent and well-balanced Lyceum company.

These are, of course, "exceptional offerings," as they phrase it in the department-store advertisements; and for the exceptional offerings the enthusiastic playgoer is always ready to pay an exceptional price. Nor has the playgoer, even when he is not enthusiastic, any objection to the ordinary rate of two dollars when the performance is as satisfactory as that of *Leah Kleschna* given a few years ago by Mrs. Fiske, George Arliss, John Mason, William B. Mack and Charles Cartwright, or as that of *The New York Idea* given last fall by Miss Grace George, Miss Mary

What is the Matter with the Theater? 59

Nash, and Mr. Ernest Lawford. Yet even for these estimable performances perhaps the majority of the spectators in the center of the house, in the most desirable seats, bought their tickets from the speculators in one or another of the hotels, and were forced to pay two dollars and a half — the extra fifty cents being divided between the managers and the speculators.

While the performances of Mrs. Fiske and Miss George and their well-chosen companies in well-chosen plays may well be worth two dollars or even two dollars and a half, this cannot be said of a majority of the programs proffered in our theaters. Many of these would be dear at any price; they are the failures, always to be expected in a business as risky as theatrical management; and they are withdrawn after short runs. But there are not a few plays in every season which are not flat failures, which have modest merits and which might fill out a fairly honorable career if they were proffered at a price commensurate with these modest merits. At two dollars they are likely to play to houses only sparsely populated, whereas at a dollar, or even at a dollar and a half, the auditorium might be profitably peopled. It is a good sign that certain New York theaters reduced their prices in the fall of 1915; and it is significant that the new Standard Theater on the upper West side, where the traveling companies remain for a week, has a lower scale of prices than the theaters farther down on Broadway, and that it is one of the best-paying playhouses in greater New York. It may be recorded also that the Standard is a "neighborhood theater" with a solid body of regular customers, encouraged to take their tickets in advance for the whole season, for one night a week, thus eliminating the speculator.

Quite as unfortunate as the principle of asking two dollars in every theater of any pretension, for every play presented, is the principle of asking the same price for every seat on the ground floor. These seats are not of

equal value; and it is hopelessly unbusinesslike to try to sell goods of unequal value at the same price. If the choice seats in the center of the house are worth two dollars each, then those at the back and the sides are not worth more than a dollar and a half. Here the managers of the theaters would do well to take a hint from the managers of the railroads, and recognize the necessity of "differentials." There would be obvious advantage in returning to the custom of forty and fifty years ago, when the tickets to different parts of the house, were fifty cents, seventy-five cents, a dollar, a dollar and a quarter and a dollar and a half. Only within the past twenty years has the practice become established of imposing a uniform price of two dollars on all the seats on the main floor, — a novelty as noxious as it is abhorrent.

Here again, we may recognize a sign of hope in the custom of having a lower scale for the Wednesday matinees than that maintained for the Saturday matinee and for the evening performances. Probably there would be profit in applying the lower Wednesday matinee scale to the Monday and Tuesday evening performances during a long run, when the receipts are generally barely more than half those taken in on Friday and Saturday evenings. And it is noteworthy that this policy was adopted by Mr. William A. Brady at the Playhouse in New York for the series of performances given by Miss Grace George.

A fourth reason for the unsatisfactory condition of the theatrical business can be found in its over-expansion. Owing to the cut-throat rivalry of two hostile groups of managers, playhouses have been multiplied far beyond the demand of the public, which is of course far beyond the possibility of profit. There are scores of small cities in which a second theater has been erected although the first theater was barely paying its way. To supply these competitive houses far too many inferior companies have

What is the Matter with the Theater? 61

been sent out. And the animosity between the groups has sometimes been so embittered that a first-rate attraction has been placed in one of the theaters specially to compete with another first-rate attraction already announced for the other house. This is simply suicidal. Almost equally foolish has been the policy pursued in what are known as the "one-night stands." These little towns are rarely ready to supply remunerative audiences for more than one or two or, at the most, three evenings a week. Yet the managers have not hesitated to book six consecutive companies to fill every one of the six nights, with the inevitable result that no one of the half-dozen is able to play to one-half of the receipts which would have fallen to the lot of any one of them if its single performance had been the only one in the week. Here we have a group of closely related errors in management, — too many companies, too many theaters, too high prices, and prices too rigidly uniform for seats of varying value and for attractions of varying importance. These are all matters of administration; and therefore they are all of them entirely in the control of the managers themselves. As these managers are believed to be men of affairs, with a keen insight into business conditions, we may hope that sooner or later they will come together to correct these errors, and to put their business on a solid foundation.

There is, however, another condition which is not in the control of the managers, and which is due to the peculiar position held by New York — a position not held by any one of the great cities of Europe. New York is the producing center for new plays; it is the starting point for foreign attractions; and its stamp of approval is deemed to be more or less necessary for success in any of the other cities in the United States. Plays are sometimes forced into a run in New York in the hope that the reputation thus falsely acquired may impose upon the playgoers in Chicago and Philadelphia and Boston. It is not too much

to say that there is now in New York not one theater managed with an eye single to itself: they are all managed with an eye upon the possible profit to be made throughout the whole United States after the play has completed its protracted career in Manhattan. However magnificent may be the reward of a whole season's run in New York, it is not the half of that which awaits its managers in the rest of the country. And as a result, not a single theater in New York has a permanent company of its own; and every company occupying the stage of a metropolitan playhouse is really a road-company, which expects to go wandering east and west, north and south, all over the United States.

This is not the situation in any of the countries of Europe. In France and in England, Paris and London are not only the capitals and the chief centers of urban population, but they are so far ahead of the other cities that they have no rivals. The more important companies of Paris rarely or never "go on the road;" they are anchored in the capital, and for them the provinces offer no alluring temptation. In like manner, the more important companies in London play in London only, and pay very brief and very occasional visits even to cities as large as Edinburgh and Dublin, Manchester and Liverpool. The dramatic authors of Great Britain derive by far the larger part of their British royalties from the performances of their plays in the capital itself; and in like manner the French playwrights make their profit mainly from the Parisian theaters. Both in France and in Great Britain the capital city is all important, and the other towns taken altogether return rewards far inferior to that which the capital city supplies.

Among the German-speaking peoples, on the other hand, there are two capitals, almost equal in authority, Berlin and Vienna. Both of them have their court-theaters, more or less imperially supported; and so have such minor capitals as Munich and Dresden. In other large cities, Frank-

What is the Matter with the Theater? 63

fort, for example, and Hamburg, there are municipal theaters more or less supported by the city itself. All these leading German towns have companies permanently connected with their theaters, changing a little from season to season, but never "going on the road." And each one of these theaters is managed with the sole desire of pleasing the playgoers of the town in which it is situated. Although renowned actors go on starring tours, they play as "guests" supported or rather surrounded by the local company. Very rarely indeed does any German theater allow its actors to appear anywhere but on its own boards. And in Germany there are no "combinations" organized on purpose to "go on the road." This is a more satisfactory condition than can be found here in the United States or even in any other European country, because it encourages the local managers to bring out new plays. It is true, of course, that most dramatic novelties are first exhibited in Berlin or Vienna, but it is also true that not a few of them are originally produced in Dresden or Munich, Hamburg or Frankfort.

Now Germany is a fairly compact country with a fairly homogeneous people, whereas the United States is a straggling territory with a heterogeneous population. We come from different stocks and we dwell under different conditions; and therefore our need of dramatic decentralization is far greater than that of Germany. When we consider that the drama is the most democratic of the arts because it must win popular approval or die, when we recall the diverse desires and aspirations of the inhabitants of separate States, we cannot help admitting that a dramatic literature which should be more freely American, which should have a fuller flavor of the soil, would be more likely to develop if there was a franker recognition of "local option," so to speak, if plays dealing with local conditions had a fair chance of profitable performance in the community which had given them birth. American novelists and short-story writers have put far

more local color into our prose fiction than American dramatists have even tried to put into our plays. The potential playwrights of the fiction-belt of Indiana, for example, are not engaged in composing plays which reveal the true inwardness of the Hoosier primarily for the delight of dwellers on the Wabash; they are trying to concoct pieces to tickle the jaded sensibilities of the Tired Business Man in the tenderloin on the Hudson.

Then there is another striking and significant difference between the conditions in Europe and in the United States. London is the heart of England, whereas New York is not the heart of the United States. Paris represents France, whereas New York does not satisfactorily represent the United States. Berlin is the center of Prussia, whereas New York is the gateway of the United States. Although New York is not the political capital of the country, it is the commercial and financial capital, and it is probably also the literary and artistic capital. Yet only a few of its millions of inhabitants are natives, and only a few more are born of native parents. New York is, more than any other American city, the melting-pot in which aliens from every clime are being melted together to fuse with the native. Because it is the gateway and the melting-pot, New York contains more alien elements not yet assimilated, than any of the other larger cities of the country. And to say this is to say that New York is in some respects the least American city. It is to say that the population of New York is not representative of the population of the United States as a whole, because a vast majority of the population of the United States is not only native and born of native parents but it has acquired American ideas of life, American ideals of conduct, American standards of morals, — ideas and ideals and standards which may or may not be superior to those of the unassimilated aliens of New York but which at any rate are different.

Now if this is the case, it needs no argument to show

that it is unfortunate for the American theater that plays which are produced to please the population of the United States as a whole, should have to begin by pleasing the population of New York. And it is small wonder that a host of plays which have pleased New York in the course of the past few seasons, should have failed to please the playgoers of the rest of the United States. Immigrants and even the children of immigrants (and the average age of the habitual playgoing public is under thirty) cannot be expected to have the point of view of native Americans; they do not see life from the same angle; they do not look at questions of morals and of manners exactly as do we who are native to the soil.

The recent succession of "crook" plays and the even later series of "red light" dramas, false in treatment, maudlin in sentiment, and revolting in taste, were tolerated in New York whereas outside of New York they were discovered to be shocking and abhorrent. Some of them may have been sincere efforts to deal with the darker aspects of life; but not a few of them seemed to be simply speculations in smut, certain to be disgusting to the healthy American palate. It would be difficult to declare exactly just how much of the injury to the theatrical business is to be ascribed to the reaction of decent Americans against this attempt to lure them into beholding stories of vice, unredeemed by any real insight into the more somber problems of our social organization. So far as these plays are concerned, New York proved itself to be unrepresentative of the United States.

As the drama is the most democratic of the arts, therefore the American managers who produce American plays should think and feel as do the American people upon whose approval they depend. It was an absurdity to invite an Englishman, Mr. Granville Barker, to take charge of the New Theater. How could any Englishman, no matter how clever he might be, understand the temper of the American people as the manager of an American

theater ought to understand it? The ultimate failure of Lester Wallack was due to the fact that (although he was a native of New York), he chose resolutely to remain an Englishman, in spite of all temptations to belong to other nations, thereby incapacitating himself for understanding the desires and the preferences of the playgoers he sought to attract to his theater. And it is not without significance that we owe many (if not most) of the more interesting American plays of the past decade to the managers who have a hereditary understanding of the American people by right of their nativity — Mr. Winthrop Ames, Mr. Belasco, Mr. W. A. Brady, Mr. George M. Cohan, Mr. Fiske, Mr. Arthur Hopkins, Mr. George C. Tyler, and Mr. Savage.

These managers may or may not reside in New York; but they understand the people outside of New York. And it is to the people outside of New York that the American drama appeals, and it is upon them that the theatrical business must rely for its prosperity. It is a good augury for the future that first productions are made now and again outside of New York. Mr. George Arliss had a long season in *Disraeli* in Chicago before he came East to play successfully on Broadway; and *Under Cover* filled a Boston theater for weeks the winter before it was brought to New York. Even in distant Los Angeles Mr. Oliver Morosco has dared to be independent and to try out dramatic novelties.

It may seem to some that the question whether or not the theater is making money is of interest only to those in the show-business. As a fact, it is important to all of us who look for an outflowering of the drama here in America and who long to see our own life with its peculiarities and its problems set on the stage with the amplitude and the accuracy with which French life was depicted by the French dramatists of the nineteenth century.

ŒDIPUS AND JOB

I

ALL experience," says Sainte Beuve, "is like a book and it makes no great difference whether one opens to page a hundred and twenty which is the integral calculus, or to page eighty-five which is hearing the band play in the gardens."

It is like a book also in that if one opens in that random way to a puzzling paragraph, the meaning may appear by further study of the paragraph by itself, but as a rule one has to turn back and recover the context. For though humanity is not like a book where one can read the past as closely as the present, it is like a book in that it has a context and a little one can read; only the earlier pages of the great folio of the generations of men are blotted and torn and faded, and then whole leaves and chapters are gone, and then come only loose words, letters, fragments, decay, little hints and long guesses.

If from his own self-knowledge and from observation of his fellows one philosopher concludes that conscience is an innate faculty, and another that it is but the shadow of a social injunction; if M. Maeterlinck sees justice as a mystery full of hazy possibilities, and M. Remy de Gourmont as simply an equilibrium and hence a thing fundamentally undesirable; it seems to follow that conscience and justice are somewhat difficult paragraphs on the immediate page. Have they no context in the book? In its dim old pages one seems to find the consciousness of primitive man in such curious solution with his group that the social custom *is* his conscience, and between his "innate faculty" and his social injunctions there is no conscious difference. Our conception of justice is a composition of diverse elements, some of which are discernible as coming from different directions, however still

mysterious in themselves. One of these elements — which Professor Westermarck believes the principal one — may indeed be a sort of apotheosis of resentment, and M. De Gourmont may call it, if he chooses, an instinct for equilibrium. Revenge is “getting even,” and “Revenge,” said Bacon, “is a kind of wild justice.”

No river has, properly speaking, any source except the sea which is also its goal. Where water begins to flow visibly, which will have to flow farthest before reaching the sea, is commonly called the source of the river, but the definition is trivial, however practical. Such blended conceptions as conscience, justice, and sin are conditions of our minds, characteristics of their make up, like lakes whose shape is determined by the land around them; some of the contents may have fallen directly from the clouds, or been mysteriously condensed out of the atmosphere, but the mass of it has flowed in more or less visibly, and in part from other gatherings of water of quite different shape and farther back in the wilderness. The parallel is not very exact.

And yet the Book of Job and the tragedy of *Œdipus*, those dramatizations of the conflict of two irreconcilable ideas, are they not, in their tossing and struggle, like the agony of water falling from one level to another? God is strong and just. Therefore the sufferer must be wicked. But Job was good! What can it mean? *Œdipus* knew nothing of the sins he was committing. If Apollo did not order the parricide and the incest, then destiny ordered them, and Apollo's prophecy was a part of the trap, and *Œdipus* ran upon it when he was doing his best to avoid it. He is a good man who has had the misfortune to become “wicked.” Definitions of words do not help the fact that he calls it sin, and is racked and crushed by remorse, and has all the sensations of unspeakable guilt. Is there no difference in the eyes of the gods between guilt and bad luck? Are sin and misfortune the same? Job and his friends, and *Œdipus* and the

chorus, all struggle with the problem to no conclusive result.

Do there crawl
Live things of evil from the deep
To leap on man? —
Oh, let me live unstained till I die,
For the laws are holy!

The case of *Œdipus* is more subtle and appalling than that of *Job*, for *Job* does not feel wicked, but *Œdipus* does. He has become a moral leper, "Unclean! Unclean!" The chorus prays to be protected from the dread contaminating peril which lurks and hangs to left and right and overhead. Safety is only in straight, narrow and prescribed paths. One step aside, one breach of the law, and the thing may fall, and you are infected, tainted, smitten with the curse. Whether you have broken an injunction, or some "evil eye" has witched you; whether you have been careless, or as careful as you know how; however it comes about, the evil that falls upon you is the same.

But can it be that the gods are indifferent whether the unfortunate is guiltless or not? We poor mortals endeavor after something we call justice. Do the rules of the wide universe make no endeavor after it? "He sendeth his rain upon the just and the unjust" was one of the saddest admissions that the phenomenon of life drove into the heart of young humanity, and the ache of it is there to-day, when the continuing evidence still clinches the conclusion that it is largely true. The oracle doomed the helpless *Œdipus*, as Calvinistic theology doomed the helpless non-elect, and against both of them something in humanity revolted. And yet both are distant recognitions of the fact of nature. The warfare is inherent. We can neither reconcile ourselves to nature, nor separate ourselves from her. We are a part of her, yet we know a law of which she knows nothing. We

predicate a justice beyond her, not because we see evidence of it, but because our hearts demand it. We struggle with the thought, like Jacob with the angel, all through the night, crying, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me."

So that, after all, it does make some difference, whether we open the book of experience at the integral calculus or at hearing the band play in the gardens. In a way, it makes all the difference, for they are type pages, and all the pages in the book are of one or the other of these two types, or contain them both, mingled and yet separable. If a man makes gods of the harvest or the storm, or says "God is the First cause," he is at a calculus type of page. If he makes gods for the comfort of his despair or the goal of his aspirations, or says, "God is the unutterable sigh of the human heart," he is at a band-in-the-garden type of page. The two pages are written in languages so different that the meaning of one cannot be rendered in the idiom of the other. Or we might put it in this way, that the book of experience is interlinear, like a book of songs, one line in words and letters of the alphabet, and the next in notes of a musical score. But they do not seem to be written for each other. We would fain sing the words to the music, and understand the music through the words; we would fain sing the universe to the melodies we feel, and make a broad intelligible path from a world without us to a world within; and we can do neither of these things.

II

All natural life is a struggle to continue and perpetuate itself. Every separate life and every species is bred to this issue. The chance of survival, given to lower forms by multitudinous procreation, is given to the higher species by a normal condition of intense and constant watchfulness. Danger is the atmosphere they live in. The

dominating element in the feeling of early man toward all things not himself, or of his immediate group, is a suspicious apprehension. Power to harm is not only conceived of as localized in particular objects, but as inherent in things in general. This generalization of the Fear is not a human achievement, but the human version of animal watchfulness. When innumerable objects to be feared have produced a temperamental fear, nature herself has made the generalization. It is not that "from a multitude of things having power arises the notion of a continuum of power, a world of unseen magical activity lying behind the visible universe" (Harrison); it is rather that out of the fear of a multitude of things having power, arises a continuum of fear, suspicion, or watchfulness, and out of this subconscious continuum of fear or awe arises the conscious notion of a continuum of power. The leaping crawling evil, whose approach is misfortune, its touch contamination, its grasp ruin and death, is the objective of the Fear. It is an innate belief caused by an innate condition. Monotheism does not grow out of polytheism so much as out of an already unified sense of awe. It is not a generalization by the reason, but the projection of an emotion already generalized.

The Iroquois word "orenda" and the Melanesian "mana" mean much the same thing. It is that power, or allotment of the power, residing in a person or thing, to accomplish anything. "The orenda of a hunter is pitted against the orenda of his prey." Possibly everything has it in some degree, at any rate anything may have it in a dangerous degree. It may pass from one thing to another by contact or nearness, but especially by contact. It is contagious and infectious. It may be benevolent or malevolent. You induce the good will, or protect yourself against the hostility, if you can. The art of doing so is called magic. In general you think of it as dangerous, much as you think of any stranger as probably an enemy, or as any animal, at any odd sound or sight, immediately

thinks, "Danger!" The world is a live wire charged with peril. Any object which looks odd gives suspicion that it is heavily charged. Taboos are warnings, signs, "Keep off the grass," "Look out for the locomotive," "Streng verboten," regulations and prohibitions, so that one may not run into ambushed disaster or catch the disease of ill luck.

"Holy" or "unclean," "lucky" or "unlucky," are different phases of the same idea. Holy things make holy, unclean things unclean, whatever touches them. A lucky stone in your pocket makes you lucky, an unlucky stone unlucky; the quality, influence, power, mana, orenda, resident in things is transferable, as the magnetism of a magnet magnetizes another piece of iron.

All the vast phenomena of ceremonial cleanness and ritual precautions, "clean and unclean" animals, all forms of taboo and contact-dread, all sacrifices and communion feasts, seem to run back to the idea of the transferable nature of this power—beneficent or maleficent but particularly the latter—which permeates and flows through everything, which emanates from things like an odor, which is so concentrated in this thing as to be dangerous, and so diluted in most things as perhaps to be negligible, but which may come forth to help or injure from almost anything.

The fear of ill luck haunts the savage night and day. His life is enmeshed in a network of taboos. A taboo is anything one must not do lest ill luck befall, and ill luck is catching like a disease. If my next door neighbor breaks a taboo, the unpleasant consequences are likely to be passed on to me and mine—Hence the violator of a taboo is an object of communal vengeance.—The most striking instance of taboo-breaking is the violation of the law of exogamy, the law against marriage within the kin. (Marett.)

Now, whether the consequent evil is called, or conceived of, as ill luck or the curse or infection, a disease or the wrath of God, the conception is fundamentally the

same. Whether you catch the evil through your own fault or not is a minor matter, for the evil is the same. One supposes there is a rule against every danger, and if one knew and perfectly obeyed them all one would presumably be immune from ill luck, vaccinated against all evil. Of course one does not know them all. The medicine man or priest knows more law than most people. The scrupulously careful man in these matters is the prototype of the religious man. The sinless man, who breaks no rule, is almost necessarily prosperous.

*Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,
Non eget Mauris jaculis nec arcu.*

“I have been young and now I am old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken.”

III

Consciousness of humanity as humanity, of the species man, is a late development. If we picture him as slowly emerging from “nature,” we must also observe that he still more slowly becomes aware that he has emerged, that an impassable gulf lies between him and all life below and behind. Himself and nature seem to him one indivisible whole. But his mind moving naturally from the known to the unknown, he does not suppose himself like “nature;” he supposes “nature” like himself. Feeling himself conscious and with a spirit something, or resident power, active within him, he supposes everything is conscious with a spirit something, or resident power, active within it. This supposition of the humanity of nature, this ignoring of the gulf, shows its lingering trails in the innumerable metamorphoses of folk-lore; this seeing everything like himself in all the anthropomorphic gods.

Indeed we state the same thing, and emphasize this absorbing relationship in another way, when we say that to the savage the nature or essence of anything is its re-

lation to him or to his group. The nature of this animal is to be good to eat, the nature of that tree to furnish bark for canoes. Just as in the interfolded and blended configuration of New England hills, the names "Baldwin Hill, Church Hill, Bell Hill, Painter Hill" do not essentially mean to country folk any visible configurations. Essentially they mean the hill roads, and where there is no road there is usually no name. The essence of the hills is their human relationship. They are things one has to climb.

So far as we now tend to conceive humanity and the human order in terms of nature and nature's order, we reverse the primitive, who conceived nature and nature's order in terms that he knew best, which were human. So do the poets still conceive, and Ruskin denounced the habit. Foam is not "cruel" nor the morning "jocund." But poetry is rooted in forgotten ages and immune to the criticism.

"Ought," to us, is social; "must" is natural. If a man is mortally ill he "must" die. But if nature is moral he also "ought" to die. If man and nature have the same law, the "ought" of the one is the same as the "must" of the other. "Whatever is, is right," is a reassertion of the primitive's point of view — his inability to conceive of humanity as having struck out a new path for itself, and gone "voyaging through strange seas — alone."

The primitive boundaries of right are not the limits of the individual as against society, nor yet of society as against nature, but radiate in unbroken lines from the center of society to the circumference of the cosmos. . . . The visible world was parcelled out into an ordered structure reflecting, or continuous with, the tribal microcosm, and so informed with types of representation which are of social origin. To this the order of nature owes its moral character. It is regarded as not only necessary, but right or just, because it is a projection of the social constraint imposed by the group upon the individual, and in that constraint "must" and "ought" are identical. (Cornford.)

Ancient faith held, and in part modern religion still holds,

that moral excellence and material prosperity must go together, that man by obeying Themis, the Right, can control the way of nature. This strange faith, daily disproved by reason, is in part the survival of the conviction, best seen in totemism, that man and nature are one indivisible whole. (Harrison.)

Now, when men have become conscious of themselves in organic groups, and have also seen that nature is also grouped, they again suppose the same kind of grouping. Totemism is the identification of a species with a human group. The men of the emu totem insist that emus and emu-men are the same, but kangaroos and kangaroo-men are different from them. The men of the kangaroo totem agree that they and the kangaroos are the same, but that emu-men are different from them. Totemism, it has been suggested, arises in part from the desire to emphasize and realize more vividly the group solidarity by identifying it with the emphatic and unmistakable unity of species. The men of one totem are "all one flesh" *because* they are "all one flesh" with their totem animal. They get from the idea the emphatic sense of social solidarity which they need. Totem groups are generally exogamous, and folk-lore abounds in the intermarriage of animals of different species. But some groups are endogamous like real species. Caste is a sort of attempt at imitative species.

However that may be, the group unity was successfully emphasized. If one has a cancer, it is not a question of sympathy with that unfortunate portion of the body: it is a question of saving one's life. If one dove in a dove cote is crippled, the other doves attack and cast it out, because their instincts say nothing about sympathy with individuals, but only about advantage to the community. In primitive human society too, the group rather than the individual seems to be the moral unit. Oedipus and Job and the misfortunes of innocence do not, in such a society, puzzle or revolt the mind or conscience of any of its normal members.

Now when, into this moral code, hitherto wholly or predominantly social in its nature and aims, there began to creep or increase considerations for the individual, a doubt whether the group was everything and the person nothing — when “justice” and “right” began to mean issues between man and man, or even between a man and his group, and not merely observance of those tribal laws, common customs and sanctioned habits which maintained the group — this change in the conception of the social order passed over to and was held good for the natural order, since the two were still thought of as the same. An innocent man injured by group action being now held to have something wrong about it, it appeared also wrong for an innocent man to be unfortunate. Fortune “ought” to be “just.” “Shall not the judge of all the earth do right?” The conception of nature had shifted, following a shift in the conception of society. But the realities of society had actually followed the shift in conception, because they consist of that conception, whereas the realities of nature remained precisely as they were before. The new conception of nature was not as true as the old one.

When it was believed that the gods punished the tribe for the sins of its members, or a member for the sins of his tribe, “this belief was not only effective in practice but substantially true in theory.” But when it was taught “that the gods always punished the individuals for their own sins, the formula lost so much of its truth as to lose nearly all of its effectiveness.” (Hadley.)

To study the universe, and then, turning back to humanity and human society with altered eyes, to attempt the statement of man in terms of nature, is comparatively modern. Of old the statement was of nature in terms of man. The wrench and struggle, old beyond measurement and yet unfinished, to set the two apart — to realize that whether nature ultimately makes all laws for man

or not, man does not make laws for nature; that his moral jurisdiction stops short at his own frontiers, and beyond them there are no personal rights — this wrench and struggle and crying out of great pain are the subject-matter of the book of Job, the central motif of the *Œdipus*. Job is crushed not only because his wealth and his children are gone and he sits alone in the ashes, but because the fair structure of his moral universe seems to have broken down, and his whole soul cries out against admitting it.

The primitive said, "The whole world is the same as we are," and it was not. The facing of the fact drove Job to the ash heap of despair and the choruses of *Œdipus* to helpless contradictions. Some modern men have said: "We are the same as the whole world," and we are not. For instance we are just or unjust, and nature is neither.

These conceptions of primitive man — mana, totem, and magic — seem strange enough to us now, though the threads of them are inwoven in our thoughts and govern our feelings, our goings out and our comings in.

First: He thought of the whole universe, both nature and man, in the same terms, namely, in terms of man and his society. He thought of everything as having, what he felt himself to have, some kind of indwelling power. For the most part he thought of that power as dangerous rather than beneficent, and attempted to manipulate it by magic and to avoid it by taboos.

Second: His general feeling of fear, as well as his fear of particular things, came up with him from below into humanity. The object of that generalized fear or awe was the projection of it. (Monotheism is as primitive as polytheism. The much debated and often shifted line between magic and religion may perhaps as reasonably as anywhere be drawn at the point where one begins to think of the Power, or Powers, as *like himself*, instead of as *like something in himself* — as a being, or beings, to be pleaded with and propitiated, instead of a mere force or forces to

be checked or manipulated. Religion begins with personification.)

Third: When the fear, awe, sense of power unseen and latent everywhere, have projected their one blended conception, and so far as that projection is thought of as a power to harm, his attitude toward it was something like that of a modern man toward infectious and contagious but preventable disease. What things he must and must not do in order not to catch it were traditional and prescribed. The dogmatists claimed that the rules were sufficient. Hence when a man has "caught it" as violently as Job, he must have broken the rules badly, he must have been an extraordinary sinner. Contrarywise, when he has, like *Œdipus*, unquestionably broken the most absolute, imperative rules among all known rules, he must have "caught it" in the deadliest form. *Œdipus* himself admitted it. He recognized himself as necessarily an outcast.

Fourth: The social group was almost as organic as a hive of bees, and every member's moral ideas were all directed to the maintenance of the group.

Fifth: The rise of personal values on the moral horizon introduced an irreconcilable element, a definite breach with nature. He still thought of his own laws, his social right and wrong, as holding good for nature, but his social ideas had changed, whereas nature had not changed.

Sixth: Unlucky and sinful are two ideas arising from the division of one idea. In *Œdipus* and *Job* the division is half felt but not achieved.

IV

So long as it was collectively believed that the group was punished for its sins and prospered by its virtues, there was enough truth in it to maintain the theory; but when the individual was substituted for the group, and one tried to hold that God, or the gods, or the universe, was just to every man by himself, the discrepancy with

thronging and patent facts was too great, and the theory fell down. The friends of Job argued that since he was unfortunate he must be wicked. Job knew better. But the author of the book had no solution. His Jehovah, who should deliver the conclusion of the whole matter and close the discussion, delivers magnificent poetry, but throws no light on the subject, save the glare of his indignation that anything so insignificant as man should have any opinion about it. Job was silenced but not answered. The opinion of the author would appear to be that the problem was humanly insoluble.

The same question was submitted to Christ in connection with a man born blind, whether it was the man or his parents who had sinned. The questioner's point of view was that of Job's friends, namely: "Since God is just, where there is suffering there must be sin. Whose sin was here?" The modern eugenicist, who is interested only in causes that can be attacked, would have answered: "Probably his parents, in this case. Congenital blindness has usually that origin." The answer of Christ was: "Neither he nor his parents, but that the works of God should be made manifest in him." And this answer gives no more satisfaction to us than Jehovah's to Job. It seems to mean: He was born blind for the sake of the miracle which you are about to witness. It may mean more. But one suspects that a number of things were said at the time by the teacher, and forgotten by the disciples, who were more interested in miracles than in ethical philosophy. For the life of Christ does furnish a sort of answer to the problem, a personal solution at least, and something to this effect: "I did not sin, and yet I suffered. But I was willing to do so. For any man who was willing to suffer unjustly, the problem, so far as himself is concerned, disappears. So far as other men are concerned, his business is to help, not to solve."

If any answer is attempted nowadays, it perhaps agrees with that answer, but makes an addition. Justice, it

says, is a conception springing out of human relations, and applying to human conduct. Its extension beyond these is an inference which breaks down. You cannot bring the universe into a court of law, or arraign it before a moral code, or measure it by a moral standard. Man has branched off on a strange road of his own. Nature knows nothing of his new experiences and is unaware of his conclusions.

After all, it is something like this that runs through the thunderous scorn of Jehovah to Job, namely: The trouble is you are trying to describe something in terms that do not apply to it. Is the universe "just"? Is the soul round or square? Can you measure time by the bushel? What is the price of the morning? Elihu announces, "I will ascribe righteousness to my Maker," and his Maker tells him that his "words are without knowledge" and a "darkening of council."

Man has become something more than a portion of "nature." He has broken a new trail, and will never again return the way he came. All his "returns to nature" are episodic. The path he has taken has its own realities and goals. His vision within is as solid a fact as his physical eyesight, but it is different kind of fact. The God to whom he "will ascribe righteousness" and cry, "His banner over me is love!" is no projection or inhabitant of the heavens or the earth, but of his own heart. "Nature knows nothing of justice," he says, "and what of it? You and I know something of justice, and we know that it is something. Look for it where it is, not where it is not."

Can we ever humanize the universe, or even our round domestic earth, or force it to meet our demands, to deal with us by laws that we lay down? It is not an inconceivable ideal so to order procreation that no child shall be born without a normally healthy body and mind, and that practically all shall continue in health, be provided with an education and means to earn a living, and prac-

tically all die of old age. We may forestall all hunger and disease, control floods and storms, establish an *entente cordiale* with every practicable climate on the globe, and so limit and surround the domain of accident that misfortune shall again presumably always be someone's fault, and the sin and ill luck again tend to merge toward the same idea. We may humanize nature by foresight and contrivance, as our forefathers attempted to by inference and analogy. A world bereft of chance may seem a prospect more comfortable than exhilarating; or a world subdued to man's hand may be conceived of as the preliminary basis for more daring and yet undreamed of flights of his spirit; but at any rate it is not inconceivable.

The old attempt to state nature in terms of man was persistent but unsuccessful; the analogy broke down; the terms would not apply. The modern attempt to state man in terms of nature is also persistent but unsuccessful; the analogy breaks down; the terms will not apply. As time has no cubic contents, nor the morning any price, neither have the dreams that stir and glimmer within me while the band plays in the gardens any recognition or acquaintance with the formulas of the integral calculus. The heart's long sigh and waiting pain and nameless hope are no dances of the atoms, and have no more to do with geology than has "nature" with "justice." The paths divided long ago, in the uplands of the wilderness. Whitman says:

I give nothing as duties,

What others give as duties I give as living impulses.

Shall I give the heart's action as a duty? —

Whatever tastes sweet to the most healthy person, that is finally right. —

Animals . . . do not sweat and whine about their condition,

They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins,

They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God,

Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the mania of owning things,

Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth.

These "returns to nature" nearly always bring with them a sense of better sanity and sincerity, like a current of fresh air in a close room. Or as if one periodically drew back from his long task to breathe and recuperate, to shift his footing, grown insecure, before bending to his task again. But it is only a happy episode. It is not the main work in hand.

And there comes a lull in a hot race,
An air of coolness plays upon his face,
And then he thinks he knows
The Hills where his life rose.

But he need not think thereby he also knows

The Sea where it goes.

For such visions are recollections not prophecies. They tell him of the Hills, but not of the Sea. His past lies in his resurging instincts, but his future lies in his task and its path leads him away from "nature." We have built up conceptions that are not in nature, and we shall never surrender them.

The Whitman message means that a man's salvation is to fall in step with the universe, to lie back on nature and breathe her strength, to cease to strain away from her. When Omar sent his soul through the invisible, and his soul came back and reported: "I myself am heaven and hell," it was an anti-Whitman report. One says: "I am a part of nature, and my power as well as my peace is to be natural." The other says: "I am something other than nature, and my gain as well as my glory is to increase the difference." For granted that our conscientious reasonings are three-fourths made of old and buried things, our aspirations three-fourths instinct, and ourselves three-fourths rooted in the brown earth; yet there remains a fourth, a something insurmountable, ineffable and not in antecedent nature at all.

“All is good that comes from the hand of nature, all is corrupted in the hands of man —” is good Genevan doctrine, with “nature” substituted for “God.” But whether we repeat that “only man is vile” or not, what we believe is that only man is important; that all lower life is a means to a higher life, and yet again a higher; that the one critical place in the universe is that tremulous gleaming salient where the highest life yet known is burning its way upward.

That strikes us as good poetry, but we are not content to let the matter go without a little prose that our contributor is good enough to invite us to add.

It is Nature's blindness to justice — her unswerving disregard for anything in man's acts but the acts themselves; her absolute lack (except as she occasionally gives us a second or even later chance) of mercy or pity for ignorance or weakness or hereditary taint or passion of any kind, or for any cramping of circumstance; her absolute indifference to motive — it is these apparent deficiencies in her treatment of man that have forced him to study and regard the consequences of his acts, and so have evolved him into an intellectual and moral being — evolved a quite wide-reaching instinct for profitable conduct and unprofitable conduct, which we call right and wrong, the instinct being what we call conscience. And part of the same evolution under the same unyielding conditions have been man's conception of morality, and enthusiasm for it. He early became conscious of the force behind the conditions, and this complex of the force and the conditions, he has expressed in his various mythologies, through sundry anthropomorphic conceptions. It was Job's confidence that, despite Nature's merciless adherence to the conditions, they worked on the whole for good, that evoked his message to the ages: “Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.” [EDITOR.]

THE TWO OPPOSING RAILROAD VALUATIONS

THE Federal Valuation law was passed in March, 1913. On behalf of the Interstate Commerce Commission the cost of making the valuation was variously estimated at from one and one quarter million dollars to five million; the time at from one to five years. Three and a half years have passed. It develops that the cost will probably exceed sixty million dollars. Less than thirty per cent of the inventorying has been finished. The Commission now hopes to complete the field labor in four years more, but a more impartial estimate is six or seven years. After that there will be the great legal battles to interpret what is and what is not value, and to revise both data and conclusions. A new period of suspense will follow, possibly longer, and certainly more arduous, than that devoted to the initial measurements.

But the valuation of railroads on the exchanges and in the public markets costs nothing, is made every day in accord with the conditions of that day, and is immeasurably more nearly correct, in the real sense, and immeasurably more useful than any conceivable governmental valuation can be.

The utility of the government valuation is beginning to be doubted. Senator Townsend, of the Committee which drafted the law, has publicly questioned it. He has expressed the wish that Congress were now able to reverse the vote by which it committed itself to the policy. Many who still favor the valuation in theory, believe that it will never catch up with the unceasing changes in the properties measured, so that it must always be out of date and ineffective. Although the Interstate Commerce Commission cleaves to it as to a creed, the valuation is assuredly ripe for investigation, if not for abandonment.

Two Opposing Railroad Valuations 85

Senator Lafollette was the chief champion of the measure in the Senate; Professor Commons the guiding spirit in framing the details. Hon. Charles A. Prouty, the leader in developing the policies of the Interstate Commerce Commission, has resigned from its membership in order to become the Director of the Valuation Division. The law was radical in origin; its execution is in charge of one who carries out radical ideas with reasonableness and poise. In the hands of a less balanced extremist, the valuation would prove so absurd as not to be feared. Under his guidance it assumes a dangerous importance, both at law and in the court of popular opinion.

The era of conferring weighty authority upon commissions is a revulsion from a period of license. The valuation law is the arch-type of the measures that have been passed under a blind spell of trust and enchantment. It presents the Commission with vast powers, that go to the roots of railroad finance, and deal with the national welfare. There was then no doubt or hesitation behind the generous gift. The enthusiastic faith that the setting apart of a few men in appointive commissions offers the solution of vexed problems, is now somewhat sobered. Nevertheless these improvised bodies are still seeking more power and wider duties, and are endeavoring to take the actual administration of railways out of the hands of managements of life-long experience. The consequences of the Federal Valuation upon railroad finance, where misconception and ignorance can hardly fail to work irreparable havoc, call for no easy-going submission, or reliance upon a post-mortem correction.

There is, and always has been, another valuation of the railroads. The value placed upon their securities in the public market is an approximately true expression of the value of the properties. Another standard of value is simply another definition. The market valuation is useful. It has made possible the building and equipping of the railroads, and furnished them forth as they actually

are, for the public service. Without it there would be no railroads, and no such opportunity for the investment of savings. Based squarely upon financial requisites, without theorizing, circumlocutions and self-deceptions, it has served as one of the most powerful instruments of advancement that civilization has been able to devise. This is a practical valuation. It works.

The Federal Valuation is to be derived by standards different from those of the market valuation. It faces backward, looking to the past. Its values will probably be different. At any rate it is to be a superseding valuation, annulling the present standards as fixed by the securities. The Federal Valuation is to take effect upon the market valuation by means of revisions of railroad rates.

If, by happy chance, the two valuations should coincide, then the Federal Valuation would clearly be useless, an extravagance of idle vagary that railroads and government alike could ill afford, and that its sponsors do not intend. But if, as is intended, the Federal Valuation shall disagree with the market valuation, it could not fail to be most deeply injurious. It is more likely to impoverish security holders than to make them wealthy, but either result is bad when accomplished by fiat of law. Thus the Federal Valuation is useless or it is detrimental. It is doubtful if it can be made to work, even temporarily, but in any event it will be short-lived.

Some railroad managers, disapproving the principle of valuation, have nevertheless acquiesced in its practice. They believe it will prove useless to the Commission, but may be useful to the railroads, by laying the ghost of watered capital, and preventing reckless and improvident reductions of rates. Knowing the great cost of railroad properties, they are convinced that a fair Federal Valuation must at least support the market valuation of securities: that it cannot be less. This is, however, only an assumption. The reckoning leaves out the peculiar mental processes employed in the Federal Valuation.

Two Opposing Railroad Valuations 87

The real cost of constructing the railroads, to be ascertained as prescribed in the law, has already been abandoned by the Valuation Division as unascertainable. Nevertheless land values are being computed as of the date of construction, setting aside the worth that years have brought to right of way, and to terminals in what are now the great cities. An inexcusably exaggerated depreciation, so-called, is being calculated as a deduction from value. Costs of acquisition of connecting railroads, necessary in creating through routes, are apparently to be ignored. The "value" found will be neither cost nor selling price, but a new figure, hitherto unknown, and unreal.

It appears that the principal reliance of the Commission will be a guess at the bare cost of reproducing a railroad just as it stands, under a hypothetical program of cheap and rapid construction with modern machinery, facilities, connections and prices; with no allowance for mistakes, high initial cost of capital, or evolutionary rebuilding, and too little allowance for the usual indirect expenses of law, finance, engineering, organization and contingencies. Profits in construction, and surplus earnings used on the property, are both to be eliminated. Especial care is taken to place reasonably low unit prices on labor and materials. This is the spirit of the valuation, as it has been revealed to date. Some details may be changed and other factors considered before the final conclusion. The nearest approach as yet to the finished product is the "tentative valuations" of four small railroads in the South and West. In these many of the unit prices are lower than contractors would undertake to do the work for, and the elements of value assembled therefrom are, in addition, unreasonably pruned and reduced.

Thus the market valuation is not safe from inroads. The Federal Valuation may not injure the strongest and wealthiest properties, but weaker systems, those most in need of financial encouragement, will undoubtedly suffer.

A diplomatic acquiescence in the valuation by any railroad is an unsound policy.

The major premise of the Federal Valuation is false. In any transportation enterprise, the immediate interests of capital, labor and the public are opposed. Each has a share in the total benefit of the undertaking, and the amount of that share depends on the size of the other two shares. But capital, labor and the public also have a more permanent, and larger, common interest. Each must have the coöperation of the other two before there can be an enterprise, or continuing benefits therefrom to be divided. Business, and especially transportation, is being administered more and more on a permanent basis of sharing fairly, and less on the temporary basis of grasping ruthlessly.

The valuation is aimed at the share of capital. To suppose that railroad capital, as it now exists, is getting more than its fair share is fallacious. As a matter of fact, it is getting too little, so that railroad enterprise is losing vigor. There is less new construction to-day than at any time since before the Civil War. One-sixth of railroad mileage is in the hands of receivers. Even the quota of equipment has been allowed to fall behind. But the Commission does not seek to restore the balance by increasing, or making more certain, the share of capital. The Federal Valuation is still directed to the end of restricting that share, so that the abuse of excessive return may be rectified, and the public, and labor also, may receive their just due. This is the sanction of the valuation. It is a fixed and dangerous delusion, unaffected by the most patent facts of the financial condition of the roads.

In the hearings before the law was passed, Senator Cummins expressed fear lest the valuation might show a sum greater than the par of securities outstanding. This was hardly fair-minded: it showed motive. However, in order to take the sting from this apprehension, he

Two Opposing Railroad Valuations 89

then stated the theory of rate of return upon which the valuation idea rests. The real difference between railroad property and that of private corporations is that "the former may only earn a fair and reasonable return upon the value, whatever that may be, and in the latter the owner is permitted to earn any profits that he may under the laws of commerce and of trade." Professor Commons assented. The fundamental purpose is to limit railroad profits, whether or not the valuation shows the par of securities to be fully sustained. If railroads in their capacity as public servants earn more than a fair return on the value of their property devoted to public use, the profits are extortionate.

Now this is an untenable principle, especially if the value of the properties is illiberally construed. Railroads are insatiate consumers of capital. They spend more than they earn. They obtain funds only by sales of securities that compete in open market with securities of private industry, and with the war loans. If the returns to capital are less in railroads than in private industry, money will not be obtainable by railroads. That is elementary and obvious. The market valuation, as source of capital, puts securities of every class on an equality, having regard to both risk of loss and chance of profits. Investors cannot be driven. They take what they prefer, and keep their money if they do not care to buy.

Behind the distinction between railroads and private property, lies a fatal misconception. It is that new investment may be made safe and profitable after the existing investment has been passed through a forced readjustment. If earnings are reduced, the market might fall, to be sure, but the lower level of prices would then be attractive to investors! The Procrustes' bed of valuation may cut off feet and head from investments, but a restricted income will thereafter provide sufficient nourishment for the diminished body!

The theory is unnatural. There are two insurmount-

able difficulties. One is the shock to investors: the other that no avenue of investment would remain.

Few roads have first mortgage bonds for sale. The bonds they can offer are now almost invariably of junior lien. In addition, the proportion of debt to stock has so increased during these last years of doubtful outlook, that preservation of credit must soon necessitate stock, instead of bond, financing. But any reduction in market value will make stock, and junior bonds, unsalable. These issues are already unmarketable for a very considerable proportion of railroads. They will bear the brunt of whatever decreases are effected in earning power.

Junior securities cannot be shoved aside by the Federal Valuation and got out of the way. They have their legal rights. They are the existing means of financing railroads. To ignore them, to expose them to unrestrained attack by imposing an idealistic valuation, is to blink the real problem. In order to create some other and better class of security, the underlying mortgages also would have to be eliminated, and the structure of finance stripped down to the rails. It is a convulsion that the valuation portends. Capital cannot be drawn into railroads by promising a fair return on value, "whatever that may be." An attractive return on a substantial market price must instead be provided for the class of securities which the railroads can offer. In so far as it may accomplish the end of interfering with the market valuation, the Federal Valuation brings a break down of railroad financing, threatens the destruction of investments.

An ambitious program of regulation and management has been postulated on the carrying out of the Federal Valuation. The objectives were stated in an article published by Mr. Prouty last January. First he describes as follows the processes of railroad regulation: determining the amount of securities which shall be issued; fixing the standards by which the roadway and equipment shall

Two Opposing Railroad Valuations 91

be constructed and maintained; prescribing the schedules upon which trains shall be run and the train crews which shall be used in the operation of these trains; determining the charge which may be made for every service rendered by the common carrier. He believes "the government must possess and exercise when necessary all the above authority."

Next he shows the bearing of the Federal Valuation on this scheme of regulation. "The value of the property is a basic fact lying at the foundation of all intelligent treatment of these utilities. No commission can determine the amount of securities to be issued or the rates to be applied, nor can it fix the standards of construction, maintenance and operation without an accurate knowledge of this fact."

Mr. Prouty thinks that this program can be followed without discouraging investment. He is not impressed with the idea that "the government can impound the money which has been invested, and compel additional investment to protect that already made." However he holds out no assurance that the market value of securities will be protected by the Commission's valuation. Nor can he. The valuation does not measure money put into securities, but what the Commission may find in the property.

The aim is not regulation but management. It is a visionary control by means of an impractical theory. All of the uncomfortable problems of management are to be reduced to placidity by using rules and formulæ that go back behind them. The functions proposed for the Commission and the Federal Valuation, have hitherto been carried on, in a rough practical way, by the market valuation and the operating officers. It is the end of evolution from within, and the substitution of authority from without. Form vanquishes substance.

But the Commission has not the powers presumed for it by Mr. Prouty. The methods used by it to beget

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power have recoiled upon its head. A large share of this authority has passed beyond its grasp, never to return.

There has been a propaganda for self-aggrandizement. The Commission has made insidious attacks upon capital in the endeavor to wrest the management of railroads from the owners. Scandals of private ownership have been aired. Mistakes have been distorted into crimes. Heavy blame has been given in matters of innocent administrative judgment, both for lack of success and for too great success. But of praise for the skill, integrity and manhood of private ownership as a whole, there is not a line in the Commission's official utterances. It has desired to usurp the authority of the owners over their properties, and it has accordingly implied that they were using that authority unwisely and unfairly.

Thus the belief that capital has been getting more than its share is fostered. Now the Commission has not been in position to increase or decrease the share of labor. Its activities have been confined to decisions affecting the respective shares of the public and of the owners. Indirectly, by keeping down rates and putting up expenses, it has left labor chilled. The vicious circle has now been completed. Labor has vaulted over the head of the Commission to obtain a fuller share in railroad enterprise through direct control. It flouts the valuation, and all other tithing of mint and cummin by commissions. Fictions of bureaucracy have been overruled by revolt of a stronger and more vital force.

The eight-hour pay law has as yet no great bearing on train schedules. The demand for one hundred and fifty per cent payment for overtime beyond eight hours will have some effect. The genuine eight-hour day, the excuse for the emergency legislation, would alter nearly two-thirds of the train schedules. Like the full-crew and short-train laws, this recent enactment is to be laid directly to legislature and not to commissions. Nevertheless it marks the beginning of the end of the towering

Two Opposing Railroad Valuations 93

structure of commission control. It would prove impossible to satisfy labor, now that blood has been tasted, by the cold calculations of the Interstate Commerce Commission as to train crews and schedules. If it assumes the burden of deciding labor's share its independence and its authority will disappear. Issues have been raised with labor, with the aid of the Commission's propaganda, which cannot be arbitrated, mediated, or regulated; or legislated out of existence. In order to be settled they must be fought out sooner or later.

Standards of maintenance, schedules and train crews all represent problems too urgent for valuation processes, even if considered solely from the side of capital. The theory of Mr. Prouty appears to be that railroads may be ordered to run trains, buy rails and equipment, and hire men according to the rate of return they happen to be earning on the value of their properties. If the profits are excessive additional service can be demanded, but if the roads are poor they may be excused. Some western commissions have tried this plan. In effect it gives the Commission the right to draw on the railroad for money according to the results of the valuation. It is a preposterous notion. Under present conditions three million reports a year are required of the railroads by the Commission. Large systems have to make one hundred and ten thousand to one hundred and twenty thousand reports apiece. An accounting requirement, that serves no practical purpose, adds to expenses seventy million dollars a year. Two-thirds of the cost of the valuation is being saddled on the railroads. The boiler inspection is administered in the most costly and tediously impractical manner. A large part of the time and energies of railroad executives are occupied with hearings, held by clerks and subordinates of the Commission, in which oral testimony is exacted in order to introduce in evidence the very facts already covered by the millions of sworn reports. The Interstate Commerce Commission may not be so narrowly

partisan as the state commissions. But it is more extravagant than any. The condition would be intolerable if it were to take control over the largest expense accounts of railroads, no matter whether or not the bill were passed on to the public. The preservation of capital's share from the rust of waste is the task of the owners, in which the Federal Valuation can hardly assist.

Then there is, according to Mr. Prouty, the determination of the amount of securities to be issued. Anyone can determine value received for securities issued, without spending sixty million dollars for a valuation. The intention is plainly to limit the aggregate of securities outstanding, to the value of the properties. There would then be no water, viewed from the standpoint of the valuation.

This plan has been tried in Texas under the scheme of regulation perfected by Judge Reagan. That State has many poor railroads and few developed trunk lines. These few exist only because they cannot go around, and they are largely dependent on the charitable credit of connecting lines in other states. Texas may be extreme. But either the railroad properties as valued by the Commission will fully cover the outstanding securities or they will not. In the former case the valuation is useless and ineffective, unless to satisfy curiosity. In the latter case all business dependent on rail transportation must suffer the consequences.

The only supervision of securities helpful or salutary would be provision that they be honestly exchanged for what they are really worth in the market. In order to check and punish dishonesty or insure against extortionate profits, there need be no demand that they be sold for more than they will bring, whether par or any other figure. Nor is it necessary to stop new financing if the produce of all past securities as inventoried in the property proves to be less than par.

The market valuation controls the issue of securities.

Two Opposing Railroad Valuations 95

The average amount listed by railroads for new capital on the New York Stock Exchange has been approximately \$400,000,000 a year for the last ten years. In 1909 it exceeded \$750,000,000. In 1915 it dropped close to \$200,000,000. Since 1912 the new capital has been below the normal. As far back as 1909 Mr. James J. Hill estimated that the railroads would need at least five billion dollars during the next five years in order to catch up with the necessities of commerce. To-day the railroads are still farther behind where they ought to be. If the market valuation were now high enough there would be a tremendous outpouring of capital into equipment, facilities and new construction to cope with business that is actually in sight. But market values are too low, and the appetite for railroad investment is dulled.

¶ The Federal Valuation can prevent the railroads from issuing securities acceptable to the market. If it makes securities attractive in larger volume, that could only be by raising rates and increasing the share of capital. Higher rates and restricted profits do not go hand in hand under the system of controlling securities by valuation. There will be less new investment than there is now. It is indeed impossible to understand how, if valuationary limitations had prevailed in earlier days, the railroads could have been built at all.

Rates, like securities, are commonly considered one of the more legitimate spheres of influence of the valuation. The determining of rates on the basis of the Federal Valuation, the fourth and last of Mr. Prouty's categories, is a direct and serious attack on the market valuation. They say that there is legal precedent, and that security holders have no vested rights in market values, or in earning power, but merely in the measured value of the properties. But if this be so in law, a matter yet to be determined with respect to the Federal Valuation, nevertheless it is unjust and inequitable. It is a change of rules after the game has been part played. Investors

cannot take out what they have put into railroads, and go their ways. The process savors of a device to take away from one side and give to the other that which had all along been held out as the inducement to play. Hitherto in eighty years of railroad history, the Government has not placed the bar sinister across the share of capital in railroad enterprise. All railroad securities have been acquired in the faith that they represent a genuine equity in a recognized earning power.

The Federal Valuation has, besides, practically no leeway for the exercise of control over rates. A very slight reduction would suffice to stop financing, put an end to growth, and restrict the expansion of traffic. During the past five years the entire market valuation of railroad securities has been carried by the last twenty-six cents of the dollar earned. The first seventy-four cents has had to be paid out for wages, materials and taxes. A reduction of five per cent in rates, taking away five cents of the twenty-six applicable to interest and dividends, would produce a shrinkage of over three billion dollars in the market valuation. Railroad management is a business of narrow margins, vast permanent outlay, and intense application in the mastery of difficult problems. It is really strange that, even in an atmosphere of impractical idealism, so remote, inconsequential and adventitious a standard as the valuation should have been brought forward as the universal solvent of rates.

Reasonable rates are such as will bring capital into railroad development for the purpose of carrying commerce. The eye of the rate-maker, whether official or private, must be on sources of money and origins of traffic. Rates are a question of means and results rather than of an academic value of property. They belong to the serious business of providing a continuing and general prosperity. The share of capital must be maintained, and not curtailed by the reappraisements of valuation, if commerce, by which people live, is to be fully developed.

Two Opposing Railroad Valuations 97

This should be the problem which the Interstate Commerce Commission is meeting. The Federal Valuation, a limitless grasping for power in the paths of futility, has no point of contact with it, except to injure and destroy. The value of securities in the market, at once anathema and terra incognita to commissions, is the key to its solution.

If the Commission were to substitute new values and new rates suddenly, to-morrow, everyone would be aghast at the reckless and wanton attack on investors and the amazing assault on prosperity. It is in fact only the slow ponderousness of its machinery, and the uncomprehended technicalities of its cumbersome reasonings, that guard the Federal Valuation from a just meed of righteous scorn.

AS TO PARSONS

EVERY great calling antagonizes some people all the time; and a good many people some of the time. Who has not read of the popular outbursts against lawyers in the early decades of the Republic? Through them the lawyers seem to have held a prosperous even if not altogether serene way. Within recent years the physician has come in for something more than his share of derision, because of the empirical nature of his work, while his brother the surgeon has found himself depicted now as a stupid butcher of men, and again as a cruel vivisector of beasts — preferably affectionate pet beasts; both physician and surgeon meanwhile seeing eye to eye in their zeal for the main chance. Under these circumstances it was not to be supposed that the minister of religion could escape; nor was it altogether desirable, since, as I shall presently indicate, every great calling must expect a modicum of ridicule, and may profit by it. If the caricaturist and paragrapher have rarely made a “drive” at the minister, or treated him with the hostility roused by the pathologist, they have none the less dealt with him persistently as though he and his follies were especially fitted

To every day's most common need
By sun and candle light.

Four types of the minister of religion appear in this connection, two representing his feebleness and other two his strength. Most frequent, perhaps, is the semi-ascetic negation and futility which the cloth is made to cover. Who does not at once recognize the stereotyped figure of the anæmic, ungainly, ill-clothed, but eminently well-meaning non-entity whom the draughtsman likes to label “A Good Thing?” He it must have been, who, breakfasting at his bishop's table, rejoiced that at least parts of his

egg were good; and he certainly was the original Hopley Porter of Assesmilk-cum-Worter in Sir W. S. Gilbert's *Rival Curates*.

He plays the airy flute
And looks depressed and blighted,
Doves round about him "toot"
And lambkins dance delighted.

Beside him is a brother who matches his ineffectiveness, but not his meekness. He represents the self-indulgent type, full-fed and unctuous, but feeble in conviction, and altogether incapable of spending or being spent in a great cause. If, like St. Paul, he ever thinks of himself as "in labors more abundant," they prove to be generally of the tea-drinking order. His hours of ease, on the other hand, are, or at least used to be in Thackeray's pages, spent upon his sofa with a French novel which is incontinently thrust beneath the cushions if visitors come in.

These are among the properties when the humorist arrays his stage. But since it cannot be denied that the clergy sometimes display strength as well as weakness, this strength has developed two correspondent types especially adapted to the use of the satirist. Without any dogmatic assertion of principles, it may be said that the satirist generally tends to use types of evil efficiency, while the humorist is better suited with types of futility. Hence appears the spectre of the fanatic. There is no denying his power; so the artist with pen or pencil bends his energies toward emphasizing the unloveliness of the power, and we have the grim, lean figure, generally in long black coat rather than in vestments, and with a face whose lips seem ready to deny everything but a mouthful of pet dogmas. This man is sometimes a leader of men — he is quite capable indeed of leading forlorn hopes — but most often along ways of protest. "Thou shalt not" is his motto; inhibition is the gospel which he preaches with keenest zest; and inhumanity is the sin of which he stands condemned — often with humanity's name upon his

tongue. His counterpart is more likely to be canonically vested. He may indeed be plump and rosy, "every button doing its duty," as the congratulatory apple-woman once said to her well-fed priest. But he is only nominally a servant of the Gospel. His real ministry is at the altar of the great god Status Quo. In his faith and practice, what has been must be again, and shall ever be. He fears the waywardness of growth in a living tree more than the threat of certain decay which time always makes against hewn and fabricated wood; and sometimes he seems to justify himself, since it is quite possible by shielding precious things from too common service, to keep their material intact through centuries; though at the price of substituting form for genuine substance, as if a mummy were to attempt the office of a friend.

To these four types must be added one other, brought into being by the specialized ministry which we call missionary. This service is important for two reasons:— first, because it keeps alive the essential and original calling of the Christian; and second, because it is of great historical significance. We are still too near to the nineteenth century to see its achievements in right perspective; but it is safe to say that when its story is definitively told, a very generous chapter will have to be given to the organized religious adventure which has not only carried Christian teaching into all quarters of the globe, but has also reacted in many ways upon Christendom. The missionary has been an explorer of new lands, the friendly interpreter of primitive peoples, and the organizer of their languages. No other impulse has ever done so much toward the reduction of barbarous speech to writing, and to the elucidation of its grammar, as the desire to use it for religious instruction. In this process very notable men and women have been developed — people of wide experience of the world, and of abounding humor, as well as of high ideals and apostolic devotion. As a rule the missionary is the last person to be pitiful over any possible

sacrifice made by him, and, while naturally a little old-fashioned in certain things, he is likely to be less formal and rigid than some of his brethren at home.

It was inevitable that he should fall into the hands of the cartoonist, and find that worthy in his most philistine mood. Who does not know the result? Here is Stiggins with long black coat, gloves to whose finger ends his own never reach, trousers falling sufficiently short of his boots to show that the latter have elastic tops. He grasps a corpulent umbrella in one hand, and a book of devotion in the other, while his mission would seem to be the turning of cheerful heathen into sorry Christians of the Stiggins brand. Or yonder is Chadband looking ruefully over the edge of the pot into which Mumbo Jumbo has soused him with a view to supper. Considerable rather ghastly ingenuity and a humor at which missionaries themselves doubtless chuckle, have been expended in variations on this theme. One fancies that a missionary might have invented the inquiry addressed by a traveller to the South Sea Island chief: "Do you remember the Rev. Mr. Jones who once preached the gospel in these parts?" To which the chief smacking his lips responds, "I do, he was delicious."

What does the parson say to these things? If they are well done, he laughs as a good-natured man ought. When they are good-tempered into the bargain, he shows them to his friends. When they are ill-tempered, he considers that even such spleen may have its uses, and murmurs, perhaps with a sigh, *forsan et hæc olim*. . . The fact is that he is committed to a great profession. One of the distinctive features of this, as of every great profession, is that it brings him into intimate relations with people. He sees them at their best and their worst; leads their worship; teaches their children; speaks with them of things that generations of their fathers have felt to be sacred. A measure of leadership in the affairs of societies and

often of communities is offered to him, at least to this extent, that it awaits his hand if the hand be fitted to grasp it. Probably no man in the average community can exercise leadership more naturally and with less liability to jealousy than the thoroughly qualified minister of religion. But it is a commonplace of experience that temptation always dogs such privilege like a shadow. This temptation is reinforced in the minister's case by the fact that much of his work is or ought to be done in his study, and that his working hours are to a considerable degree at his own disposal. Hence arises the danger that he will fail to be strict with himself in these matters; that having learned a certain facility in public speech he will trust to it for the matter of his sermons rather than to severe study and careful observation; and that in his intercourse with persons he will let the essence of good will and honest endeavor ooze out from the form of his authority, leaving it empty and unreal. Genuine men who aim at efficiency in the ministry are always conscious of this temptation, and welcome the wholesome medicine of the fun-maker and the satirist, even though it be a little bitter to the taste.

When indeed a hostile animus is evident, the wise man may still say to himself: — This is like the thing that the pathologist must put up with. We are each honestly engaged in a calling which aims at results of high beneficence. He must sometimes experiment with animals, and in the process may lose his sensibility to suffering; it is good for him now and then to be brought to book — even stupidly and harshly brought to book by the sentimentalist. It is probably good that the business in which he is occupied should be under the ban of general suspicion, and that he should incur a considerable unpopularity in following it. It is good for me, tempted as I may be to trade upon privilege or take advantage of the consideration which reverence and courtesy accord, to see myself as others would see me if I yielded. It may conceivably be a good thing that my whole profession should be sub-

ject to an unpopularity at least sufficient to challenge the motives of each recruit to it.

A point is sometimes reached however when the minister is moved to protest, with the assurance that his protest will be respected by fair-minded men. This appears when the critic begins with a fundamental charge of insincerity. That begs the whole question, really removing it from the field of discussion, since, of course, if a man be untruthful, no evidence which he brings in abatement of charges against himself can be quite trustworthy. It is "a poisoning of the wells" in controversy, as Newman once called it, and like all really inhumane methods is likely to react against the cause in which it is employed, as the violation of Belgium and the sinking of the *Lusitania* set the faces of the neutral world against Germany. They were acts in which she seemed to conquer. In reality they represented an abiding loss which no indemnity can ever pay. So the charge of intellectual dishonesty, easy to bring, but difficult to disprove, because it involves motive and purpose, tends always to weaken the case of the accuser. Here for instance is the criticism of a clever reviewer upon a thoughtful essay by a clergyman, dealing with some matters of theological re-statement. The book "is graceful, scholarly and disingenuous." Why? Presumably because it recognizes the fact that words are symbols or counters, whose significance must change in some degree with the human experience for which they stand. Had the author failed to do this, the criticism might easily have run: — "the book has a graceful style though cumbered with a good deal of learned lumber, and it is especially marked by the reactionary tone so characteristic of the clergy." There you have it. A clergyman may conceivably be a sincere man, if content to be narrow and reactionary. The moment that he begins to claim for his religion a power to grow coincident with the growth of human experience, he is liable to the charge of insincerity.

Let it not be thought that the minister wastes much time in self-pity or in remonstrance because of this grievance, even though he knows it to be a real one. For one thing he has grown used to it; and for another he has large countervailing rewards.

The chief of these is that he is the servant of a great constructive idea. Through all the denominations and sects there runs the persistent notion that the burden of the preacher's message is a Gospel — some good news or other. He is called to proclaim a Kingdom of God on earth and in heaven. Of course the fact that a man's rightful place in this kingdom may be missed, introduces a note of warning into the message, and here or there a preacher may be found sounding that note unduly. To read the popular literature which exploits the clergy, whether it be essay, short story or novel, one might suppose this note of warning to be the sermon's main characteristic. In point of fact, during almost a half century of pretty regular church-going, in churches reputed to be orthodox, I do not remember ever to have heard a sermon upon Hell, or so much as caught a whiff of brimstone from any ante-chamber of it. The printed sermons of this period tell the same story. Even in the old days when the terrors of the Law and the thunders of Sinai are supposed to have been the preacher's main reliance, I doubt if these themes were so regnant as those whose only knowledge is derived from the title of a single sermon of Jonathan Edwards would have us believe. Far be it from me to justify or to explain away the rigors of that ancient day. I only suggest that he who would really know of what he speaks should put beside *Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God*, a passage in the Journal in which Edwards records his Sunday walk in the Saybrook fields; or, when he is assured that the Puritans had no sense of humor, and were consistently hard and dour, let him turn to a letter of Lion Gardiner to Robert Chapman and Thomas Hurlburt — a chief source for our history of the Pequot War — and note the mirth of these men in the

winter when the Pequots with their allies Cold and Hunger, besieged them in Saybrook Fort. The laughter may have been a little grim, but on one occasion was so hearty that twenty-three years afterward Gardiner remembered to comment upon it, throwing a pregnant parenthesis into the same sentence, to remind his friends how little they had to eat that night.

The note of warning must be sounded, but it is not dominant in the Christian minister's faith or preaching. He is an apostle of the doctrine that he lives in an ordered universe, where law is stronger than caprice, and good-will more lasting than hatred. This good-will, as representing the normal attitude of God to man, and man to his brother, — the only attitude in which either God, man, or the world can really rest — is in its various forms the substance of his preaching. He thinks of man as partial and often disordered, but with measureless capacity and potency in him; so that he is competent not only to dominate his world, but vastly to enlarge it, if he will choose the best. So he preaches the love of God, the forgiveness of sin, and a life that death cannot defeat. He does this as a Christian, in the light shed upon the whole problem of life and death by Jesus Christ and His disciples in every age up to our own.

Now whatever one may think of this doctrine as a matter for personal belief, very few thoughtful people will claim that it is petty or insignificant. Wherever a man throws in his lot with it, he finds himself steadied and his way enlarged. Should some sceptic come by to tell him that this whole business is in the region of hypothesis, and that his religion can only be what Carlyle said Goethe's was — "a great Perhaps" — he is disposed to answer that even if he thought so, he should still choose the best Perhaps available, and that he does not know a better than the Christian gospel. It is a notable thing that daily contemplation of such an ideal, and a sincere endeavor to

translate its truth into goodness both individual and social, seems to hearten men. Hard-working ministers rarely lose faith either in individuals or in society. The missionaries who know retarded and perhaps degraded people best, and who often suffer at their hands, are yet their most sympathetic interpreters. I have recently been in the company of a missionary physician. He has passed through five Armenian massacres. His wife has died and he himself has been brought to death's door by typhus. Much of his work seems to have been undone, and many of his friends scattered, by persecution and war. One could not set this cultivated and experienced man down as a fanatic; but quite as little could one ignore the existence of some power which kept his life whole in spite of every assault of circumstance. Still gaunt with fever, he yet seemed "*totus, teres atque rotundus*" in a sense Horace could scarce have understood.

So I have known a young man to be led toward the ministry despite considerable natural disinclination, by the notable serenity which marked the old age of a clergyman in his acquaintance. This man had neither held high position, won any considerable fame, received large material emolument nor escaped his share of life's pain and grief. Yet in his age he seemed to have bread to eat that the world knew not of. Out of the ideals and endeavors of his calling had come abiding satisfactions, which not only served to make old age attractive in the eyes of younger people, but helped to convince one of them that the calling itself must have reality and worth.

Then there is the constant, generally friendly, and often intimate association with all sorts and conditions of men. Something of this experience, as has already been pointed out, belongs to every great profession, and gives it distinction. It would be unprofitable to inquire as to which profession gains the most from it. But the minister who proves himself worthy of confidence has an almost unique opportunity to explore the hearts of men when they are

uplifted in joy or broken with grief. It is often said that he is denied a real experience of the world, owing to the fact that he sees people at their best — dressed, as it were, for Sunday and its worship. There is just enough truth in the taunt to keep it alive. No doubt in the ordinary intercourse of life most men do put the best foot forward in walking with the parson; and as certainly a minority, if only to show their independence, put forth their worst. The wise parson watches both, and is quietly amused. He is not indifferent to the indirect respect which the former pays to religion in his person. Indeed this is one of the things that, in order to be worthy of it, keep him up to his work. Nor is it a light matter that here and there some very decent kindly man should think it incumbent upon him, in the minister's presence, to carry a chip upon his shoulder; to say nothing of the man who is neither decent nor kindly, and who is genuinely disturbed by the Law and Gospel for which the minister stands. The latter would of course be glad to come to an understanding with all of these three at once. All, he as much as they, might lose something in the process; but they would gain more. Yet this cannot be. Time and change must do their perfect work. He knows, no man better, that if these men have clothed him with any fancied halo, the illusion must be dispelled. The man with the best foot forward will postpone it to its neighbor to-morrow or the next day, and the quantity in his personal equation unknown to the minister at present, will be determined. The man with the chip on his shoulder will forget it in some chance meeting for common work or play, and prove to be, not improbably, a very practicable companion, perhaps — such things have been — a lifelong friend. The man whose brusqueness really has some ground in fear, not of the minister of course, but of the fundamental principle of honor for which a true Christian ministry stands, moves, like the rest, toward his little day of judgment, when the springs of conduct must appear. It may be when he has attained

his ends, and is confirmed in ways that now trouble him; or when sickness, misfortune and that contrition which is at once one of the greatest realities and one of the deepest mysteries of life, have broken him down; or when, conscious of death's approach, he ventures a half pathetic comparison with others by way of self-justification. So joy, sorrow, sickness, death, success, failure, play and work, bring their revelations, and if the minister see men sometimes at their abnormal best he is ready with his formula of correction; the worst comes in often enough to qualify the best, and both together give an unflinching interest to his day.

Indeed the comedy and tragedy of life as he sees it are so vital, that the action of the theatre seems forced and its stage bare. Honest farce retains its appeal; melodrama may once in a while amuse him by its sheer absurdity; but tragedy is so often either wooden or weak, while the problem-plays deal with such factitious problems and so distort their perspective, that the unreality or the over-emphasis speedily palls, and he goes back to his people glad to touch life itself again. It seems strange to him that more writers for the stage do not observe life's reticencies, reserves, and system of checks and balances. Life loves to mingle tragedy and comedy, not as the playwright does, by setting them in such high relief that the hearer cries "a plague on both your houses," but so vitally and inextricably that the onlooker can scarcely tell whether to laugh or cry.

Here for instance, one morning in February, came a marine engineer to tell me that two neighbors had fallen out. Both were fishermen. One accused the other of stealing his eel-spear; high words ensued, and a court was to sit upon the quarrel in the town hall that afternoon. Could anything be done? We could try and see. So I ordered my horse; ran down the man least likely to consent to arbitration, and induced him to agree to meet his

neighbor; left word for the other to call at a stated hour; went home and waited. In due time they were there, and were set down on either side of the library fire. The books which lined the walls put them perhaps at a slight disadvantage by making them feel a bit out of their element, but only enough to modulate their voices and minister to general self-restraint. I had the further advantage of knowing the men well, and of a lifelong fondness for their calling, so that the subtle distinction between winter and summer spears and the qualities of spear-hafts were as much a part of my vernacular as of theirs. Yet there was little call to do anything but let them talk the whole thing out. This they did with only an occasional restraining word when the argument threatened to grow heated. It was notable talk, alike in its vigor and its naïveté. As they warmed to it, the listener realized anew how little the average man outgrows his childhood. One was nervous and voluble, with an unusual command of quaint New England speech, which grew more and more grammatically mixed as he kindled and the impulses of a generous heart asserted themselves. His fellow was rather taciturn, with a tendency toward truculence both in speech and bearing, which his normal good nature was by degrees undermining. Altogether it was a memorable hour. At its conclusion, when everything needful seemed to have been said twice over by the men, I suggested a solution which, though it would have been laughed out of a court of law, seemed in no way ridiculous to them. They shook hands at noon and went their ways in peace, while the authorities willingly countermanded the court summons. Within a month the plaintiff in the case was spending days and nights in grappling for the body of his neighbor, drowned in the overturning of a boat; and the next time I brought them together it was to bury one. So close do comedy and tragedy, Homer's divine mirth and Virgil's indefinable *lachrymæ rerum* crowd one another in the parson's day.

The reader of magazine articles and of novels that claim clergymen for their heroes may easily fancy that the minister is generally hampered by the narrowness of his church officials, when he is not persecuted by their tyranny. Why does not somebody suggest that deacons, elders and vestrymen may conceivably be high-minded, honorable, and generous men? There is little in these offices to justify a man in seeking them. The people by whose votes they are filled are generally as intelligent and rightminded as they are untrammelled in the exercise of their suffrage. They are not likely to choose to represent them those whom they cannot respect; and in point of fact they do not. Small men undoubtedly are sometimes put in big places; but it is as often true that large men are to be found in obscure places, and one of the minister's satisfactions is to discover such people wherever he goes, and to make lifelong friends of them. In a fairly wide experience I can recall but one man among my church and parish officers who ever showed a disposition to put brakes upon the wheels of progress for the mere sake of handling the brake lever; and grave injustice would be done if I were to speak of this tendency of his as habitual. The impulse came upon him now and then, probably because his circle was small, there were not many levers of influence within reach, and this was pretty nearly his only chance. Generally these men are the best available in their communities, representing of course a considerable variety of tastes, experiences and ideals; and valuable to the minister for that very reason; chiefly valuable, perhaps, because in almost every group of them he finds those who at once rebuke and hearten him by a devotion and serviceableness to which he himself has not attained.

Association with his fellow parsons brings him similar rewards. Of course in every large group of them there will be some weak or vain folk. But the rank and file are good to know — rewarding companions, and not infrequently

men of infinite humor as well as of piety. Indeed it is in such fellowship that he learns how close is the relation between humor and faith: for humor is the play of the soul in a life of vicissitude, and to find room or heart for very much of it, one must have confidence that vicissitude is but an incident in a world whose essential ends are ordered by Good Will and a Divine Reason.

Let it be freely granted that these men are often marked and sometimes marred by professional mannerism — a something which few followers of any profession escape, but which dogs the steps of teachers, most inevitably of such as do their teaching in large public assemblies. He who knows them best soon learns, however, that this is but a crust or callous worn by the world's attrition; and he may even prefer it to the grotesque attempts made by some parsons to avoid the inevitable. He does not need to be told that most of these men are in receipt of meagre salaries, and often enough hampered by problems of ways and means; yet as he looks again, it is to discover that they somehow make these serve for the keeping of a decent home, the honorable payment of bills, the higher education of their children, and the response to a surprising number of appeals for help. It is not by chance that so many men and women of unusual efficiency have been bred in parsonages. Bare as these may sometimes be, they generally furnish to their children a training in morals as well as manners, a sense of values which puts high appraisal upon education, good books, good fellowship between parents and children, and faith in eternal things. This is no mean equipment. Nor will his estimate of his fellows seriously diminish when he remembers that most of them must be cheered, if cheered at all, by very small material successes. They like indeed to tell one another of the Scotch minister who fell into despair over the attendance, or lack of it, upon his mid-week service. One evening when it seemed as though no one were coming, he sent his sexton to spy out the prospect and report. Incontinently

that worthy returned with glowing face. "Cheer up, meenister," quoth he, "cheer up! There are twa or three auld women jist a-pourin' in."

None the less the calling has its high rewards. There is uplift in honest worship, and a double measure in its leadership. There is a great variety of service which, when faithfully performed, keeps life responsive to the human appeal, making a man at once tolerant and tolerable. And there is a deepening conviction as he sees his fellows born, grapple with circumstance, and die, that faith does not betray the faithful, and that the essence of Religion's good news is true.

GERMAN TRUST LAWS AND OURS

A GAIN and again we read in the newspapers and magazines about the wonderful aid that the German government is asserted to render to industrial combinations, enabling them to capture foreign trade from countries where such combinations are less efficiently organized or considered illegal. Exemption of combinations in our foreign trade from the operation of the Sherman law has consequently been advocated, in order to enable our manufacturers and exporters to meet German competition in the foreign field on an equal footing. But, suppose that such an amendment should be enacted by Congress, would it offset the advantages alleged to be derived by our German competitors from the support of their government, quite apart from considerations of efficiency of internal management and organization?

Our Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, in coöperation with the consular service is much better equipped for promoting our foreign trade than the corresponding German bureau. Assertions to the contrary are usually made for the laudable purposes of making our Bureau still more efficient. The service that our daily Commerce Reports render to the exporter is not equalled by that of any German publication. In setting this forth the writer is not biased by the splendid work of the press agent of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce and of the Federal Trade Commission. As an illustration of this work, it may be mentioned that for several months after the organization of the Federal Trade Commission not a single week passed without a certain magazine in the electrical field containing an article mentioning the doings or plans of the Commission.

Bureaucracy flourishes in the German consular service and diminishes the efficacy of her commercial attachés.

Lately the attaché in one of our largest cities was in the habit of referring inquiries for American goods from German importers, to an American manufacturers' association located in his city. The association in acting upon such inquiries naturally felt obliged to try first of all to secure any such prospective business for its own members, though the best source of supply, which the German commercial attaché was expected to give to his inquirer in Germany, might not have been among the members of that association. A copy of Thomas' or Hendrick's Directory would have helped him out in many cases. We have a federal department of commerce, while Germany has no such imperial department. Certain divisions of the department of the interior and of the foreign office are charged with the promotion of Germany's foreign trade. An imperial bureau of foreign commerce has been advocated for almost two decades. The remarkable success of private initiative, and the disagreement of the two leading manufacturers' associations concerning the organization of such a bureau have been the chief obstacles to its establishment. In this connection, we ought not to forget that there is no general association of manufacturers in Germany whose work equals the work for the promotion of foreign trade of the National Association of Manufacturers in this country.

Another great service which the German government is asserted to render to the exporter is the reduction of freight rates on the government-owned railways. We forget, however, that owing to the small area of Germany, these reductions cannot possibly apply to a distance of more than a few hundred miles. Considering the vast distances of our country, we see that a freight deduction for such short distances as have to be reckoned with in Germany would not be a great boon if granted to the average American exporter. Consequently the service which the German government may render to exporters by a lowering of freight rates does not place the American

exporter at a comparatively great disadvantage in competing with his German rival. We, furthermore, seem to overlook the fact that the Interstate Commerce Commission has not yet abolished low export rates for certain commodities.

What then is it that has made the Germans so efficient in their foreign trade? Will a comparison of our trust laws with their laws reveal the cause? Here, as in the matters above referred to, German activities have been greatly exaggerated, and many inaccuracies regarding the legal status of combinations in Germany have been presented to the American public, not only by individual writers but also in Government publications. A recent report issued at Washington speaks of a difference of opinion among German jurists regarding the legality of combinations. Another Government publication says that in Germany the establishment of monopolies is theoretically illegal and that occasionally a trust has been declared unlawful under the Penal Code because of extortion. All these assertions are contrary to fact. The legality of combinations has always been upheld by the German Supreme Court, and a monopoly would be illegal only if it exploited the consumer, a case which has never come before the courts. It would be extremely difficult for the courts to establish just when a price is extortionate.

According to Dr. J. W. Jenks, a leading American authority on industrial combinations, "trusts are taken to mean manufacturing corporations with so great capital and power that they are at least thought by the public to have become a menace to their welfare, and to have, temporarily at least, considerable monopolistic power." If we were to apply this definition of a trust to conditions in Germany, we should find that there are only two or three trusts in that country. The German Imperial Supreme Court, in a decision handed down last year, defined the nature of a trust to consist in the subjecting of

an industry to a single capitalistic power for the promotion of capitalistic interests. But when we speak of German trusts, we really have in mind the German cartel or syndicate, which is a sort of organized pool, that is, an association of manufacturers or dealers in some particular line of business, for the purpose of lessening or eliminating competition. This may be effected by agreements as to terms of sale and delivery, the grading of goods, the fixing of prices, the allotment of territory, the restriction of output, joint-buying, and joint-selling. The simpler forms of cartel are merely contracts between manufacturers, while the more highly developed cartel—the syndicate which acts as a selling agency for the members of the syndicate, is organized as a partnership, a stock corporation, a limited liability company, or in yet some other form. The individual manufacturers are in this way partners or stockholders in the company. Except for a few very rare cases where competition has been eliminated by legislative means, this factor is never entirely eliminated; it simply takes on a different form, and continues to exist within the cartel, showing itself in the struggle for allotment figures and in other forms.

The most important anti-trust law in this country, the Sherman act of 1890, has been declared by the Supreme Court, in the Standard Oil and American Tobacco decisions, to be the embodiment of the common law, and the court has accordingly held that the first section of the act, which deals with combinations and conspiracies in restraint of interstate and foreign commerce, refers only to unreasonable restraint. The second section of the Sherman act refers to monopolies and attempts to monopolize. Whether or not a preponderating proportion of the business in a certain line means monopoly, and whether or not a corporation possessing the power to hurt the public interest ought to be dissolved, will soon have to be decided by the Supreme Court in the Keystone Watch case, the Harvester case, the Steel Trust case and other cases. The

decisions of the lower courts in these cases are in conflict with each other. In the Harvester case, the Federal District Court decided that the combination must dissolve because it had acquired too large a percentage of the business in its line, although the trust was given a clean bill of commercial conduct. On the other hand, in the Keystone and Steel Trust cases, the District Court refused to dissolve the trust, saying that a business should not be condemned merely because it was large and had the power to hurt the public.

Corners in staple commodities, as well as combinations in interstate trade for the purpose of fixing prices and terms of sale, restricting the output, or allotting business or territory, have been held by the Supreme Court to be in violation of the Sherman act. The fixing of the resale price by the manufacturer of a commodity, be it unpatented, patented, or copyrighted, has been held illegal in the Dr. Miles Medical case, the Sanatogen case, and the Bobbs-Merrill vs. Straus case. Among more recent federal district court decisions, those in the Victor vs. Macy case and the Cream of Wheat case, however, seem under certain circumstances to offer a subterfuge to the manufacturer who wants to control the resale price. It is interesting to note that the company manufacturing Cream of Wheat is still selling its product to the Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company, although the court decided that the former company had the right to discontinue selling to the latter company, which as plaintiff had asked the court to enjoin the manufacturer of Cream of Wheat from refusing to sell to the plaintiff. Apparently the Cream of Wheat company cannot get along without the selling services of the Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company.

The Clayton Law, which was enacted in 1914, supplements the Sherman act and the minor anti-trust acts. It specifically mentions the following practices as being

illegal where their effect may be to substantially lessen competition or tend to create a monopoly in any line of commerce.

- (1) Price discrimination;
- (2) Tying (exclusive) leases, sales, and contracts;
- (3) The acquisition of stock of one corporation by a competing corporation;
- (4) The acquisition of stock of competing corporations by another corporation.

The Clayton act does not forbid ownership of stock for investment only, "not using the same by voting or otherwise . . . to bring about the substantial lessening of competition"; nor does it forbid discriminations in price made in good faith in order to meet competition, or on account of differences in the grade, quality or quantity, or the cost of selling or transportation; nor are sellers prevented from selecting their own customers in bona fide transactions and not in restraint of trade. This right to choose customers has been upheld in the *Cream of Wheat* case.

A provision of the act prohibiting certain kinds of interlocking directorates requires that competing corporations having a million dollars capital, surplus, and undivided profits, and engaged in interstate commerce, may not have directors in common. In Germany interlocking directorates abound. According to the German *Directory of Corporation Directors and Officials* there are quite a number of bank directors and captains of industry who are directors in from thirty to fifty concerns. Louis Hagen, one of the best known German captains of industry, is a director in fifty-four corporations; he holds the record, being closely followed by several other well-known men.

The authority to enforce compliance with the above mentioned regulations of the Clayton act has been vested in the Federal Trade Commission, established by an act

of September 26, 1914. Unfair methods of competition have been declared unlawful by that act, and the Commission is to prevent such methods. Just what the term "unfair methods of competition" means is not defined in the act. Mr. Taft and other authorities think that the term simply means such practices as come within the scope of the Sherman act. The provisions of the Clayton act which require the ascertaining of whether or not the methods specified in the act substantially lessen competition, are practically useless, since the work of the Supreme Court is not made easier thereby: for the findings of the Federal Trade Commission are subject to sanction or setting aside by the courts. A chief aim of the Clayton act seems to have been to give labor unions their bills of rights. Yet whether combinations of labor in restraint of trade have really been exempted by the Clayton act from the operation of the anti-trust acts, has still to be decided by the Supreme Court. If labor unions have been exempted, as Mr. Gompers claims, then the secondary boycott, as employed in the Danbury Hatters case, and similar weapons of labor unions are lawful.

For the prevention of unfair trade practices the Federal Trade Commission seems to be rather superfluous, since the decision of the Commission must be passed upon by the courts. Some other provisions of the Federal Trade Commission act, however, may prove very beneficent to business. The Commission may be called upon by the Department of Justice to make recommendations as to the manner in which corporations may readjust their business so as to comply with the law. Congress or the President may direct it to investigate violations of anti-trust laws. Moreover, it has the power to require corporations to file with the Commission annual or special reports relative to their organization, practices and management, to investigate conditions in the foreign trade of the United States, as well as trade conditions in foreign countries.

Recommendations for additional legislation may be submitted by the Commission in connection with its annual or special reports to Congress.

The Commission has made use of this right in recommending that Congress enact a bill permitting the establishment of joint-selling agencies for foreign trade by concerns which are in the same line of business. Steamship lines and large national banks have already been permitted by Congress to form combinations for the foreign trade. On March 1st the Commission sent question blanks to the corporations in this country, asking them to furnish a few simple facts regarding their business. The information received by the Commission will be summarized for each industry, and then distributed. The Commission wishes to help the business men in obtaining adequate banking credit on the basis of an intelligent bookkeeping system, and in establishing and standardizing cost-accounting systems, so as to enable every business man to obtain the reliable cost figures essential to profitable business. The intent is highly laudable.

A member of the Commission recently announced that it intended to secure general facts regarding each industry, and to supply business men with these facts for the purpose of preventing over-production. It will be an enormous task to gather all the information necessary to allow of the ascertaining of the exact state of an over-production in the various lines of business; and even if exact figures are available, how is the Commission going to prevent over-production? It will be possible only by compulsion or agreement — that is, by means of some organization similar to that kind of German cartel which fixes the output of its individual members. Such an organization, however, would be in violation of the Sherman act.

An American organization which in Germany would be called a well-organized cartel is the California Fruit Growers Exchange. That association through its many exchanges is able to direct the citrous fruit grown by its

members to the places where the demand is greatest, and shows what trade coöperation can accomplish. As the association has no monopoly of the market on account of competition from other sources, the government has not disturbed it. Another American "Cartel" is well described in a recent edition of the *Outlook*. The Puyallup fruit growers' association, headed by the president of the Washington State Senate, buys and sells for the account of its 1800 members, with the result that their profits have been very greatly increased without raising the price to the consumer.

In Germany all the practices forbidden by the Clayton law and all contracts and combinations in restraint of trade forbidden by the Sherman act are valid, provided that they are not "contrary to good custom (*wider die guten Sitten*)."

The term suggests our "public policy," but is not quite parallel with it. The German Supreme Court has defined this term to forbid actions which "shock the delicacy of all fair and just minded persons." The court may take cognizance of the ethical view of a particular set of people if the prevailing custom has impressed itself upon such a view. A practice sprung up in a trade is not necessarily "good custom;" it may be a bad custom. Price maintenance, price discrimination, tying contracts, secondary boycotts and other practices which unduly restrain competition, are contrary to our laws, but are generally allowed in Germany.

As a counterpart to section 5 of the Federal Trade Commission act which declares unfair methods of competition in interstate and foreign commerce unlawful, and to the fraudulent-advertising and unfair-competition laws enacted in several of our states, the Germans have a "Law against unfair Competition." In addition to declaring unlawful all methods of competition which are contrary to "good custom," the law specifically prohibits certain practices, as for instance deceptive advertisements,

fraudulent use of names and trade marks, bribery of a competitor's or customer's employees, malicious assertions regarding a competitor's standing and honesty or the quality of his goods, the misnaming of a bargain sale as a bankruptcy sale or a receiver's sale, and so forth. Statements like "cheapest source of supply," "without competition," "largest house," and similar phrases have been held to be against the law unless they are in accord with the facts. Blatant advertisements which are obviously grossly exaggerated, however, do not come under the law. Cotton goods must not be sold as linen goods; mixed American and Russian oil must not be sold as American oil; goods containing only 60% to 70% wool must not be sold as woolen goods, etc.

Practically all the methods of unfair competition condemned under the German law, with the exception, perhaps, of exaggerated and false assertions regarding goods for sale, have, at one time or other, been held to be illegal by the courts in this country. A recent Supreme Court decision upholding the Sherley amendment to our Food and Drugs act will lessen fraud in interstate commerce by means of false labels.

The first section of the German Trade Regulations act, which guarantees freedom of trade to anybody, is always being presented in American publications on German combinations as being a protection against undue interference by competitors with the freedom of carrying on a trade or occupation. This contention is not correct. The section in question only precludes interference by the governmental authorities. A boycott, be it primary or secondary, is in Germany considered "contrary to good custom" only if the boycotted is brought to the verge of bankruptcy, or if the injury is out of all proportion to the gain sought. Yet the means employed in the boycott may in themselves violate "good custom," as for instance, when facts are misrepresented.

There is a section in the German penal code which

condemns efforts to secure unlawful pecuniary advantage by compelling another through violence or threats to do, tolerate or discontinue a certain act. The enforcement of this provision has been held in abeyance of late years in the case of combinations formed for the furtherance of economic advantage. A threat to ruin a competitor would come under this section.

If an outsider is ruined as a result of lawful methods of competition employed by the cartel, such as price-discrimination or price-cutting, he has no redress. Even if the cartel statute provides for admission of new members, it is not obliged to admit any applicant, and an outsider may easily be ruined by being refused admission. If, however, in addition to refusing admission the cartel should demand of its members that they add one third to their selling price in the case of a firm employing the services of non-members, such action, in case it resulted in the financial ruin of the outsider, would be against good custom. These examples show that the cartels have powerful weapons for bringing outsiders to terms.

In the matter of bids for contracts, the German Supreme Court has decided that contractors in agreeing among themselves as to the bids to be made, do not act contrary to good custom. If, however, through their combination, the party inviting the bids is forced to pay more than a reasonable price, it has a claim against the contractors for the difference between the price it pays and a reasonable price. In the case of public contracts a section of the old Prussian criminal law makes liable to fine or imprisonment a party preventing another from bidding, by force or by the promise of a consideration.

A public-service electric corporation does not act contrary to good custom in demanding that its subscribers purchase from the company all the supplies necessary for the installation and use of power service.

Other cases might be mentioned which show that

“good custom” includes many things which we should not consider reasonable methods of competition.

According to a section of the Prussian statute introducing the commercial code, stock corporations jeopardizing the public weal may be dissolved. This provision has never been invoked.

According to a section of the German code of civil procedure, an arbitration tribunal may be agreed upon for all disputes in which a compromise is possible. The cartels have made such an extensive use of this permission that cartel disputes, either between cartel members and between a cartel and its customers, seldom come before the courts. In New York state and many other American states such an arbitration agreement is not legally binding; either party to the agreement may appeal before or after the arbitration to the court of jurisdiction.

That cartel regulations often assume a certain legislative character by regulating ill-defined practices has been shown by opinions of the Berlin Chamber of Commerce, which has frequently declared certain cartel by-laws and stipulations to constitute trade customs.

Although cartel agreements in Germany have on the whole been considered beneficial to the community, within the past few years there has been a strong movement hostile to the formation of trusts, and especially to the expansion of foreign trusts. The British-American Tobacco Company has felt the brunt of this movement. Certain firms in the German cigarette trade have for a long time been under accusation of having some connection with that trust. About 250 German cigarette manufacturers have formed an “Association for Protection against the Tobacco Trust.” Chambers of commerce and other trade bodies have joined this protective association.

The trust nevertheless seemed to be increasing its control of the cigarette trade, by means of cut prices and

premiums. Finally the district attorney at Dresden was induced to make a search of the places of business of concerns suspected of being connected with the trust. As a basis for such a proceeding, the authorities cited section 128 of the German penal code, which reads:

Participation in an association whose existence, constitution or purpose is intended to be concealed from the public authorities, or in which obedience to unknown superiors, or unconditional obedience to known superiors, is promised, is to be punished by imprisonment for not more than six months in the case of the members, and by imprisonment for not less than one month nor more than one year in the case of the founders and directors of the association.

Prominent jurists considered the proceeding of the authorities unlawful, asserting that the section in question did not refer to economic associations whose existence was to be concealed from competitors. The Imperial Secretary of the Interior disclaimed any responsibility for the action of the Dresden district attorney.

The public campaign of the Protective Association and of independent dealers (who refused to display the goods of the trust firms, or to sell them except when asked for) have induced the two most prominent subsidiaries of the trust to transfer a majority of their stock to German capitalists who have no other connection with the trust. In March, 1915, the Supreme Court decided that the Adler Cigarette Manufacturing Company, part of whose stock is owned by the trust, was violating the Law against Unfair Competition by calling its products "trust-free." The defendant company asserted that there was no trust in Germany, but the court nevertheless defined a trust as described earlier in this paper.

An anti-trust movement similar to that in the cigarette trade has been started in the shoe trade and kindred lines, by the formation of the "Association for Protection against the Shoe Machinery Trust." At about the same time that the government of this country instituted a suit against

the United Shoe Machinery Company, the Association of German Shoe and Legging Manufacturers, through six of its members at Frankfort-on-the-Main, started a suit against the German branch of the Shoe Machinery Trust for the annulment of its leasing contracts, which require the lessee to buy his requirements of thread and tacks from the trust, and to abstain from installing any machinery but that of the trust. In view of previous decisions, there is little likelihood that the courts will consider these contracts illegal, i. e. as being contrary to good custom.

There is also a margarine trust in Germany. This trust is capitalized chiefly by Dutch and British firms. Several years ago a court decision held that the so-called trust firms are not permitted to ship margarine under the name of a concern which they have bought up, but which no longer manufactures margarine; in addition to the name of the concern thus purchased, the name of the real manufacturer must be shown on the containers. The independent manufacturers assert that the proportion of trust manufactured margarine in Germany amounts to 80%. They wish the government to proceed against the trust on the ground of paragraph two of the second section of the "Law relating to the Trade in Butter, Cheese, Lard, and their substitutes," which reads: "If margarine, margarine-cheese, or artificial edible fat, is sold by a dealer or offered for sale, in complete barrels or cases, the inscription (margarine) must further contain the name or the firm of the manufacturer, as well as the trade-mark used by the manufacturer for the marking of the grade of his products." The independents assert that the two leading concerns composing the trust in Germany, one of which has its factory near Hamburg, while the other is located in the Rhineland, have their products shipped to their customers from the factory nearest the point of destination. As the product is always marked with the name and trade-mark of the concern that sells it, even if it was manufactured and shipped by the other concern,

the government should interfere on the ground of the provision of the margarine law, above stated. It is asserted that within six or seven years the trust has saved in cross-freight about \$500,000, which the government, as the owner of the railways, has lost.

In addition to the laws governing the conduct of combinations, as explained above, the requirements of the German Limited Liability Company Law and of the Commercial Code relative to the organization and management of corporations, have been an effective bar to the evils of stock watering and monopoly. In 1870, the charter system was replaced by entry in the trade register. Any stock company or limited liability company which complies with certain preliminaries, which are passed upon by the judge of registry, comes into corporate existence simply by entry in the trade register. The Limited Liability Company Law does not prevent fraudulent promotion, but the formation of the far more important stock corporation is governed by strict regulations regarding the liability of the founders for any fraud or inaccurate statements in the formation proceedings. Stock watering has been made practically impossible. Accountants appointed by the chambers of commerce or by the judge of registry investigate the value of any property taken over in exchange for shares upon the organization of the company. An evasion of this rule by a postponement of such exchange until after the formation, has been made difficult. Banking houses inviting subscriptions for stocks or bonds are liable for damages for any incorrect statements made in the prospectus signed by them either intentionally or through gross negligence. The liability of the directors, entering in the trade register all important changes in the status of the company, the valuation of securities and other property, and increasing and reducing capital stock, are all governed by rules to protect the investor and the creditor. For instance, no articles of any kind can be en-

tered on the balance sheet at a figure above the purchase price. If, in the case of securities and staple commodities, the market price is below the purchase price, the former has to be taken as a basis. Depreciation of machinery must be accounted for in the balance sheet. No dividend is allowed to be paid so long as the liabilities (including the capital stock) exceed the assets.

All these laws and regulations, however, are not the only checks to an aggressive cartel policy. Through ownership of the railways the German states have a powerful weapon in their hands. Prussia has more than once reduced or threatened to reduce freight rates on coal from the coast to the interior, in order to enable English coal to compete with the Rhenish-Westphalian Syndicate. The participation of individual states in various industries, especially those in coal, potash, and lignite, has resulted in their becoming members of cartels, and thus obtaining a voice in the cartel management. As powerful outsiders they may exert an even greater influence on the cartel policy. The States of Prussia and Anhalt are members of the Potash Syndicate, which is organized under a law regulating prices and output. One of its interesting features is the provision for a permanent surveillance of the wage and working conditions in the cartelized mines. This is to prevent the shifting of the reduction of domestic prices provided for in the law, on to the workers' wages, under penalty of a reduction of the mine's share in the aggregate potash production.

The spirits cartel is a necessary result of the taxation of brandy, and the coal cartels are based on the mining law.

When last year negotiations were being carried on for the renewal of the Rhenish-Westphalian Coal Syndicate, the most important German cartel, and it looked as if lack of compromise would lead to a dissolution of the syndicate on January 1st, the Federal Council (supported

by the German diet) threatened, in case a syndicate controlling at least 97% of the coal output of all the private concerns in the Ruhr district should not be formed, to create a compulsory syndicate under the supervision of the State. This threat resulted, at the last moment, in a renewal of the syndicate for $1\frac{1}{4}$ years, the Prussian state mines in the Ruhr district becoming members of the new cartel. Furthermore, Prussia secured the right to withdraw on notice, and to cast the deciding vote if a minority of at least 30 per cent of all the other votes were for a reduction, or against an increase, in the selling prices. The syndicate has to supply the Prussian Minister of Commerce and Industry with detailed reports on many syndicate matters that concern the public interest. No obstacles are to be put in the way of the acquisition of the Hibernia mine by the state. The output of the Hibernia concern having been limited to 5,813,000 tons of coal and 1,512,800 tons of coke, the Prussian state will control an output of 11,313,500 tons of coal and 3,476,000 tons of coke out of a total syndicate output of 108,729,266 tons of coal and 25,170,816 tons of coke. A compulsory syndicate is again threatening, as the $1\frac{1}{4}$ years have almost elapsed and the syndicate has not yet been renewed.

In an article by the author on *German Cartel Policy* in *The Engineering Magazine* of January, 1915, it was pointed out that the government's threat of a cartel law had practically no influence on the harsh policy of the cartels in the textile lines, for which the threat was meant. Since then the only marked effect which the war has had on cartel policy is the increased influence of the government in the coal syndicate, as above described. Although this may not seem to be a great step towards government regulation, the decree of the Federal Council, and certain stipulations of the coal syndicate's statutes, may become the basis for an increase of government control and ownership of certain industries, as well as for cartel legislation.

The idea of government ownership has been greatly furthered by the war. Many of the new economic institutions created by the war, such as maximum prices, war credit banks, raw material distributing boards, and so forth, are likely to leave a marked impression on Germany's future economic organization. Men formerly opposed to government ownership are now satisfied that after the war, in order to make the country's economic organization as efficient as its military organization, the government will have to go even farther in its participation in the active management of trades and industries. It is surprising to see well-known economists and public men who have always been enemies of socialism, advocating measures leading to nationalization or government ownership. Economic preparedness, however, will not be the only factor determining the steps to be taken by the government in the regulation and management of industries. Although Germany has expected, rightly or wrongly, that the Allies will have to pay her a large indemnity (which, by the way, may be agreed upon to consist largely of staple commodities), it is realized that new sources of revenue will have to be found after the war. Not only has interest to be paid on the large war loans, but there is also need of a large amount of money for soldiers' and sailors' pensions, for the replenishment of war material, and for the re-building of devastated districts. A government monopoly in nitrogen has already been practically decided on. A cigarette monopoly is a probability (in Poland a cigarette trading monopoly has been introduced by the German administration), and a margarine monopoly has been under discussion. It is asserted that both the cigarette industry and the margarine industry could be quite easily transformed into government monopolies, because combination in both has reached a high degree, and because the annual consumption of their products is not only large but also easy to determine in advance. Some economists oppose taking over such

gigantic enterprises by the government, on the ground that the present owners would not part with them for any reasonable consideration. They propose that the government take in hand and develop new industries created by the war, such as those in textile fiber and albumen. At any rate, the war will result in an enormous change in economic organization, and probably will bring about a solution of many present-day problems.

While we thus see Germany on the one hand proceeding toward government regulation of private monopoly and to government ownership, the United States on the other hand is endeavoring to enforce competition and so to prevent the formation of monopolies. This seems to be an extremely difficult task. It was Proudhon who first said that "competition kills competition." American economists, however, as well as President Wilson, say that only illicit competition will lead to monopoly. To the writer it seems that proof of the contrary is furnished not only by Germany, but also by other countries, where monopoly has come to be the result of perfectly lawful competition, and of competition which even in this country would not be called illicit.

American economists and men like Mr. George W. Perkins expect great results from the proposed publicity in corporate affairs. But what good would it do if stock corporations were forced, as they are in Germany, to publish their balance sheets annually; where are the publications which would call the attention of the general public to the mismanagement and violations of their duties on the part of the officers of the corporation, as shown in such annual reports? The general reader does not understand a balance-sheet, and only a critical review by some competent person could show him where there is something wrong. The writer recently happened to attend a gathering of about a dozen economists at Columbia University. With the possible exception of himself

they all agreed that there was no daily paper of any influence that would undertake such a public service as furnishing general critical reviews of the management of corporations.

A German bank known throughout that country recently went bankrupt as a result of its officers' mismanagement. For three or four years, this end had been predicted by several influential German papers, and prospective investors had been warned away. In another instance an officer of one of the large steel works had formed a new steel company on the basis of a new invention. When he needed credit for the enlargement of his plant, the business of which was growing very rapidly, the concerted action of the leading banks resulted in his being unable to secure from any bank the credit required. They were unwilling to aid him in selling the stock of his company. First a weekly, and then some influential dailies took up his case, and in a few years the business has become one of the largest and most prosperous in Germany. Such instances are anything but the exception in German journalism. Can we claim that American newspapers render similar service to the public?

Chairman Hurley of the Federal Trade Commission has pointed out that of a total of 250,000 business corporations there are more than 100,000 with no net income whatever. Suppose that we had combination in the form under which it exists in Germany; would all of these 100,000 corporations have come into existence had they known that they would have difficulty in successfully competing with a combination? Of course, not all of those 100,000 corporations mean economic waste, but much of their work is unnecessary for the national economy, and could be used to better advantage in other fields of production. There is an enormous waste in economic productivity throughout the country. Here in New York, we frequently find two grocery stores, two saloons, two ice-cream stores, and two cigar stores in one block. That

the great number of grocery stores and delicatessen stores are not cheapening food has been admitted by the demand for public markets, which by the way cannot be very successful unless they are wholesale markets, as experience in large cities of other countries has shown. Corporations like the Riker-Hegeman Stores and the Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company, with their numerous branches, are worthy of encouragement as being able to furnish reliable products at prices below those of the average drug store and grocery store.

There are a great many lines in which combination would do away with the enormous waste of competition. A good example seems to be the Diamond Match Company, which controls 85% of the American match industry and has factories in North and South America, Europe, and Africa. Yet it is not being accused of exploiting the consumer. In the case of public service corporations, supreme court decisions in various states have upheld monopoly by confirming decisions of public service commissions refusing to issue licenses to prospective competitors of public service corporations.

Sociologists tell us that the desire for recognition is the most fundamental social force. Could we not change our attitude towards business by recognizing as a great business man not the man who has amassed millions, but the man who is really a great captain of industry. Professor Ely has said that one of the most difficult ethical tasks which society has, is to deepen the feeling of ethical obligation, in their relations to the general public, on the part of those who control private corporations. In Germany the captains of industry seek recognition not by showing that they have amassed wealth, but by showing that their deeds have been considered worthy, by one of the German kings or grand dukes, of being rewarded with the title of commercial councillor, privy commercial councillor, or even by a peerage.

It is generally acknowledged in Germany that combina-

tion has done away with a great deal of waste in competition. As Professor Seager points out in a recent issue of *The Political Science Quarterly*, we have satisfactory regulation of the business of interstate common carriers by the Interstate Commerce Commission, and of that of public service corporations by state public service commissions. In all probability it would also be possible to find some adequate method of government regulation for industrial corporations. Federal incorporation has been proposed. Instead of exacting a charter fee, it might be feasible to demand the transfer of a certain small percentage of the capital stock to the government, thus making the latter a shareholder in every corporation. Merely such shareholding, in connection with stipulations regarding the rights of minority stockholders, might turn out to be sufficient supervision, at least for a beginning. At any rate, a change in the government's trust policy, in the direction of relaxation of enforcement of free competition, and in the direction of greater regulation of industrial corporations, is bound to come. The Federal Trade Commission has discontinued the trust-busting business of its predecessor, the Bureau of Corporations; and the Commission's investigations and subsequent recommendations to Congress will be awaited with great interest.

"Good custom," it is true, may include things which we might consider as verging on the unfair, but the main difference between the status of combinations here and in Germany is that we consider monopoly as being against public policy, while in Germany the cartel, though it tends toward monopoly, is not generally looked upon in any unfavorable light. Furthermore, the right to freedom of contract (with the exception of cartel agreements regarding bids for contracts) is more jealously safeguarded in Germany than in this country, whereas the right to freedom of competition is more jealously protected in this country than in Germany.

ON THE DIFFICULTY OF BEING ALONE

FIRST of all, let me say most emphatically that I am very fond of my friends, and that they are the finest, the most charming, the nearest unique in the world. I am never so much alone as when I am in their company. To distort Emerson, with perfect sweetness they allow me the independence of solitude. They are never hurt and dismayed if I go off into a "vacant" or a "pensive" mood. I rarely feel that I must escape from them. However, the real species of friend is decidedly limited in number, and its habitat, unfortunately, is widely scattered. All of us, alas, spend much of our time with people whom we struggle valiantly to meet on common ground. If the ground proves to be a quicksand of prejudices and misunderstandings, we pretend to ignore the fact for a while, but finally we are honest with ourselves, and scramble to our several shores, hoping that no one has noticed our ungainly gestures. The process is exhausting — at least it is to me.

Ever since I was a small child, I have at times found it necessary to retire from a noisy, talkative, vigorous world. I need to relax my soul, and then to give it exercises, to get it alive again. Don't laugh at me and say that everyone needs to do the same thing, because I know many people who do not.

There is Vera, for instance, who is always the engineer "off of" something or other, as Myra Kelly puts it. She gets breakfast, up at the lake, and pets the pumping engine at the same time; she combines a visit to the vegetable garden, from which she comes laden with enough produce for three days, with vulcanizing the cuts in the tires of her Ford; she cooks a country mid-day dinner and plays a set of tennis while she does it. She is quite capable of entertaining two or three people while she develops and

prints a roll of films. I have known her simultaneously to read Imagist verse and talk about recipes for making jelly. She does all things with an almost fatal facility, and enjoys the society of human beings while she does them. You might think it is because she never gets under people's skins, and therefore can endure them indefinitely. Not at all. It is merely that she accepts them as they are, and finds in her rich and varied personality some common trait. How else could she ever get along with me? In some strange way we are complementary. While I moon along with her on a country road, giving my passive attention to sky and earth, she plans campaigns against all the various complicated engines on her place, reserving just enough appreciation of out-of-doors to make her an ideal comrade for a walk. Best of all she knows how to keep her mouth closed.

There was a pest of a nice uncle of hers at the lake last year. He was so pleasant an old man that I was ashamed of myself when I found him getting on my nerves. He had an annoying habit of mumbling French into his beard in a very efficient way, and expecting me to understand him. Vera invited him to take hikes with us, and she was really and truly astounded that he balked at climbing over and under barbed wire to hunt mushrooms in a swampy pasture. One day I sneaked away from the garage, where he and Vera were vulcanizing tires, and went down to the lake. Around the steel launch had been built a narrow pier of thin planking, which on that particular morning seemed to me an ideal basking place. I lay upon it at full length, shading my eyes with my hands. Under me the water was "lapping on the crag" in true Tennysonian fashion, and above me was a sky that was the concentrated blue of all the fine paintings of heavens which I had ever seen. Snowy clouds were piling themselves cumbrously toward a large celestial island. Its color was that deeply tender blue that looks

On the Difficulty of Being Alone 137

moist. Behind me an orchard-oriole was whistling clearly, and once I caught a sight of his burning orange plumage as he made a short flight above my head. The sunshine was warming me to the bone. I was very happy.

Suddenly a newspaper rustled ominously. A voice from the arbor halfway up the bluff disengaged itself from an enveloping beard. As long as it spoke French I could pretend not to understand, but finally I had to recognize the fact that Uncle Pierre feared that I should tumble into three inches of water and perish. For ten weary minutes I assured that miserable man that I couldn't possibly fall into the lake, and that I couldn't drown if I did.

"But you may fall asleep, my dear young lady. I shall sit here, and if you doze, I shall consider it my duty to awaken you."

My charming solitude broken, I made a lame excuse, hunted for Vera, and having found her, pumped the mended tires. Soon after that, some neighbors decided to be very nice to us, and for three dreadful days solitude alone or with Vera was not to be thought of. She didn't mind the invasion at all, but I did, and it was with deep relief that I heard that the invaders had decided to go to town for a week. Joy in lonesomeness had a new edge, and when Vera asked me to superintend the burning of rubbish off in the oak grove, I accepted with pleasure. She had to direct the cutting of the lawn by two young boys who had driven over from a neighboring farm. The smoke from my fire floated off in "silvery wreaths." It walled me off from all that was bothersome and annoying. Suddenly I found myself singing the fire music. By turns I was Wotan, Brünnhilde and the orchestra. I, who never sing in public, or even in company, gave most of the last scene of *Die Walküre*, taking the parts separately, but usually trying to do all together. The heart-breaking music was making me feel deliciously sad.

Then, from behind the smoky wall a nasal voice asked: "Say, lady, do you think you could get me some fishin' tackle? I brung them two boys over here to cut the grass, and I thought it ud be a good day to fish."

Had he asked for an airship I think I might have found a few addresses for him — but fishin' tackle! Vera and I hunted an hour and discovered a rod but no line. We introduced the man to several localities that we thought might have been frequented by worms. He found the bait, but there was not a hook on the place. He left in disgust, and Vera and I sat down and laughed until we cried. Then she decided to analyze the pumping engine to find out what ailed its inwards, and I — well I trailed along with her.

Vera, you see, has so much mentality that she can make people believe that she considers them charming, using only about one-sixteenth of her brain for the process. With the rest of her mind, she arranges lines of action. Like Tom Sawyer, she gets the other fellow to whitewash her fences. However, I don't know what she would have done with the lover of Jean de Reszke whom I met in the top gallery.

Years ago, before Vera and I became friends, Anna and I once saved enough wealth from the remnants of our weekly allowances to buy tickets to hear a gala performance of *Faust*. Our parents consented to our sitting alone, since Anna's brother, who was "suping" that night, could meet us and take us home. Our seats were in the last row of the top gallery of the Auditorium. I still hear people mention that performance with the same awe with which our fathers discuss Edwin Booth: for Melba, the two de Reszkes, Campanini, and several other stars were in the cast. Just as the lights went down and the orchestra began to play, a small bouncing individual with shining face and shining clothes, dropped with a thud into the aisle seat next to us. Our pleasing

solitude in the midst of a great crowd was disturbed, broken, gone: our neighbor's individuality was as exuberant as his movements. He ejaculated, groaned and sighed in ecstasy. He shivered with apprehension, and bounded up and down in his seat. During the performance our attention was divided between him and the stage. The surprise of Melba's clear tones is still associated in my mind with the stifled sighs of that pestiferous neighbor. In endeavoring to shut our minds to him, we lost the first rapture of the music. But it was during the intermission that he inflicted himself most emphatically upon us. He talked to us because we were there; had the seats been empty, he would probably have talked to them. He described the delicacy, the fine reserve, with which Jean de Reszke — "Jean, my idol," as he called him — had awakened the sleeping Brünnhilde in the opera of the night before. "One kiss," he said, "one delicate kiss." His tones arose with excitement until at least a hundred people turned to look at us inquiringly. He illustrated the fine restraint of the hero by nipping out a portion of the thick gallery air with his thumb and fore-finger. I see him yet, and hate him in my soul. What right had he to spoil a first performance of an opera for two eager girls by intruding his personality, his point of view? Mad King Ludwig was not so mad as people think him.

Before I die I am going to build a house in the desert. There I shall be able to bask in the sun, and to sing operas under my breath. I shall shoot on sight anyone who visits me uninvited. Anyone who goes with me will have to pass a very difficult examination on his ability to keep silent. He may then come on probation. If I don't like him, I shall send him home. There will be no redress.

NATURE, NURTURE, AND NOVEL- WRITING

MANY seem to take it for granted that the academic study of good literature, if properly managed by teacher and taught, should in the nature of things put the student in the way of creating it. And since our schools and colleges and universities began some years ago to take the study of literature very seriously, and have long devoted a vast amount of effort to it without producing any visible surplus of good imaginative writers, there is a tendency to draw the conclusion that something must be wrong. Sometimes it is the teachers who are blamed — too much mechanical “philology” or what not. Again it is the students who are believed to be suffering from a sort of secular degeneration due to athletic sports, luxury, the love of amusement, or the materialistic drift of the age. Whoever gets the blame, it is apt to be assumed that things are going from better to worse and that something ought to be done about it.

Such is the opinion, one must infer, of Mr. William W. Ellsworth, a publisher of long experience who lately allowed himself to be interviewed for the *New York Times*. Mr. Ellsworth “can not help feeling that the art of authorship is not growing in America as it should, and that the colleges are apparently doing nothing to help this growth.” It appears that new writers are not emerging as they should. A recent count of a thousand book-manuscripts examined in his office up to January 1, 1916, showed forty-one accepted and not one of them by a new writer. Fifteen years ago a similar count of a thousand showed fourteen new authors out of twenty-five accepted. Mr. Ellsworth does not say in so many words that the blight is ascribable to the colleges, but he evidently suspects something of the kind, for we are told of young persons of his acquaint-

ance who in school had an apparent faculty for creative literature, and came out of college "familiar with the writings of Addison and Browning but utterly unable to express an original thought." Plainly this implies that the colleges are not doing their whole duty, at least not doing what might fairly be expected of them. He finds the situation puzzling and depressing.

Now all this invites reflection. In the first place, one balks a little at the seeming identification of literature with fiction, as if that alone could be "creative." Secondly, one is surprised to hear that there is serious danger of a waning supply of that particular literary commodity. Thirdly, supposing that danger to be real, one does not quite see how the colleges are responsible for it or why they should be looked to for a remedy.

But what sort of person is "one," the reader may be wondering by this time. Be it known, then, that "one" is in this case a well-seasoned university teacher of literature. He is the author of books and essays dealing with that subject, but is not a novelist — never wrote a story in his life. He does like to dabble in verse-making, and knows the rules of the game, but is well aware that he was never cut out for a highly expert player.

Now looking at the situation from his particular perch, the writer is not greatly moved to pessimism by the solicitude above set forth. He has noticed from his reading that art of every species, like manners and social ideals, is generally on the decline — in the estimation of elderly folk whose eyes are fixed on what they have known and loved in the past. At any particular epoch in any nation's literary history one can usually find, if one hunts for, expressions of wonder and dismay at the way things are going. But in literature as elsewhere the law of supply and demand gets in its inevitable work. Great genius, memorable for a long posterity, comes very rarely; but seasonal production for the market goes on its way under the ever changing conditions. With more or less of light

and of smoke, with intermittent flickerings and brightenings, with incessant change of hue, the torch is somehow kept afire, and the nations get taken care of in the long run in accordance with their deserts. What better can one expect unless it were more geniuses? And who by taking thought can provide *them*?

Let this pass for what it is worth as a professorial *obiter dictum*, making no claim to startling novelty. The real subject of these cogitations is the assumption stated at the beginning. Is it a reasonable opinion, in the light of present knowledge, that the study of imaginative literature in school, college, and university should impart the power to produce it? If this is a proper assumption, then it must be admitted that hitherto the study has not been rightly managed. Something is wrong. Either the teachers are not of the right kind or else they are working in the wrong way. Let us note in passing that such an admission does not utterly discredit the study as now carried on, unless we assume that the production of literary artists is the *sole* object of putting literature into the course of study. If teachers are able, in a fair proportion of cases, to interest the average student in good literature, to give him an inkling of what it really is, and to quicken ever so little his appetite for it, they are doing something well worth while. They may still hold up their heads with, say, the teachers of music and drawing, who are not often blamed because no large crop of Mozarts and Corots can be observed to spring up in their wake. I do not now claim that the teachers are notably successful, even in this modest mission of training appreciators. I merely say that so far as they do succeed, they are performing a creditable social function. But this is another story, and I wish to keep to the main question.

We may put it in a different form thus: Is the total of qualities that go to the writing of a good novel a matter of nature, of nurture, or a mixture of the two? If it is a mixture of the two, how are they distributed? If all the

Nature, Nurture, and Novel-Writing 143

qualities were of nurture, then it should be possible, by skillfully applied training in a suitable environment, to make a novelist out of any boy or girl who comes along. But if the ability, or any essential factor of it, is a matter of nature (that is, of heredity), then training and environment are wasted on those who have not that particular factor in their germ-plasm. For such the case was unalterably closed at, or rather before, birth. At this point let me quote a paragraph from a recent authoritative book on *Heredity and Environment* by Professor E. G. Conklin of Princeton (page 463):

There can be no doubt that the main characteristics of every living thing are unalterably fixed by heredity. Men differ from horses or turnips because of their inheritance. Our family traits were determined by the hereditary constitutions of our ancestors, our inherited personal traits by the hereditary constitutions of our fathers and mothers. By the shuffle and deal of the hereditary factors in the formation of the germ cells, and by the chance union of two of these cells in fertilization, our hereditary natures were forever sealed. Our anatomical, physiological, psychological possibilities were predetermined in the germ cells from which we came. All the main characteristics of our personalities were born with us, and can not be changed except within relatively narrow limits. "The leopard can not change his spots nor the Ethiopian his skin," and "tho thou shouldst bray a fool in a mortar with a pestle yet will his foolishness not depart from him." Race, sex, mental capacity are determined in the germ cells, perhaps in the chromosomes, and all the possibilities of our lives were there fixed, for who by taking thought can add one chromosome, or even one determiner, to his organization?

Further on, Conklin dwells on the rich possibilities of development by training — what we can do and what we can not do. His conclusions are distinctly hopeful. The gist of them is that education can do a great deal — vastly more than it has done hitherto — to train the will, the habits of thought and action, the ideals, the sense of responsibility, the power of application and of self-control. But I note that he does not mention artistic

ability of any kind among these potentialities of development by training.

Probably most careful observers will say that a marked talent for imaginative writing is not a simple affair, but composite — a product of several factors some of which are much more commonly found in the human make-up than others. If this is so, and I think it is, the question then arises: What is the probability that any particular boy or girl on reaching school age will have all the essential factors in his or her organization? Because if the probability is very small indeed, it can hardly be expected, indeed it would hardly be right, that school and college teachers in a democratic society should center their efforts largely on that rare individual, even if they knew just what sort of training and environment would best develop his peculiar gift. Our schools are not made for geniuses, tho they certainly ought not to blight genius. *If* they do that, and so far as they do it, there *is* something wrong.

Is it then possible to analyze the aggregate of qualities that go to good imaginative writing, for the purpose of determining which are of nature for the relatively many, and therefore capable of nurture in schools of general learning, and which are hereditary gifts of the very few — gifts that must be developed, if at all, in ways that are beyond the reach of the pedagogue.

Of course I am here conscious of raising a hard question that has usually been given up as hopeless. The qualities I am talking about are generally lumped together under the name of genius, and genius is treated as an inscrutable mystery. The poet is born, not made, says the proverb; genius is kindled only by genius, said Lessing. The very word *ingenium* tells its tale of this way of thinking. The gift is "born in" one, or else it is not. If it is born in one it will take care of itself, and often seems to thrive best under poverty and hard knocks and other so-called adverse conditions — the very opposite of those that foster-

ing care would antecedently be apt to select. Coddling and all attempts to guide it or force it into some conventional mold are either futile or else they spoil it. They are like the attempts of the old French gardeners to make trees grow in cubes, pyramids and spheres. Definitions of genius that leave out the mystery, such as an infinite capacity for taking pains, or an intense preoccupation with some dominant purpose, vision or dream, never quite seem to tell the whole story. And really they do not, because no two individuals are just alike, and men differ most from one another according to the greater or less development of qualities that are inborn. Everyone has his *ingenium* and it is no more mysterious in one case than in another. So we are at last coming to think of genius a little more soberly. To-day the awe and wonder of thinking men are less excited by the achievement of a specific genius in a particular man or woman, than by the universal mystery of all-inclusive development from a microscopic germ cell.

So it may not be utterly impossible after all to make the analysis suggested. On account of the endless variety of human *ingenia*, and of the fact that a clever imitator without the gift may simulate a work of art — there being many degrees and no absolute distinction between artistry and artisanship — our probability of error will be rather large. Perhaps the factors we disengage may not be true determiners in the Mendelian sense — that is a question for biologists — but it seems worth while to make the attempt and see what comes of it.

First, then, a good novelist must belong to the imaginative, visualizing type of mankind. A very large proportion of human beings otherwise able seem to have no imaginative power. But without this factor a would-be novelist is a mere cobbler.

Second, he must have the artistic proclivity, that is, a strong bent for bodying forth his imagination in words. To speak Greek, he must be a born "maker." These

first two are not the same. There are highly imaginative persons given to revery and daydreaming who do not have any decided bent for making.

Third, he must be capable of what I shall venture to call vicarious experience. I mean that he must be able to identify himself with imaginary people to such a degree that they are as if real to him. This is the condition of their seeming real to his readers, hence is one of the great fundamental factors of literary artistry. Yet it is different from imagination, different from the bent for making.

Fourth, he must be an interested observer of character for its own sake. Most of us do not really *see* character at all in the sense here involved — any more than we see the little things of outdoor life when we take a walk. Or if we do see it, our minds are apt to set about changing it, reforming it, making it over in our own image.

Fifth, he must be able to handle effectively the language that he uses. This does not mean that he must be able to write clearly, coherently, or with due logical sequence. Effectively for the purposes of art means sensuously, so that the words shall flash back lights from the printed page, making the reader sit up and take notice. This factor has grown in importance ever since stories began to be made for the eye rather than the ear.

Now I do not suppose for a moment that any good novelist would at once accept this inventory as complete. Each would probably wish to add something. One, perhaps, would suggest the necessity of having a philosophy of some kind, while another would caution against didacticism, or emphasize some minor trick of the trade. Be it so. Philosophy and technic are admittedly of nurture, and I am in quest of the factors that at least seem to be not everyone's affair. Unless I am mistaken the additions to my scheme would only show that no two novelists are alike, and that the kinds of good story are many. The only one not allowable is the *genre ennuyant*,

which to be sure is extensively produced but never cultivated. No one cares about *its* constituent factors. I am quite content if the factors above enumerated are admitted to be in a general way the perennially important ones.

Let us assume, then, for the sake of the discourse, that my inventory is fairly complete. What we next need to know is the relative frequency with which these various factors are present in the human germ cell. If all five are essential, and if they do not necessarily go together, what is the probability that any particular person will have the combination in his make-up? Unfortunately there is no way of answering this question or even of investigating it by direct observation. It is a free field for guessing and estimating. We can tell little about potentialities of development by looking at the human infant, much less by inspecting the oöperm from which he came (if that were possible). Saint and sinner, learned and lewd, genius and dolt all look alike in the fertilized egg. We can only guess what men might become by observing what they do become. My own observations have been made on college and university students — a selected group in whom the conventionalizing educational process, largely (more's the pity) a germ-stifling process, had already been at work for nearly or quite twenty years. Having regard to this class which I have been in the way of observing, I judge that the factors above enumerated are separately pretty rare, the rarity diminishing in the order of the numbers, and that the combination of all five is very rare indeed. Perhaps one student in fifty, men and women, belongs clearly to the imaginative, visualizing type, one in forty has a bit of the artist in his make-up, one in thirty is capable of vicarious experience, one in twenty is an interested observer of character, and one in ten can write more or less effectively. Possibly one in five hundred has all five of the factors in simultaneous healthy development.

Needless to say that I do not bank heavily on these particular numbers or wish to have them quoted as a solemn statistical deliverance. The order of the factors may be in need of revision. It is confessedly guesswork. Very likely another man in my business would put the factors in a somewhat different order and find them present in other proportions of cases. Maybe he would think the lucky combination more frequent than I have estimated. But he would certainly find it *very rare*, and that is the sole point that I am driving at in this discussion.

So we see why our schools, colleges, and universities, with all their conscientious study of good imaginative literature, do not, can not, and should not be expected to turn out good imaginative writers on a large and increasing scale. They can only turn *out* what is first turned *in* to them. Moreover the teachers do not know, and no one has yet been able to tell them, just what sort of training would be best adapted to develop, in a given case of ideal endowment, the totality of gifts we have been considering. Probably they would go all wrong in their experimentation. Belike a year in prison, or before the mast, or on a Mississippi steamboat, or in the rough-and-tumble of socialistic agitation, would be more to the purpose than anything *they* could provide.

Does it follow that it is not worth while for the literary aspirant to go to college at all? Well, hardly. If he has the right pentamerous stuff in his organism it really does not matter much in the long run whether he goes or not, while if he hasn't it, no college can help him. History proves that incontestably. The idea that college life by its very nature has a blighting effect on artistic talent is largely chimerical. If the talent is really there, it will show itself in due time in its own way, being neither made nor marred by anything colleges can do. The "apparent faculty" that can be ruined by college life is not of Apollo — not the real thing. Gray was wandering in dreamland,

Nature, Nurture, and Novel-Writing 149

as a poet rightly may, when he sang of mute inglorious Miltons. It pertains to the nature of a Milton not to be mute (number two above). He simply can not be — any more than a spider can refrain from spinning its web.

On the whole, however, let the aspirant go to college, and on to the university, if he conveniently can. Only let him go as to a school of life — life to be heartily lived and curiously observed; not as to a school of theory and criticism, to be absorbed from the benches in the expectation that when his private balloon is duly inflated it will waft him quickly to distinction in novel-writing. For the potential indirect gain is considerable. In the first place, college life is a great revealer of the self. In the vast majority of cases the apparent faculty is an illusion of young ambition. The gift is not really there in its composite bloom. There is something lacking. In that case the acid test of college life soon tells the aspirant how the matter stands. This saves time and effort.

And then what an arena of discussion is the modern university! There is where the ideas, doctrines, tendencies and antagonisms that are shaping our civilization for better or worse are scrutinized and debated on their merits. Should it be of no value to the literary aspirant to hear of these things which are the moving forces of society? When he does not know just what phase of life will afterwards lay hold of him and furnish him with the raw material of his artistry, can he choose on the whole any better environment in which to spend a few years of his adolescence? If he *can* choose better, let some one tell us what the better school is. I can not think of any better than a place where all phases of life are ventilated *pro* and *con* in the discussions of the lecture-room and the seminar. Let the aspirant take it all in, not bothering his head about departments and degrees and that sort of thing, but curious only of life. If peradventure he has it in him to write better stories than those of De Maupassant, to hear what some well-read professor

thinks of De Maupassant will still do him no harm, and may indirectly do him just a little good. I freely admit that the positive gain is uncertain, and does not in any case amount to much. My point is that all the criticism and historical scrutiny and professorial opinionation will do the aspirant no harm if he has a rugged individuality of his own. If he has not, all the schools and professors on earth can never make an artist of him. If he can write effectively, and feels in his bones that what the professor of composition says is mainly fudge, let him still hear the professor of composition on the subjects of clearness, force and logical coherence, and then — go his way to whatever vital experience may grip him, and write as God gives him to see the light.

A DOUBLE ENTRY EDUCATION

A WORD of autobiography may give warning of prejudices and preconceptions that have entered into my thinking upon educational problems, and which should be held in mind when judging the theory of educational values that I shall present.

I was born in the least of New England villages, at the home of my maternal grandfather, who by vocation was a tanner and by avocation town clerk, justice of the peace, and postmaster. In a neighboring state my paternal grandfather was by vocation a farmer, and by avocation a land surveyor and justice of the peace. Both grandfathers, at one time or another, represented their towns in the legislatures of their respective states. My father was a Congregational minister who, from time to time, contributed articles to the denominational press, and published one book of serious purpose.

Until I went to college I had lived only in villages or in open country. Circumstances have made me a citizen of the world's largest city. Circumstances and inclination have made me by vocation a university professor, by avocation a writer of books, a trustee of a college, and a member of the Board of Education of my city. By necessity, therefore, as by predilection, I have thought much about educational programs and methods. When I entered college there was already lively discussion, in this country and abroad, of the relative values of classical and scientific studies. It will hardly be claimed that the question has been decided by the mere fact that the classics have been driven from most of our American colleges and universities. The issue has been broadened, until now we are debating the relative values of literary studies of any description, on the one hand, and of training in the observation and handling of material things,

on the other hand. Great pressure is brought to bear to substitute, in the public schools of our largest cities, education through things for education through books, and the President Emeritus of Harvard University, in a highly important paper published by the General Education Board, has strongly argued that the best part of human knowledge "has come by exact and studied observation made through the senses of sight, hearing, taste, smell, and touch," and that "the most important part of education has always been the training of the senses through which that best part of knowledge comes."

Obliged to vote from time to time upon measures, which in the end will build our educational policy upon the proposition that Mr. Eliot so clearly states; or upon an older, and essentially different proposition; or upon some combination or compromise of these two, I have reviewed my individual experience as a subject of educational experimentation. From the things that I have remembered and discovered, I have drawn certain inductive conclusions.

My strict upbringing was conformed at all points to my father's Calvinistic faith. Secular knowledge, although important, was of infinitely less concern than "the plan of salvation," supreme above all philosophies, human sciences, and arts. Before I could read, my memory was taxed to learn and to recite Bible verses. When I was seven or eight years old, my father began assigning simple readings in books of history, and when I was nine, he began teaching me Latin. School studies did not interest me until I was ten years of age or older. The first that I cared for was geography. Then, all at once, I found that I enjoyed the class exercises in parsing and in analyzing sentences. Arithmetic meant nothing to me until I discovered that I must know something of it, and of geometry, in order to understand how my grandfather worked out his problems in surveying.

Meanwhile, I was getting education of another sort.

Before I was six years old I had become, in an infantile way, a theological sceptic, and to this day I believe that many children before they reach that age have begun to think about the things that are commonly called religious, in agnostic attitudes that will not materially change as long as they live. If this sounds like exaggeration, let me explain how inevitable it was in my case and, I think, is for the same reason in the cases of others. The things that I heard in church and in prayer-meeting, and the forms of speech that my father used, made upon me a deep and vivid impression of unreality. They affected me like bad dreams which, when I awoke to the sunshine and the concrete incidents of washing and dressing, enjoying my breakfast, and getting busy with my play, I was glad to forget. Looking back upon it all now I explain my reactions at that time as indicating that I intensely enjoyed the world of things. I know, indeed, that I did, and that I turned to it eagerly to escape from a world of ideas that repelled me.

My keenest delight was to watch the operations of a shop where stationary steam-engines were built at the rate of one a week, and especially, on Saturday afternoons, to see the new engine fired up and tried out. Next to this I enjoyed the occasional visits at the home of my maternal grandfather, who allowed me to wander and play at will about the tannery, and watch its operations. At a later time I was permitted, to my intense delight, to accompany one of my father's parishioners who was making fossil-footprint collections in the Connecticut Valley, for the Geological Museum at Amherst College. Still later I entered with zest upon the wholesome out-of-door work of helping my paternal grandfather, in a simple way, in land surveying, and under his instruction I made some progress in mechanical drawing. By my father I was taught to use the ordinary tools of the carpenter's workshop. Naturally also I became a pretty good all-round hand on the farm.

So far the only books that I had cared for in the least had been a simply-written outline of commercial geography called *The Book of Commerce by Sea and Land*, a well worn text-book of *Natural Philosophy*, and a few stories. The first book of a serious sort for "grown ups" that I read through because I liked it, was Professor Dana's *Corals and Coral Islands* which my geologist friend had put into my hands. The first serious hard-work study of books that I ever did was upon text-books of mechanical drawing. Of course, after a fashion, I got my lessons at school, in arithmetic, algebra, Latin, and various other things. But school work was merely a task. I had for it none of the enthusiasm with which I found out things for myself in the world of actualities.

By what process then was it that at last I awakened to apprehension of a world not actual, yet real — the concrete world of romance and art; to knowledge of a world of thoughts, real in part, in part unreal; and to appreciation of the immense importance of verbal distinctions, and of ideas recorded in books? I have asked myself this question many times, and I think that I can answer it with approximate certainty.

On a November day I discovered Walter Scott, and the world of romance. It was the longer poems that I read. My mood was in tune with the opening lines of the *Introduction to Canto First of Marmion*, and my surroundings, in the Western New England country, itself a land of romance, needed but little retouching by imagination to become the Scottish scene depicted.

Now the world of romance has this peculiarity: outside of our individual minds it does not in synthesis exist, all put together in vital and working unity. In this sense it is not actual. Yet, outside of our individual minds, in the ages-long experience of our race, its elements, its concrete factors, all have existed, over and over, in infinitely varied combinations. In this sense it is real. It is a

world which we ourselves create, making it as we wish it to be, and in which we dream and wander at will. Yet it is a familiar world, a world of sense experience, and of common sense, in which we know ourselves to be quite sane and at home. All this I felt, if I did not explicitly think, as I revelled in Scott, contrasting the substantial, worldly, and alluring realism of romance with the spooky queerness of that theological heaven whence I had incontinently fled.

On another and later day the thought came to me that the Latin language is an instrument of precision; that algebra is another instrument of precision, quite as truly as are the scales and the dividers that we use in drawing. The notion fascinated me. I began to be interested in shades of meaning, in discriminations of thought from thought, and in quantitative as distinguished from qualitative statements. The realization grew that our knowledge is an immensely complex thing. We get it and we organize it by a twofold process: the process of perception and the process of reason. We make observations, as Mr. Eliot says, through the senses of sight, hearing, taste, smell, and touch. But we do not stop with sense observations; we do not even stop with experimentation upon material things. We observe in thought; that is, we imagine. We experiment in thought; that is, we reason. And the thought processes have one immense advantage over the sense processes: they are more fluid. By means of them we can make thousands of combinations that are impossible in the world of sense. Thereby we discover and we invent, and through discovery and invention we have obtained a degree of mastery over the world of material sense.

In the ardor of this thought I turned to philosophy. My only access to it at this time was through articles on the various philosophical writers and systems which I found in the most useful work in my father's library: an encyclopædia. All these I read: the Hobbes and the

Locke, the Berkeley and the Hume; the Kant, the Schelling, the Fichte, and the Hegel. This reading awakened more curiosity than it satisfied, but from it I obtained one priceless thing: another thought that I discovered for myself. As I had turned to philosophy because I had seen the immense utility of observation and experimentation in terms of ideas, I turned from it because I now saw that thought unchecked by sense could intoxicate and enslave, and lure us on into that world of unrealities, of phantasmagoria of the fact-free mind from which, in childhood, I had shrunk. From that day forth I knew my own attitude towards science and philosophy. I saw a realm of knowledge limited but real; a realm in which reason and perception work together to establish verifiable truth: verifiable in the one meaning of the word which is both intelligible and practical. Alleged truth is verified when the verdict of sense and the verdict of reason upon it agree.

Verified and verifiable knowledge of the objective world (which comprises not only inanimate things and living bodies, but also the observable phenomena of human behavior) we to-day call natural, experimental, or physical science. Huxley was in the habit of calling it natural knowledge. No one of these names possibly is quite appropriate, but that does not greatly matter. The important thing to keep in mind is that verifiable or natural knowledge — a product of both reason and sense perception — is marked off and always to be discriminated from speculative philosophy or philosophical speculation — a product of reason only.

It is a habit of the human mind to utilize one word to convey more than one meaning. We seize upon resemblances, trivial, amusing, or important, and fix them in consciousness by tagging them with the same verbal sign. The procedure is a simple case of inductive logic, and a word of double meaning is therefore often a record of significant experiences through which the race, in its

evolution, has passed. Among such words, "speculation" and "speculative" are exceptionally suggestive. To speculate is to spy out and behold. Therefore it is also to contemplate; to look into; to pursue or spy out truth by reasoning. But truth is by no means the only thing that man curiously looks into and tries to spy out. The usual man is more interested to spy out opportunity, and commonly the operation is one attended by risk. Consequently it comes about that to speculate is ". . . to invest money for profit upon an uncertainty; to take the risk of loss in view of possible gain."

So the business man and the philosopher both speculate. Have we not here something either philosophical or practical, or perhaps both practically and philosophically worth spying out? What is it that business speculation and philosophical speculation have in common?

One common element, obviously, is belief or faith, in distinction from knowledge. In both cases the mental operation is the projection of reasoning, good or bad in quality, as may be, unchecked as yet by sense perception. Philosophers and investors alike are taking risks which may or may not return a profit. Belief, then, in distinction from knowledge, is the psychological element common to both kinds of speculation.

In keeping with the common psychological element is a practical element. Philosophical or economic speculation is essentially credit: it is an obligation: it is not cash. Unless it is paid up sooner or later in the hard cash of fact, in sense perception, or in material goods, it is wasted effort, wasted wealth.

Our spying out of this subject may profitably go one stage further. There is a sense in which coin money is essentially a form of credit. The European War is reminding the world, as it has been reminded thousands of times before, that even gold and silver avail nothing in situations where it is impossible to buy with them the concrete goods imperatively needed. The economist

long ago discriminated money wages from real wages. The laborer's wages may be advanced twenty per cent; but if the prices of the necessaries of life advance thirty per cent he has not gained, he has lost. In the realm of ideas, as in the realm of business, there is a coin circulation which ordinarily passes in discharge of obligations, but like money of the market, it is worthless unless convertible into concrete satisfactions. The coin circulation of the mind consists of that stock of traditional ideas and alleged truths which commonly we accept without question. In a measure they have been verified by experience, but from time to time they are challenged; and when challenged, they must make good one hundred per cent, or be discredited. And the concrete payment into which they must be convertible is sense perception.

We are now in sight of the theory of education which I wish to present. Science is a double entry bookkeeping. Speculative philosophy is a single entry bookkeeping. Speculative philosophy makes up its account of the universe in terms of ideas only. Science makes up an account in terms of ideas and another account in terms of sense perception, which may be over and over repeated, and the two accounts must agree.

The exploitation of ideas has been as necessary a process in the development of civilization out of barbarism as has the exploitation of sense observation; and the recording of ideas and observations in books has been as necessary for the growth of knowledge as either perception or thought. He is a man of narrow vision who would forbid speculation in the economic world because it may yield nothing but loss, or object to philosophical speculation because it may lead nowhere. He is a one-eyed man who can see only the value of books; and he is a man with only the other eye who can see only the value of skill, ingenuity, and precision in sense observation.

In the university and in the theological seminary we

A Double Entry Education 159

may well leave the mind free to project its vision, to speculate at will. In the technical school we may hold the learner to hourly contact with physical forces and material things. But in school and college, in that general work of education which we plan for the average individual, to fit him for worthy and successful living, we should, I think, first keep within that empirical realm which is made up of the ideas, the sense impressions, and the motor processes that are interconvertible, and second, within this realm, we should develop a double entry education.

We should first do all that Mr. Eliot, and those who agree with him, ask. We should train the senses and require practice, thorough and long-continued, in the use of instruments of precision, in observation and in creative work. Thereby we should keep the mind in close touch with actuality, and enrich it with the content of fact. But there we should not stop. We should also enkindle the love of romance, and reveal the visions of possibility and of beauty that we call literature and art. We should teach the uses and the niceties of words. We should develop, so far as we can, the power of purely intellectual analysis, and we should open to every mind the treasure house of ideas, the accumulations of the generations of human experience. So should we make men, equipped and trained to lead the lives of men; not workmen only, or dreamers only, powerless to convert their dreams into concrete realities.

The effective means or procedures of double entry education are at least four in number. All are empirical; all have been tested and have "made good." Men that have profited by any one of them know its value, but too often they are ignorant of the value of the other three. Therefore, we have endless contention over educational programs.

First in time and most simple in character is the making or producing of something. To make a stone hatchet, or

a bow and arrow, a hut or a canoe, a web of cloth, or a water jar, a pair of shoes or a coat, a plow, a sailboat or a steam engine, to raise a crop of oats or rear a herd of cattle, is to call forth every major reaction of the mind, and, in a degree, to train all its powers. It demands ideas, and a more or less free arrangement of them in the coherences that we call patterns. It demands also accuracy of sense impression and of motor adjustment; and it is a process in which, at every stage, idea, sense perception and motor reaction are and must be interconvertible.

To obtain this result, however, the thing made or grown must be a complete and functioning thing, not a mere part of a whole which is never seen entire and in operation. It must emotionally be wanted and imaginatively be foreseen and planned. It must be discovered in its sources and circumstances, be assembled in its materials or elements, be constructed or grown, and finally, it must be made to "go," or otherwise to satisfy, and must be approved or condemned by the judgment as it "works" or does not work. This synthesis is educationally vital, and it is the standard by which to measure the value of any given scheme of manual training or vocational guidance. In earlier days artisans, practical manufacturers and practical farmers were often well educated men, although they had enjoyed little schooling. In making or growing complete things, adequate to foreseen uses, their minds were normally developed. In highly specialized modern industry the worker produces only a relatively insignificant part. He gets only the vaguest notions of sources, completeness and ultimate adequacy. To reproduce in the school shop these educationally worthless or worse than worthless modern conditions, instead of the earlier ones that had a sterling educational value, imagining that in so doing we are "practical" and "advanced" is to be absurd to the *nth* degree.

Nearly as early in time, and but little less elementary

in character than double entry education by creative work, is the practical education that we get through relations with fellowmen. The keenness of sense and the precision of judgment that the apprentice may get in the shop or the farmer's boy in the field, the newsboy may obtain in the street. The successful detective relies on his working combination of observation with conjecture. The business man who gets on spends his days, as we have seen, in maintaining the interconvertibility of speculation with concrete facts of sense. So also, to an extent not always justly measured by a cynical press, does the practical politician, who works his way up from the duties of a watcher, or of humbler service, through district leadership to responsible power. Grudgingly or admiringly the world accepts the self-made man as in a way educated. It has to acknowledge that he is trained in perception and in understanding, if not in literary tradition or in convention.

We are not permitted to forget, however, that street and mart, with the aid of the "district," deliver to us also as characteristic products, the gangster and the heeler, the parasite and the grafter. If the manipulation of material things is inadequately educative unless it is seen as part of a larger process culminating in the fulfillment of a purpose, so is social "mixing" inadequate, or worse, unless it is part of a process of "getting somewhere" worth while. To obtain the double entry education through social experience one must belong to organizations that function as agencies adjusting means to ends, and which, therefore, striving for collective success, penalize individual inefficiency. And obviously, if social experience is to develop not only efficiency but also social vision and a sense of responsibility, the organizations to which one belongs must be comprehensive and of high purpose. We arrive here at recognition of the supreme educational value of citizenship, as it was conceived by the Greek, as we moderns shall necessarily conceive it if the lessons of the great war shall be taken to heart. Citizenship is not

fulfilled in the enjoyment of state-created privileges while the defense of one's country is left to hirelings or to volunteers. Citizenship includes a sense of obligation, and a personal preparedness to take one's individual part in any emergency. A part of that preparedness is military training, and in human history thus far military service has been the one effective means of creating in the average human breast a sense of complete self-giving to the commonwealth, and of actually bringing the average heedless individual to

keep his rifle and himself just so.

The remaining ways and means of training sense and thought in effective interaction are (3) the creative pursuit or the critical study of literature or art, and (4) scientific investigation or the systematic study of natural science. I offer no contribution to the controversial literature upon the relative values of these supposedly unlike ways and means, beyond the remark that they are less unlike than most of the disputants over them assume, and that any one of them misused or used inadequately, may grievously disappoint, as manual training or social mixing may.

Protagonists of education through the observation and handling of material things, usually single out "literary" studies and the "literary method" as representative of a schooling that neglects to train the senses. The assumption betrays a curious failure of observation. A study of anything through books only, of course, neglects sense training, but the method is no more fatal in literature than in science. Neither literature nor art can live, any more or any longer, than natural science could live, if not continually fed on observation of the material world. Moreover, to understand literature or art, as to create it, one must know at first hand through individual sense impressions, the concrete things depicted: the shore and the sky, the marsh and the mountain, the crumbling

arch and the crowded street, the struggle for existence, in mill or mine, in market or forum, on field or battlefield. And only as expression in word, or form, or color, is over and again brought face to face with sense impressions of the "material" expressed, can we have standards or judgments in art or in letters. Cubism and Futurism, like speculative philosophy, may stimulate intellectual motility, or reveal new possibilities, but in themselves they are no more art and literature than speculative philosophy is science.

Fortunate is the man who has profited by all of the ways of double entry education. To have learned and been disciplined through making things that "go" or "work"; through effective coöperation with fellowmen; through the patient study of expression, point by point with observation of the content supposedly expressed; and through a not less patient examination of the content of knowledge and of our inductive methods of organizing it: this is, in truth, to be educated. But in realizing so much let us not fall into the deplorable error of concluding that every boy and girl in school should be "put through" a curriculum compounded of these four programs, in vain expectation that he or she will so obtain a "broad" or "rounded" education. By this error our up-to-date public schools have been made absurd, and too often next to worthless. Not every boy or girl can profit by as many as two of the four programs, and the pupil who can thrive on them all is highly exceptional. Our business in the public schools is to see that every boy and girl is awakened, disciplined and carefully trained in perception and in thought, by at least one procedure, and by acquaintance with at least one kind of material. If then, in addition, he or she presumably can obtain something worth while from other material and through another educational experience, let the hopeful experiment be tried.

MODEST MODERNIST PAPERS

I. The Arts and Education

THERE are two extreme manners, or rather moods, of looking upon the past. There is the mood of light-hearted contempt and ridicule of those who regard the past as only an extended period of benighted groping or supine inertia conveniently affording the dark background for the shining virtues of a progressive present — a mood which often, under provocation of some obstinate and disappointing demonstration of the past's real power, changes from careless hostility to the bitter gloom and hatred of the extreme radical; and there is the mood of easy and unthinking acceptance — of exaggerated veneration for the old and established, of exaggerated timidity in the face of the new and untried.

The conflict between these two moods is unceasing. Sometimes it has grown to such fierce intensity as to disrupt society. The French Revolution is witness.

“So, however,” speaks the well-known Voice interpreting this most famous of such disruptions, — “so, however, in this world of ours, which has both an indestructible hope in the Future, and an indestructible tendency to persevere as in the Past, must Innovation and Conservatism wage their perpetual conflict, as they may and can. Wherein the dæmonic element, that lurks in all human things, *may* doubtless, some once in the thousand years, — get vent. But indeed may we not regret that such conflict, — which, after all, is but like that classical one of hate-filled Amazons with heroic Youths, and will end in *embraces*, — should usually be so spasmodic? For Conservatism, strengthened by that mightiest quality in us, our indolence, sits for long ages, not victorious only, which she should be; but tyrannical, incommunicative. She holds her adversary as if annihilated; such adversary lying, all the while, like some buried Enceladus; who, to gain the smallest freedom, has to stir a whole Trinacria with its *Ætnas*.”

If to-day the two moods of Innovation and Conservatism were evenly exaggerated, a reasonable satisfaction of the essayist's obligation would perhaps be to set down such philosophic comment on both as occurred to him, and then, with a general exhortation to common sense and the better employment of energy by the extremists of both factions, and with a comforting expression of faith in the principle of stable equilibrium as applied to society, to conclude. But the spirit of Innovation, always more or less welcome as a correction to the spirit of Conservatism, has of recent years so often gone beyond bounds, and has become in many respects so aggressive, that it is the duty of the sane to counsel on occasion a little less rapidity, heat, and self-confidence, and a little more self-examination, steadiness, and calm.

While the conflict of to-day does not differ in essence from that of the ages, there are some features which distinguish it from the struggles of the past. In the first place, the extent of the battle-line is unexampled. The great eighteenth century conflict, far extended in space and time as have been its consequences, was more or less localized. In comparison with our world of the first decades of the twentieth century, the world of 1789 was composed of separate, uncommunicating, and repellent units. To-day, Conservatism and Innovation confront each other in every land and on every sea. As regards the sharing of ideas and emotions, the world is immeasurably more a unit than ever before.

In the second place, on the part of Innovation at least, the conflict to-day is distinguished by an audibility incomparably greater than any yet known in the history of the race. With wireless in the heavens above, and cables in the water under the earth, with them that go down to the sea in ships doing business in great waters all over the globe, the whole earth is suddenly grown

immeasurably smaller. "This wide and universal theatre" is shrunk to such dimensions that every line of the actors and all the comments of the audience are clearly heard. Every shot fired now is heard round the world.

Of this ease of communication and widespread distribution there have been two results. One of them is courage on the part of Innovation. If in the multitude of counsellors there is safety, in the noise of self-assertion there is confidence. The New has gathered boldness from the sound of its own vociferation.

The other result is to be seen in a certain growth of the New in unity and consistency. It has come to be less local and less straggling, more universal and more self-conscious. There have come to be theatres devoted exclusively to the New, and publishers whose names are identified with the New. We are constantly hearing now of the New Painting, the New Music, the New Education, the New Poetry, the New Morals, the New Woman, where before we heard nothing beyond scattered references to the New Jerusalem and the New York and New Haven. We have seen a movement like Futurism deliberately adopt more or less definite principles and (alas!) practices regarding painting, sculpture, literature, and music; and the extension of these principles to dress, manners, morals, religion, legislation, or education would surprise us hardly more than their original application to the fine arts. What the various individual movements in letters and the arts do, when they set forth in manifesto the definition of their aims and the importance of their achievements, the New as a unified whole might almost do.

We seem at this point to be in need of a term. What shall we denominate the figure whom we set up as the visible and audible representative of the New? Let us thank Miss Agnes Repplier for the suggestion in her title *The Modest Immigrant*, as we thank her for many

other apt and pleasant things, and refer to the prophet of the New as "The Modest Modernist."

The Modest Modernist does not appear in the gallery of Theophrastus' *Characters*, whether under that title or any other title, like "The Boastful Man," "The Loquacious Man," or "The Late-Learner," which might be suspected of indicating his presence. Perhaps he did not exist. Perhaps Theophrastus felt unequal to the task of adequate portraiture. At any rate, let us indulge ourselves for the moment by emulating the friend and pupil of Aristotle, and do what we may to supply the lack in his otherwise excellent work.

I

The Modest Modernist, O Unpopular Polycles, is one who will tell you that the sorry Scheme of Things entire is a grand mistake. He will tell you that it must be shattered into bits and re-moulded nearer to the Heart's Desire. He will assure you that this can be done. He says he himself knows the means.

The Modest Modernist will tell you the truth. He will tell you all about the means, and all about himself. He says the past had false ideas of modesty. He says that the New Modesty, the true modesty, consists in telling the truth exactly as it is. He will tell it even if it makes him seem great.

The Modest Modernist is out of patience with the past. This is his most audible trait. He will tell you that the past has been slow, the past has been somnolent, the past has been timid, the past has been mistaken, the past has been criminal. *He* will let the dead past bury its dead; *he* will *act*, act with the living present. He adds, "as someone has somewhere said." The more he thinks about it, the more convinced is he that the great obstacle to present and future perfection is the past.

The Modest Modernist will therefore break with the past. He will do more. He will paralyze the past. He

will crush it with a phrase. He will call it the "ignorant" past, the "unprogressive" past, the "static" past, the "malevolent" past, the "conspiring" past, the "long, dead hand, forever reaching out and laying upon the present its clammy, chilling touch." He will refer to "the trammels of the past," and "the tyranny of tradition." He will be an emancipator. He will refer to his "mission." He says that whatever has been, has been wrong.

The Modest Modernist never has doubts. Everything, to him, is as plain as a pike-staff. He is a radical, a reformer, a revolutionary, a regenerator. To him, correction is so easy and so simple that the mere existence of evil of any sort is an incrimination of the living and the dead. He will go about asking, "Why has no one thought of these things before?" If a neighbor criticize his theories, he will say that the critic is "in bondage to the past." If the critic point out a disturbing fact, he will assume that it does not exist; or that it will not exist once he has applied his plan. If the critic insist that some things have been known since recorded time began, and that they seem rooted in the nature of things, he will say that this is no sign they will exist in the future. He will prove history mistaken. He will denature nature.

It is in the arts that the Modest Modernist is most emancipated from the past. He will tell you that it is not true that the Greeks set art forever right. He is going to do that himself. He will not have his imagination in bonds. He will "spit every day on the altar of Art." He declares it all nonsense to say that the Parthenon was consummate perfection. He says the Wisconsin State Capitol is bigger by a great many hundreds of tons. He allows that the Greeks did well, when you consider, but says that they had no railways and not much commerce.

The Modest Modernist is quite sure about painting.

He says that painting has never been really æsthetic. It has been theological, archæological, literary; it has been photographic and decorative — a bastard art. The old masters were benighted. He concedes that Raphael drew pretty well, but says that after all he was only an illustrator — like all other painters up to the present. The Impressionists, the Pointillists, the Divisionists, the Chromo-luminarists, the Neo-Impressionists, and the Cubists, he says, are hardly less benighted. They have indeed in their way contributed to progress, but even they are all in one respect as stupid and illogical and unæsthetic as the old masters themselves. Pure painting must admit no medium of expression but color, whereas these unprogressives actually allow in their paintings recognizable objects.

The Modest Modernist suspects Cubism and Futurism themselves of recognizability. Vorticism and Intimism represent an advance, but are still not quite “defecated.” It is only in Synchronism, with its absolute unrecognizability, that the soul is left perfectly free to appreciate the æsthetic depths of real painting. It is the Synchronists who have set art forever right, as far as painting is concerned. “It now remains only for artists to create,” says the Modest Modernist. “The era of pure creation begins with the present day.”

The Modest Modernist will also reform sculpture altogether. He will use all materials in all manners except the old manner. He will use clay, marble, wood, glass, rock, hair, leather, straw, cloth, bits of mirror, cement—whatever will communicate the effect he wishes—all in the same work. He will use only straight lines. He will sculpture a man at a table, and pass the plane of the table through the man’s anatomy. He will open the human figure like a window and enclose in it all the environment in the midst of which it lives. He will create things as they really appear to the eye. If you

say he does not make them so appear, he will say that your vision is distorted by slavery to the conventional past.

The Modest Modernist asks, "Why have a key in music?" He says there is no key in the sounds that nature makes. Nature's music, he says, is an ever shifting current of keyless noises. Music should represent noise in motion. That is the way it exists in nature. The lack of instruments suited for such music he easily obviates. He invents the *bourdonneur*, the *fracasseur*, the *éclateur*, the *bruisseur*, the *glouglouteur*, and others of the kind. For this orchestration he composes "The Dinner on the Terrace," "The Waking of the Capital," and "The Rendez-vous of Autos and Aeroplanes." He has them performed. A public still groping in the musical darkness of the unprogressive past throw potatoes and eggs at the *fracasseurs* and the *glouglouteurs*. There is a riot. The newspapers report it, and the Modest Modernist declares that the press is a thrall to the notions of an obsolete past.

The Modest Modernist will also set right the art of poetry. Of course, he will first dispose of the past. He will say that Homer nods, and that Milton's theology is long since exploded. He will declare that Shakespeare is ill-adjusted and undramatic, and that Spenser is dull and static. He will say that Bryant and Longfellow are very second and third rate, and that Tennyson is only a sort of glorified Longfellow. He has thought it all out, and is sure that life is too short for us to be spending time upon anything so unrelated with present-day progress as the standard poets.

The Modest Modernist reads the standard poets to scoff at them. They confirm his good opinion of the present and himself. If he does read Milton, it is only for that purpose. He will tell you that no one else reads Milton at all. As for him, he would disdain to write in the manner of Milton. He has a better manner himself.

“Could I but swat J. Milton’s lyre,” he says —, “with all of Milton’s vim, I would not waste poetic fire on things embalmed by him. . . We gaze upon his pictured head, admire his bulging brow, and say we’re sorry he is dead — but no one reads him now. His poems are a punishment imparting doleful ache to any busy modern gent who has his way to make. . . This life’s too short for endless pomes that don’t lead anywhere, ground out by bards with lofty domes and birds’ nests in their hair. Had I J. Milton’s gift of song, I’d spring some harmless mirth, embalming topics, all day long, for people now on earth.”

For this exquisite mingling of the *utile* and the *dulce* the Modest Modernist gets, say, \$25. He says Milton got only \$50 for the whole of *Paradise Lost*, which was several hundred times as long. And besides, he says, *this* kind of poetry does some *good*.

The Modest Modernist has discovered that literary convention too, is tyrannical, along with everything else from the tyrannical past. Why should epics be in hexameter or pentameter? You find nothing of the sort in nature. Nature is free and unconstrained. Why should lyrics be in rhyme, or even in rhythm?

The Modest Modernist demands liberty. He doesn’t wait for a response to his demand. He assumes liberty. He adds to it equality — and superiority. He discovers that free verse is just as good as any other verse, and a great deal better. Besides, it is easier to manufacture. You don’t have to keep the public waiting while you study text books on metre, and the rhyming dictionary. You just write what is on your mind.

You wish, for example, to describe a dull day in your childhood years. You say:

There was nothing to see, nothing to do, nothing to play with, except that in an empty room upstairs there was a large tin box containing reproductions of the Magna Charta, of the Declaration of Independence and of a letter from Raleigh after the Armada. There were also several packets of stamps, yellow and blue Guatemala parrots, blue stags and red baboons and birds from Sarawak, Indians and men-of-war from the

United States, and the green and red portraits of King Franco-bollo of Italy.

Of course, unless given some kind of warning, a public whose æsthetics are still fettered by the traditions of the tyrannical past will fall into the trap of its own stupidity and mistake this for prose. The Modest Modernist recognizes the handicap, and kindly makes a concession. He gives the unfortunate reader a hint by the division of his matter into verses. He begins the verses with capital letters, like this:

There was nothing to see,
Nothing to do,
Nothing to play with,
Except that in an empty room upstairs
There was a large tin box
Containing reproductions of the Magna Charta,
Of the Declaration of Independence
And of a letter from Raleigh after the Armada, etc.

The Modest Modernist prints a book of poems composed after this manner. In the preface, he formulates his theory of the poet's art. He formulates it under six heads:

1. Use the language of common speech, but employ always the *exact* word.
2. Create new rhythms — as the expression of new moods — and do not copy old rhythms.
3. Employ absolute freedom in the choice of subject.
4. Present an image.
5. Make it hard and clear, never blurred nor indefinite.
6. Be concentrated.

He admits to the book nothing not illustrative of these principles. To illustrate concentration and the employment of common language, he includes the poem on childhood:

I hate that town;
I hate the town I lived in when I was little;
I hate to think of it.

There were always clouds, smoke, rain
 In that dingy little valley.
 It rained; it always rained.
 I think I never saw the sun until I was nine—
 And then it was too late;
 Everything's too late after the first seven years.

I was like a moth —
 Like one of those gray Emperor moths
 Which flutter through the vines at Capri.
 And that damned little town was my match-box,
 Against whose sides I beat and beat
 Until my wings were torn and faded, and dingy
 As that damned little town.

There was nothing to see, etc.

To exemplify “absolute freedom in the choice of subject,” he includes a poem about playmates. It exemplifies as well the employment of the *exact* word:

You were my playmate by the sea.
 We swam together.
 Your girl's body had no breasts.

We found prawns among the rocks;
 We liked to feel the sun and do nothing;
 In the evening we played games with the others.

It made me glad to be by you.

Sometimes I kissed you,
 And you were always glad to kiss me;
 But I was afraid — I was only fourteen.

And I had quite forgotten you,
 You and your name.

To-day I pass through the streets.
 She who touches my arm and talks with me
 Is — who knows? — Helen of Sparta,
 Dryope, Laodamia. . .

And there are you
 A — in Oxford Street.

The Modest Modernist doesn't print the blank. He

prints the *exact* word. He will have no cowardly dealings with falsehood. He believes in all speaking the truth, and in speaking all the truth.

The neighbors read the poem, and it shocks them. They are sunk in degrading servitude to the hypocritical past. When they come to the word which the poet prints, their tongues are paralyzed. It is *too exact*.

He illustrates the "image, hard and clear, never blurred nor indefinite," by a poem of Imagist Poetry's favorite daughter:

My thoughts
 Chink against my ribs
 And roll about like silver hail-stones.
 I should like to spill them out,
 And pour them, all shining,
 Over you.
 But my heart is shut upon them
 And holds them straitly.

Come, You! and open my heart;
 That my thoughts torment me no longer,
 But glitter in your hair.

The Modest Modernist demands freedom. We reply that genius is always privileged to use freedom, and welcome. The "high priestess of the new poetical cult" abuses the privilege in such ways as this. She says mean things about our favorite poets. We protest. She says that "surely we can see that the new poets have more originality, more of the stuff out of which poetry is made, than their predecessors had," aside from two exceptions that she has mentioned. We like what she says about exceptions. It leaves us *something*.

The Modest Modernist believes in free prose as well as free verse. He says that letters, words, syntax, and punctuation are all only means to an end, and that any other means which will bring the same result should be fearlessly employed. He will use numbers, mathematical signs, and varying type. He will use words and phrases

manufactured as need arises, as well as the ordinary literary forms. He says that the point is, that composition must be a vivid representation of action and thought. He will describe you the charge of the Light Brigade in some such fashion as this:

Van-guard: 200 yards charge-bayonets forward Arteries distension heat fermentation hair arm-pits chignon redness blondness hard-breathing + knapsack 75 pounds = prudence staggering iron trappings helter-skelter weariness = 3 shudders commands stones rage enemy magnet lightness glory Heroism vanguard 100 yards machine-guns fusillade eruption fiddles brass pim pum pac tim toum machine-guns ta-ta-ra-ta-ra-ta-ra-ta. . . Battle-flag (prairies sky-white-heat) = Italy force Italian-pride brothers wives mother sleeplessness braying-of-camels glory dominion cafés tales-of-war. . .

2

The Modest Modernist has thoughts about the art of education. He has discovered that it is not an art, but a science. He refers to his "scientific researches." He plots curves, and makes tables and charts. He will tell you that they prove things.

He has discovered children. The past never suspected children. He has discovered that intelligence is to be measured and weighed. He has discovered individuality. He has discovered the inviolability of nature. He will forbid you to say "Don't." He will forbid you to say "Must." He will warn you off the sacred lawn of child existence, and away from the shrubs. He will not let you prune, or tie, or curb, or bend, or straighten, or in any wise compel. He says that you may suggest, but you must be careful how you do it. He will have you first read a *History of Education* and study his essays and charts.

The Modest Modernist has discovered that education should "train for life," and that almost nothing in the curriculum has ever had the least to do with life. He will tell you that "generally speaking, it may be safely affirmed that the subjects commonly taught, the manner

in which they are taught, and the amounts taught are determined by tradition, not by a fresh and untrammelled consideration of living and present needs." He will not say that anything determined in the least by tradition is bad; because that is always understood. He will have the educated man "contentedly ignorant of things for learning which no better reason than tradition can be assigned." He will assume that most of the curriculum actually consists of things for learning which tradition *is* the only reason that *can* be assigned. He does not prove this; he admits it. He says that "the literature that most schools now teach is partly obsolete, partly ill-timed, rarely effective or appealing." He speaks of "children forced to worship as 'classics' or 'standards' what in their hearts they revolt from because it is ill-chosen or ill-adjusted." He himself was the victim of compulsory worship. He is sure he knows how every child feels.

Especially in the public schools, and especially in the state universities, the Modest Modernist will not have the people's money squandered in teaching the children of the people things whose present position in the curriculum "rests upon tradition and assumption," and of course upon nothing else. He will not have children taught "useless historic facts just because previous generations of children have learned and forgotten them." He will have the courage not to teach "obsolete and uncongenial classics, simply because tradition has made this sort of acquaintance a kind of good form."

The Modest Modernist knows that the classics *are* obsolete and uncongenial. He knows it because once he heard of someone who had found written inside the cover of a Latin book:

Dead they that spoke it;
Dead they that wrote it;
Dead they that learned it —
Blessed death! they earned it.

The Modest Modernist will remedy you all these evils, and as many more as you may find. He will have no more studying of the geography of Siam by pupils who are never going to live in Siam. He will have no more studying of interest by children who will never need to calculate interest, or who, if the need should arise, will do it better with an interest table. He will say that life isn't going to be reading poetry, or doing college algebra, or theorizing about molecules and atoms. He will say that what we want is more familiarity with farm soils, and less with star-dust; more knowledge of agricultural roots, and less of Greek roots; less time spent on history and mathematics, and more on gasoline engines and household management.

As for cultivation of the mind, the Modest Modernist will assure you that cooking is just as good as classics, besides being useful. He will say that cultivation has nothing to do with the nature of the subject, but depends upon the intentness of the student's interest and the time he spends. An hour is an hour. One subject is as good as another, and a great deal better, if the Modest Modernist selects it. A trip to Indiana is as good as a trip to Italy, if you only travel as hard. Whether the bottle is filled with champagne or beer is no matter for worry, so long as the bottle is full, or looks full. It may be well to keep the champagne cork and label for a time, but concession must go no farther.

The Modest Modernist will make you a curriculum which will conserve all the virtues of the old order of education, and none of its faults. He will make you a curriculum which will have none of the faults of the new order, and all of its virtues. He will produce you the educated man who will be "trained to know, to care about and to understand the world he lives in, both the physical world and the social world," who will have "the capacity to note and to interpret phenomena," and "a comprehension of and sympathy with current industry,

current science and current politics." He will leave no problems to be solved.

The Modest Modernist in education works rapidly. In the spare time of one semester he gathers experimental data proving conclusively that what intelligent people from the time of Plato down have been supposing to be true is absolutely without foundation. He goes to a pedagogical convention whose purpose is "to sum up and apply everything that is being developed with regard to any phase of the nature of childhood and youth and means and methods of education." He never thinks how droll it is that a similar convention will be held again next year.

The Modest Modernist is quite sure that he is doing a great deal. He is still more sure that he is going to do a great deal more before very long. He asks you if *you* had the advantages of any of these ideas when *you* went to school. You say, no, you'll have to confess that you didn't. The Modest Modernist looks grave. He expected as much. You can see that he is thinking that you are not really educated, or else that you are a mutation and don't count.

The Modest Modernist in education reminds us of Cubism, Futurism, Vorticism, Intimism, Synchronism, and whatever is to follow. "It now remains only for teachers to teach. The era of real education begins with the present day."

The rapid thinking of the Modest Modernist has been applied also to civics, morals, and religion. But the unpracticed, static mind must not undertake to comprehend all at once too many of the deep things of Modest Modernism. Of these matters, O Polycles, we shall speak at another time.

THAT PATIENCE WORTH BABY

A YEAR ago in our "No. 9" we gave some account of the strange experiences of Mrs. John H. Curran of St. Louis with the Ouija board. These up to that time have now become so generally known that we give but a brief summary of them, as introductory to some later ones.

In July, 1913, after Mrs. Curran and a friend had been occasionally playing with the Ouija board during a couple of weeks without eliciting anything of significance, suddenly from a clear sky came:

"Many moons ago, I lived. Again I come. Patience Worth my name."

Apparently their hands left the board a moment in astonishment: for it continued:

"Wait. I would speak with thee. If thou shalt live, then so shall I. I make my bread by thy hearth. Good friends, let us be merrie. The time for work is past. Let the tabbie drowse and blink her wisdom to the fire log."

"How quaint that is!" one of the women exclaimed.

"Good mother wisdom is too harsh for thee," said the board, "and thou shouldst love her only as a foster mother."

Thus began an intimate association with "Patience Worth" that still continues, and a series of communications that in vigor and literary quality are hardly paralleled in the scant imaginative literature quoted in the chronicles of *Psychical Research*, and in volume and structure entirely without precedent. The language is sometimes pretty close to that of the period (the middle of the seventeenth century) in which Patience professes to have had her mortal experience; and sometimes her speech is much later, even of our period, which corresponds with her claim of being conscious through all the intervening time. We use the personal pronoun only provisionally.

Her habitual language in conversation is of the early period, and shows great familiarity with the dress, household utensils, and ways of the time.

It was soon apparent that Mrs. Curran was the sole agent of transmission (?): for the communications came only when she was at the board, and it mattered not who else sat with her, but a second pair of hands seemed needed as a mechanical counterweight. During the first months Mrs. Curran and Mrs. Hutchings alone sat, but gradually the circle widened, and others assisted Mrs. Curran. Sometimes as many as five or six would sit with her in the course of an evening. At first her mother recorded most of the communications, but Mr. Curran gradually took her place.

Previous to our account of a year ago, these records had accumulated until they filled five volumes of large typewritten pages. Two of the volumes consisted of conversations, short poems, allegories and other minor matter; one contained a long mediæval drama, *Redwing*; another, a mediæval tale, *Telka*; and one, the part then delivered of *A Sorry Tale* which relates in biblical language the biography of the impenitent thief on the cross. Very little of this matter is the frequent trash of involuntary writing. Nearly all of it is to be taken seriously as literature. Much of it is literature of a high order. Authorities are always shy, and wisely so, of publicly endorsing questionable matters: so we are not yet free to quote some authoritative confirmation of this opinion which has come to us. All this is in spite of the fact that previous to the appearance of *Patience Worth*, Mrs. Curran had shown no literary aptitudes or ambitions, and written nothing beyond letters, which, however, were better letters than people usually write.

For some time it has been the practice of the Currans to sit at the board three evenings a week, and to have friends in on at least one of them. The ostensible *Patience* has become quite familiar with some of these friends, and

continues to take the lead in the evenings' conversations. *Telka* has been finished, and *The Sorry Tale* has appeared to be nearing its close, and as an offset to its dominant gloom, *A Merry Tale* of Merry England in Patience's time has been begun and made some progress.

Both the stories have been delayed, however, by an occurrence which has excited the liveliest interest in the growing circle of believers that "Patience" is what she professes to be, and given to many others a delightful opportunity for ridicule. Before that opportunity is unreservedly embraced, however, a few things seem to need accounting for.

We condense the Currans' record of their recent experience, not always bothering to distinguish their words from our own, but generally printing extracts in the small type, and our comments in the larger.

On Wednesday evening, August 16, 1916, the Currans started their usual tri-weekly sitting, expecting Patience to continue *The Sorry Tale*. Instead of doing that, however, she began by saying that she was going to tell them something "close, yea close." This intensely and skillfully emotional start of the experience may appear later as one of the things to be accounted for — unless Patience and the subsequent proceedings are admitted to be what they purport.

She continued:

Ye see, I be a weaver of cloths. [Her usual metaphor for her activities with the Ouija board. Ed.] And this cloth be not for him who hath. Yea, and thee and thee and thee do have o' a fullsome measure. Look, look, a time a-later the purse shall fatten, and ye shall seek ye a one, a wee bit, one who hath not. Aye, this be close, close.

The Currans and their friends report that it dawned upon them at once that Patience wanted them to adopt a baby. If it did, they were so quick to seize Patience's meaning as to suggest the aid of a little telepathy,

or a feeling already alive in the heart of Mrs. Curran, who had been married several years without a child. But she declares that the idea had never entered her head, and was entirely alien to their domestic accommodations and habits. The idea being broached, however, whatever its source, progress was easy and rapid. In condensing the Currans' story, we shall naturally retain many of the expressions which imply their faith that the whole proceeding was what it purports to be. As they waited for farther instructions, Patience said:

Thou shalt deliver o' the goods o' me [proceeds of publishing her communications? Ed.] unto the hands o' this one, and shall speak its name "Patience Worth."

They were rather dumbfounded that she wanted to give it her own name, but agreed, and she went on:

Look, look ye, this one shall be a one that needeth sore, mind ye! And look ye, look ye. For all this wee hand plucketh from out thy heart, even so shall it be filled.

They say that they then began to realize that it was no joke, but the real thing; and as this was the first thing Patience had ever asked from them in return for all her goodness to them, they accepted the situation philosophically, and she went on with her instructions:

Ye shall whisper sweets unto this bit; e'en at in the sma' ear that heareth not the full wordin'.

Yea and unto this one thou shalt speak o' a fairie damie who ministereth; and o' Him who hath sent her.

They wondered at her wanting a girl instead of a boy, which is another thing to be accounted for: for it goes to preclude the desire originating with Mrs. Curran: she already had a stepdaughter, and women are apt to prefer boys, as she says she did. Patience answered:

"Ye see, a man laddie hath man's cunnin', but the damies, ah, I be aknowin'!" . . .

She then went on to lay the responsibility on all of the

Patience Worth clan that had been forming around the Currans by saying:

“Nay one shall take unto him the all. Nay, this one shall be the flesh o’ all who love o’ me, and shall smile sweets unto them.”

The subject came up of the parentage of the child and she said:

“Mind ye not o’ Earth’s laws, but His. See ye full, be wickeds ’pon the path, yet look ye, the grandsires shadow need not fall ’pon it.”

After a little, she told them: “Even through tides shall He have sent one who may minister even before the eyes of man, even though Earth see her not.”

It should be explained for any reader new to Patience, that she claims a high religious mission, and many of her utterances are quite in accord with such a claim. This, too, despite the fact that Mrs. Curran never was particularly *dévoté*.

She began to tell how she wanted the baby dressed, saying:

“Ye shall set her spinster-prim. Look ye, look ye, and bonneted o’ white like unto thy damie. (Patience) Yea and a wee, wee kerchief; and ye shall set it gray caped. Yea, and ye shall see that about the wee neck hangeth the sign o’ Him ” (a cross).

Of course they hastened to promise that all these things should be carried out, and she continued:

“Ye shall speak then the word ‘Patience’ full oft. Yea, and when ye see the wee armies raised unto thee ’tis thy handmaid raisin’.”

The Currans, assisted by members of the Clan, industriously hunted for a baby through various homes and in many directions without any encouragement. Some of the Clan thought that probably Patience might bring her herself in some mysterious way, or that she would arrange to have one left on the doorstep. After some of this talk one night, Patience said to such a one:

“Thinkest thou that the sheep cometh unto the shepherd without the callin’? Nay. Ye shall seek, and thine handmaid shall leap thee at thy heart, and thee and thee and thee, the loves o’ me shall for to set thee warm o’ lovin’.”

So the search continued from day to day. Several times during it Patience announced that she was "merryin'," but never would tell what her tickle was about. Another night she told them that they must not look for a baby "that be whole," for did they do this thing, it would be "like a wolf that seeketh the fat fowl that he feed him well."

And she continued:

"Look ye, He sendeth His pured dewes even unto the deaded buds, alike unto the freshed. Yea, and upon the filths the same dewes fall. This be the sign."

And when by the merest apparent accident, they did find the baby, its widowed mother's circumstances were most humble.

"See, I did nay set the task o' the takin' unto thee o' this mite, save that thy heart ope unto it. Nor did I set that thou shouldst lend o' thy sire's name unto it. Nay, for look, be it but a broked one, 'tis His and fit that it bear the name o' thy handmaid. And nay man suffereth."

There was discussion here of the possibility that the child might turn out badly. Patience said:

"Yea, but this shall ne'er be!"

This was the first definite prophecy she had ever made as to the future of anyone.

"Ye see, I shall feed this wee mite love. Not out o' one o' ye, but a bit, a whit, a wee mite frae all o' ye.

"Thou art His. And ye should know ye, all o' ye fall short o' what He fashioneth as the whole bowl. And this thou shouldst remember, and look ye not unto thy charin' babe for the whole. Nay, but that it send forth one pured beam o' His light."

She frequently speaks of the child as having a mission. The psychical researchers should keep an eye on it.

Later, while discussing the baby, Patience remarked:

"'Tis creepin' 'pon thee!"

And soon by the merest accident, Mrs. Curran met with information which led to a child not yet born, who, providing it should turn out to be a girl would fill the requirements perfectly. The father had been killed by a mill accident. The mother was in charge

of a mere acquaintance, and facing the world in poverty with her child. It was ascertained that she would be willing to have the child adopted.

Then began to occur some more things that need accounting for, and cannot all be accounted for even by the mere hypothesis that Patience is a postcarnate intelligence.

One evening, when the Currans were again writing on *The Sorry Tale* and at exactly nine o'clock, Patience stopped the narrative and said: "This be nuff." No one could get her to say whether she wanted to write later in the evening or whether she wanted to wait until the next day. It had been arranged to call at ten o'clock to see if the baby had been born, and when ten o'clock came, a message was received over the 'phone that the baby had been born at nine o'clock, the moment that Patience ceased her writing. She explained it later by saying:

"Think ye I be astirrin' o' brew [*i. e.*, inventing a story. Ed.] and this thing bein'?"

Evidently she knew what was going on.

Mr. and Mrs. Curran went out and returned with the baby. It weighed less than five pounds, which was certainly as "wee" as Patience might desire, and by a coincidence, the baby also had red hair, and Patience Worth, her spirit mother, said she had red hair when she lived. It was also discovered that the child's father was English and the mother Scotch, the supposed parentage of Patience Worth.

We by no means fully share the confidence of the Currans that Patience Worth is a postcarnate intelligence. But on the other hand, we cannot be as ready as they are to see mere "coincidence" in the affairs we are getting into. We don't say that they are anything more, but to a credulous mind they certainly suggest something more. The chances were but one in two that the unseen baby would be a girl, and probably about one in a hundred that she would be a red-head. The chance of her having in America an English father was, according to the last census, about one in one hundred and fifteen. Finally the chance of a Scotch mother would of itself be one in three hundred and eighty-five. We figure the chances against

the whole thing being coincidence at about nine million to one, but we are stale in such calculations, and never were proficient. And we have known coincidences against which the chances were bigger than that.

Now if all this is not coincidence, what is it? Is it a case of the frequent and well known phenomenon of imagination supplying accessory circumstances after the event, or did telepathy from a postcarnate intelligence lead the Currans to that exceptionable baby?

Don't think, though, that all these things to be accounted for and all these "coincidences" convince us, as they have some people, that this baby is a "reincarnation" of Patience. Of all gratuitous superstitions, reincarnation seems to us about as dead against the facts, as any. Our own simple faith is that a bit of mind accompanies each bit of matter, and that though the matter in the universe does not increase, the mind does; that while human bodies have to be disintegrated in order that new ones may be assembled from their material, such need not be the case with souls; that when a spermatozoön enters an ovum, not only is the accretion of a new body begun, but the development (only partly by accretion) of a new soul, and that as these all are facts (I call the association of each particle of matter with a particle of mind a fact, not merely because I can't imagine the contrary, but because the great genius of James could not) — now as all these are facts, and the transmigration of souls is dead contrary to them, and was imagined before they were known, it does not seem extravagant to call it an unmitigated absurdity. The whole order of nature, including the strongest passion of men, seems to have been evolved for the production of more souls to enjoy the happiness of the universe, and there's no sign whatever, except the faint touches of heredity, of transmigration.

It's hard enough to believe that there is a postcarnate Patience Worth, and to believe that she is also incarnate in her little namesake, is to believe dead against the order

of Nature as we know it. A certain degree of incarnation — from about a two hundred and fifty-sixth in a ninth generation, to a five hundred and twelfth in a tenth generation — would, barring intermarriages, be predicable if the baby were Patience's descendant; but that ostensible lady professes to have been a spinster.

Perhaps some of our lady readers, even of those who can swallow all this as coincidence, but can't imagine it as containing anything outside of traditional experience, and perhaps even an occasional man with interests as feminine as our own, may care to know how the coincident baby is getting along.

Well, her doctor says "she's a corker," and the Currans say she's "of patrician mould," which, in the child of a poor mill hand, is another of the things to be accounted for.

She is doing well at latest accounts, and has lots of pretty clothes provided by the ladies in the habit of talking with Patience; and the cross prescribed by that lady, with a ruby where the arms intersect, and suspended from a string of gold beads, both supplied by male admirers.

Patience is constantly enjoining upon the clan to love the baby enough.

Here are a few little dabs from the Currans' record of how things are going.

"Behold ye, His younged seed hath fallen unto thy hands. Stand ye then that thou nurture it in lovin'. Nay pity-lovin', but lovin' lovin'!"

We promised and she said to Mrs. R——:

"Watch ye dame. See, thou knowest His wonderworks. This be one; for thy damie hath lended her hand unto this one e'en through the darksome tide it knew not. And look ye, it shall know not, yet thy dame's hands shall minister and men shall see."

"See ye, the thing thy handmaid promised unto thee hath been and shall shew it fulfilled and o'er. Look, this be the sign

that thy handmaid loveth thee and thy love for this wee one is the sign thou lovest her."

Later Mr. Curran asked if she had any special instructions for the baby's doctor. She answered:

"Lor', ye speak out and bid that I speak me out unto him that with bigged hands ministereth sooth. Nay, I speak me not; for look ye, such an heart needeth nay wordin', for he knoweth Him within this wee one."

Then she said to all of us:

"Lor', such an lovin' shall ye sup, all o' ye. And ye shall know that this babe be not o' one o' ye, but o' all o' ye. A charin' babe. 'Tis nuff that ye lo'e her, and Him."

After some days, she referred to *The Sorry Tale*, thus:

"See ye shall set ye upon the cloth (The Sorry Tale) at a later tide, for thy handmaid putteth (communicates) through a fog, for she that lendeth o' her hands be ascattered awither."

She was right about Mrs. Curran, and no wonder: for the baby had about taken up her every thought.

October the tenth. It was hard for Patience to begin writing on the story: for she said:

"See ye, 'tis such an task that thy handmaid set up brew; for look ye, there lieth within e'en thy walls a wee bit one that streameth lovin' upon the very breaths. Nay, nay, it uppeth not a sorryin' but it filleth up such an achin' empty!"

It was remarked that it was odd and wonderful that Patience should have chosen to adopt a child, and that she must have wished for one when she was alive. Patience said:

"Know ye not that a primmed spinster, bibbed and frocked like unto the tide, cold, cold gray and bleak, housed such an warrin' heartie that ached and lo'ed and hungered deep."

Here Miss C—— sat down for a word.

"There hangeth upon the very airs a new born lovin'. See, wee dame, thou knowest the warmth o' the bright flame that ariseth and kindleth within the heart. This be not for the wee flesh, but thou hast oped and ta'en athin thee love, deep lovin'. Wrap thee thine arms 'bout this wee sma' fleshie and leave thy love to clothe o' her. She be such an clothless one and needeth that all o' ye lend thy hands unto the weavin' o' love's cloth for to swathe o' her."

"Thy damie hath pinned her faith unto thee, all o' ye, for

look, he who opeth unto Him, the Shedder o' drops, [Christ's blood? Ed.] and Him who sent His coming, knoweth loves depths; for ye be such."

October the twelfth. Patience wanted to talk of the baby before she wrote on *The Sorry Tale*, so she began:

"List, for a curtinin'. 'Bout the thornie cradle. Thy hand-maid shall weave a silvered dream that shall be set o' jewels that shall be sweets awhispered unto the dreamin'. List, for the headies restie shall be such lovin' hands.

"The earth be such an riched storin' o' lovin' but the hands o' men shut the store, and it taketh o' a babe for to ope it up. Ye see, be there nay path that sheweth unto a man's heart, lo, it taketh a babe for to find o' it!"

Dr. W—— had brought the chain to go with the cross. It was of gold beads. Patience referred to it thus:

"Look ye the wee bit thong that hangeth the sign o' Him, sheweth like unto wee sma' drops. This be the sign o' the sheddin' each dropie a wee bit o' love."

On October the thirteenth she said:

"I be at a singin'."

Mr. Curran said we hadn't had much poetry of late.

Patience said: "Ye see, there be such an flurryin' o'er the wee bit one."

Then came a poem which is hardly a fair specimen of Patience. Another came on the fourteenth, which does very nicely, for baby talk.

Ye wee, wailin' woe, sae saddin' sorry;
 Ye gloomin' woe, ye sorry spellin';
 Who sent ye seekin' me?
 Who gaed ye naked wailin', ye sobbin' woeie?
 Cease. I'll comfort ye;
 O' smiles astranded 'pon the tearin' drops;
 O' sighins, dipped o' laughter;
 O' sunnied days, and sorried silver nighttide hours,
 I'll weave ye o' a wee bit cloakie.
 Yea, and sit me lovin' ye, ye sorry wailin';
 Ye wee woe wailin', I'll nay o' ye!
 But love ye to a merry!

On October the sixteenth Mr. Yost [editor of the published book of Patience's sayings] came as usual.

Patience wanted to "gab-wench" a little before she went to work. She began:

"Ye see, ye the brother of the flesh o' me, and ye, laddie, and ye, the dame that ministereth unto the babe, I did for to fetch such an sweeted one. Watch ye, such an twain o' rosed arms shall press lovin'."

Mrs. Curran said: "The poor little thing!" Patience said:

"Nay, nay babe be beggared that be swathed o' lovin'."

"Ah, happied me!"

Then Patience said this of the cross Mr. Yost brought:

"Lor', 'pon the spot whereon the drop sheweth (the ruby in the center) hath thy handmaid pressed her lips. This be not all that thou shalt see. Watch. Watch and thou shalt know what fullsome hearts earth houseth."

Then after she had written on *The Sorry Tale* awhile she went on:

"Ye see, when the hearth be brushed and tidied and the brush-broom dusted, the dame may spread her napron and sit a whit and stream a gabbin'."

"I ha'e athin me a wishin that the takin' o' this wee whit one shall ope up locked doors unto ones o' Him."

Patience said to Mr. Curran:

"Look ye, laddie, thy dame hath set such an deared treasure, eh?"

Mr. Curran heartily agreed, and she repeated her admonition:

"See ye unto it that ye deal full!"

Then came some more baby poetry:

O, a packin' I shall pack!
 Sweetin's drippin' frae it.
 Aburstin' o' the packin's pack,
 The cheerie smilies glintin'.
 And weel athin its deepin', set
 A treasurein' o' sparkin's
 Like gems o' nobles. Yet they be
 But tearies gleamin' pure.

Yea, such an pack o' sweets
 I set me! And last unto it
 One wee woe, sae sma'
 That fullsome it may be
 And riched and lacking naything!

That Patience Worth Baby 191

We liked it and she said she had more, this one "a gooded one."

Ah, dost thou lo'e o' Him? Then share ye o' Him.
Dost thou lo'e thy brother? Share Him unto him.
Dost lo'e His day? Then share its lovin' unto one aside thee.
Dost lo'e His wee bit ones? Then share thine unto one.

Dost thou lo'e o' Him? Keep thee nay dumb,
But sing thy lovin' wide, deep and high.
Yea, fling it forth unto the skies. Yea, din the ears
O' Earth, that all shall ope to it.
Yea, share o' Him
For sharin' leaveth Him to set Him deeper unto Earth
And fill its empty up.
Yea, share o' Him.

Dr. — is the psychologist at — and has long been a friend of Patience. His profession would naturally deny the spirit of Patience. Patience has had much quiet fun teasing the Dr. and this night this occurred:

Dr. — laughed and said he was going to be mighty quiet so she wouldn't get anything on him. Patience turned to him and said:

"Yea, sirrah, I hae o' a sumpthin! Ye would o' flesh that I shew thee. [Presumably he had wanted to *see* Patience. Ed.] Ye see, I fetched o' it!" (The Dr. agreed she had done that thing.)

"Yea, but a man be a MAN who doth bob and tuck unto a one who be but a wee whit dame with naught to war o' save wordin's!

"Yea, and ye see, the in-man's buildin' be not o' stuffs, and I BE ME. Ye set ye o' a thinkin' and speak it out this thinkin' be a thing, but it be not one whit o' what I be!" [Apparently that his intellectual constructions were less substantial than Patience herself, though she manifested only in words. Ed.]

On October the twenty-third Patience gave us her daily admonition as to the baby, saying:

"See thee that the fullsome lovin' be the wee one's."

We joked about the baby and its power.

"A babe be e'en as an aged kinged one; he uppeth o' his scepter athin the hours that mortals fall them wearied sore."

"Ye see, there be singin' athin me that setteth the weavin' tarried." [Kept back her work on *The Sorry Tale*. Ed.]

We asked for it and she sang:

Oh, ye wearyin' roads!
 Ye darked sorryin' hours!
 Ye happiness fleein' the way!
 Ye dole dealin' ones!
 Ye sore smitin' tides!
 Awhither ye! On, and avaunt!
 I'll sup me sae deep
 That the path 'sways shall gleam.
 I'll drunk me o' happiness wine.
 I'll sup, yea and sup,
 And drunk me and quaff
 Till the Earth merry spinnin' doth flee!
 I'll sog me sae deep that the dark hours shall gleam
 O' the smile o' the wee babby sma'.

"Babes smiles be the wings that bear woes unto naughts."

"Yea, the treasurin' store o' the begged; for a begged babie sma' smileth even so sweet as one wrapped o' King's mantles o'er; nor woe marreth the gold o' their smilin', e'en though they be born from out woe." . . .

Then she said to Mr. Yost about the baby book:

"Thee didst fetch ye forth a scriptin' pack, abinded up o' heaven's blue and scribed o' glintin' stuffs. Athin thy heart shall this wee handie write o' gold, brother mine, and ye, the loved."

It lacked a day of being three weeks since Patience Wee was born, before Mr. and Mrs. R—— Y—— came to see her from their home in St. Louis County. They brought Warren, their boy, fat, fair and four, and Dolly, Patience Worth's god-child, also fat and fair and fourteen months.

During the evening Mr. Y—— suggested that we put the hands of Dolly on the board and see what Patience would have to say. Dolly was a little bit sleepy, and we had a hard time getting her down to doing what was wanted, so finally we let Mrs. Y—— hold the child and put her hands on the board. Patience remarked:

"See ye, like unto the aged king, eh?"

We laughed at her reference to what she had said about this a short time before —, that a babe was like an aged king. Then she went on, addressing herself to Mrs. Curran:

"Athin thy nestie abideth the loves o' thy handmaid. Look

That Patience Worth Baby 193

ye, the wee whit lonied one and the full-dealt sunnied one, loved alike!"

Then she continued to Dolly's mother and father:

"See ye, thou hast such an golded cup, jewelled deep o' beautious gems, filled up o' lovin' wine. Thou mayest sup without the seekin' o' more; but look ye this lonied one hath but a bowl stripped o' gems, yea, and emptied o' love's wine. Lend thee thy dealin' unto this wee one.

"But hark ye. See thee; within the wee heartie o' this babe hath thy handmaid set the sun's bright glintin'."

Here Dolly again asserted herself and disturbed the meetin'. But Patience seems to know the babes as well as the old folks. She said:

"'Tis well that the Spring's day he burst ope o' tinder-splittin'."

Then she began talking of Dolly:

"Look ye, such an fulled store hath she that she shall deal with her hands, freely out the fullsomeness, and the loned ones 'long Earth's paths shall feed them 'pon her fullsome dealin'.

"Wouldst thou know o' Him. Look unto the deep o' this babe's eyes."

We could not help but see this in the depths of Dolly's eyes, and we remembered what Patience had said before about baby's eyes. Here Patience seemed to notice that Dolly's eyes were getting heavy: for she said:

"When the even cometh the angels' hands weight the e'es' lids heavied."

So the "aged kings" had waved their scepter and the subjects bowed and took them home to bed.

We have given this account of matters relating to the baby because we believe it contains several points worth bearing in mind by all interested in psychical research — points apt to help the correlation of its mysteries with our established knowledge, perhaps in the century James was ready to allow for the job.

But we think that probably of more importance in the connection are some extracts that we will give from a letter in which Mrs. Curran states her own views of her extraordinary experiences. It is the second letter we have lately had from her, and we confess, as we have told her, that to

our mind the letters add something to the hypothesis that Patience Worth's manifestations are due to the involuntary exercise of capacities resident in Mrs. Curran or, we should say, passing through her without the intervention of any intelligence but her own: she is by no means as devoid of literary faculty as thought by her and some others who believe Patience Worth to be a separate intelligence. If you care to know what we think: so far, we "give it up."

Mrs. Curran writes us:

I am still writing *The Sorry Tale*, even though I would hasten it. You can imagine how aggravating it is to me, who never did anything methodically, to see this story slowly, ponderously, and day by day rolling along without my being able to just give it a little push and have it over with.

You asked me what effect the baby had on the work. I cannot see any effect on Patience Worth. Once in the first week after the baby's arrival, she wrote the largest amount of the story she had ever done at one sitting, and she continues writing just the same as usual, except that now and then she breaks into poetry over the baby, or warns us to be sure that we love it enough. As for myself, of course receiving so very many more visitors than usual, owing to the advent of the baby, has wearied me some; but I cannot say I am any the worse for it, as the same effect is produced on me at any time when I see too many visitors.

You know Mr. Curran has a daughter who is now sixteen years of age and who my mother and I have raised since she was five years old. If Mr. Curran and I had been going to take a child it would have been a boy. However, now that it is a girl we are satisfied.

As to compensations; well, you should see the baby. She is compensation for most anything, and every day brings some new wonder to light that we had not discovered before about her.

It has been very beautiful to see how our friends have welcomed this little child. Surely no baby has had more love since her coming, even though fortune was unkind to her at first.

I shall take my compensation out of her love and shall only hope that she will love us. Nor shall I entertain even a faint desire that she should be either a freak or a genius. I haven't

That Patience Worth Baby 195

decided which I am yet, and it is mighty uncomfortable not to know which. After all it is a mighty faint line that divides a freak from a genius, isn't it?

As to how much of the stuff that I am producing is voluntary and how much involuntary, it is my honest opinion, (and I have particularly watched to see if any events during the day have any effect on what is produced; and try to view it from every side,) that none of the work in all the nine hundred thousand words . . . was consciously or voluntarily produced by me.

At times my own mind acts while delivering for Patience Worth. For instance, at one point in *The Sorry Tale*, I saw a very rocky path in the small visions that seem to relate the tale to me, and immediately *my* mind remarked to itself "what a rocky place" and my hands recorded on the board "the rattle of rocks." Immediately Patience Worth broke in and asked me why I put my own tongue in her "brew", and corrected the "rocks" to "stones," thus making the phrase consistent with the book, in which the word rock doesn't appear.

This is decidedly one of the things that, as said before, need accounting for.

Outside of such small intrusions of myself, there is no voluntary intrusion. And when I do think and am conscious, or should I try to put into words myself what I am seeing, the whole vision vanishes.

You will, no doubt, remember what I told you about getting these stories in the small pictures that are so very minute and yet so perfect. Now, these pictures I see consciously. I am busy looking at them with my conscious mind and a sort of an inner eye. The vision is wiped out when I quit writing, and the last tableau appears just as I begin a new sitting and the panorama continues. Everything is as spontaneous to me as it is to those about me.

The plot is in the dark, the characters spring up new and strange; even the names are hard for me to get. At times the plot and characters become so involved that my conscious mind is worrying over them, and yet Patience Worth will go steadily on. I feel as though I were in a strange land, and even smell smells that I have never smelled before, and am conscious of the atmosphere of foreign lands.

The only "hunches" I ever got came as flashes. Once or

twice this has happened, as with the story Mr. Reedy printed called the *Thanktide Tale*. After Patience had put off writing it until there wasn't time for a human being to finish a decent story, and we had entirely given it up, I saw a bit of one of these visions during the day-time while on a street car. It showed itself to me about the duration of the ordinary flash of lightning, but the vision was indelibly imprinted — of a dismal day and a man on a snowy road with a dog following him. This picture proved to be the man and dog in the *Thanktide Tale*, and was all I knew about it, and the same picture was reproduced during the tale, with the story accompanying it.

At the beginning of *The Sorry Tale* I had the vision of the crucifixion that I told you of, also a vision of a young mother and baby that I believed to be the Virgin Mary and the Christ child, but which proved to be Theia, the mother of the hate child, and her baby. This did not come into the story until some twenty thousand words of the book had already been written, although I saw it several months before.

Once in a long while I will see one character out of the story before it comes; sometimes several weeks before it is in the story, and I have no more idea what he is going to do or what part he is going to take than you have.

If one admits that the foregoing is the act of a subconscious mind, how can one account for the pictures in *The Merry Tale* which a young lady has drawn at Patience Worth's instigation, pictures of various characters in the story, all of whom Patience named as they were drawn. Some of the characters have, and some have not, appeared in the *Tale* so far written. How did Patience Worth work through both our minds, or could my subconscious mind dictate to another subconscious mind?

Some students would say that the answer to that is plain everyday telepathy, such as, forty years ago nobody believed in, and now is believed in by nearly all investigators but Dr. Hyslop. He thinks it inconsistent with spiritism (which we don't): so as he believes in spiritism, he disbelieves in telepathy. It is an established dogma of Myers and Company that telepathy takes place only between subconscious or "subliminal" minds.

The young lady does not know the story of *The Merry Tale*, has not read it, yet before witnesses she drew characters with

That Patience Worth Baby 197

peculiarities that marked them so they could not be mistaken. For instance, Amelio was one-eyed and she knew nothing of it; nevertheless she drew the character with one eye, and I have the picture.

All of the characters have an archaic or ancient appearance, and are people of the time about which the story is written. Although she has never drawn any like this before, she began to do this with Patience, and to make the matter more wonderful, Patience promised to write a story using these pictures that she would draw.

The Merry Tale was already started, and there was some twenty thousand words of it done. Patience kept telling us that she was laughing at us, and that she had a tickle and that she was a dame, etc. After the pictures began to come we realized that they were illustrations for *The Merry Tale*, as Patience named them, and some were in the story while others came in later.

I understand that the mere occurrence of the pictures is not remarkable, inasmuch as automatic drawing has been done before, which we all know; but the pictures are very wonderful work; and that there is nothing in psychology that could account for two subconscious minds working together.

Then Psychology has got to be enlarged.

As soon as *The Sorry Tale* is finished, and I can find time to resume the writing and working with this young lady, I will do so. She is not an old-time friend of mine, but was brought to me by Mrs.— of this city, who is a great friend of Patience; and no pictures have been made except with Mrs. — and friends as witnesses.

Now tell me this. If I can do these things, and it is a part of me, if it is voluntary or conscious in even a measure, why are none of these scenes, none of these stories, none of Patience Worth's works, of to-day; and why is it that I don't have visions of this time and day? It is very hard for me to write in the ordinary way. I have been almost all afternoon writing this letter to you, while if it had been *The Sorry Tale* or a big poem, I would have done three thousand words in an hour and three quarters, and forgotten it.

I expect this seems like a good deal of a muddle, but I have tried to tell you as honestly as I can the things that I thought you wanted to know.

To conclude, I feel that I should say that after three years

and six months of close acquaintance with Patience Worth, and after receiving over nine hundred thousand words of her dictation, I have come to believe, from out as clear a mind as the average among a rather high class acquaintance, that Patience Worth is a discarnate spirit, speaking to me and through me to others, from a state of actual existence outside, beyond or different from, the ordinary life of mortals.

The influence of the personality is for the highest good, as witness hundreds of letters from the heart hungry and the lonely; and the best of it all is that they come from people of the highest intellectuality.

That Mrs. Curran, if avid of literary reputation, should have deliberately sought it in a language that nobody speaks and that it is not yet established that anybody ever did speak — exactly; that she should consciously have poured out so many volumes in that language, beginning each day's work, without apparent reference, just where the preceding work stopped; that she should roll off so much poetry of real merit with every indication of extemporaneousness; that with that language, and in these days, she should have for years fooled people of the intelligence of some students of and believers in Patience Worth — all this seems the least probable solution of the puzzle yet offered. A much more probable one is that she possesses in an unprecedented degree a faculty recorded of many others, of building up from trifles of observation, often unconscious, great structures entirely out of proportion to the known material, and doing this in day dreams, just as nearly all of us do in our dreams at night.

But how that faculty gets into us, and where it comes from, are perhaps the hardest questions, and perhaps even in these days, the most important questions engaging the mind of man. Their answers may do more than all the chancelleries, legislatures and armies to solve the terrible problems with which these are now so agonizingly engaged.

CORRESPONDENCE

A Friend Who Helps. Æsthetic Culture. The Sense of Time and Rhythm.

THE names of several friends have occurred to me . . . whom I should like to have make the acquaintance of the "Unpopular." These names are on an appended sheet. . . I count it a happy day when a friend called my attention to the Review. Where other periodicals crowd one's attention with conflicting and confusing accounts of fact and incident, the "Unpopular" gives orderly and well-thought-out comment, interpreting the trend of events and showing their significance with true prophetic instinct. . .

Pursuing a line of thought suggested in *Æsthetic Integrity* [An essay in No. 8. ED.], I know so many people of high ideals who plod on from day to day, as I have done so many days but hope to do less, entirely absorbed in a routine that allows not a minute nor a thought for the conscious development of the æsthetic nature. . . If art is one of God's chief interpreters, then the development of the æsthetic nature, in the broadest and best sense of the term, becomes a duty as sacred as care for spiritual and bodily health. It deserves, then, a regular and generous allowance of time and attention, and ought to be included in any scheme of living exalted by the name Christian, not as an extra flourish that is all right if a person has tastes and time to develop them, but as a positive essential, a definite duty, which cannot be slighted without going counter to the unmistakable teaching in the parable of the talents. The beauty of holiness is not a more vital fact than the holiness of beauty, yet there have been times when orthodox Christian doctrine has all but denied the latter. . .

The articles on Psychic Research have been very engrossing. The attitude of indifference and even of occasional hostility toward this subject taken by a number of people to-day seems to me as wrong and short-sighted as that adopted by the mediæval world toward chemistry when it classed it with sorcery. When psychic research has opened to us its world, as chemistry, physics and electricity have done, this obstructive section may be expected to swing round, as usual. In connection with impressions gained from the article entitled *From William*

James? concerning the nature of the post-carnate life, I have often wondered what effect it will have of our conception of rhythm when time ceases and eternity begins. Our appreciation of music and dancing depends on our feeling for rhythm, which in turn depends on our sense of time duration, which sense it seems reasonable to believe will undergo a change, possibly be lost as unnecessary, possibly expanded to infinite proportions. Time, in this life, acts as a safety-valve that gradually lightens our load of memory. In the next life is it not possible that our subconscious memory will be found to have escaped the erosive action of time, and spring to the surface as an infallible recording angel?

Regarding the sense of rhythm, does it not seem reasonable that as the greater includes the less, a wider consciousness regarding time may not preclude the sense of rhythm?

As to the expansion of memory, are not such indications as we have rather in favor of the individual mind reaching farther access to the stores of the Cosmic Mind — those of James's "reservoir"?

A Possible Subvention to Literature.

WE entrust the following contents of a postcard to our readers with (and not in) confidence.

Monowi, Nebr., Oct. 1, 1916.

Messrs. Editors & Publishers:

I have seen mention of your magazine but never seen a copy. How is it managed as to contributions? Do you pay for articles, or make the author pay? Some people anxious to appear in print may pay for the pleasure. You may be in need of such help to "keep up" if your circulation is small. I expect you are offered many "crank" essays and have hard time to decide between them. I am a theological writer and my views are unpopular because they are "betwixt and between" Orthodox and Liberals. I am too poor now to pay, but later may afford to. I merely wish to know your way of business. Can you send me an old copy for sample?

Very truly yours
Rev. ———.

We answered substantially as follows:

In answer to your card of October 1st, a sample copy was sent you promptly, and we are curious to know what you think of it.

You need not regret that you are "too poor now to pay" for entrance to the UNPOPULAR. In that regard you are as rich as Mr. Rockefeller, and, we trust, always will be.

So far, we have managed to pay our contributors — by going into the stocking; but if we approach the toe, perhaps we will have to change our policy, or give up. As yet, however, other departments of our business keep putting into the stocking stuff that impedes our progress toward the toe.

Your idea of paying for admission is so original that we may possibly print it in our correspondence department — perhaps in hopes that some of our friends may be enthusiastic enough to send us articles with accompaniments that will farther impede the possible progress toward the toe of the stocking.

We have been offered astonishingly few "crank" contributions — and very little crank correspondence.

Up to this writing, our correspondent has taken over six weeks in, apparently, determining what to "think of it."

We wonder how many specimen copies of periodicals he has on hand. There are "collectors" in this department of culture as well as in others.

A Counsel of Perfection

It looked as if this number were going to press sparing our conservative readers any allusion to Simplified Spelling; when along came the following temptation:

I find that I cannot pull with you at all. The irreducible minimum of elements in our language is thirty-three; and they cannot be adequately represented by an alphabet of twenty-six letters. You might give this aspect of the subject some consideration in your next issue.

The attitude of this friend, who appears to be an expert, we consider the greatest obstacle to the reform; and we grieve to say that the obstacle characterizes experts gen-

erally. This matter is not going to be settled by experts, but by the rank and file who use the English language — writers generally, and they are never going to bother themselves with signs for “the irreducible minimum of elements in our language.” The tendency of the English-speaking people has been to diminish signs rather than increase them. The rough-and-tumble world is going to spell in a rough-and-tumble way, whatever experts may try to effect, though of course with the slow growth of general knowledge, more system will creep in, but not more elaboration. The tendency in orthography and inflection is toward simplicity. Compare English spelling of three or four centuries ago with that of to-day, and Hebrew inflection, or even Greek, with English. But if the experts will avoid elaboration and counsels of perfection — such, for instance, as “the obscure vowel” in so many terminations, and the diphthongal treatment of the letter *i*, and an enlarged alphabet, and diacritical marks, — they can effect a vastly greater uniformity and consistency in the rough-and-tumble than prevail at present.

The Simplified Spelling Board itself, while its experts are halting over such things as above enumerated, is recommending clearing out a great many diphthongs. But the Board is no more inconsistent than everybody else in matters so complicated. The demand for expression of slight shades in spelling is but another illustration of the tendency, never so rife as now, to rush after ideals, sound or not, in disregard of impeding conditions. Other illustrations are the socialistic craze, the craze for a single tax that shall be directly paid by only a small minority of the voters, and Germany’s craze for a medieval expansion by force in the twentieth century.

EN CASSEROLE

“*Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?*”

FIRST, because the New York city railway strike demonstrated, so far as such a matter can be demonstrated, that, as we claimed in our last number, the best way to handle the threatened railway strike that stampeded the President and Congress, would have been to let it come.

Second, and *longo intervallo*, because the Philharmonic prospectus for the current season says:

It is worth recording that the Society has received many requests for more concerts without soloists and it is a fact that those of the past season which were devoted solely to orchestral music were most strongly supported;

Third, because the Kneisel prospectus announces only two pieces, instead of some half dozen as heretofore, in which the piano and strings swear at each other. By the way: the accepted contrast “piano and strings” is not a good one: for the piano is a stringed instrument. How would *piano and bowed instruments* do? Or, for short, *piano and bows*?

At least one of the mortals concerned in the foregoing question and answers, it might not be becoming in the present editor to designate; but anybody curious on the subject may find something about it in the leading article of our last number, and in a scrap on *The Overbearing Piano* in the *Casserole* of Number 5.

And now encouraged by the progress following that scrap, whether the scrap influenced the progress or not, we feel moved to unbosom ourselves on another topic, which was once subject of newspaper controversy between the Secretary of the Philharmonic and the present writer.

We contend not only that the time of lovers of the orchestra is used to disadvantage when the orchestra is

silenced or subordinated to bring forward virtuosi who ought to be reserved for concerts of their own; but that such time is also wasted, and great injustice done the memory of the great classic composers, when the pieces they wrote for their primitive orchestras are played instead of the pieces written by the best composers for the modern orchestra. Beethoven himself never heard an orchestra that would be tolerated in a high class provincial city to-day. No wind instrument that was played in his day was ever in tune but by momentary accident, or is played at all now. Some have the same names, but they are very far from the same things: Boehm and Sax and other inventors have attended to that. The almost maddening martial inspiration of the modern brass harmonies were as unknown to Beethoven as aerial warfare was to Napoleon; and the religious inspirations that he got from the wood choir were generally out of tune, and the attempts at combining the whole orchestra always were. Although Beethoven was a greater genius than Liszt or Wagner or Tchiakovsky, he never made as great orchestral music as any one of them has done: for he never heard the tones to inspire it, and would not have had the instruments to make it if he had. With their inspirations and facilities he would have surpassed them all. The assertion is perfectly safe: for with much more limited facilities, he has surpassed them all: connoisseurs are virtually agreed that with his one perfect medium — the string quartet, he has surpassed their orchestras. But the *genre* is different. Comparing *genre* with *genre*, his orchestral music is far behind theirs, and except for historical purposes, it is doubtful policy to play it, not to speak of the absurdity of keeping half a great modern orchestra quiet while the rest is occupied in such primitive work.

We are perfectly aware that the foregoing opinions are as “unpopular” as our opinions on virtuosi at orchestral concerts, and piano with bows (see above), were before

the Philharmonic and Kneisel prospectuses for the present season. But unpopular opinions are our specialty, though our extreme desire is to make them popular. And we hope you rejoice with us on the rare occasions when *finis coronat*.

Why It Should not be Quite so Proud

BECAUSE the chances once seemed, and have not at this writing entirely ceased to seem, that Mr. Gompers had been elected President of the United States: at least such may well have been the faith of those who saw his hand in the nomination and confirmation of Mr. Brandeis, in the pre-campaign threat of the railroad tie-up, and in the stampeding of the President and Congress.

Yet this was seeing a good deal, and perhaps folks didn't really see it all, but a good many honestly thought they did.

If we really saw the half of it, the country is going to see a great deal more pretty soon — principally in the way of experiment, of which much will be interesting, some very expensive, much futile, some dangerous and some valuable.

The labor leaders have believed that they could rule the country, and rule it by force. For a brief day last August they ruled it by a mere threat. What they would have accomplished if they had attempted force, was probably demonstrated in the New York trolley strike — they couldn't have held their forces together, and the strongest agents of disruption would have been among their own people and their sympathizers. Organized labor is but a minor fraction of the population. What power it has shown has come from organization against the unorganized public, but the leaders have overestimated the amount, actual and potential, of that power. It cannot seriously affect the rights of the general public, of which it is a part, and the most defenceless part, without seriously affecting its own rights, and so putting an end to its aggressive power, — even to its aggressive disposition. The election shows that these truths are apt to be demonstrated

soon in some troublesome and expensive ways; but we, being of an optimistic disposition, do not believe that there will be as much trouble as some others believe. There are no such oppressions here as have provoked the great bloody recoils of history — no such ignorance, no such general brutality.

The most hopeful feature of the situation is that the experiments may teach the unions much that will make them more reasonable, and so increase their usefulness, which, despite all their errors, has already been very great.

We earnestly hope that an eight hour day will soon become general. There was a time when man's control of Nature and himself was too weak for average men to make a living in eight hours. We believe that time is past. One reason we so believe is that the eight hour day has been gradually coming into practice. We believe that its permanent establishment will be delayed rather than hastened by lawlessness or fraud. In Congress's action in August, there was a large element of both.

We want not only the eight hour day, but we want wages to be just as high as the demand for product or service makes possible; but we don't believe there is any magic that can make them higher, even in legislatures or in courts.

Gift-Books and Book-Gifts

AMONG the Christmas commodities urged upon the purchasing public by booksellers' catalogues and counters, there is one that becomes each year more prominent, namely, that literary anomaly known as the gift-book. I wonder how other volumes, more obscure, regard the gift-book. Do they covet his bad eminence, beholding his jewelled dress, luxurious trappings, and coffined ease? Or do they, on the contrary, rather hug the dustiest corner of the shelf, preferring it to the splendor of the sarcophagus, and shuddering before the terrible secret of his exalted position?

How quickly the titles of the favored few come to one's finger-ends as one begins to count! *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, Portuguese Sonnets, The Eve of St. Agnes, Sesame and Lilies, The Rubaiyat.* What a curious con-course the authors would make if they were brought forth in a company as often as are their books. Matter so diverse, yet so incessantly combined, would seem suggestive of strange psychological phenomena to be argued from the characteristics of gift-books, but investigation along this line would prove most misleading. In a study of the nature of the gift-book, you must avoid all consideration of its contents. Gift-books are chosen either from the shelf of the classics or from that of the newest comers, but in one respect the two are always alike: they are never books marketable on their own merits; to be sold they must be lifted to the dignity of becoming presents. The classic group is generally floated on its classicism, plus much majesty of binding and of boxing; only rarely is it judged to need illustration: the contemporary group on the other hand, depends for its appeal entirely on illustration, it trails over the counter a procession of pictures that blinds the purchaser to the width of margins and the paucity of reading matter. The difference between the gift-book which is a classic and the gift-book which is a contemporary is that one opens the latter; one never opens the former.

The two types become instantly recognizable as one remembers the last Christmas, and anticipates the next. Santa Claus's pack always brings much matter for solid reflection, however delicately our parcels be done up in tissue paper and bright ribbon. One always receives one's quota of gift-books. I wonder what becomes of all the *Portuguese Sonnets* in the world.

In our Christmas collection the gift-book must be classified in the heap labelled the Present Perfunctory. It fulfils the two conditions of its classification, it is nakedly useless and ornate. Those two adjectives represent the

basic characteristics of all the presents urged by all the holiday advertisers. The gift-book is but another recourse of the giver who wishes to give but not to think. Does a real book-buyer ever buy a gift-book — for himself or for anybody else?

The real book-buyer, however, need indulge no contempt for the purchaser of gift-books, who trustingly and uncritically allows the bookseller to choose his Christmas presents for him. The manner of the selection marks the whole affair from beginning to end as politely impersonal. In the publisher's initial choice he never intrudes the slightest personal bias in his selection from established reputations, from the great Have-Beens, the famous Once-Were-Reads. The names of the gift-books never vary from Christmas to Christmas. In the publishing, purchasing, giving and receiving of a gift-book, there is a scrupulous avoidance of any suggestion of individual preference. For this fact one should be profoundly grateful, for the gift-bearing season is rendered innocuous exactly in proportion to its number of impersonal presents.

In our grown-up Kris-Kingling there still lingers a good deal of the Gift Critical — survival of the switch for the bad child, the sweetmeat for the good. Now the less evidence of personal reflection in a present, the safer. The gift-book fills a need, it is a politeness that penetrates no man's privacy, an expression of good will left on the doorstep, not thrust into the heart.

Upon my shelves I can find no sharper contrast than that between the gift-book and the book-gift, the latter being a volume selected because it represents the giver's taste, or else what he thinks is my taste, or still worse, what he thinks ought to be my taste if it isn't. All three revelations are perilous. "Tell me what you eat, and I will tell you what you are," declare our paternal sellers of cereals. "Tell me what you read, and I will tell you what you are," is a process even more heart-searching.

There is nothing more harmlessly impersonal than the gift-book, there is nothing more audaciously personal than the book as gift. The latter represents individual discovery, and the impulse to share the delight with a friend; yet, should the friend fail to share, what a gulf suddenly yawns between the giver and the recipient of some book that in an instant becomes an accusation of uncongeniality! You can forgive a person who gives you an unbecoming tie, you can condone color blunders, but you cannot forgive a friend who gives you a book unbecoming to your form of thought, you cannot forgive character-blindness. And should the book-gift go a step farther, should you have reason to suspect it of the donor's effort at proselytism, of an intention to convert you to opinions, human or literary, that you are not ready to accept, then the poor little book-gift becomes that most dangerous kind of Christmas remembrance, the Gift Reformative, the switch in the Christmas stocking. In giving or receiving, not a gift-book, but a book-gift, a volume chosen by friend for friend, much is risked, but perhaps with reason. There are books to which a friend has introduced me which have relinked our hearts together with chains of gold and gladness, or by another figure, have been gates into a domain of delight where three may wander in a joyous privacy of possession, my friend and I, and the author to whom he introduced me.

Still the principle is unaltered that the giving of books is a perilous matter. Those who keep the safe side will confine themselves to the giving not of book-gifts but of gift-books, that wise provision of Providence and the publisher. Both these agencies are aware of two facts for the foolhardy — that reading is of all concerns most personal, and that gift-giving should be of all courtesies most impersonal: so both supply the need by putting into our hands the gift-book. The characteristic that best fits a book to be a gift, is the characteristic that most unfits it to be a book. I reveal the secret of the sarcophagus referred

to at the beginning: the gift-book is a book that is never read! That is why its fellow-volumes may well shudder at its position, however seeming-splendid; for while it is safe and stupid to give a gift-book, safer and stupider to receive one, how much worse to be one!

Psychical Research at Harvard

PROVISION has been made in the department of Psychology for the investigation of such superusual phenomena as they may consider with it. They have begun by testing the telepathic sensitiveness of people in general. It is hoped that in time they will investigate it in people showing signs of possessing it. Perhaps, however, as tests improve, they may find that everybody possesses it in some degree just as Sir William Crookes satisfied himself in his laboratory that everybody possesses telekinetic power in some degree. Of course instruments for measuring either can hardly be said yet to exist, though Sir William's tests had some quantitative features.

Opportunity

DURING the recent agitation over the threatened railroad strike, three railroad presidents were taken out to a provincial lunch by a lawyer with whom they were in consultation. He apologized for the shortcomings of the meal, and one of them said: "Well, don't bother about me. I took my lunch out of a tin pail for ten years, and I think I can manage to worry through with this." The second said: "I ought to get along here even better than you, for I took mine out of a pail for fifteen years." The third one said: "My tin pail season was a compromise—about twelve years and a half. I can compromise on this very satisfactorily now."

This reminds us of Sill's poem, and as there's no

danger of anybody being reminded of it too often, we give it:

THIS I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream: —
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.
A craven hung along the battle's edge,
And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel —
That blue blade that the king's son bears, — but this
Blunt thing — !" he snapt and flung it from his hand,
And lowering crept away and left the field.
Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it, and with battle-shout
Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

And yet, after all, we can't all be born kings' sons or men able to get beyond the dinner pail; but does that fact make it any easier for those who are not? It at least should teach them not to attribute their fate to their fellow men, not to claim more than Nature has apportioned them, and to accept that in a spirit of cheerfulness. A larger proportion of men are attaining comfortable fortune every day, and an increasing number can be helped to the ability to attain it.

There is at least that degree of hope in the outlook. But there is no hope whatever that much help can advantageously be *given* a normal man beyond education and opportunity to help himself.

Endicott and I Burn Driftwood

I HAVE in my cellar a barrel of driftwood, planks of old whaling brigs with the copper nails still bristling here and there. Every winter Endicott orders me just such a barrel, sometimes from Montauk, sometimes from New Bedford, where the old schooners are broken up. This

is in memory of one evening years ago on our wedding trip when the uncertain wheels of the Montauk stage drew up at the door of Conklin's-by-the-sea, and we went in from the rain. There, in the farm kitchen, we found our first driftwood fire burning blue and lavender on the hearth.

Ever since, our inland wood-basket has had hidden under the logs of maple and hickory, a stick or two of the battered old whalers. This has become a family tradition. The children used to make witch-fires of the wood on Hallowe'en. Planks of it went to college upon the floors of their trunks. And now, when they are all away, and have barrels of their own, Endicott invites guests for the winter evening, and still gets me my driftwood.

That is about all Endicott does do in the matter. For Endicott does not like to chop. The planks are too large for economical burning, and really need to be split. This must, moreover, be done with some skill, without flaking off the strange green substance that cakes their surface and without wasting a single nail hole. I will therefore have no unlettered man of toil chopping my whalers for hire. And, as I said before, I find the professional classes loth to chop. I therefore descend to my barrel, pry out a plank, and split the worn old sticks myself. With my little pile of odd shaped fagots in hand, I ascend to my wood-basket, and wait for a good night for a fire, with guests.

Guests, we have found, always behave better at their second fire than at their first. If driftwood fire is mentioned to the human race, the human race invariably mentions driftwood powder. At least, no guest of ours, but one, has ever failed to discuss it and all its works. Endicott at such times plays the perfect host. He evinces cordial interest, explaining in turn how the copper nails and the sheathing of these ancient brigs, acted upon by the chemicals in salt water, produce a similar compound. In fact, for some guests, Endicott maintains, the powder would be best. A tablespoonful sown over the fire — and lo! the instant, sure result, continuing as long as one cares

to keep on basting the logs with it. The powder has its advantage; at least its possibilities furnish talk in the first few minutes after the true driftwood has been laid on the embers.

As the mouldy old sticks kindle slowly with ordinary yellow flame, I am always uneasy; I can feel the guest deciding that the much-talked-of flame is all imagination. I recall the dreadful evening when driftwood did refuse to burn colors — a plank that I myself had collected by the shore and brought home in my steamer trunk. I was having an experimental fire by myself with a piece of it one night, when Endicott walked in.

“Burning the ship?” asked Endicott cordially.

“I don’t believe it’s exactly a *ship*,” I explained modestly. “It looked like the end of an old dory.”

“It *acts* like the end of an old shed,” said Endicott. This conversation runs in my head whenever driftwood burns yellow.

And then, in the midst of such uncomfortable recollections, up flare the waves of green and saffron green and blue. Little points of clear color flicker at every crevice, and conversation dies.

I do not know what we all think about as we watch it. Perhaps it is not necessary to muse on lost ships and storms and broken ventures, nor on all our drifted voyages apart. It is enough for once to see a rainbow in flames.

There is no monotony now. Rarer colors show as the heart of the wood begins to burn. Rich violet sometimes glows underneath, and a peculiar lilac color wavers over the burned out fragments as the edges crumble. One stick falls, and a glory of turquoise and peacock green rushes up afresh. We watch it burn and change and flare, until at length it settles slowly into one last quiet flame of softest blue, with now and then a tiny yellow spark running over its surface, like a wild goose chase up a kobold’s chimney flue. Rose color in the embers, the last

of the fire, is the best. Then absolute dark, uncompromising as the death of a dream.

"Can you reach me that bit of excelsior in the corner of the basket?" inquires Endicott of the guest. The obliging friend gropes efficiently in the dark.

"Now watch," remarks Endicott, and puts a handful of tinder on the dark little heap that was our fire.

What follows must some-day go into somebody's collected poems. I have mentioned our one guest who did not talk about driftwood powder. We first tried the experiment when he was here, and I have always thought that he would write the poem. For, as we watched, up through the common tinder rose once more the best of all the driftwood colors; the exquisite purity of blue and lilac, and the palest daffodil and green. We tossed fragments of apple wood and chestnut into the flame, and they burned as if they too had sailed the old North Sea with Patrick Spens. Up from those soft dim ashes, into the commonplace material, came the rarest spirit of flame. We asked our guest what the poem should be about. He said that it meant for him the sadness of second love. He said that it might be a symbol of sharing of inspiration. He said it was the beauty of a dead dream rising to bless a common life.

Endicott, with academic eyeglasses akimbo, watched the experiment genially. The poet dropped a twisted bit of a business letter into the ashes, and it flared into a wave of gold and violet.

"Probably it is the heat volatilizing the gases again," explained the poet dreamily.

"Exactly," said Endicott.

Yes. A quick little gust of wind down the chimney made the flame whirl softly. A gray flake of the feathery ash floated out along the hearth. By what winds had it once been driven? by what storms at night? I brushed it back into the flame again, — Strange ashes, curiously compounded of many things; — of old memories of coral reefs and dead men's bones, and going after whales!

The New Passion for the Drama

WE are offered more contributions regarding the drama, three or four to one, than regarding all other literature, and more than regarding any other one subject but the war and contingent topics. Moreover in late years the increase in the building of theatres has been much greater than in any other class of public structures, except the kindred class of movie shows, and perhaps hotels — for the accommodation of people who come to town to go to the shows.

The implications and questions from these facts are pretty obvious, but they are important enough to justify dwelling on them a little.

Are our people seeking more amusement and instruction, or are they seeking a larger proportion of it through that direct presentation to their senses which is the principal resource of the primitive man, and less through the indirect presentation by the printed word, and through the greater use of the imagination and reflective powers which the printed word demands?

One answer is involved in the fact that periodicals have increased as fast as the theatres. And a farther and rather ghastly light is thrown upon the subject by the collateral fact that proportionally the sales of books have not so increased, but have gone in the opposite direction. All this points to the conclusion that people's minds have become more "dissipated," and their powers of imagination and reflection diminished.

Does the Sunday Newspaper suggest anything farther? On first thought, a universal orgy of vulgarity in its colored supplements; and on second thought, an unprecedented diffusion of rational entertainment and instruction in the more respectable pages, especially in the magazine supplements of the better papers. *But* these good things, not to speak of the other voluminities, appear in such tempting guise that they unquestionably have drawn

many serious readers, more than they realized, away from their books. Probably they have begun to realize this, however, and, more or less faintly, to resist the tempters. But the result, even to such readers, is that dissipation of mind which seems indicated by the growing preference for the stage over the printed page; and for the periodical over the book.

The dissipation of mind, and the stage, are of course mutually cause and effect: demand and supply always react on each other. But some other causes for the mutual dissipation strike us hard, and do not strike us pleasantly.

The first is the outgrowth of the old religious forms, and the consequent slackening of the religious braces to seriousness of interests and earnestness of purpose. The remedy is to take out of the creeds and liturgies what later knowledge has shown to be false. We would, however, not by any means wish religion to crowd out amusement and gayety of spirit; for unless it underlie them, they are baseless, unenduring, and, long before life normally ends, cease to satisfy.

One Way of Being Fooled

WE don't often get fooled in books, but we have just been looking into — and tried to read but couldn't — a work in Economics and one on Psychology, by no means intended to be elementary, and both by teachers of high position and wide reputation; and we were absolutely unable to find in them much of anything but commonplaces put in technical terms, and half a dozen words, on an average, where but one was needed.

Previous experience had led us to suspect that there were floating around a good many such books on these and kindred subjects, and we had generally escaped them, but the "standing" of the authors of these caught us.

One of those two books we had lugged from town to country and from country back to town for the years since it was published — on looking at the imprint, we were

astonished to find how many. And in all that time, somehow, we never got fairly started in it. The other day we resolved we *would* start. We did, but we did not get far. And now we know, and have just told you, the reason why we never got started before. Heretofore when we hadn't taken to a book by an author of great reputation, we tried to attribute the fault to ourselves. But after this experience, with the first of these books, we were less disposed to that effort, and made short shrift of the other one.

If you will just bear this experience in mind the next time you find yourself slow in getting into a book, perhaps you'll thank us for it.

There are special causes in our country why you should have occasion to do so: for in our favored land we are specially apt to be fooled by authors' reputations. We have a much larger proportion of institutions conferring degrees than any other people. Our superabundance of "learning" is enough to vulgarize it, and to give a commonplace man a high standing among large crowds of those still more commonplace. Any "professor" or other respectable man disposed to give five dollars of dues, can get into most of the societies for the various *ics* and *ologies*, and the election of men to the presidencies of these societies is no certain indication of solid capacity in the men.

Now of course any man whose head thus appears above the commonplace, even by so poor a warrant as the vote of his compeers, naturally regards himself as fit to write a book, and being equipped with the technical vocabulary of his subject, if with nothing else, is apt to do it. When the book appears, it is of course praised by the rank and file of his colleagues; and you and I, unless we are up to the trick I am trying to show you, are apt to be fooled.

But nevertheless let us be fairly ready to see that the trouble is in us when it really is.

A Word to Contributors

PLEASE

Use *farther* for the comparative degree of *far* (see *More Fads in Writing*, below);

Keep *further* as a transitive verb;

Don't omit paging your contributions;

Don't page them at the bottom;

Don't fasten the sheets together so as to hide the paging at the top;

Fold the sheets in an ordinary long document envelope: the vast majority come that way, and an occasional one left flat, or folded but once, is awkward in handling the mass;

Don't let the fact that most of the foregoing short paragraphs occupy single lines and begin with capitals, lead you to suspect that we intended them for *vers libre*. They may be though, for all we know. That last sentence, you see, is a couplet. All our poetry is like that — rolled off involuntarily. And as we thus manufacture on the premises all that, under present plans, we need, we are moved to one more injunction in parting:

Don't send us any.

More Fads in Writing

ALTHOUGH we cannot find any etymological distinction between "farther" and "further," and the dictionaries treat them as equivalents, we are eccentric enough to be offended whenever we find "further" used as an adjective or adverb, and "farther" as a verb. "Farther," whatever else it may be, is certainly the comparative of "far": so why not reserve it for adjective use? On the other hand, "further" is certainly not the comparative of anything — Webster really says so when he calls it a comparative with "positive wanting." Therefore it should not be put to adjective or adverbial use: so why not reserve it for the verb? The Oxford dictionary

gives further as the earlier form, and says that farther was evolved from it, and not from far; but that it has come into use as the comparative of far, and that the distinction we have marked is now sanctioned.

In the same vein, wouldn't it be well to discriminate between the sign *etc.* for *etcetera* and *ℰc.* for *and-so-forth*, reserving the former for *other* kinds of things, and the latter for things more of the *same* kind. We often find an actual need for some such discrimination, and though the signs are really the same, many people pronounce them in the two ways we have indicated.

Another thing which bothers us is the frequent occurrence of Spencer's "unexpected additional step in the dark" — a subordinate clause following after the reader supposes the sentence to be finished: *e. g.*, "When we went fishing we had great luck last Tuesday." The "last Tuesday" belongs at the start, or, as a sort of adverbial qualification, next to "fishing." Subordinate clauses never should come at the end. Read Spencer on Style, if you haven't done it. We had a lovely talk last Saturday night with a professor of English who never had.

Yet another thing, not very bothersome, but still incongruous with the fitness of things. You use a quotation for a purpose of your own, and signify your purpose by a punctuation mark; the average proof-reader makes that punctuation mark part of the quotation: *e. g.*, Why should he have cried: "Angels and ministers of grace, defend us?" Now "angels and ministers of grace defend us" was never an interrogative sentence, and yet in the above case the proof-reader makes it one. The interrogation point should *follow* the quotation mark, not precede it. If any mark precedes, it should be an exclamation, but the logical fitness of "defend us!?" would hardly compensate its over-luxuriousness.

Notwithstanding all of which, we admit points of punctuation (or punctuation points?) to be rather ticklish subjects for discussion — so much are they *de gustibus*,

and so much, as all careful editors must have noticed, is the use of them an individual characteristic.

Hibrow

WE have lately rejected two contributions otherwise admirable, simply because they were too hibrow — two excellent young people, of the respective sexes characteristic of this single-mooned planet, had gone and got hold of a lot of long words — some of them very good words in their places — and smeared them into a lot of places where they were not needed at all, and where good ordinary words would have left the articles in their natural simple beauty, and as plain to the comprehension as the Venus de' Medici.

Hasn't it ever occurred to our young folks who have read a little philosophy, that the big words are intended to mark distinctions that are of no consequence in non-technical work (and, we fear, many of them of not much in any other) and that lugging them into matter addressed to non-technical persons, is useless, even worse than useless — in bad taste, which is the vestibule of immorality — even thought by some more or less stupid and brilliant people, to be worse than immorality — as if those three words were not a contradiction in terms.

We are not narrow about this long-word business. Why, as some of you know, we have even ourselves unblushingly said "telekinetic telepsychosis," but we said it only because we had to, and not when simpler words would have done the job.

Now, dear children: when you do those things, you don't appear half as hibrow as you think, and if you succeed in getting yourselves called hibrow, you won't enjoy it half as much as you think; and meanwhile you will be overdressing your dolls and perhaps getting mistaken for ordinary shoddy, some of them which may be really very nice and strong and fit for the touch that came to a big one made of harder material by a man named Pygmalion.

The Eternal Boy

I DO not always dream of killing a German with liquid fire. At rare intervals my dreams have to do with another obsession of mine, the pursuit of pedagogy. Quite recently I found myself at my wit's end to hold the attention of a youth to whom I was vainly endeavoring to explain the secret of the Latin verb. Finally I said, with some acerbity, "I wish I could see what you've got inside your head that you find so absorbing," when suddenly by the blessed magic of dreamland, as it were a powerful X-ray, I did see right into his head, and there, on a charming lake set amidst flowering meadows and shady trees, I saw a boat, riding idly, with sails set, inviting my lesson-worn boy to the "immediate reality" of a day of unalloyed pleasure. "Run along, Johnny," I said, "while *tibi sunt integra lintea*;¹ that will do for today." This time I spoke without acerbity. On awakening, I fell to wondering just what "modern activity" of Mr. Abraham Flexner would succeed where my "words and symbols" had failed.

¹Your sails are yet whole (life is fresh). Horace, *Odes*, I, 14, 9.

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VOL. VII

THE LAST BARBARIAN INVASION?

BORUSSIANS, Hapsburgs, Huns and Turks! What a combination! The names are enough, but it may be well to recall a thing or two more.

The Turk needs no word: he is still unspeakable.

We don't know what has become of the Hun — the terrible and merciless small man with the big mouth. His name survives, and he must be somewhere behind the sort of business that has been going on of late, perhaps hidden by the nobler victimized Magyar.

The Hapsburg victimized him and roped him into an empire which is simply a lot of incongruous peoples held together by their bonds.

The Borussian is the head and front of the whole offending. A strange history has made him the strange thing he is. He is the savage infusion into German civilization. He got nothing from Greece or Rome, while most of his kindred tribes got much. So persistent and stubborn a pagan was he that the tribes to the South and West of him long got up holy wars to convert him, and it was not until the thirteenth century, when he was conquered by the Teutonic knights, that Christianity could be imposed upon him. Would he have gloried, or would he have hung his head, if he had received a prophecy, and could understand it, that he should unite with his conquerors, but impose upon them his own name, and that all together should increase until they became the terror of the world; that they should be the world's mightiest makers of weapons, and not only of weapons but of nearly every other thing people want, except things

of beauty; that they should become the greatest traders; that the ships of the mighty sea rovers between them and Britain should be as nothing compared with theirs; and that they should have a city greater than Rome should then be? But that not content with all this, they should want the world, and make war upon it, and lose all — their factories stopped, their ships tied up, their men worse than decimated, their women and children starved.

Such a Vergilian prophecy is now easily made from History.

A few centuries found the Borussians and their conquerors, united, with the Borussian name, under that "fine old pirate" Frederick the Great, gobbling up territory and taking a place in the nations. And although Frederick was the sort of pirate who played the flute and sent for Voltaire to bring his people some civilization, these tastes were not permitted to interfere with business, however, and the gobbling has gone on ever since, without the civilization ever getting much deeper than swash-buckling, money-making, and brag. Outside of four or five warriors and statesmen, the Prussians have produced no great man, as measured by the world's greatest, but they brag as if they had produced the only ones that count; and while in art and letters they have done little, they have bragged of the rest of Germany's men eminent in these departments, until they consider them their own; and they have taught all Germans to brag with them. It is no discredit to a nation not to have produced a Homer, a Dante, or a Shakespeare; but it is a discredit to brag as if they had. It is no discredit to a nation that its fiction is below that of England, France, Russia, and Spain (if we are to weigh Spain by Cervantes); but it is a discredit to brag as if it were first. It is a discredit for Germany to claim to be first in science, when she had not Newton or Darwin; or first in music, when Beethoven was a Belgian and Wagner a Jew; or first in the fine arts other than music,

when people outside of Germany whose opinion counts, place her third or fourth; or first in philosophy, when she had not Bacon or Spencer, and when Kant was a Scotchman; or, with a vengeance, when the *high priori* word-juggling which she has been pleased to call her philosophy has been her own undoing.

Lately we met in two days three cultured people — rather youngish — who had never heard the camel story: so this appears a good place, and it is certainly a horribly appropriate time to tell it. Three wise men, English, French and German, were appointed to produce respectively disquisitions on the camel. The Englishman at once packed up and went to Egypt to see all he could of the camel; the Frenchman ransacked the libraries to read everything recorded of the camel; and the German locked himself in his study to evolve the camel from his inner consciousness.

Germany is no wiser regarding world-wide questions than her philosopher was regarding the camel. In the lower activities, manufactures, commerce, and war, she has shown wonderful capacity in doing what others have done, cheaper than they can, and in pushing the results farther; and in the organization of practical effort generally, so far as her own home affairs are concerned, she has surpassed the similar activities of the rest of the world. But the victories of 1866 and 1870, the consolidation of the empire, the rapid accumulation of wealth turned her head, and her philosophy never has been of the kind to keep anybody's head straight. The unbounded conceit which the years since 1870 have bred in her, prepared her for Nietzsche's vagary of the superman, led her to place herself in the rôle, and prevented her single-track mind from harboring even so simple an antidote as the story of Gulliver and the Lilliputians. To restrain this extravagance there was little humor and less taste. The greatest exponent of both that the Germans have had was Heine the Jew. In taste, the one

she thinks greatest, Lessing, is a joke. Even Goethe, the nation's one great man in the higher realms of thought, even in the picture drawn by his adoring Eckermann, is not seldom a figure to excite a smile. And at the bottom of it all was the greatest stock of sentimentality that any people has ever had to carry.

All this sentimentality had full sweep regarding the State. When national unity was attained after such long and painful yearning, it made the empire the object of almost idolatrous worship. This passion was stimulated by her vapping philosophers no less than by her wonderfully increasing commerce. The feeling rapidly grew that their empire was *the* empire of the world, and their culture *the* culture. As the empire had become an object of worship, the duty of spreading its *Kultur* was soon made by the same vapping philosophers an article of religion.

And all this was backed up by plain simple greed. The evidence is everywhere that the honest Germans of 1870 have been turned by their rapid accumulation of wealth into a "nation of sharpers".

Of course from all this conceit and greed has grown envy, and Germany's hatred of the only neighbor who is stronger, wiser and, hardest of all, a better gentleman, has grown into madness.

Worst of all for her, with the growth of all these destructive passions, her army, which was wisely formed to prevent France's *revanche*, had grown into one fit for large and sudden aggression, and her navy was not far behind it, and both were the nursery of a military caste longing for conquest.

Moreover, she had fewer centuries than any other civilized nation, between her and the ingrained barbaric lust of conquest. Barring Russia's mistake of not realizing the quality of Japan, the impulse to war of attempted conquest of equals, seemed pretty well outlived in Europe, before it broke out through Germany's ignorant and in-

sane conceit, rotten philosophy, greed and envy. All these mad passions have destroyed Germany's reasoning powers, not to speak of her conscience. She could use them only to support her own desires. After flinging her ultimatums to Russia on the East and France on the West, and marching across Belgium to attack her, she holds herself to be the party attacked. One of her *gelehrte* said to us, of the Belgian infamy: "What else could we do?" He was a simple kindly old man, and we restrained the impulse to answer: Stand by your agreement and take the consequences. When she is arraigned for the Lusitania murders, she answers: "We put your children to an easy death, while you were trying to kill ours by starvation": she showed herself unable to realize that she gave the Lusitania children no chance of escape, while hers could escape through her surrender, and that starvation to effect that is a weapon sanctioned through the whole history of international law; she babbles of wanting the freedom of the seas, while before she threw her position into the cauldron of this war, she was commercially mistress of them, and could be again if she would behave herself; she claims the right to use a weapon in contravention of all law because it is a new weapon; and while we write, her pal and pupil Austria caps the climax by saying that we can be safe by keeping out of their war zone, ignoring our very contention that they had no right to establish one.

Here then is the mad and bloody giant raging against law and civilization. Long before he was ready to strike, he was training for supporters the only other barbarians left in Europe, and with them he has gathered (saving the rest of misled Germany) the worst of the ragtag and bobtail. Look again at the names BORUSSIANS! HAPSBURGS! HUNS! TURKS! — a barbarian invasion.

Can civilization permit such a gang to endure? They cannot be reasoned with: they must be rendered incapable of farther harm.

What is our relation to the fearful task? They have broken our laws (for the law of nations is our law) murdered our people, ignored our remonstrances, and disregarded their promises to us. They now presume to dictate the course of our travel and commerce to a degree forbidden by international law, and to cap it all comes the story of their intrigues against us throughout Latin America. But our direct relations are not the only ones that concern us. When they were ravishing women and killing men and children in Belgium, we stood by without a word, and the well-meaning theorist at the head of our affairs, in his new and trying position, told us that as it was none of our war, we were not to express opinions or even think thoughts. He has had some practical experience since then, and grown able to express, frequently, a somewhat different order of views, though whether he is able to act upon them is, at this writing, yet to be seen. He will probably, so well as he is able, carry out our will, and our united will seems to be to stop this infamy.

Will this be the last barbarian invasion? Since this review started out in 1914 by permitting a contributor to declare that there could be no European war, we have not tried the rôle of prophet. But do not the flags from the upper end of Fifth Avenue to the lower end of Broadway seem to promise the republic of United Germany, the Hapsburgs' thrall'd peoples freed, the Hun with no leader but the Magyar, the Turk back in the Asia which spewed him onto Europe, and the federation of all free nations for defence against barbarism, and the peace of the world?

To experienced diplomats this vision often appears

. . . Too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,

one of those unrealizable dreams for which so many good men, never so many as now, are wasting their labors

and often their reason — the dreams which are the stock-in-trade of charlatans and demagogues, and the dissipation of which was the main motive for founding this humble organ, and fated it to be “unpopular.” And certainly the most optimistic of us may well feel misgiving on reflecting that our original thirteen states, with our common language and traditions and aspirations, could not get together with less than two constitutions, or keep together without the greatest war then known. But Canada has held together with two languages, though with the mighty cement of the British Empire, and Switzerland, of her own motion, has held together with three. The polyglot Austrian Empire of course doesn't count: for it has been held together by chains.

The nations are already united to a degree that we do not always realize, by modern communication and commerce. Is it extravagant to say that economically they are one, and that it only remains to organize a unity already existing?

Most hopeful is the enormous increase in men's disposition for peace. By the nations of long civilization war is despised and hated. It is no longer a matter of glory or pomp and circumstance. England's thin red line is a thing of the past, and even Germany fights in sober colors. The duel has gone within the memory of men now living: in the present writer's youth the window of every dealer in fire-arms displayed a pair of dueling pistols. No end of international quarrels *have* been settled by judicial procedure, and an international court of arbitration already exists with a local habitation and a name. The need of putting behind it the force⁵ required behind all law is felt and yearned for by nations already having enough of that force. The dream will have to be realized, as our dream of Union was, by trial and error; and while many wise men do not dare expect it, most good men are ready to work for it, and with a burning faith that the barbarian invasion now upon us shall be the last.

THE LEGEND OF GERMAN EFFICIENCY

I

OF all tidy Continental peoples the Germans are most conspicuous for their neatness. This quality can be seen in large cities, forest floors and river beds; but it reaches its acme in the home of the *Hausfrau*. After a while, however, admiration of her becomes tempered by the discovery of a peculiarity: her neatness is not a means but an end. Her Moloch, *Ordnung*, devours all the comforts, quietudes, privacies and pleasant little irregularities that make home sweet. She is nevertheless admired; and even that land of male domination has paid her a fitting tribute. Wherever a suitable site offers itself, the statue of a colossal woman has been erected. Superficially, she resembles Brynhild or Thusnelda. But many travellers, on closer examination, have recognized the modern *Hausfrau*, terrible in helmet and breastplate, and with a spear to quell domestic mutinies. She is Germania, mighty Goddess of Efficiency.

II

If to have an end in view, and to cultivate the proper means and bring them to a sharp focus upon that end, be efficient, then the Prussians have long been an efficient people. Able organizers, like Frederick the Great, left their impress on a nation of serfs. No other aptitude than an extreme docility to paternalistic government is needed to account for that Prussian team work which is considered one of the highest achievements of *Kultur*. How far it is from being the free gift of native talent can be seen in the obstinacy with which Prussian statecraft distrusts all the forms of democratic communalism, and

clings to the sort that is imposed from above. So, out of units that were undeniably excellent material, but not natural fighters like the Bavarian Highlanders, the Prussian drill sergeant created perhaps the best military machine that has ever existed. Prussia exhibited extreme specialization: her sole end through the ages was the territorial aggrandizement of the ruling dynasty. This older view of history — as discernible in Bismarck as in Metternich — met with the more democratic aspirations elsewhere for German unity, and while using them, controlled them; and Germany, not without internal wrenches and pangs, was unified by the least German of her peoples.

Long before their unification the German peoples displayed in varying degrees a common trait: a capacity for careful and patient craftsmanship, aided by a rugged temperament that could stand the strain. Carlyle's definition of genius can be read as a tribute to his idols. Except in music (and even there Germany's greatest masters were of alien race), neither in the finer nor in the more useful crafts did this quality produce much of what other peoples recognize as beauty — it was not for their beauty that Duerer's works were treasured by Italian virtuosi — but the quality did produce solid work, and had a wide range, from Guttenberg's epoch-making blocks, to the toys of the Black Forest. If the German apprentice, journeyman and master could point with pride to the results of an unbroken mediæval tradition, so could the burghers of the Hansa towns claim to have used ably their inheritance of trade and finance, within the scope allowed them by the persistence of mediæval conditions in later Germany. It is perhaps necessary to insist on these points. The older Germany is supposed to be a land of "dreams," modern Germany to lead the world in "practicality." This view has its convenience, but is quite misleading when given too broad an application. The older German, like everybody else, had to earn his daily bread — and under conditions that the long dis-

organization of the old Empire and the ravages of many wars made exceptionally difficult. It is hard to see why this problem is not fundamentally the most "practical" of all — why the workman's solution of it was not a "practical" achievement; or why, if he sang over his simple fare as his descendants seldom do, or had more words of good cheer for his wife and children, he was any the less "practical" for that. But the world from his shop — or office or lecture room — to his home was a small one. His "culture," narrow but deeply rooted, reflected these conditions. There are some very real things in the "dream art" of that period: the quaint houses in Schwind's backgrounds, a thousand home touches in the "lyric moonshine" of the Romanticists. They are all redolent of a neighborhood. So is much elaborate learning — like Werner's geology, generalized from the rocks in a corner of Saxony, but with such convincing thoroughness as to disorient the science for a generation. The larger world was the uncertain quantity. One could not go far abroad to inspect the proverbial camel: he was "constructed out of the inner consciousness." Each poem created a new world, according to the author's caprice. Great universes of sound were fashioned for the spirit to roam in. A couple of ideas derived from experience, were set abreeding until the immense progeny spread itself out in the family tree of a metaphysical system. The extremes of that "idealism" were confined to the leisure classes: it is hard to imagine a practicing stone-mason a complete Fichtean. But what smells of the soil in the art and thought of that period, and the mid-air structure of the rest, alike reveal German inexperience of the larger world.

When Bismarck came, the Germanies, which had been unable to coalesce by a gradual secular process, were jammed together as by a sudden convulsion. The local cultures were levelled, or isolated in pockets, where even at home it was hard for them to compete with the Prus-

sian system, which had obtained such signal results. No general culture, but a military and beaurocratic machinery became the great unifying bond. Freed from past handicaps, the powerful new nation plunged into the vortex of our modern "civilization" of science and industry. In the systematic appliance of science to practical ends she has led the world; and the venerable Goethe, who with the perennial receptivity of true genius hailed the first industrial smoke-stacks, might well, had he lived to see them, have hymned the new swarm of factories and all the good ships that bore their produce over the Seven Seas. This is the change from the Germany of dreams to the Germany pre-eminent in material endeavor. But does it, as is so often said, involve the complete transformation of a people?

III

As modern science developed, it fostered a desire to face the *thing* under scrutiny, allowing neither prejudice nor tradition to interfere with the penetration of its true secrets. This is scientific "respect for truth" — a great gain for the human spirit, and, with due reservations, a justification for the exalted position of science in modern life. For the rest, it has added nothing new to human effort since Adam, save the increasing efficacy of the formula, the result and weapon of generalized knowledge; and men are supposed to work "scientifically" when they transfer something analogous to the field of their labors, small but perfect specializations producing great results by their coördination. Germany long showed genius for the more plodding sort of science; and to-day shows a still more marked one for organized work. But new science brought her no new qualities, it merely enlarged the scope of the old. The German Professor of Chemistry is so often sought out by the foreigner because in his laboratory he is the most honest and patient of workmen, with the least possible extraneous "nonsense"

about him. He is apt to be the old type, little changed — potent in his shop, and outside amazingly and most lovably ingenuous. In general it can be said that the German practitioner of applied science is what by nature and an immeasurable line of descent he ought to be: a workman. The old quality of patient craftsmanship is the most genuine thing in modern Germany; no system of government can confer it or permanently take it away, nor can a war, short of extinction, totally destroy it. But the Prussian system, spread by military and educational training, immensely promoted that ultimate organization, which has been the mark of German communal power. An individual Professor might deem himself of the Social-Democratic opposition; his achievements were none the less directed upward toward the *Pickelhaube* apex of the State. Most of his confrères, like the manufacturer and financier, were glad to coöperate with the State, seeing their individual effectiveness secured thereby and increased, and their stature magnified like that of the soul lost in Nirvana, which, so Swamis tell us, becomes Nirvana himself. A bird's-eye view of that *Kultur* loses sight of cross-currents, and beholds the Prussian Drill Sergeant topping and permeating it all.

So much for the old craftsmanship in its new form. The very perfection of the machine gives food for thought. Did the mere fact that Germany plunged into the larger world, confer upon her, just “awakened from her dreams,” a sudden familiarity with its greater problems and realities? To begin with, the very catch word of the great change, “practicality,” has a suspicious, Babu ring. Men mouth and ruminate it at times they used to devote to cheerful relaxation from toil; they dream it; it intrudes itself upon them when Baedeker's stars point to beauty worth a thousand exclamations; it haunts them. They are not practical about being practical. They have every symptom of men driven by that worst of Juggernauts, an abstraction.

The Legend of German Efficiency 235

Then there is the new State. Treitschke sees in Bismarck's success a vindication of Macchiavelli's political theories — *virtu* is the one Renaissance impulse that has always awakened a ready echo in Germany. But once the State has been formed by means only too visibly human, Treitschke leaves Macchiavelli behind, finding him too "positive," too destitute of moral grandeur. The State becomes a mysterious entity, something quite apart from its human constituents; in its German form, of course, its privilege is to be the depositary of transcendental virtues, its divine duty to impose them by conquest on an inferior world. Mr. G. B. Shaw warns us that Treitschke is not representative — despite his complete adoption by University officialdom. But the Schoolman's "realistic" conception of the State is nevertheless the common and guiding one. The hold of an abstraction on the native mind was not loosened but strengthened by Bismarck's achievement: the Platonic idea of the Warrior State gleamed in men's eyes, with a moment's immediacy of shining armor, and they tasted of its beneficence and might. So civilian resistance to Prussian military arrogance was weakened, though a long familiarity with soldiers and soldiering might have placed the matter in the domain of common sense. Let the most miserable of Lieutenants force the issue, and he dives, a quintessence of Military Necessity, into your witches' broth of a State, whence a thousand votes in a thousand Reichstags may not avail to fish him out. If democratic opposition to this prevailing notion has made the Socialists formidable, in numbers at least, they too have displayed more ability to theorize than to act. These late cousins of the winners of Magna Charta, have not succeeded in so much as converting the Reichstag from an advisory, into a parliamentary, body.

Whether or no the long honor roll of German scientists contains the name of many great initiators, the Germans can claim an undoubted aptitude for that branch of

natural science which deals with things — including among things the outer husk of humanity. But when its speculations concern themselves with living humanity, they take on a notable wildness. How much of German psychology is merely an unconscious justification of the Prussian temperament — finding “health” in its asperities, “decadence” in everything else. If His Majesty would sleep, how pathological the wakings of all others. If he would glory in his ugliness, how morbid all other beauty. And anthropology — what a riot-dance of the Germanic *Kulturvolk* over the face of the earth it is! The German still “posits” from his inner consciousness the world as he would have it, and with all the illusion of certainty that “science” conjures up. He dreamed the old abstractions at home; the new drive him forth, his eyes staring, his fists clenched.

German political, social and scientific thought betrays the stupendous power of the Idea in that land. It shows the obstinate old Ego, not chastened, but swelled into the dimensions of a State. It shows no effective counterweight of mellowed humanity, none of that secular rooting in an old and general soil, which gives other civilizations their stability.

IV

Here the vexed question of German culture — in its narrower sense as opposed to *Kultur* — forces itself upon us. It is an historical commonplace that, if no more intrinsic explanation can be found, Germany was still prevented by the business of the Reformation and the disorders of long indecisive religious wars from sharing in those humanizing, socializing movements, which acted with such power in the Romance countries and in England. She had her belated “Renaissance” toward the end of the XVIIIth Century. Goethe, its outstanding figure, represented the two main Renaissance elements: individual self-culture, and the emancipation of the

individual from the limitations of self; morally, by his escape into the social body; æsthetically and intellectually by his escape from provincialism — even national — into the general “best,” past and present. It may not be irreverent to this, the most illustrious and universal exponent of the modern spirit, to hint that he was unable to clothe his larger thoughts in the flesh, and had to fall back on symbols; that his contacts with the general humanity and with alien cultures are wide, but lack a certain spontaneity, even profundity; and that these imperfections are characteristically German. Nevertheless, he is the fountainhead of a great tradition, and many honored names in many lands attest his influence. Nietzsche, proud of that spiritual descent, comes with a passion of “Hellenism,” whose white heat fairly shrivels the paper-doll fooleries of the Second Faust; and in him international European thought — called Intellectualism — finds its most eloquent and inspiring voice. But the most popular part of his philosophy is the veritable climax of German inability to conceive of the individual, man or state, as a social being. Nietzsche stands on no soil whatsoever. A significant contrast is felt when one compares him with M. Anatole France — that not cataclysmic but subtly erosive iconoclast: M. France’s mouthpieces hold their searching Platonic dialogues in French homes, mellow with an ancient civilization and an age-long social grace.

The Schlegels, Tieck, Bopp — one could not easily exhaust the list of those who directed their romantic fervors into the fields of scholarship, and introduced into Germany all the masters of literature from Kalidasa to Robert Burns. To-day the supply of excellent translations is as enormous as it is comprehensive in scope; they are cheap books such as people buy not to display on their shelves but to read. The hospitality of the German stage is notorious. It is always a sign of national vigor to reach out in this way. But, as in the case of

individual genius, one is more interested in personality, that other sign of vigor: the power to digest and re-fuse what has been absorbed, and give it out again with a new impress upon it. Here Germany confesses the almost utter want of what France possessed as early as the XIIth Century: a social mold of her own. She gives back her classical, or English or French or Scandinavian or Russian, models with no more than a German coarsening of them. Moreover, the native genius — as in Hauptmann and Sudermann — chafes under the restrictions of the more sober foreign methods, and returns to revel in the old dream world of the mystic and symbolist. More tangibly, one is aware that racial pride still rests on that crude mediæval individualism which the “Storm and Stress” rediscovered in its search for a national past. The man-at-arms, not the Red Cross Knight, but the apotheosis of the Robber Baron, a huge half-amorphous oppression of granitic Might, haunts sculpture. Or else, in an effort to escape from what was foreign in even the German Middle Ages, the background of Teutonic myth is sought.

Altogether, the German spirit has looked upon the achievements of foreign genius as something to be carried like a tribal booty to the tribal home. It has shown little aptitude for those true voyagings abroad into lands of alien beauty, whence men return cosmopolitans, real members of the international family. And the stronger native genius would throw off foreign “rubbish” entirely. Do we not hear that the Teuton has too long been lulled to sleep by the false rites of a Semitic god, and must return to Odin and be strong again with Thor’s hammer? Modern German *Bildung*, so far from opposing a human element to the impelling Idea, has aided in bringing it closer to the imagination, giving it, if not a body of flesh and blood, at least the rude human lineaments of a pagan god. The old provincial cultures, which within their limits were social and humane, are seen floating, quaint trophies, on the torrent of Might.

V

Whatever venerability German "Michel" may derive in his own eyes from the recrudescence of primitive gods or the invocation of historical traditions of violence or old abortive Empire-buildings, since 1870 he has appeared to his neighbors with all the traits of the parvenu writ large upon him. A self-made man, his purseful of soldiers and reserve of Power in the bank are his infallible buy-all. He exudes auras of success. Success is his gauge of others — not the unostentatious maintenance of settled achievement, but success that hymns itself as stridently as a dynamo. He is forever ordering his own servants about, and elsewhere can recognize no authority the weight of whose hand is unfelt, no service out of livery. He enjoys the crowning felicity of his type: he is right because he is himself. His very "altruism" threatens the imposition of his tastes on others. Secure of his power to "buy," he jostles his way to the counter, regardless of his neighbors' ribs and toes. We heard an outcry in the baker's shop, and Michel, his blue eyes wide with a naïve and pained astonishment, answering, "Must I not eat?"

One might thus epitomize the change German diplomacy has undergone since Bismarck was dropped overboard, and the Emperor took the helm. If Bismarck's policy was essentially of a predatory world predatory, he still had the primitive huntsman's innate sympathy with the hunted, even a certain kindness for them when their flesh and pelts were not wanted. It may not have been a very noble game he played, but perhaps, leaving aside his exceptional genius for opportune forgery, it was "the game" of international politics, and will continue to be, until a better mutual understanding tempers competition. The point is that a consistently "average" or low view of humanity, so one does not except himself from the view, promotes fellowship of a sort. Once his

task was accomplished, Bismarck regarded Germany as a nation among nations — one which must not neglect the ultimate defensive power of a great army, yet which, by “playing the game” could always rely on a European balance sufficiently favorable to her. There is a sort of lonely grandeur about this figure in old age, as he fills the tragic part of the *Vox clamantis*. His warnings not to alienate Russia, not to provoke British hostility, not to allow the Triple Alliance to drift from a defensive, into an aggressive, one, need not be followed in detail. He advised not to do precisely what his Imperial successor has done — with results that bid fair to be the undoing of all that Bismarck wrought, and are writing themselves over all Europe in blood.

Bismarck, an “atavism” of the pedestrian Prussian XVIIIth Century, refused to be hurried away from his common sense by Slav perils or Pan-German intoxications: he did not perceive the abstractions, Race, Might and *Kultur* in triumphant march over the globe. He saw in Germany a powerful State, but the mysteries of the Super-State were beyond him. Glad to avail himself of expert knowledge, he yet was not sufficiently “scientific” to invest the specialist with mysterious powers: he duly consulted Roon and Moltke, but reserved for himself the arrangement of wars. It was left to the wisdom of his successors to erect the Great General Staff into an omniscient Oracle.

Prince von Buelow has recently scored the diplomats, working under his direction, for their lack of adroitness and “psychology.” Yet he himself is identified at home with certain peculiar methods of “assimilating” the Pole, whose success is as doubtful as their humanity. Under his own Chancellorship, the “adroitness” of German dealings with the German element itself in Alsace-Lorraine reached its climax. . . . The German diplomats have lacked something profounder than “psychology,” a lack shared in by able professed psychologists; by Prince von

The Legend of German Efficiency 241

Buelow himself, — and even by his great master in statesmanship.

For Bismarck's failure to appreciate XIXth Century Democracy left an open wound in the German body politic. His State may seem so nicely to balance the various elements out of which it was compounded as to constitute that modern marvel, a democratic autocracy. Yet the full third part of a population remarkable for its docility, was forced into an attitude of extra-governmental opposition; and the government's sole remedy for this situation lay in polishing the machinery of military repression, and the contemplation of foreign wars.

Everywhere, at home, in the Colonies, in foreign propaganda, the modern German spirit has proved its crass inability to deal with the human factor. Its "efficiency" has there broken down — and this is a world not of formulæ and machines, but of living men. Recent history has shown how vastly what the positive-minded call the "imponderabilia" count. Spiritual things are not the moral Sundays people were prone to believe them, but are profoundly spun into the warp and woof of ordinary life. Shelley, Arnold's ineffectual angel, seems a far more practical statesman than the authors of this tragedy. Even successful wars of conquest must be unavailing when undertaken in a temper against which the flesh of man everywhere, — yellow, white and black — must rise in revolt.

VI

What will happen to Germany when she faces an aftermath compared with which the ravages of the Thirty Years War were sporadic in extent and easily reparable, is beyond conjecture. One likes to hope that those popular aspirations for a Greater Germany at last released from repression, which were stunted by the actual consummation, will evolve a state more conformable than the old with the will of a modern people: that this people,

no longer imagining itself "chosen" — so the gods choose for destruction — will bring its great vigor and peculiar gifts back to the soil. A nation of hard workers and hard thinkers it must continue to be; and perhaps the threads of the old cultures, with their good cheer and half-forgotten kindness, can be picked up and gradually woven into something national.

What we know is the trend German strength and effort have taken. Peculiar to the Germans is their feeble resistance to the driving-power of abstract thought. They have been feverishly busy baking mystic bread for their mystic state, while the Neapolitan *lazzarone*, lounging along the sunlit quays, might have taught them how men are fed. They have enslaved the mind to the brawn it idealized. Their Idea is not that Divine one incarnate with a human bosom for erring men to rest in; it is an idolatry of "stocks and stones," which adumbrate the hostile forces of a non-human universe, and demand the appeasement of human sacrifice.

Otherwise, in the language of the laboratories, Germany has no more than "isolated" forces at work throughout our general civilization in such a way as to simplify their reading. To this civilization we Americans are committed, with rather an insistence on its "material" side. Our strongest spiritual bond, democracy, has tightened in the face of German governmental ideals. But much of our thought, especially in the sphere of education, exhibits an indiscriminating esteem for German efficiency. We, too, in our own way, often consider the *Hausfrau* before we do the humanized home whose minister she is.

THE WEAKNESS OF SLAVIC POLITY

MUCH has been said and written, of late, of the amiable and admirable personal quality of the Slavs. Multitudinous have been the prophecies of a coming Slavic hegemony of the arts, of philosophy, of religion. But one thing Slavic you find omitted from even the most unrestrained panegyrics of the warbitten Slavophiles: Slavic polity. It is not foretold that out of East Europe shall arise forces making for the regeneration of Western governments. Politically Slavdom is weak, and has always been weak. Let us recall unhappy Poland, so quarrelsome and corrupt as to be incapable of energetic action in the face of the most patent designs of spoliation on the part of neighbors not by any means overwhelmingly powerful. Let us recall the everlasting factional struggles of Bohemia; the incapacity of Rumania, down to the present day, to reach a rational solution of the problems of peasant misery and aristocratic insolence; the overweening pride and inevitable fall of Bulgaria; Servia, fountain and origin of a world of woe. Could not the leaders of Servia see that they were seated astride the rim of the European powder vat? Had they not sufficient to do to assimilate the motley population of Bulgars and Greeks, Turks and Albanians, Rumanians and gypsies that had fallen to them by the chance of war? Yet they had to yearn, not in their hearts prudently, abiding their time, but overtly and flagrantly, for the still Greater Servia that would embrace Bosnia and Herzegovina, thus providing a convenient pretext for their destruction. And finally let us reflect upon the greatest of all failures of Slavdom, Russia.

Russia a failure, you exclaim indignantly. Was it not the Russian invasion of East Prussia that saved Paris and gave France and England time to gather their

resources? Was it not Russia that overwhelmed Austria and by heavy drafts upon German military power thinned the Teutonic line in Flanders and France to such an extent that for a whole year aggressive action was out of the question? And is it not Russia that is menacing the integrity of the Turkish domains and rendering fantastic the German threat against Egypt and India? To be sure. Russia's failure does not consist in non-performance: it consists in performance less than was to be expected of what is potentially the mightiest military power of the world. It consists further in the incommensurate cost to her own people of what Russia has won.

In men of military age, and also in men who have undergone military training, the resources of Russia very nearly equalled those of the Teutonic empires combined. And the Russian is by nature one of the best soldiers in the world. He is physically robust, patient under long marches and inadequate food, and his bravery is that of the hero and fatalist. Recall the glowing reports from Petrograd, early in the war, of the Russian soldier's love of the bayonet charge. As we now have reason to surmise, the Russian soldier delighted in the bayonet only after his cartridges had given out. It is no matter: let us give our unstinted admiration to the heroic peasants charging into the hell of shrapnel and machine gun fire with weapons in no way superior to the spears of the Macedonian phalanxes. It is such soldiers of whom Russia has unlimited numbers, and whom she sacrifices in long retreats before troops inferior in everything but officers and equipment.

Why Russia is lacking in officers — Russia, a military state with an aristocratic caste regarding itself superior to any other profession than the military — is a story too long to be interpolated here. But why is she lacking in munitions? Her industry, to be sure, is undeveloped, and the making of cannon and shells requires a well-trained industrial population. She has, however, the

resources to buy them; and if she had not, her allies would supply the resources. But all that enters Russia now must be squeezed through the narrow gateway of the Siberian railway. As I write, I note in the press of the day (March 11) that forty ships are on the ocean, bound from New York to Vladivostok, and over 250 ships from European ports are headed for the same destination. And at Vladivostok there reigns unheard-of confusion. Supplies overflowing the warehouses and piled high on the piers; freight cars lost on sidings all the way across Siberia; unessentials given right of way and the necessities of military success delayed. And all the while one must bear in mind that at Kola on the Arctic there is a magnificent port, free of ice the year around, where even now a number of ships are lying, discharging cargo, part of which is just to lie dead, part to be painfully forwarded two hundred miles by reindeer sledge. Why is there no railway from Kola to Petrograd? The port was opened over ten years ago and the railway route surveyed. The excess freight by way of Vladivostok on the shipments of last year alone would easily have paid for the railway. Its military services would have been worth a half million men. From the opening of the war to the present date there has been ample time to construct a railway. But as yet scarcely anything has been done, and the most optimistic forecasts place the date of completion of the road at some time in 1917.

In modern warfare the losses in wounded bear a ratio to the losses in killed of four or five to one. Among the wounded, those actually mutilated or otherwise totally incapacitated are a relatively small fraction. A good hospital service will in a period of six or eight weeks restore to the line of battle between fifty and seventy-five per cent of the wounded. A bad hospital service will permit infection to finish the work of bullet or shell in an incredible number of cases otherwise curable. Very little information from the Russian hospitals filters through

the more stirring accounts of the time. But what we do get tells of gangrened arms and legs carried away by the cartload, of sickening waste of human strength and life. Happiest are the Russian wounded who fall into the hands of the enemy. They are lost to the Russian army, but may yet be restored to the Russian state.

In this account of Russian incompetence the most significant place should perhaps be reserved for the treatment of the civilian population in the huge territory over which the war has been waged. It is a well-known fact that the favorite procedure of Russian generals, before a retreat, has been to order the men of military age, or even the whole civil population, to retreat before the army into parts of Russia not likely to be invaded. There can never be an adequate record of the miseries of the civil population of Poland, thus forced over night to abandon their homes to the soldier's torch. Old and young, well and sick, mothers carrying and leading their little children, packed like cattle in cars, or following the highways in carts or on foot — it was a migration more miserable than the world has ever known. And in the regions to which the survivors of these hunted folk have been driven, what arrangements have been made for provisioning them, sheltering them, employing them? Scarcely any. Before such masses of misery, city and communal authorities, the church and private philanthropy, have sunk back in fatalistic asthenia. On the fringe of the German invasion the only efficient philanthropist is death.

Plainly, there is something fundamentally wrong with Slavdom, that it should prove so lamentably weak in time of crisis; that it should win its way to victory, if at all, only over a bridge of its teeming manhood, miserably and futilely slain. If we were still in the Freeman stage of historical thought, we should proceed to explain the whole situation in terms of the characteristics of the race. The Slav, we should soberly assert, is mystically religious, hungry for pain, individualistic and incapable

of organization. He is a child of nature and wins by nature's method of plethora and waste. And thus we might philosophize ourselves into an asthenia and fatalism like that of Russia, disregarding the obvious fact that German organization and efficiency are most characteristic of Prussia, a state with a vast infusion of Slavic blood. Was not Bismarck, the most efficient of modern state builders, a Slav? Do not the records of German achievements in science, medicine, administration, business, teem with Slavic names? And do we not find our own Slavic fellow citizens of the second generation very successfully doffing mysticism and fatalism, and donning Yankee modes of thought and action? The racial hypothesis is justly suspect.

If we look to the social organization of Slavdom, on the other hand, we are struck by a whole series of illuminating facts. In the Slavic countries more than anywhere else in Europe, the once universal order of social caste has been preserved. There is an hereditary aristocracy at the top, and a degraded peasantry at the bottom. Land ownership, office holding and to a certain extent, the professions, are the prerogative of the aristocracy; the peasantry latterly have extended their pristine sphere by transforming part of their numbers into an urban proletariat. Business, very weakly represented by petty merchandising and money lending, has been despised by the aristocracy, and out of the reach of the peasantry. Thus it has been left to the preëmption of alien elements. In the Balkans, business falls largely to the Jews, Greeks, Syrians; in Russia to the Jews and Germans.

Now, government to-day is distinguished from that of earlier times by its dependence upon the business ability and integrity available for public service. Two centuries ago the relation between government and governed in time of peace was essentially tributary. By one method or another it was necessary to extort from the mass of the subjects enough funds to enable the sovereign and his

satellites to live brilliantly, but no extremely efficient revenue service was necessary for this. If the tax collectors kept too much of their takings for themselves, it was possible to turn the evil to account by placing the court's satellites in office as tax collectors. The administration of justice was chiefly a local matter, carried on in a loose way, but without great expense. Compare the situation of a modern government, with its educational services, its duties in the matters of communication and transportation, its charitable and penal systems, etc. Modern government is expected to give *quid pro quo*, and in so far is analogous to business. It must levy heavy taxes equitably, collect them with certainty and economy, and find faithful servants to expend its funds wisely on objects determined by law. Business principles, once generally disregarded by the statesman, are now essential to effective government in time of peace. In time of war they may almost be said to be essential to national survival. Napoleon could set out on a campaign expecting to live on the country and to equip himself as he proceeded out of sales of loot to the thrifty merchandisers following the army. Joffre must have behind him a huge and complex transport system upon which he can rely absolutely, and still further in the background a system for purchase and delivery of munitions so well organized that it cannot fail. French valor holds the Germans back, but without French business organization the valor of the troops would be suicidal.

Now, a hereditary aristocracy does not produce the type of official required for the execution of the business functions of the state. The aristocrat is no doubt in most respects more admirable than the man of affairs, but it is very hard for him to see that straight accounting is a matter of personal honor. He is conscious of his worth to society, and if conditions are such that he finds it difficult to maintain himself according to the standards required by his personal and official dignity, he is not

averse to dipping into the public purse. To him such conduct is a peccadillo justified by the excellent end in view. And if he does not himself need thus to divert public funds to his account, he is widely connected with other excellent men struggling to keep their heads above water, and will endeavor to place them where they can make life tolerable for themselves. Thus speculation and place mongering spring naturally from the condition of an hereditary aristocracy that has multiplied beyond the sustaining power of its landed revenues, or that has survived into an age in which the cost of living is rising. They are characteristic of Russia to-day, as they were characteristic of England in the days of the Stuarts, and of France under the Grand Monarch.

What we now call political corruption was common under the earlier order; all that is new is its greater extent and its more sinister consequences under existing conditions. The evil has been appreciated by the more patriotic members of the class that profits by it, and a remedy has been sought in all manner of mechanical devices, collectively known as "red tape." But "red tape," while reducing corruption, reduces efficiency in even greater proportion. If we are to have at once honest and efficient government, it must come by way of a shift in the ruling class. Supplant the blooded bureaucrat by the business man. This is what has been achieved in England, and only to a less extent in France. It has been achieved in far greater measure than is commonly supposed in Germany.

But in Slavdom generally the shift is made difficult by the fact that the business class is largely alien. When Poland awoke to the danger of dismemberment, it made several efforts to place its government upon a sound business footing. These efforts were ineffectual, because the business men of Poland were chiefly Jews and Germans, and by this very fact excluded from an active part in governmental affairs. In Russia to-day the restrictions

upon the Jews deprive the government of much of the special ability most needed in the public life of the nation.

Slavic failure in government, it seems evident, is not to be imputed to the Slavic racial character. It is a consequence of a political situation that makes great demands upon the business abilities of government officials, but does not draw the officials from the business class. And this fact, in turn, is a consequence of the low degree of business development, and the preëmption of such business as exists by classes excluded by race prejudice from participation in government. Slavdom has been out of the current of world trade, but not out of the current of world politics. Hence its failure under the international duties thrust upon it by the times.

There can be little doubt that the conclusion of peace will see the beginnings of a business era in Russia. No patriotic Russian can in future hold the contemptuous attitude toward the prosy details of money making that prevailed in the past. For want of attention to these details, millions of Russians are seen to be paying the price of mutilation or death. With a large, well-organized class of Russian business men, the barriers between Jew and Gentile will break down, and the unutilized powers of the Jew will be employed to the enrichment of political life. Russia, like Germany, France, England and the United States, will become a bourgeois nation, materialistic, money-making, but efficient and powerful. For such gain there will, to be sure, be a certain offsetting loss. Russian literature and art will lose their savor for the dilettante of western Europe and America, who will have to turn elsewhere for the characteristic note of manliness wedded to despair, virtue linked with crime. But Russia was made not for the tragic catharsis of soul of foreign amateurs, but for the joy and life of her own hundred millions.

THE FUTURE OF INDUSTRY

I. Movements Beneath the Surface

IN attempting to pierce the veil that separates us from a vision of the future, even of the immediate future, it is necessary to remember that all such attempts must be purely speculative. We should therefore at all costs avoid the temptation to be dogmatic, and not take our attempt too seriously. It is in this spirit that the suggestions to be made in the present article are offered. They are guesses, founded on observation of certain new tendencies that are abroad. But how far they are correct guesses, only time can show. Their best justification lies in the absorbing interest which the future possesses for every progressive mind.

It is the opinion of many people, and this opinion is sometimes met in somewhat unexpected quarters, that our present economic system has passed its zenith of usefulness, and is becoming less and less adapted to modern needs with every passing year. That it often gives rise to undue concentration of such wealth as is produced is too obvious to need argument, but there is also good reason to suppose that as a wealth-producing mechanism, it is not far from being abreast of the possibilities engendered by the enormous development of man's control over nature during the past century and a half.

If, as some suppose, the economic machine is becoming unworkable, one of three things must happen. It may be altered in direction and aim, gradually and without convulsion or breakdown. It may end in catastrophe of the most alarming kind. It may be gradually superseded by a new system that will grow up alongside it, and draw the life out of it by degrees, precisely as com-

mercialism grew up alongside the later feudal system, and gradually drew the life out of it until it decayed.

It is not very difficult to guess the direction from which this new system will come. The nineteenth century saw the highest development of political democracy that the world has ever known. The twentieth century will see the development of economic democracy.

This will not be reached, as far as one can judge, by any vast *bouleversement* of existing things. The socialist dream of waking up one morning in a socialized world, brought into being by decree of a committee of Public Welfare, self-appointed, is not likely to mature. When the feudal world was superseded it was not taken over bodily as a running concern by the commercial world. On the contrary, the latter rose gradually into power from many centres, and its rise was accompanied by many failures and setbacks, so that the substitution of "contract" for "status" — the great legal distinction between the two forms of social organization — was so gradual that neither its beginning nor its end can be marked with certainty. It does not seem any more likely that a new social order, if such is immanent in present movements, will come into being by taking over the social or industrial mechanism of the present day, if only because such mechanism is utterly unsuited for the expression of new social relations. It may be, indeed, that the vast complexity of the modern industrial world is only a temporary phase, just as the commercial system that succeeded the feudal was, organically, a far simpler and looser one. This of course looks unlikely *now*, but not more so than the other change must have looked *then*.

It is not impossible to suppose that the germs of a new order of economic relationship are already sown. That, of course, is not practically important now, unless we can also perceive something of the path which is likely to lead from the old to the new. It must be confessed that something of the eye of faith is necessary to make the

connection, more particularly as it is not in this country, but in Europe, that the most promising beginnings are to be observed. Yet it also seems probable that it must be in America, still the land of endless possibility and opportunity, that the most energetic experimental development must take place.

It is a curious fact that it is in democratic America that the organization of industry has developed along the lines of absolutism. In Europe on the contrary, such organization has reached out toward democratic forms and in certain instances has already developed them to a wonderful degree. To discuss the reason for this would lead us outside our present subject, which is to discuss the new ferments already working, and endeavor to appraise their value in the future.

Industry is based on three main elements. First, the possession of natural resources. Without these it cannot exist. The Eskimo has developed his civilization on snow as a building material, blubber and fish as diet, skins as clothing, and the bones of fish and bears as raw material for manufacture. Considering his material, he has done reasonably well. Modern civilization is built on coal and iron, and it is the possession of these resources that determines its whole course, and makes it so different from anything that has gone before.

The next element of industry is the productive unit. Formerly a large part of the industry of the world was carried out by very small groups of men, even by single workers. To-day, the tendency is to enlarge the size of the productive unit, until its organization has become a science in itself. Within the productive unit, order reigns. Each function to be performed is determined in advance, both qualitatively and quantitatively. There is no scramble, no uncertainty as to who is to do this work and who that. Men compete with each other to get into the productive unit, and they rival each other in qualifying for more responsible work, but within the unit neither gap

nor overlap is permitted, and the work of everyone is co-ordinated most carefully; each is engaged on a complete engineering proposition — the application of forces to materials on a definite basis to a definite end.

If that were all the problem that industry affords, our troubles would be very much fewer than they are. Trial and error would in the long run work out a plan for the just distribution of the fruits of work among those that participate in it, and those that provide the sinews of war.

But unfortunately there is a third element in industry *that is not yet brought under the reign of scientific law*. While each productive unit in its internal structure is an example of coördinated activity, industry as a whole is still in the stage of being wholly uncoördinated, and is in fact a veritable scramble, very much as if in a factory, each new job were to be thrown on the floor and the whole body of workers invited to fight for its possession.

From this want of adjustment arise some of the most bitter struggles, and many of the greatest distresses of the modern world. Unemployment is largely due to it. And so little is the matter understood that the fiercest invective and the strongest opposition are applied to anyone who attempts, as regards any particular trade, to set up a more or less approximate coördination of the industry by consolidating productive units, and cutting out superfluous energies in the production and distribution of goods. The moment this is attempted, the cry is raised that "competition" is imperilled, whereas the power of competition depends on quite other conditions that have little to do with consolidation.

It is impossible to discuss matters like these without coming at once into the presence of the idea of "competition" and its obverse, "combination," about which the foggiest notions generally prevail. In speaking of "competition," as the life-blood of progress, it is entirely forgotten that there are no more changeable things than the *forms* of competition, and that they are by no means

confined to the strife of the spear and the strife of the market. What we term competition is in general a very crude form of measurement of capacity, and though it is quite certain that capacity will always differ as among individuals, and will always find its own level, it is equally certain that the particular form suitable for one age will be unsuitable for another. In a barbaric military age, thews and sinews and physical courage will be the elements of competition; in a mercantile age, shrewdness and cunning. In a scientific age, such as we are now entering on, still higher faculties than to prod one's competitor with a spear, or delude him in a bargain, will be called on, with necessarily a more marked shifting of the play of competition to another arena.

While therefore it is quite reasonable to say that competition must be maintained, it is quite another matter to assert that *some particular variety* of competition of the moment should be maintained. To say that it is for the public advantage that ten firms in the same industry, with a total capacity exceeding any possible demand for their goods, should be compelled to maintain expensive individual selling organizations, and scramble for each order that comes into the market, instead of dividing them up on a pro-rating basis, seems illogical. It means the diversion of attention from the prime work of production. It means unnecessary fluctuations in the amount of work handled by each firm. It means unemployment here, and over-employment there. It means plant idle in one place, and overburdened in another. And who benefits?

It is evident that if these productive units combine, either on the Trust plan, which means centralized control, or on the Cartel plan, which means a kind of parliament for that industry, the stream of production is steadied, and, *provided that a market monopoly is not used to raise prices*, no one is harmed. It is evident, therefore, that the evil of combination lies not in the fact of com-

bination, but in the improper use of the power of monopoly that such consolidation may make possible. The evil does not arise from the elimination of a certain kind of competition among the firms themselves, but in the possibility of their using their combination to raise prices.

In the ordinary course, such conduct would bring its own penalty. High prices would invite new competition outside the combine, and force prices down. In a perfectly free and open market, no combination could afford to run that risk. But if they can succeed in some method of cornering the market, and driving out new competition before it has time to gather head, then we have an illustration of the successful but wholly illegitimate use of the advantages of combination. It should be noted, however, that a new variety of competition is concerned here, namely, competition between the combine as a whole and a new comer. *That* is the competition that it is to the public interest to see maintained.

How can an open market be maintained? Feebly and uncertainly by legislation, because there are as clever minds on the side of the combine as on the side of the state. And while the state can only legislate for particular conditions as it discovers them, the combine can shift its ground very rapidly, and so evade the law. But there is one way of doing it that will put the strongest combine on its good behavior at once and for ever, and that is by an answering combine of *consumers*. Is such a thing possible? Let the facts answer. In England, the co-operative societies maintained by the working people are now estimated to embrace one-fifth of the population, and the turnover of their transactions is already some \$550,000,000 yearly. The most powerful trust would hesitate to play tricks with an organized body of consumers like that. Except by a monopoly of raw material (perhaps the easiest form of monopoly to reach by the regulation of the law), there is no possible answer to the

demand for competitive price when consumers as a whole insist on it.

All this has been introduced for the purpose of showing that what appears to be the most portentous industrial phenomena of our day, tending to overwhelm the people in the grip of an industrial autocracy, are really not what they seem. No form of wealth is more fragile and evanescent than that engaged in production. Nothing is more timid than capital when it finds itself in presence of superior forces intelligently applied. There is only one form of ownership that confers lordship, and that is ownership of land. The largest and best organized plant, capitalized in millions, rapidly falls to the value of scrap-iron, once the fertilizing stream of "orders" is diverted from it. And as a speculative fantasy one might imagine a time when people will come to gaze on the vast decaying ruins of the twentieth century trust plants, as they now go to gaze on the ruins of the feudal castles of Europe. But let us hope that it will not come to that.

We observe, then, a tendency to consolidation and to the elimination of unnecessary competition, but this tendency is itself but the expression of a need imperatively felt, namely, for *a form of coördination between the productive units themselves and the entire output of the industry*. It is this that really gives strength to the combining movement. It is this that is both its impulse and its justification. To expect to roll it back is like ordering the advancing tide to recede. We may expect to prevent its abuse, but the only way in which this can be done permanently is by an answering coördination, that of consumers. But if we once assume that the whole body of consumers can be organized and their wants coördinated, we step at once into a wholly new economic world, that will have very little real relation to the present system. It is evident, however, that this must be a slow development, and cannot take place overnight.

This principle of coöperation has made enormous strides already. In addition to the British coöperative societies and those of other countries, the movement has spread to the most individual of all callings — agriculture. Here it has had a double development, association for purchase, and association for common manufacture and common sale. On the one hand, groups of agriculturalists combine to standardize, purchase, and test the qualities of seeds, fertilizers, and other supplies, thus rescuing the individual from greedy exploitation, and what is worse, deception as to the quality of goods, which had reached enormous proportions. On the other hand, groups are formed to receive, standardize, and distribute products on a wholesale scale, thus again rescuing the individual from exploitation by those who received a large reward for a very poor and inefficient distribution or marketing service. Further, the organization of associated producers has led to proper grading of product, associated with definite brands, so that the buyer knows in advance what he is ordering and paying for, without the necessity of close inspection of each consignment.

In particular may be cited the great work done by the Irish Agricultural Organization Society founded by Sir Horace Plunkett in 1894. In 1911 this organization had grown to a membership of 100,000, in 900 branches, and an annual turnover of \$15,000,000. Combined with its regular activities is a department advancing funds to credit societies, and it was recently reported that out of loan transactions aggregating \$90,000, only \$500 had been irrecoverable.

In Denmark the dairy industry has been transformed by the introduction of coöperative creameries, which now handle four-fifths of all the milk of the country, and produce butter to the value of \$45,000,000 annually. Danish agriculture may be said to be almost entirely conducted on coöperative plans, — purchasing societies, egg societies, bacon-curing societies and so forth being

universal. It is said that a Danish farmer frequently has membership in as many as ten such societies, each dealing with a different branch of his business. In Germany the movement has also made good progress though only of recent introduction. The *syndicats agricoles* of France number thousands, and their principal trading function is the purchase of farm requisites, especially fertilizers, for their members on a large scale, and with the guarantees which large transactions are able to command. In the United States some noteworthy producers' societies, both for purchase and marketing, also exist and have exhibited strong vitality and growth.

Such coöperative associations are examples of organic forms of productive units not dependent on single ownership, or on stockholding ownership. They represent the principle of *voluntary* association, and may be likened more to a college team for baseball or football than to an ordinary commercial firm. They perform all the functions of the latter with an entirely different fundamental idea at their base. Here, then, is one new influence creeping into our present-day economic system, that is in it, but not of it, and may be considered to represent a type of organization of which more will be heard in the future.

Closely allied with the question of such voluntary productive units, with their coöperative buying function, and their coöperative selling function, is the development of a new variety of finance, of which again the most widespread examples are to be found in agricultural industry. The so-called "Mutual Credit" movement has made enormous strides in European countries, and has in many cases wholly transformed the economic position of those who operate under it.

The general idea is a very simple one. Suppose a neighborhood group of twenty or thirty farmers associating themselves to borrow money for reproductive improvements, — the money being borrowed on the liability of all the members, and loaned to an individual member on

his personal responsibility. No profits are sought. All debts of the association are backed by the mutual liability, unlimited. Loans may be in cash, if necessary, but are frequently in kind, the association purchasing at wholesale, and selling on credit to their members. For convenience the local associations are grouped in larger district and national associations, forming banks, — one German example of a central bank does business with some 5000 local associations. Here we have a considerable financial system, throughout which no private profit is sought, yet which by the peculiar principle of its fundamental idea exercises a continuous pressure towards efficiency that no privately exploited financial system can exert.

The fundamental idea is simply that the granting of loans is based on the responsibility of the borrower, not in a property sense, but in a moral and efficiency sense. The whole idea rests on the fact that the local groups are small enough for each member to be thoroughly known to his fellow members. Theirs is the responsibility for the loan, and consequently they take good care to investigate the borrower and his projects from every point of view that affects the question of repayment. He must be a capable man in every sense. He must be reliable, a man of his word. The purpose for which he asks the money must be an approved one, and likely in the judgment of his fellow members to produce the results he claims for it. And they are not likely to fail in their scrutiny, since in that case they have to bear the loss that may ensue. It will be seen that this system supplies capital to capacity on the sanest and safest terms, and without any fuss or feathers.

Another influence that is making itself felt in the modern world is that of Insurance.

The modern tendency is to make Insurance compulsory. This is as it should be. As the idea develops, and it is only as yet in its infancy, it will be extended to every kind of mishap that is unforeseeable as far as the indi-

vidual is concerned, but calculable as far as the mass is concerned. When this has been done a tremendous burden of misery will have been lifted from the shoulders of humanity. Instead of great organizations to pick people up after they have fallen down, they will be prevented from falling down at all, and in that respect our present system will seem extraordinarily barbaric in comparison. Insurance will be to the social process like a flywheel to a reciprocating steam engine. It will continue prosperity between the strokes — between the life happenings tending to progress — and convert a spasmodic motion into a smooth and regular one.

These three new principles — coöperation, mutual credit, and insurance — have come into operation in the modern world so gradually and so silently that their significance has been to a large extent over-looked. They represent ideas wholly foreign to our forefathers, and the proof is that many worthy persons look uneasily on their progress even now. Sub-consciously, perhaps, they are perceived to be likely to undermine the structure of economic society as we know it, for they all tend to the democratization of industry, and to the restoration of the individual to his place in the sun of which the so-called “industrial revolution” deprived him.

Is this so? Do these movements represent a force tending to form new economic organisms, and to disintegrate the present forms? I do not think it can be denied that this must be their effect. Whatever tends to free the individual and enhance his powers and his responsibility must, unless democracy is the sham that its opponents claim it to be, prove in the end attractive to the stronger individuals, and be adopted by them. It is, I venture to say, a very hopeful outlook, against which a continuance of the present system has very little to offer. The *coördination* of industry by the association of consumers, the free *association* of producers with free *access* to capital in proportion to capacity, the *averaging*

out of the largest portion of human calamity by the agency of insurance, make a picture that is as yet far off from realization, but is at least commenced and sketched out.

Now let us attempt to connect these elements of a new economic age with the present position of manufacturing industry.

II. The Promise of the Future

Social forces, in their inception, are nearly always blind forces. They arise no one knows how, and they operate along the line of least resistance long before their presence is recognized. The village community grew into the manor, and the manor into the complex organization of feudalism, so imperceptibly that no clear dividing line can be found. In the same way modern "capitalist" industry rose by such slow degrees, and from such very small beginnings, that even half-way in its career the most gifted seer could not have predicted its future dominion. Factory industry has enormously developed within the memory of men still living. None of these evolutions was brought about by conscious planning of statesmen or social reformers. They simply happened, — our way of saying that the causes are deeper than our ken.

Before we can guess at the proximate developments likely to take place in the evolution of industry, it will be necessary to try to understand the general tendency — the shape and direction of the curve — of the new movement. We must begin with the most general terms and then narrow down the problem until it comes, however slightly, within the grasp of practical endeavor.

The most general statement that seems likely to be true is that already indicated — that the direction of evolution is towards the democratization of industry. And secondly that this process will be accompanied by a rise in the importance of the individual, *based on an increased capacity for voluntary coöperation in organized work.*

This, of course, is a very vague statement. We can

however proceed to give it a little more definiteness. To do this we must consider the citizen from the point of view of his function of consumer apart from his function as producer. And we must also glance at his position simply as a living being.

The latter may be dismissed in a few words. It has to do with the applied law of Average, in the form of Insurance, as already referred to. Unquestionably, as statistical science extends its dominion, very few of the mishaps of life will be left outside the operation of this principle. The process of civilization upward from primitive savagery is, in fact, a continual increase of safeguarding of the individual from mishap. The savage is at the mercy of nature to a degree infinitely greater than the civilized man. He cannot control the flood, nor fight the fire. Disease to him is the act of a hostile power. His cattle die, or his crops are blighted by the anger of the gods, where the civilized man sees only microbes. And this process of collective action on the ills, and collective bearing of the burden of mishap, obviously must develop until men may walk with little fear, and much confidence that whatever befalls them beyond their individual power to prevent, the whole power of society will *automatically remedy*, not by way of charity, but by way of mutual protection and organization.

There remains the position of the individual as consumer and as producer. With the former we have but little concern here, although it is precisely in this field that the most momentous developments may be expected in the future. For on the organization of the consumer depends the successful coördination of the productive power of society, and its rescue from the arena of hap-hazard struggle in which it now exists. Upon this organization also depends the substitution of a sane and ordered finance for our present method, which suggests the collection of eggs by a farmer from under haystacks and barns and from all manner of odd corners wherever the hens hap-

pened to lay them, and then the assembly of the collected eggs in enormous masses, whereby breakages on a great scale are in frequent danger of happening. This, however, is beyond our present field of inquiry, though the new development of "Mutual Credit" shows that in this field also new ferments are working.

We are thus left face to face with the question of the individual in his function as producer. Now the most general term in which we can express the tendency that seems in the air with regard to him is unquestionably the transformation of the productive unit from an organization of master and servant to an organization, such as we have seen has already been developed widely in agriculture, of voluntary and independent associates. Of course, this culmination is a long way off, as yet. Industry requires an infinitely more complex organization than does agriculture, though probably, as time goes on, some of its present complexity will be lost, and simplification ensue.

We cannot avoid the issue once we get it squarely presented to our minds. Are we to assist in the transformation of men into "hands" or the development of "hands" into men? And if we believe that it is our duty to assist and not hinder the coming of economic democracy, what is it in our power to do, consistently with present responsibilities, to foster the coming of the change?

Again we must have resource to very general terms in an attempt to solve this problem. For what we are alone able to do is to encourage a social force that is working out its own ends. We may hinder it, or we may remove obstacles from its path. But we do not know enough about its working (or that of any social force) to control it actively. We are not called on at this stage to consider the type of the future organizations that it will bring forth, although we might guess at these, too, if necessary.

Nor can we consider problems arising out of the present uncoordinated condition of industry. At present whole

productive units may be swept away, bought up, forced out of the running, subjected to operations much like those of predatory warfare. It is obvious that such a fate for any productive unit does not depend at all on its internal organization. It happens because industry as a whole is not organized in the same way as each productive unit is organized within itself. The answer to part of the problem will be found, as already suggested, in the coördination of industry by the association of consumers, and the application of searching statistical methods so that productive energy will not be applied where it is not wanted, but precisely where it is wanted.

The great English coöperative consumers' movement, with its annual turnover of \$500,000,000 in household and domestic supplies is, of course, an example confined to a particular field. The agricultural societies that purchase seeds, fertilizers, and machinery for their constituent members are an example in another field. It is not unthinkable that such organizations may be extended, area by area until the principal fields of consumption are covered. This would bring about an immense steadying of industry and a great decrease of speculative entry into any productive field in which there was really no need for additional productive facilities.

Our problem is, here, confined to the relations of men associated for production within a productive unit, and the encouragement of whatever social force is at work to transform such units from the present type to a true democratic type of free associates. *Not actually to transform them*, be it understood, *but to give free play to the forces that seem to be acting in the direction of so transforming them* at some future time. There is a difference between these two aims. The first is Utopian; the second within the bounds of practical possibility.

To begin with, it is necessary to distinguish between the opportunity to rise and the opportunity to develop. While it is, of course, most important that the avenue

to higher positions shall be kept open and made available as far as possible to members of the rank and file, it must be recognized that this alone is no solution of the problem. Though every private may carry a marshal's baton in his knapsack, it is obvious that very few can ever attain possession of that baton. The law of average in Human Faculty shows that the possession of capacity is comparatively rare, and no amount of education, especially of the book-learning kind, can change the bearing of this law. The important part of the problem is the provision of opportunity for the rank and file to develop, quite apart from the rise of certain units out of it. It is action on the mass of ordinary men that is required, rather than the cultivation of exceptional men, for the latter are able to take care of themselves under any social or economic system. In the closest autocracies men have always risen from the ranks to high position, while the condition of the bulk of the people has remained wretched enough.

They must in some way be brought into the system, while remaining relatively speaking, just a mass of ordinary men. I wish to emphasize this point, because it is not always clearly perceived. Many persons suppose that some equilibrium can be reached by arranging that the ordinary man shall have an opportunity of *rising above his fellows*. They lay stress on night schools, educational facilities, libraries, and so forth, and believe that these agencies are really all that are necessary to give contentment. These are excellent institutions of course, particularly if they effect a general rising of the level of education throughout the mass. But they no more affect the main question than one can affect the level of a reservoir by pouring in a few buckets of water.

In the same way, no permanent equilibrium can be expected from the introduction of special forms of wage remuneration. The tendency of organized labor is to oppose these, just because organized labor has a very

clear view of what it is after, and that is not the cultivation of exceptional men. In as far as injudicious employers yield to the temptation to force the pace by setting up standards of performance based on the work of the most skilful and energetic men, organized labor is found, naturally enough, in bitter opposition to these special forms of remuneration. The meaning of this attitude should be dispassionately examined by employers. It is not due to a desire to prevent its own members from reaping the fullest reward of their capacity, but to a fear that their general class solidarity will be to some extent disrupted by the separation of the interests of the more capable men from those of the less capable.

As no such individual jealousy is exhibited towards those members who pass out of the ranks of the class into the higher organization, it is evident that we have here an attitude that is dictated by some very strong perception of consequences. What these are there can be no manner of doubt. Men who pass into the higher organization are lost to the rank and file, it is true, but they are in no sense competing with the internal interests of the rank and file. They may acquire different and even to some extent antagonistic interests, but they are not doing the same work as those who remain. Now the man of special capacity who earns large bonuses is doing the same work as his fellows. He is getting a larger share of the wage fund than they. They regard him as taking away from his fellows work that they would otherwise have an opportunity to do. In the long run this is always a fallacy. Demand tends to rise in proportion as cost falls, and the superior man's larger wages come from product that would not exist but for his superior capacity; but from the peculiar and personal point of view of the employee it is difficult to attain this perspective. Organized labor clings to the doctrine, however often it may be exploded, and more particularly dreads the possibility of cleavage in its own ranks that might sometime arise therefrom.

We may take it, then, that, however valuable it might be economically, organized labor will not accept the proffer of opportunity for the individual to rise, as any substitute for opportunity to develop *as a class*. Unfortunately at that point its contribution to the problem generally ends. It can bring forward no constructive plans, save a general attitude of watchful waiting for opportunity to force wages up. But as a general rise of wages has no other effect than to induce a general rise of prices, it is evident that this process is simply a vicious circle, and that not only can labor never gain on the higher organization of industry by such means, but that the contest is one that must continue for ever, with all its attendant loss, bitterness, and misery.

A little consideration of this problem shows that it has many solutions, or at least partial solutions. These may vary all the way from modest attempts at group remuneration — such as for example a dividend on wages to all the members of a specific function, *e. g.*, the power plant, dependent on the general efficiency reached in any period — up to general profit-sharing schemes in which dividends are set aside in such a way that the workers gradually acquire a share in the ownership of the business. To begin with, such a form of organization is obviously but little removed from present forms, and that in fact is its chief point of interest. But that it affords a bridge over which industry may pass by steady development from master-and-servant to more coöperative forms is more than probable. Its hopefulness lies in the educative influence brought to bear on the ordinary man, and in the intensified economic value his services thus acquire, without separating him from his class.

Such an outcome is not a mere figment of the imagination. Apart from the classic examples of the Godin Ironworks and other well-known French coöperative establishments, a great deal of experiment along the lines of coöperative production has taken place in England.

This has taken two forms, one a type of organization permitting the workers to acquire an interest in the business — a type that has been introduced with considerable success in the United States also — and another a type which may be described as purely democratic, in which the workers themselves are voluntarily associated, elect their own “bosses,” and carry on business for themselves. Over 100 of these latter societies exist in England and Scotland at the present time, with an aggregate turnover of some \$21,000,000. Many of them have existed for years, and have always exhibited healthy growth. It is a significant fact that those most successful are more or less closely affiliated with the great coöperative consumers’ movement spoken of above.

The subject cannot be fully considered without taking into account the presence in the field of the systematic organization of Labor in Trade Unions. The trade union is the outgrowth of the general dissociation of interests between the mass of the workers and the higher organization of industry. It is based on the idea that while the individual is very weak and helpless as compared with this higher organization, a sufficiently strong combination of workers is able to establish and maintain standards of wages and hours beyond what would otherwise be conceded. Though their way of doing this is commonly based on the procedure of “trial and error,” and is consequently very disturbing to industry and in fact is not infrequently unjust to individual employers, there seems no reason why, by degrees, they should not bring themselves to coöperate with employers in a veritable industrial parliament, based on the principle of opportunity to develop, rather than on opportunity to rise.

A platform of greater confidence, and interchange of views between organized labor and the higher organizations of particular industries, would give rise to a higher type of Unionism, and also to a more uniformly higher view on the part of employers. Mr. Carroll D. Wright

has observed that the larger and better organized Unions are more disposed to be reasonable than the smaller and weaker ones. In the same way regular coöperation and discussion between workers and employers would bring to the front men on both sides of large caliber, and assist in relegating to the background the hot-heads and irrecconcilables who can never see reason.

The foregoing discussion may now be summed up, and a general view taken of the influences at work in the modern world. In the first place the difficulty of the position of the American manufacturer must be recognized. His is not an easy task. Compared with his contemporaries in European countries, where the mass of workers have a common tradition, a common standard of life, and a common language, the material on which he has to work is not at first sight a promising one. But on the other hand he has some advantages that the others have not. The pace is faster, the atmosphere more electric, the desire to progress more intense. The mistakes and even the bitternesses of yesterday are more quickly passed by and forgotten in the aspirations towards the future — though this may work in two directions, producing a more constant tension and expectation of disturbance as well. Nevertheless, on the whole his advantages are perhaps greater than those of his European confrères. And he himself is less bound by tradition, less certain that he is of other clay than those he employs. Perhaps on the whole, he is far more sympathetic with the idea that opportunity to develop as well as opportunity to rise shall be provided as rapidly as possible.

Next we observe that the movement toward consolidation of industry, whatever the evils that arise from the present form of that consolidation, is due to the steady pressure of an impulse that cannot be denied or turned back — the necessity for coördinating the external relation of productive units just as their interior mechanism has already been coördinated. The answer to the abuses

of this tendency will probably be found, not in legislative attempts to turn back the tide, but in a corresponding coördination of consumers' demands in the future, perhaps no very distant future in some cases. Such coördination will probably be piece-meal, and by no means nation-wide, at any rate to begin with. The example of what has been done in England in this connection was introduced as a proof that the tendency exists, and is not merely an academic possibility.

It was also noticed that the principle of coöperation has passed in the case of agriculture into three streams of influence — common purchase; common manufacture, as in creameries and bacon factories; and common marketing. The progress made in some cases can only be described as truly revolutionary. It has also been introduced into that most tangled of all modern problems — finance. Mutual credit, as yet largely, though not wholly, confined to agricultural operations, is the germ of a force that cannot fail to transform industrial relations also when the time arrives for its application in that direction.

Finally, the relations between the higher organization of industry, and the mass of workers as producers were considered. The difference between opportunity to rise and opportunity to develop is an important one. The latter is the crucial question at the present time. The desire to preserve solidarity of interests within the ranks of the workers was noted as a phenomenon that must be reckoned with and allowed for in any attempt to develop higher forms of industrial organization. The organized workers feel no interest in, but sometimes considerable jealousy of, the work of their more skilful members, in the fear that a dividing line of interests will thus be brought about in their own ranks. Thus we have organized labor arrayed in more or less active opposition to efficiency, and the dividing line between its ranks and the higher industrial organization is to some extent widened instead of closed. It asks for opportunity to

develop as a class, rather than for opportunity to become differentiated within the class, and thus disintegrate its present solidarity.

In the past twenty years, during which the present writer has been closely in touch with the higher organization of divers industries, a great change in the spirit of the piece has become manifest. The more progressive employers are awake to the fact that the basic relation on which factory production was originally founded during the so-called industrial revolution, needs alteration. It is unfortunately true that the Trade Unions have not advanced in equal degree. They have very little constructive theory — there is even a tendency in some quarters to revert to earlier types of obstruction, not merely by strikes, but by *sabotage* and wilful damage. No progress can be made that way: for the theory on which such action is based is an anti-social one, and therefore foredoomed to failure.

The true line of development is therefore seen to be some form of organization capable of being applied to existing productive units — since the form of organization obviously controls the *direction* of development — that will not merely allow, but foster, an increasing solidarity of interest between the workers as workers and the higher organization of industry. In this way alone can the eventual democratization of the economic relation be brought about. Such organization can only be developed by experiment, and in its experimental working out, it is important that both organized labor and the higher organization of industry shall be more mutually helpful and less mutually suspicious. That such a development can be successfully attained only by mutual coöperation, and not by paternalism, seems essentially true.

MODEST MODERNIST PAPERS

II. Civics, Morals, and Religion

3

THE Modest Modernist in civic life, O Polycles, is cheerful. He is a good hopper. The worst thing he can think of to call you, and the easiest, besides "behind the times," is "pessimist." He himself is an optimist. If you call him an "incorrigible" optimist, his cup runs over. He will tell you that he is an optimist on principle. He will say it loud enough for all the neighbors to hear.

This is why the Modest Modernist never has doubts. He can not afford to have doubts. Doubts would undermine his optimism, and Modest Modernism without optimism is nothing. If the facts will not justify his theories, the facts must take the consequences. With him, theories are stubborn things.

The Modest Modernist considers the present an infinite improvement upon the past. At times, however, he is unable to look upon the present with that perfect satisfaction which is the bliss of Modest Modernism. That is because the web of the present has, inextricably woven into it, so many rotten threads of the past. With the *tendency* of the present, however, and with the promise of the future, it is different. In them he has the most unquestioning faith. Whatever is going to be, is going to be right. We are on the way, he will tell you, we are on the way as never before. He knows now that we shall really arrive at the foot of the rainbow. He knows beyond all doubt that the pot of gold is there in reality. In a generation or two, in a decade or two, in a year or two, we shall be dividing the treasure. The golden age

heretofore has always been in the remote past. Now, the golden age is in the near future. He says we are moving rapidly, and will soon be there.

The Modest Modernist says, Why should we not soon arrive, with all the appliances and means this greatest of all ages affords? He will tell you of the wonderful abundance of twentieth century devices. He will talk of steam, of electricity, of radium. He will ask you to think of the precision of modern machinery, of the aeroplane, of wireless, and of the marvels of medicine and surgery. He kindles. He glows. He will ask you to think of the intellectual advances of the age — of college and university, of library and museum and special foundation, of the availability and universality, as well as the range, of modern knowledge. He will ask you to consider especially the possibilities of the social sciences. He tells you of eugenics, hygienics, humanics, euthenics, agonistics, dietetics, economics, agronomics, scientific management. He says that the poor ignorant past had none of these things. He asks what may not come of wireless? He says some day we shall all have pocket wireless. He asks what may not come of postum or peanut flour or educator crackers, or fletcherism? He says once do away with dyspepsia, and we shall all be optimists. He asks what may not come of mental therapeutics? He asks what may not come of scientific management? He says some day we shall be able to measure the professor and the minister, and know at last whether we are really getting our money's worth of culture and religion. He asks what may not come of eugenics? He says we breed twelve-thousand-dollar cows and hogs now, and some day shall have a race of men and women who will not be ashamed to stand before a Guernsey or a Poland China.

The Modest Modernist foresees universal health, universal enlightenment. He foresees universal brotherhood, universal justice. The means are abundant. And the

method is simple. He says, *Get together!* Organize! He says the past is the old grandfather's clock: "Ke-e-ep a-part! Ke-e-ep a-part!" but the present is the lively little clock that cheerfully clicks away: "Get-to-gether, get-to-gether, get-to-gether!" So he says, *Get together!* Organize a movement. Call it by some alliterative title, like the Civic Center, or the Clean-up and Lift-up. Have meetings every two weeks, every week. Have a center in every ward. Make use of every schoolhouse. Get together! Talk things over. Appoint committees. Discover abuses. Discuss them. Correct them! Become universally intelligent, universally patriotic. Have city and county organizations, with city and county secretaries. Have the county organizations organized into a state organization with a state secretary. Have the state organizations organized into a national organization with a national secretary. Have meetings every week in every schoolhouse in the land. Have city, county, and state conventions. Have publications. Have travelling secretaries. Have missionaries. Organize all North America. Organize South America. Organize Europe. Organize the world! Have an international organization, international secretaries, international publications. Agitate. Petition. Get laws onto the statute books. Make it a criminal offense for a man not to be patriotic, for a man not to cast his vote, not to be temperate, not to be progressive, not to be eugenic, not to be optimistic. Organize! Agitate! Exert pressure. Use the God-given opportunity. Use the God-given instrumentalities of the greatest age of history!

Use the movie, for example. The dynamic present has the movie, where the criminal, static past had only Raphael and his crowd of church illustrators. The Modest Modernist addresses "scenario writers, producers, photoplay actors, endowers of exquisite films, sects using special motion pictures for a predetermined end, all you who are taking the work as a sacred trust." He says: "Consider

what it will do to your souls, if you are true to your trust. Every year . . . new visions will come, new prophecies will come. You will be seasoned spirits in the eyes of the wise. . . . You will be God's thoroughbreds. . . . It has come, then, this new weapon of men, and the face of the whole earth changes. In after centuries its beginning will be indeed remembered. It has come, this new weapon of men; and by faith and a study of the signs we proclaim that it will go on in immemorial wonder."

The Modest Modernist is so optimistic that the neighbors grow pessimistic. There is only about so much of optimism in nature, and he absorbs so much that others have to go without. One of them says to him: "But there is the war. The war is rending the world as war never yet has done. And this is the New war, too. Don't blame it upon the past. It is part and parcel of the New Progress. It uses New guns, New ships, New methods on sea and land. It is Big Business and Efficiency glorified. It navigates the depths. It navigates the sky. It kills by millions. It boasts of its destructiveness. It practices the New atrociousness. It is based on the New morality: it justifies offense against the law because offense seemed necessary means to an end; it denies a power above the individual nation. It justifies its frightfulness with the New logic. It even concedes the New equality of sex: it punishes a woman as it would a man. It murders in cold blood the sex that has always been helpless against the impulse to rescue men from danger of death or slavery."

The Modest Modernist explains it all in one breath. He says the war is not a New war. It is really an Old war. It is the malevolent past at work again. But he says it is the last gasp of the past. There are going to be, as a result of this war, the most momentous changes in every department of human activity that the world has ever seen. This is the last war. After this war is over, war will no longer be allowed.

The Modest Modernist is for keeping things stirred up. He is restless by nature, and he is restless also on principle. He is sure that all progress means change. He is equally sure that all change means progress. If you express a doubt, he calls you a pessimist, or a knocker, or a grouch. He says nothing was ever accomplished without the spirit of boost. He will tell you with an air of gentle compassion to bury your hammer and go buy a horn. The conservative and him that loveth repose his soul hateth. For him, the peace that passeth understanding has no charm. Peace is static. He believes only in the dynamic. He must see things happening. He is a Doer of the word, not a Hearer only. The *μηδὲν ἄγαν*, the "nothing in excess" of the ancient Greek, is all Greek to him. *His motto is "Something Doing!"* He likes to be called a man who does things. He says this is the age of the man who does things.

The Modest Modernist is always in motion. He is the apostle of movement, and the apostle of movements. He flits from movement to movement. He is always buzzing, sipping, and darting away to fresh flowers. He keeps the rest of the world in movement — in neighborhood movements and national movements; in civic and patriotic movements; in theological, pedagogical, sociological, and illogical movements; in dietetic, philanthropic, microscopic, and myopic movements. Every one of them is in turn "the most vital, the most far-reaching, the most comprehensive, and altogether the most momentous ever initiated in this community."

The Modest Modernist says, "Do you know?" and "Do you realize?" a great many times when he tells you this. He makes frequent use of the word "constructive." He says: "Do you realize, my friends, that you and I, in this very community and at this very hour, are inaugurating a movement which contains greater constructive possibilities for the cause of civic and social betterment than all other present and past movements combined?" He

says in parenthesis that he "speaks advisedly." He says it is strange no one ever thought of this before. He says all great things are simple. The Modest Modernist is talkative. There are some who call him Chautauquative.

With all this Doing and Talking to occupy him, it is not strange that the Modest Modernist has little time for Hearing. Neither his profession nor his nature allows contemplation. He does not believe in contemplation, anyway. Contemplation is not dynamic. Contemplation is static. Contemplation is paralyzing. The man who contemplates, along with the woman who hesitates, is bound to be lost. The man who looks before he leaps is likely never to leap at all — and what becomes then of action, of change, of progress, of evolution, and of "*Something Doing?*"

The Modest Modernist does not believe in standing by and philosophizing on the procession of life. The past did that, and the past, as usual, was wrong. The Modest Modernist gets into the procession. He carries a banner. He shouts and waves his arms. He doesn't believe in bystanders. To be in the procession, that is the thing, and to be shouting and waving. Even if the results are not wholly definite and satisfactory, shout and wave nevertheless. Be seen and heard. Above all, be optimistic. To seem to be doing something keeps up the glow that goes with real achievement. The Modest Modernist says we must keep up the glow anyway, because sometime the opportunity for really doing something may come, and then we shall need it. This is his reply to the bystander who says he can see little else accomplished than a noisy march around the square back to the place where the procession started.

The Modest Modernist is not really opposed to thinking. It is only a certain kind of thinking that he does not like — the slow, laborious, fettered, enslaved, pessimistic kind of the dead past. Thinking is all right in itself, but it must

be free. It must be quick. It must be optimistic. It must be dynamic. Above everything else, it must be translated into movement.

The dynamic, instantaneous thinking of the Modest Modernist has made startling discoveries. It has discovered that hanging does not really reform the criminal, and that the imprisonment of the husband and father is really punishment of the wife and children. It has discovered that it is not the girl who is at fault, but the employer who does not give her a salary large enough for the beauty-boxes and millinery she craves; that it is not the daughter who is guilty, but the mother or the school teacher who fails to instruct her in sex; and that, in general, it is no more you that sin, but sin that dwelleth in your environment, or in your digestion, or in your grandfather's digestion.

To put it in other words, the Modest Modernist has discovered that you sin in spite of yourself, and because of what society throws around you, and what your grandfather left you for a legacy. As both your grandfather and present society are creations of the past, the Modest Modernist makes it plain that here again we have only another case of the clammy, chilling touch of the long dead hand. It could hardly be clearer that there is no such thing as individual responsibility for sin. Therefore let him that stole steal some more.

Besides, the Modest Modernist has discovered that sin is after all not so exceedingly sinful. He will tell you that morality is only a conventional thing. The morals of one age or one environment are not identical with those of other ages and other environments. There is no such thing as absolute morality. The whole thing is merely a matter of evolution. He will tell you that standardized morals and the laws based upon them are full of injustice, and need not be taken too seriously. He says that hunger, thirst, pugnacity, and the sex instinct are all universal and in accord with nature, and that the moral or statute

law which curbs them, being contrary to nature, is therefore tyranny. We are all serfs in the bondage of custom. We are all slaves to phrase. Before we can really progress, we must emancipate ourselves. The Modest Modernist is always for breaking some of the shackles. Sometimes he breaks them all. In his thoroughly emancipated state, he is a free thinker, a free liver, a free lover, and an anarchist.

The Modest Modernist has startled us most of all by discovering that the Church is not perfect. He has found out that her message falls on heedless ears, and that the ears themselves are not to blame. He tells us that the church does not minister to the poor or tell the truth to the criminal rich. He himself doesn't belong to church. He knows that you can pray as well in the open as under a roof, so he goes joy-riding on Sunday morning. He knows that sermons are not the only means of grace, and goes to the movies on Sunday evening. If in the pulpit, he feels constrained to leave the ministry. He becomes the secretary of a movement. He can't see why all ministers don't do the same thing. He publishes an article in a magazine and says so. If he remains in the pulpit, he cries out against the prim, old-fashioned, starched, stereotyped, static, aristocratic, dogmatic, hieratic, Sundayfied religion of the unilluminated past. He institutes the super-institutional church. He provides billiards, basket ball, baths, and a bar, smokes during spiritual consultations, goes in for slang and common sense in sermons, slaps God on the back in prayer, becomes the people's friend, and denounces bankers, college professors, and other prosperous and well-dressed men.

The Modest Modernist is not always consistent. This is true especially as regards the rich and the poor, the leaders and the led, the strong and the weak. It may be that this is because consistency is a jewel known to Shakespeare, and therefore another property of the past. In

men who are in prison, the Modest Modernist assumes virtue the victim of environment, that is, of society, that is, of the tyranny of the past. In men who are in the pulpit, on the other hand, he sees criminal connivance with the oppressive powers of a corrupt social régime. His faith in the common man and the submerged is equalled only by his distrust of the prominent and well-to-do. He finds it easy to speak of "God's patient poor," and "the criminal rich," and "the predatory rich." He knows perfectly well, not only that everything has an economic basis, but that everybody who has more money or brisker brains or cleaner clothes than anyone else, is engaged in a vast conspiracy, in which the capitalist is the arch plotter, to exploit humble and defenceless virtue. He will assume virtue in the obscure who ask for the overturn of the established order, but he will assume villainy in legislature, cabinet, court, pulpit, and college hall. He will assume virtue in nature's production of passion in the individual, but not in nature's production of the social order. He will regard the social order as the product of man alone, and charge the origination and perpetuation of its faults to a selfish, guilty, and conspiring past. He teaches, O Polycles, distrust of the leaders of men, living and dead.

4

It is easy to forget, in the presence of loud exaggeration, that really good citizenship is the mean of extreme innovation and extreme conservatism. The really good citizen is neither progressive nor conservative; he is both progressive *and* conservative. He is the Platonic ideal:

He sets in order his own inner life and is his own master, and at peace with himself; and when he has bound together the three principles (wisdom, courage, temperance) . . . when he has bound together all these, and is no longer many, but has become one entirely temperate and perfectly adjusted nature, then he will begin to act.

The Modest Modernist does not bind together wisdom, courage, and temperance, or take the trouble of becoming a temperate and adjusted nature, or even try to find out what these things mean. He must act at once, and it is easier to act without knowing too much. He is not uneducated. He is what, in matters of leadership, is probably worse: he is half educated. Even if he knows the facts about the past he despises, he still fails to comprehend what the facts teach about human affairs. He discourses about the most momentous questions with the glibness of omniscient inexperience. He has no conception of the immensity of time and the slowness of the human advance. He does not know that the awakening of mankind to the mere idea of law and the common good was a matter, not of centuries, but of cycles. He has no conception of the reality and the earnestness of human experience. He does not know that a thousand years in the life of the greatest law-making nation of ancient or modern times preceded the great code that still underlies the life of western civilization. He never thinks of tradition as the product of the collective sincere effort of the race through ages of warm-blooded living. He rarely realizes either the difficulty of his purpose, or the futility of artificial reform, or the actual virtues of that which he seeks to displace. He does not realize that

Born into life, 't is we,
And not the world, are new;
Our cry for bliss, our plea,
Others have urged it too —

Our wants have all been felt, our errors made before.

Let it be understood that when the spectator ridicules the pretensions of the Modest Modernist it is not because of hostility toward progress, and not because of love for Musty Conservatism. Let us be fair, and as charitable as the facts will permit. The Modest Modernist is not invariably the incumbent of a well-salaried position

created by the last legislature or board of education as a result of his own agitation, and now engaged in justifying and perpetuating himself. He is not invariably the candidate consumed with zeal for the people whose votes he is asking for. He is not invariably the play-writer or manager staging highly remunerative drama for the uplifting of the public morals. He is not invariably the movie-producer filled with the burning desire to instruct the young and edify the old. He is not always the novelist who makes money by benevolent instruction of the public in the Things of Sex as They Are; nor always the poet unselfishly blazing the way to freedom and notoriety; nor always the painter or critic thirsting for fame or conspiring to stimulate a jaded market; nor always the professional investigator who will guarantee results at \$25 a day and expenses, with reduced rates by the year and to especially corrupt universities.

There is a great deal of this kind of Modernism, but it is far from constituting the whole body. Without the generous soil of a more or less genuine support among citizens at large, the Modest Modernist could never flourish. Let us go farther, and say that even at his noisiest, he is actuated largely, like the rest of the world, by the sincere and impatient desire for the good.

Yet, granting even so that the heart of the Modest Modernist is right, the citizen of temperate and adjusted nature resents no less being called upon to contribute money, time, and energy to the "get-good-quick" schemes of undisciplined enthusiasm. He resents the professionalization of civic virtue, the formalization and commercialization of optimism, the exploitation of popular credulity and distrust, the condemnation of his faith in the rectitude of the average man and in the virtue of social institutions approved by the test of time. He resents pretentious claims to perfection. He resents the substitution of promises for the future for results of the past. He resents quackery, whether it is the ingenuous quackery of well-

meaning ignorance, or the calculating quackery of the parasite. He agrees with Carlyle:

“Of human Criminals, in these centuries, writes the Moralist, I find but one unforgivable: the Quack. ‘Hateful to God,’ as divine Dante sings, ‘and to the Enemies of God,

A Dio spiacente ed a' nemici sui.’”

Let us be sensible. The past lives on. Neither men nor ages wholly die. Their thought lives on — in monuments and literature. Their emotions live on — in art and institutions. Their blood lives on. The past of the race is as truly a part of the living present as the past of the individual body and soul is part of *their* present. All time, all existence, is a unit.

It is not possible to escape the past. It is not necessary to resent the past. Our debt to the dead is our debt to civilization. But for them we should still be untamed beasts of the field and forest, hiding from other beasts. They discovered for us the secrets of fire, the means of safety from heat and cold and savage enemy, the benefits of tillage, the conveniences of law and business, the art of healing. They wrought out for us the higher goods — the pleasures, the alleviations, the consolations, the inspirations, of religion, philosophy, and the arts.

We need not accept blindly, and preserve unchanged in every detail, the bequest of the past. The course of error is not yet run. All good things were at one time new, and at all times some new thing may be good. But we must accept the bequest substantially as it comes, and employ all care in its use.

There *are* eternal, immovable verities. Without regard for the truth, without patriotism, without some manner of dwelling in the secret presence of the Most High, without a measure of love for the beautiful in nature, in art, and in conduct, no people has ever wrought either its own happiness or the good of its neighbors.

Let us lend a philosophic and sympathetic ear to the message of the dead. They tell us that nothing they ever gained was won without the travail of experience. They tell us of painful, useless steps, which we need not take again. They tell us to expect evil along with good. They tell us that evil itself is an eternal verity, inherent in the organized life of men, inseparable from it — as much the work of nature as the natural world itself. They counsel eternal struggle against it, but only intelligent struggle — for ends that are clearly seen, by means not already shown to be futile, in the temper of them that prove all things but hold fast to that which is good.

There is no panacea. We may alleviate, but not eliminate. To avoid suffering is no more possible than to avoid truth or beauty. Truth is eternal, lies are inherent; beauty is eternal, ugliness inherent. With the good, comes evil; with happiness, come struggle, hardship, and pain. No man can be master of men, in ever so little, without some man being in like degree a slave. The ministered unto must have the minister. No man can lead unless other men follow.

Civilization is the Great Compromise. It has freed us from many tyrannies, but at cost of many enslavements. It has rescued us from the perils of savagery, and taught us comfort and enjoyment, and has taken from us the health and the liberty of the beast. By the institution of property it has freed us from the evils of wandering, instability, and sloth, and with property has involved us in the ambition, poverty, avarice, discontent, and abuse that inevitably follow in its train. It has given us liberty and leisure to dream and to do, and enmeshed us in a thousand petty artificialities. It has taught us many inventions to relieve us from toil, and laid on our backs the burden of a thousand anxieties. The history of civilization is the history of the sufferings undergone for the sake of liberty, and of the slaveries inherent in liberty acquired.

THE RIGHT TO LIFE

NOT so long ago, in one of our cities, an extremely defective baby was allowed to die. Parent, surgeon, and a number of consulting doctors concurred in the decision; and an operation calculated to keep the unfortunate alive was not performed. Then the case received publicity in the press. There were presently reported a number of commendatory expressions from competent sources, but the main result was a rather full chorus of condemnation. Some of the objections were reasonable enough: there was fear of the consequences of the practice, if countenanced by silence or otherwise, rather than disapproval of what was done in the actual case in hand. But the voices that sounded their notes most confidently were those which invoked religion and asserted "the sacredness of life"; and there were minatory references to the child's "natural right to life." It was proposed to punish the surgeon attending — and most probably he has been or will be punished, socially if not by process of law.

Some people hurried to the biographical records and collected names of defectives who later became useful to their communities. There was a show of reason here, but the fact that kinds and degrees of defectiveness were not specified gave to this proceeding the appearance of a swift grasp at analogy — hasty, sketchy, uncritical, impressionistic — in the interest of prepossession. Analogy is, by its nature, an instrument of exposition rather than of reasoning.

What this predominating type of objector was expressing was his sentiment rather than his reasoned opinion; his prepossessions rather than his cool judgment. It is of these prepossessions that I wish to speak — these traditional ways of looking at things, which are not ques-

tioned but become a matter of feeling rather than of intellect. In this case the prepossessions assert that life is "sacred," or is a thing to which everyone has a "natural" right. Much of this sort of thing is heard, from certain sources, every time there is a murder-trial followed by a sentence of death, and again after the execution of that sentence. We are not now discussing the whole case against capital punishment, nor yet the whole case respecting the treatment of a defective infant; but only the attitude toward both cases, or either, which results from the assumption of the "sacredness" of life or from that of a "natural right to life."

"But," says some suspicious reader, "hold on a minute. Do I understand that you mean to assault the idea of human brotherhood, of pity and mercy and sympathy, of humanitarianism in general?" By no means. Anyone who is at all conversant with the past of the race knows that such sentiments are the product of a long course of social evolution and may be taken to have demonstrated their "survival value." They represent the view of life and things that has automatically formed around a certain stage in that evolution. Humanitarianism attends this age, just as the philosophy of repression or of enfranchisement of the joy of life has accompanied other stages. But such a sentiment, though broadly accordant with conditions, easily lends itself to deductions as to conduct which readily run out into extreme variations, or sentimentality. Such variations need control, if the sentiment of the period is to correspond with the actual conditions of the society's life, and not with something that "never was on sea or land." Otherwise we get a disharmony of thought and fact, dogmatism, and all the sterile word-churning that attends the resolve somehow to reconcile the irreconcilable. Hence also pain, disillusion, and discouragement, when it appears that life will not conform to theory, but goes hard on a theory that does not conform to life. It is always ominous when men refuse to

test up their life-theories on actual conditions — when any philosophy of life has come to be regarded as a thing set apart from criticism on the basis of facts, and from reasoning in the light of them — when, in lieu of, or by way of shrinking from, actual handling and free examination, refuge is taken in expressions such as “sacredness,” or the “absolute,” or the “natural.”

For this is what men are wont to do when they resent the examination of cherished ideas, and yet, as they cast vaguely about, see no definite case to support them. They take refuge in the supernatural, or in the “natural,” meaning by the latter term that which was there from the outset — inherent, innate, inalienable. It is this refuge of those who assert the “sacredness” or the “natural right” to life that we propose to examine. Perhaps we can emerge with a clearer idea of what the actual and undeniable right to life really is, and by what force it is guaranteed.

If the sacredness of life means that, given by God, it is sacred to Him, and cannot rightly be either taken away or renounced, then we stand before a case of revelation, and there is no object or use in arguing about it. In fact, any possible accumulations, even of scientific evidence, can be met by an assertion of the doctrine of mystery: “what we believe may *seem* contrary to your knowledge and science; it is, however, not *contrary* to them, but *above* them.”

If anyone believes, and wishes still to believe, that he has had a revelation, no argument ever persuades him that he has not. You can refer to the very Book of revelation, but you are somehow evaded. Confront a Puritan with the statement of Christ himself that “the sabbath was made for man, not man for the sabbath,” and he does just what the Pharisees did — takes refuge in the Old Testament, and ignores the New. Then follow him up and present a case, resting upon Old Testament support, for slavery or polygamy; and watch him fly back to the

New, and hunt out some passage which he thinks will justify his views. And when you are done with him, reflect upon the possibilities of elusion that inhere in interpretation. Plainly here is no arena for the exercises of reason.

But there are a good many people who accept current traditional views without ever thinking of them as subject to rational examination. They are, however, in theory, willing enough to fall in with the so-called "law of parsimony," which forbids us to have recourse to higher causes when lower will explain. They do not need to account for the crash of thunder by some ancient daemonistic theory. To such it may be enlightening to reflect that the idea of the sacredness of life did not exist in the earliest stages of the evolution of the race; that it, and also the conception of the right of all to life, came to exist during that evolution; and that we now know something about how both ideas have come to be. It is permitted to explain by lower causes how this eventuated — just as it is conceded that we may now demonstrate geological sequences without constant recourse to the supernatural, or the "ascent of man" without a Miltonic Paradise and Fall.

There is a real right to life and a real sacredness to life, just as there is a real right to property and a real sacredness to it. There can be no objection to using these terms if it is realized that the conceptions for which they stand are a product of evolution, as are all the rest of our notions; and if they are used as sound conceptions standing over against tested social realities. But if these terms are going to be caught at irrationally and emotionally, as convenient weapons for or against what happens to please or displease us, and especially if they are to be endowed with some mystical content, then there is occasion for protest. In connection with the case cited, they seem to have been used, for the most part, in an unintelligent manner; and objection to such use may well take the form of a sketch of how they came to be.

In the evolution of society it is the right to life which was antecedent to the sacredness of life. Let us therefore consider the former first. This right was not in nature; man as man was not born with it. When certain philosophers, in relatively modern times, got to reflecting upon rights, they could see no origin for them in the evolution of the race as they then conceived of it. But what men cannot explain they are wont to refer to creation, or nature, or "second-nature." The temper of these philosophers, in revolt as they were against the rigidity and artificiality of an epoch just closing, was to get back to nature. Hence they pronounced the right to life a "natural right." Other natural rights were cited then, and have been added unto since — to liberty; to the pursuit of happiness; to procreation, or, at least, to mating; to work; to leisure; to equality.

What can be said of the natural right to life can be said of all natural rights, so-called, *viz.*, there is no such thing. A right is no right unless it is enforceable against something or somebody. How, then, enforce a "natural" right to life? An unarmed man meets a tiger in the jungle. No natural right to life will save him. His right is a minus quantity if both man and beast are as nature fashioned them. But the tiger's is positive — at any rate he is going to live. This introduces us to the consideration that right must have might behind it. "Might may not make right," says a forceful writer, "but it makes what is." The man, meeting the tiger, has an enforceable right to life measured exactly by the degree of his superiority in might over the beast. It becomes positive to man if he can kill or drive away the antagonist; but that can be only if he has fire, let us say, or an express rifle.

If the same thing were not true of the relations of man and man, on the lowest stages of human development known, what has just been said would be irrelevant. Enemies had no rights at all, except those which they gained over one another by force; least of all were their

lives "sacred." And even within a peace-group there were only acquired rights, guaranteed by a might which was generally that of the group. What we find in the actual cases, is that some — not all — had one or more of the so-called natural rights, which they had got and held in some way; and that those who had not the rights did not sense any loss, or even lack, of natural privilege. Slaves and women were not always chafing under a natural urge toward the recovery of what nature had given them, to be "inalienably" theirs. They lived life as it fell to them, and were not nearly so "sorry for themselves" as we, projecting our ideas into their situation, and in our sympathy, have been for them.

We have a right to a thing when the rest will hold off and let us have it. The form of a right in favor of anyone is a prohibition upon the rest against taking something from him. But, as life goes, there must be power behind this prohibition, or it does not work, and so there is no right. Enemies, we have seen, had no acknowledged rights; and "enemy" meant anyone outside our own group: the stranger, the *hostis*. Those who quote "Thou shalt not kill" should take note that this did not mean "Thou shalt not kill the Philistine." But within the "us-group," or the "in-group," there has developed a taboo against killing certain people, or, at length, anyone whatsoever. This, be it noted, has come out of social necessity, and is not natural at all. A, a member of a savage tribe, is killed by B, a fellow-member. Now A's relatives will try to kill B, or, in default of B, any of B's relatives. This makes a feud, as it goes on, and general internal strife. Groups which permit that are weakened and fall before those that forbid it — and the latter keep on forbidding it as they extend their power. A steady process of societal selection destroys the feud-habit, and what led to it. Also, since B's relatives are endangered by his act, they will feel a group-responsibility for him and for each other, which will lead to restraint. Gradually the A's will not

be assaulted by the now restrained B's. Then the A's have a right to life. It is enforceable by the group at large. The right to life is conceded for the sake of expediency, unconsciously, and not planfully, but as the result of automatic selection. Behind A stood avengers, ready to make trouble. But those in a group who have no party to stand up for them, have consequently no rights at all; the right to their lives — and liberty and happiness — lies in the hands of their master.

This is the way rights arose. They are not natural at all, but societal. They do not occur outside of society; Robinson Crusoe had no rights. They are not acquired without protracted struggle and selection. They have to be won or conferred by society. They are relative, in the form they take, to the stage of civilization. At first they have nothing to do with religion, and certainly not with philosophy. They are not at all in the form in which our age knows them, even when they exist at all. In other words they are evolutionary — not absolute, immutable, universal, inalienable, or anything of the sort.

Perhaps the right to life was as early as any other to receive extension, at least to all grown men, throughout the "in-group." The taboo that assures it is omitted at peril of the group-existence. And as the smaller societies were compounded and re-compounded, the scope of the taboo widened. Not to take human life at all came at length to be the desirable thing — the ideal, if you will. The presumption has come to be that life shall not be taken from anybody; that means that society concedes to all a right to life. Or if life is taken, it shall be in the interest of a superior and social desirable. This widened conception of a right to life is independent of laws and states, but it is evidently a product of society's development and of culture. It is historical of development and not at all natural in the sense of primordial or instinctive. There were always, even within the society, persons whose right to life was not recognized as such; it was merged in the

property right of their superiors and was long part of that right. The *patria potestas* included rights to others' lives. So that it needed the eye of speculation, never very keen to detect awkward exceptions, and great ignorance of the early stages of society's evolution, to elaborate a doctrine of the "natural right" to life. However, the philosophers succeeded in getting the notion into people's uncritical heads, and it persists, as a tradition, with great tenacity.

The "sacredness" of life is an idea that follows upon the right to life. All inhibitions that are old enough receive religious sanction. Note the several proscriptions of the tables of the Law. The ancestral spirits guarantee the expediency-taboos — the rights that come, entirely secularly, out of custom, precedent, and law — guarantee them, as spirit-beings, with all the interest they had in them as living men, but now with infinitely augmented might. These taboos have come, under automatic selection, out of the growth and conflicts of custom and the *mores*; but, now that they are sanctioned, to break them is a sin against the supernatural powers. Thus a divine guarantee comes to enfold the idea of life; together with all other things thus enfolded, it becomes "set apart" or "sacred." In the view of the early ages it is a possession of the god, which it is not right for man to touch, any more than an Ark of the Covenant.

Elaborations in theology have then followed, and to any conceivable extent; and many people are as inalterably convinced that God made life sacred as they are that religion made, and makes, marriage; whereas religion only sanctioned what already existed in fact, worked out by selection, in the one case as in the other. This is in no wise denying the great mystery of birth, life, or death; face to face with such, let any man say "I know not," or "I believe," as he may choose. All that is outside the field of science. We are here interested, not in

speculating about how life began, or when it is to end, but how the idea that life is sacred really evolved in human history.

It is a fact, easily established by cases, that the idea of the sacredness of life, if it is ascribed to primitive times and peoples, is another instance of projecting our own sentiments into the minds of other peoples whom we do not understand. Savages see lives snuffed out all the time, and as a sort of matter of course. We must remember that they are engaged in a real struggle for existence, which civilization has, for us, turned into a mere name. Society is now supposed to guarantee existence: if anyone dies of hunger, or cold, or violence within the confines of a state or city, it is a reproach to the community. But no organization exists to guard primitive men against these perils, and primitive people are familiar with death. Life as life is not sacred at all; no idea exists that birth and death are great mysteries, somehow divine; the capacity for wonder is as yet undeveloped. It is at first astonishing to discover the small valuation that is laid upon life, either of others or of one's self. It is not so "precious" that it thus becomes "sacred." Life is easily taken, and as readily laid down. Suicide is committed under what seem to us highly frivolous incitements. A Papuan, seeing from a tree-top that his wife, at the foot of the tree, is smoking up his cigarettes, casts himself down to death in a pet. A debtor threatens a creditor that if he goes on persecuting him, he will commit suicide on the creditor's threshold and thereafter haunt the place. As cases prove, he will carry out the first part of the threat; and the creditor is sure enough that he will do both things, to be ready to ease up on him. Nor do all highly civilized nations hold life in such estimation as we do. Readers of Chinese and Japanese history need not be told that the Oriental ideas on this matter are not ours. They have a different philosophy of life. Consider the practice of hara-kiri.

To an age materially successful enough to philosophize and be humanitarian, there appears to be some compelling ethical reason, if not a religious one, to consider all these matters of rights as somehow settled in some absolute form, irrespective of circumstances. But there is no valid reason for supposing that the course of social evolution has changed its mode and direction so that a right no longer needs an enforcing might behind it. The right to life could not have been, nor could it now be, without the might of society to support it; no right in society that is not so supported can persist. To judge of any case of rights without considering the interests of society, and where society's power in the matter is going to be put forth, is to ignore the most vital factor in the field. The very sacredness of life is a societal product; of what use to play with the term, ignoring that which lends it content?

If preceding contentions are accepted, it is not sufficient to approach a case with either of these phrases — "sacredness" or "natural right" — as a touch-stone. To arrive at a sound judgment, it is necessary to renounce phrases which are mere symbols, or of secondary intention, and consider why society has developed its prescriptions and prohibitions — to understand the essence of the social provisions as to life-preserving and life-taking, and then try to exercise rational judgment upon the particular case in hand. Of course, as was said above, if it is preferred to renounce all rational procedure, and go back at once and fully to revelation, that is as one wills; anyone who wishes to do that will regard all that is said here as superfluous. But the tendency has long been to seek rational grounds, if only to justify revelation. The attempt, however uncritical of its own cases, to show that society stands at least a possible chance of losing a valuable member by allowing an infant, however clearly defective, to die, recognizes the interest of the society in the quality of its members. Once it was thought that

any approach to Malthusianism was all wrong and even criminal; even continence could, by a logical extension, be a crime against the souls waiting to be born, saved, and glorified. This was a sort of quantitative theory of life. But common sense, basing its findings upon actual knowledge, and rejecting dogma, has come to see (and perhaps to exaggerate) the social interest that lies in the *quality* of life rather than in its *quantity*. When the social interest projects itself clearly enough upon the scene, all dogmas fall into the shadow and are at length dissipated.

Now the interest of society, through the ages, has been an ever more successful adaptation to environment, resulting in a rising standard of living. It has called for members of a superior physical and mental character, and for better organization. It has demanded quality. Where the struggle to maintain the society has been severe, the weak have had to be eliminated; men have both practiced infanticide and killed the old; they have abandoned the sick. Even when the struggle was more successful, and aimed at something more than mere existence, a society has yet exposed its weakly infants, and refused to burden the fit by making them support the unfit. This policy has been successful, in the sense of permitting the race to become what it has become. We must not quarrel too much with the ladder upon which we have climbed, nor hold in too great contempt its base degrees.

The age-long struggle has succeeded to a degree permitting society, in some instances, to abrogate its own criterion, ignore quality, and cast upon the fit, who support it, a considerable burden of the unfit; also to develop a number of so-called ethical theories of conduct, which, if carried out to their logical conclusion, could mean only destruction. It is only success and a surplus in the struggle that allow of such departures from the mode of nature and of the earlier ages. In these days one society even aspires to carry part of the burden of another — the “white

man's burden." This is well enough while the struggle goes well. But it is dangerous, and may bring disaster if the complexion of the struggle changes. What can be done by a comparatively new country, with great natural resources, cannot be done later on; a young man cannot expect at fifty or sixty to bear burdens which lie light upon his back in youth. Let him beware of strapping them on too securely and irrevocably, especially if they are sure to increase by the natural course of events, in the lapse of time. It may even be a disservice, or dangerous, to save lives in an alien society where life is cheap because population is almost at the saturation point — certainly so, unless, at the same time, the local organization is so bettered that it can take care of its own local increase; otherwise there is in preparation, either a wholesale sacrifice of life, or a geometrically increasing burden for the benevolent life-savers. This conclusion is not arrived at by divination; it is simply mathematics.

Three years ago the answer to any such warning would have been the patronizing smile at the "alarmist" or the "pessimist." Now one can ask, with no fear of the smile: "What can a civilized world, engrossed in or exhausted by war, do for its quondam wards? What could Germany do now for a plague-stricken Chinese district?" But the pressure of the present crisis is small compared to that of some future age, when the world has filled up — especially if it is replete with the defective and incompetent.

It simply will not do to ignore quality in the race; to persist in so doing is to bid defiance to experience and knowledge. To say this, however, is not to come out as a helper or "champion" of society. We need not sympathize with or pity society; as well pity gravitation. Society will get her "rights," because she has at disposal a massive cosmic might. What we need to do is to keep out of the way of the might, with our dogmas and with our ethical and other theories. The insect that struts before the road-

roller, playing the part of Chantecler, had better direct his antennæ toward the rear now and then. Society does not mind killing men any more than gravitation does. It takes its course, and men are safe only if they study and know that course, and conform their policies and actions to it. We live, as animals, by learning natural laws, and conforming to them; similarly, in society, we live by studying the life and evolution of society, and adjusting ourselves. No grand principles, existing in our own minds, are going to help us when the pinch comes. Then the question will be only this: Have we acted rationally, in the light of knowledge? If we have, we shall go on to the next period; if not, we shall stop and suffer and die.

It has been for the interest of society, as we look back on the course of evolution, that men shall, ever and anon, die — whether miserably, as the criminal, or gloriously, as the patriot. “A state,” says Sumner, “can never make men of any kind; a state consumes men. The lives of generations are spent to maintain it, and carry it on.” Death, however much we have been trained to fear it, or be horrified at it, is but an incident in organic or social evolution. Society can freely send out its best to die for it. To say that society has no right to do this, or to rid itself of dangerous and anti-social elements — by execution or by sterilization, for example — is about equivalent to saying that nature has no right to let the lion-cub, born without a palate, die. The death of the unfit implies the life and increased opportunity of the fit. It was for the fit alone that the “Thou shalt not kill,” of the ancient law, was laid down. They were those that society could not spare as a sacrifice to internal animosities. It was they who were automatically assured of the right to life, guaranteed to them by the might of society. If, inflated with ethical theory or high-sounding principles, we try to thwart this age-long selective process, we ought to count well the comparative cost of interfering or letting alone.

Somebody who is a social asset pays for all these reformatory and "uplift" proceedings. Who? And what does the cost mean to him and to society? Shall we refuse to protect him? Even if you can make low-class morons out of the offspring of a worse defective, is that better than to have denied him procreation, and thus spared the cost to the normal and fit?

It is far easier to snap up a high-sounding phrase and go ahead by feeling, without thought, than it is to think. That is admitted. Rational action is always hard; perhaps that is why it is so highly rewarded, in its results; it is bound to be, if its outcome is harmony of adjustment. If we are going to secure such, we cannot act from subjective feelings and pleasant and lofty, but inapt, theories, we must always have within the horizon of our judgment the vision of society and its interest — which should always remain gravely immanent, like Goethe's great gray face of the Earth-Spirit in the clouds. And its interests must be conceived, not as the result of hit-or-miss observations of contemporary things, viewed with a prepossessed mind, wet eye, and yearning soul; but in the light of its evolution, studied with cool and clear dispassionateness. If we cannot know, in many cases, what positive action we should take, we can at least know, in the extreme cases, what ought not to be. It is always easier to define the issue if it is put in negative form, like the primitive taboo. We may not be able to say, for instance, who shall marry whom, to get wholesome results; but it is easy to say that extreme defectives shall not marry extreme defectives. A beginning can always be made, and made safely, with the extremes, about whose identity rational people can have no great doubts. This will not satisfy the ardent person with the mission to humanity; but it ought to appeal to the discerning.

It is a presumptuous thing, and, if carried to excess, it may be a fatal thing, in order to maintain the inefficient and dependent, to overburden the efficient and self-

supporting, in so far reducing their possibilities of bettering themselves. Let no one say the "state" does this. What is the state but "all-of-us"? We cannot afford to forget the efficient, even though, in humble callings, their independence leaves them in an obscurity out of which the less worthy emerge to engage our pity. If we know what a society is, and have some idea of its evolution and life, we shall always guard ourselves against forgetting them, being assured that their safety is ours. They have rights behind which lies the might of society; and if we infringe those rights, we are in the way of a massive and irresistible force. Wait till the pinch comes, and our ethical constructions will be of about the same utility as a sword of lath would be in stopping the on-rush of a lion. There are notions we can afford to play with while all goes well and the struggle is easy and successful, but which must be incontinently abandoned under the stress that carries us into some inevitable crisis-time.

Assertion of the inherent "sacredness" of life is a negation of society's interest, and an abdication of judgment based upon a knowledge of the nature and evolution of society. Assertion of the "natural right to life" for all, is but little better; for a doctrine of this order is generally regarded as a sort of revelation, and it is not desired to look into its origins. To insist that life must be preserved so long as there is even a theoretic chance of recovery is not a practicable policy. There is always, supposably, a chance of error in diagnosis; it is pretty hard to find anything, in this world of incompletenesses, of which we can be dead sure. So, also, there is always a chance that the criminal, unanimously condemned by several juries, is innocent. But life cannot be carried on by such highly hazardous and speculative methods. We always have to do the best we can, with the light we have. The system of society cannot be perfect; it can simply become better adapted. Evolution does not produce superlatives, but

comparatives; not absolutes, but relatives. It is the over-valuation of human life which we hold in theory, that leads us to such cases of long-chance gambling. Error is normal enough. It is too bad that it is; but the cost to society of an occasional error is nothing compared to the cost to be incurred by trying to adhere only to certainties in a world of uncertainties.

Year in and year out death removes the socially useful — those demonstrated to be so, not by chance, guess, or pious hope, but by test — under the operation of preventable causes. If it came to a clearly defined choice, even the prepossessed might be gravelled by being required to decide where he ought to apply his energies in championing the “sacredness” of life or the “natural right” to it.

SELF-ADVERTISING

IN meditating upon this subject I am reminded of a family story about a little serving-maid who was wont every evening to read with great absorption the personal items in the daily newspaper.

Always, on laying down the paper, she would say wistfully to her mistress, "I wish I could get my name in the paper!" Once she elaborated a little. "Oh, I wish I could get my name in the paper. Everybody in my family but me has had his name in the paper!"

"And what did your family do to get into print?" asked her mistress.

"They died, ma'am," said Mary.

Not many of us, I daresay, would carry our desire for fame as far as Mary, however up-to-date in this matter of self-advertising. Of course, there are a few modest individuals among us who claim that business advertising is, at best, a necessary evil, and that publicity is by only one letter removed from duplicity, as, under Grimm's law, b and p are virtually the same. Perhaps they deceive themselves who ask of voter and reporter only aristocratic disregard. There's a limit to comfortable self-annihilation, as Wells's Invisible Man discovered. No, we do not care to be so inconspicuous that folks think they can walk *through* us, — or over us.

Others say: "Yes, we would be known of men. But why bother ourselves about it? We are advertised by our loving friends."

Just so! Therefore, it behooves us to study the thing.

Practical men assure us that the first item in this matter of advertising is to attract attention by sheer force of presentation. Print your poster in bright colors, and use letters ten inches high. And best begin your self-advertising by being six feet tall and three feet broad. If neces-

sary, reform your ancestors. This advice should be taken early. The matter of a complexion can be adjusted later.

Clothes are of great significance in this connection, because nearly everybody can see shoes and collars and hats and rings, but only a few folks can see souls and thoughts and spiritual rags. As believers in democracy, we are proud to belong to the majority. Manners, too, are of first importance; not to be able to achieve social address is a confession of inalienable stupidity. Has not Nature herself been at pains to invent an eye that can take a right-left snap-shot with great celerity? Some of us have discovered this at a dinner-party, and skillfully selected the right-pronged fork with which to eat our fish, through confidence that our next neighbor knows what he's doing. Indirect vision is in fact of greater moment in self-advertising than accumulation of cortical gray matter: for it enables you, an hour before the party begins, to see without looking what your neighbor has on.

If we are to be one hundred per cent efficient, we should make an inventory of the resources at our disposal, not despising the day of small things. For genius may after all turn out to be mastery of details; and fame, scientific management of a reputation. While achieving a presence of distinction and social polish — that out of eye may not be out of mind — let us also achieve an autograph properly enigmatic, just the right turn of illegibility that marks culture, with the modest flourishes that stop short of the marginal decorations that quite properly amuse us as evidence of megalomania. Let us also patronize the camera. Some photo-secessionist may yet succeed in giving us a profile or cast of countenance worthy to put on a library building or in a college annual, if not on a postage stamp. In our attention to details, let us not, either, despise the calling card, that tiny self-poster (or poser) that gives others an opportunity to gage our *comme-il-fautness* by running their fingers over the surface and inspecting the dimensions with an architectural eye.

It is well even to multiply occasions for multiplying their distribution. To part with a whole deck at once is assuredly a sign of delicacy in perception of social relationships, and guarantees your ability to count up to a score, say, — a matter of some moment in these days when everybody's mentality is under Binetesque suspicion — or superstition.

In advertising, there are some false ideas left over from the time when the art was the preëmpted domain of the manufacturers of patent medicine. A given patent medicine used to be advertised as good for every disease known to the medical profession, although thirty years ago folks did not enjoy so many and such varied diseases as we do today. Sometimes, of course, the medicine worked the miracles they claimed — when there was nothing the matter with the patient, and he had a strong constitution. But the working of such miracles was subject to many chances, and business men learned that it was a mistake to advertise an oil that really was good for lubricating the muscles, as also a cure for indigestion — there was a chance that it might cure all diseases at once.

We recognize today that the first principle of good advertising is to be discriminating in your boasts. Promise no more than you can fulfill, for to lure purchasers under false pretenses is not merely bad advertising, — it is an advertising of badness. Self-advertising owns the same principle. Nowadays, as has been said, your esteemed Professor must occupy a chair and not a whole sofa. Don't cast doubts on your ability to run an automobile by a claim you can't prove, to draw one. Nor because you rival the dictionary in fluency, assume that you rival the encyclopedia in ideas.

Did you ever read a recommendation so inordinately flattering that you wondered what the trouble was, that the paragon's employers were so anxious to get rid of him? None the less, this is the day of overdone personal recommendations. You, the School Board, run over application

after application with its attached laudation of the applicant as a gilt-edged investment, a providentially created luminary to divide the day from the night; and then, fearful of your own standing in such a company of suns, you turn to the private letters that have come in answer to your solicitation for the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, to find that the Miss Smith of much experience, is sixty years old and deaf; the attractive Miss Jones, young and a flirt; the scholarly Mr. Brown, a pathetic failure. One can damn with excessive praise as well as with faint.

There is no use to which commercial flattery can be put comparable to that vouched for by a young matron of my acquaintance. Although she achieved matrimony without the submission of a single recommendation, as a precautionary measure, in case pedagogical greatness should ever be thrust upon her, she collected, in the rôle of sweet girl-graduate, numerous and glowing tributes. And now in domestic seclusion she finds consolation in daily perusal of the catalog of her virtues. She of the pleasing personality, the unflinching tact, the many talents, the assured success, needs but experience to learn how properly to manage one man, and to boil the water without burning it.

To achieve the proper emphasis, it is well to write one's own recommendations, to do one's own headlining; only too often our neighbor turns an indiscriminating eye upon our antics. Nowadays, especially, when statisticians estimate greatness by the number of lines given a person of fame in biographical (autobiographical?) dictionaries, it is well to be forethoughted enough to make a measurable showing, with an inch or so to spare.

We must be ready, too, to reckon with the eugenist who, being scientifically inclined, is wont to determine first rights to parentage, by listing the honors in men of science or women of letters. To be quite frank, their principle of selection tickles the sense of humor of the rest of

us. Think of living surrounded by men with one eye glued to the microscope, and the other to a telescope, or by women facile with the pen and scalpel rather than with tongue and fan. In that heaven of the eugenist, even the principles of self-advertising would need revision. Ended the day of fine feathers and of morons, of poets and politicians; germicides substituted for suicides; puffing for bluffing! Never! They take themselves too seriously — these scientists; they do not hear the little bells jangling. The truly great wink at posterity, to show that they are not the dupes of their own reputation.

Besides, they're impractical, academic! It's much more to the point in self-advertising to be a descendant rather than an ancestor — the bright infant being discounted as evidence. Of course the psychologist threatens to change all that, but a society for prevention of cruelty to mothers will no doubt be organized in due season.

It is because the trade-mark is the pictorial representation of the honor of a firm in its dealings with the public, because it guarantees the worth of the goods it seals, that the commercial value of accredited trade-marks is so great that in certain cases it has even disturbed the theoretical determination of price by the law of supply and demand. But racial, tribal, and family trade-marking is an older device than commercial trade-marking. In fact, Nature herself set the example when she was at the pains to cast particular moulds of feature for Jew and Gentile. What wonder that the savage took the hint, and assumed for his tribe a totem, and, not content with sticking it upon the pole in front of his teepee, tattooed it also upon his body. After the tribe, the family, too, developed its especial mark — its name of long tradition, its title of nobility, its crest of heraldic significance, or even its peculiar cast of feature, intonation of voice, or patented crimson hair. Humiliation reaches no lower level than for human beings to wear no trade-mark, to be neither the one thing nor the other, to be nameless, or to be numbered,

as cattle in a pen. But such sorrows trouble not the born-advertiser who can hyphen totems with skill, coin an ancient crest while you wait, and purchase a headpiece or a Greek nose at a trifling cost.

Most of us, fortunately, have a name or two to spare, with preface and appendix to boot. Often we are son or daughter of a very select portion of the alphabet, and cousin to a celebrity, who strikes us as worth mentioning when we are conspicuous by his absence. Otherwise we prefer the unhonored prophet or the grandfather in the background. But background we must have — keep in touch with historic traditions, as the small girl who rejoiced that her initials, A. D., were cut in stone on the most impressive building in her town, together with the date of her birth. A few of us are still more ambitious; we are content with nothing less than a B. C. after our philosophies and divertisements. We possess the legal turn of thought — the mind of man runneth not to the contrary.

All fraternity and college pins and pennants, all watch-fobs of Masonic or other emblems, all alphabetical decorations, are methods of tagging ourselves, methods of advising our companions that we have passed through certain manufacturing establishments, and are guaranteed goods. Guaranteed indeed! "Our college has turned out an extraordinary number of illustrious men. Class of humpty-dumpty was especially strong. There was Potter, you know — wonderful mind, that man — old rival of mine, used to beat him, by Jove, by only a fraction of a point every time."

Those of us who have taken our N. B. in less orthodox form do not, to be sure, always appreciate certain forms of academic tagging. The courtly gentleman whose fob-chain sports the emblematic Phi Beta Kappa seems next-door neighbor to the complacent lady who exhibits proudly on her bosom the convent medal emblazoned "Good Conduct." Absurd combination, of course! But somehow

we must be permitted to sweeten our sour grapes, and give our own college yell — “Self-made! Rah! rah! rah!”

All the insignia of office, from the bells and pomegranates of the high priests of the tribe of Aaron, to the gold tassel and striped hood of the latest doctor of philosophy, are professional trade-marks, and have no doubt a high utility. The good bishop’s suavity of manner, his portly figure, his shapely hand richly decorated with a seal ring, his mellow voice, are part of his stock in trade. And a hobo who should depart from the regulation rags, and indulge instead in a silk top-hat and patent leather boots, might find difficulty in earning a living.

Only in the matter of names do the rules of the game work somewhat strangely. Nor is it marriage alone which causes the confusion, and so confounds trade-marks that the placid German Hausfrau answers to the name of Señora Roderique. Given names too have a way of proving false prophets, as the two-hundred pound woman who signed herself “Tina” was heavily aware. To be sure, business enterprise exhibits itself even here. Mr. Lemon solves his problem by becoming a professor of pomology, and White and Black cancel their difficulties by going into partnership.

On the whole, however, we wear the trade-mark of sex and of race, of family and of profession, somewhat unconsciously. As a matter of course we advertise ourselves women by our petticoats, or Irish by our brogue, or Smith by our bridgeless nose. Very few of us have either the desire or the courage to unsex or expatriate or unfamily ourselves. We even assume cheerfully the ministerial manner or the school-marm cast of countenance. We are content, most of us, to be replicas, big or little, of cousin or grandparent — to continue the type. But the fine point in self-advertising comes with the achievement of a special style of self — a cut of the clothes, a cast of the features, a quirk of temper, a vein of ideality, that is strictly our own and trade-marked.

Of course the obligation of living up to a reputation is by no means a light one. Some people find the game not worth the candle. The wit must often be the butt of his own mockery, as he pounds out the expected *bon mot*; the blue stocking must weary of the necessity of always displaying the dismal hose, especially at a ball; the saint must frequently long to shed his halo; and the devil be anxious "to let" his horns. Therefore it is that the modern vacation has been invented, a season wherein one doffs for a while his wonted self. The parson indulges in a panama and expletives; the diplomat tells the truth and angles openly. At bottom, of course, this is only a sort of inverted advertisement of self. It's a skilful use of the law of contrast. The turning of your personal item upside down on the page of the world stirs the curiosity of your elsewhere indifferent neighbor. The class-room of your dignified college professor who forgets his dignity on the football field, becomes thereafter the Mecca of the Eleven. Only the professional Funny-Man may take no holiday: he must content himself with being most funny when most serious: for if you habitually indulge in skewed lines, a temporary erection is viewed with suspicion.

The copyrighting of a trade-mark and its exhibition in the agora of the world proclaim in unmistakable terms that YOU'RE HERE and doing business. But although such declaration cannot be too persistent, it may be too insistent. The conservative business man may capture the speculator's boom; the demure maiden rival the charms of the décolletée Lady of the Boards. It's bad business to put yourself on the ten-cent counter, even though you are sold out inside the hour.

Of course, if a master-hand at suggestion, you can take the world by storm, captivate it by the flash of your personality, hynotise it by the utterance of the word "I". But for the most part the shadow of St. Helena or of the mad-house rests on the future of the man who plays the

egoist too strenuously. We others are apt to rebel or to raise our voices and fists. In the pandemonium reputations go to smash. There are corners in personal stock as well as in corn and wheat, but he who creates a panic on Life's Wall Street, does so at considerable personal peril. Usually, subtle methods are best. It's no use shouting: "Get out of the way! Here I come!" unless you're riding a motorcycle, like a certain statesman of vociferous reputation.

Better, indeed, to emulate the tiny girl who had been taught manners, and knew that it was her part to give the greater and take the less. Confronted with the problem of sharing with Jimmy her two very unequal pieces of taffy, she solves the problem like an authority on ethics. "Mama," she says sweetly, "I'll put them on a plate and *pass* them." Of course, this was trusting considerably to Jimmy's being as well brought up as she was.

The average man who constantly asserts by word or deed that he's up and doing, learns the lesson from the advertiser, and varies the style of his proclamation. As the smiling Chef of Cream of Wheat he plays many parts. This is the lesson that the bore can never learn — that you must always be yourself, but you must be it differently. In your biographical dictionary you must vary names, dates, and diseases. There is really no reason why you should tell all you know in one prayer, one speech, one book, or one conversation, unless perchance you fear your first may be your last. To know how to be conspicuously silent is the great achievement. *Avoirdupois* permitting, it's well to emulate the submarine.

Emphasis is an important matter in the achievement of a reputation. It's a mistake to begin every word in the sentence with a capital letter, and to paragraph each sentence. Those people who are stuck full of exclamation points are as bad reading as those who never saw a punctuation mark. The altogether successful person understands how to win your confidence and make you feel at

home, without giving away all the secrets of his personality or forfeiting the right to startle you by a wholly unexpected action. "I might have known it!" But you didn't.

In the advertising world it's a moot question whether your advertisement should be an illustration of your goods or only a good illustration of anything whatever. I recently saw a picture of an airship, advertising a collar button. To be sure, under the picture it said "Don't fly high!" but that could hardly have been an exhortation not to roll under the bureau. It was a good illustration, but not an illustration of the goods. The value of relevancy is not duly appreciated in personal advertising either. The actress who too confidently expects to derive a dramatic reputation from a domestic lack of one, is frequently doomed to disappointment. So too, fine clothes and spacious houses, irreproachable grammar and manners, do not unduly influence you if in search of the one man who can save your life by a dextrous use of the knife, or the supreme handling of a jury. There is, of course, a sociology as well as a psychology of clothes; and your wife's display of diamonds, and your own display of automobiles, are legitimate ways of saying to the world "I'm a success!" But neither the one nor the other is an inevitable guarantee in the eyes of mankind. Indeed, there's something superb in the way of a man who edges to the front in spite of rundown heels and frayed neckties. The shabby orator who succeeds in keeping your attention off his garments, has won his laurels by no trick of the trade. He who can with impunity defy convention and fashion has come to stay. Which is not equivalent to saying that there's any necessary connection between musical genius and long hair, nor indeed between bad manners and good surgery.

It's our fear of the Cartoonist with his eye for the salient, his ability to strip our personalities of the irrelevant and superficial, that keeps many of us from floating our per-

sonal stock too vain-gloriously. We are aware that, stripped of our borrowed hair, our borrowed reputations, our borrowed ideals, we might cut as poor a figure as Thackeray's King when deprived of his wig and robes of state. None the less, it remains true, on the whole, that a man is known by the company he keeps and the clothes he wears. This mergence of a man's reputation with that of his companions and tailors exemplifies what in psychological jargon is called fusion. Your son may borrow your reputation, your wife may dress for you, and your grandfather do your thinking. Your present self can even borrow a character from your own past self, sometimes, of course, against your will. It is to get rid of the boy he once was, that the wise man moves away from his home-town. Sometimes, for a similar but sadder reason, the man moves back.

There's danger of your reputation running away with you, getting beyond your control, as Captains of Finance and energetic Politicians have discovered. Newspaper personalizing is indeed precarious advertising. In the secret domains of your Castle in Spain you may picture yourself on terms of intimacy with the King of England, or addressing a learned assemblage of scholars in Heidelberg, or playing havoc in your laboratory with the old theories of Life and Matter; but when your home paper features you as entertained by the President, when as a matter of fact you but touched his hand at a public reception; or lauds you as great among the great, when your only claim to such distinction is your desire to be such; or exploits your manufacture of Babies in a retort, before you have succeeded in creating a dollar, you feel like a brass button accidentally mislaid in a museum collection of crown-jewels.

Some of us, however, find it difficult even to get into a newspaper — or an unpopular review. It may be our ultimate success. The undertaker who decorated his shop gaily with holly and mistletoe, and advertised for a

brisk Christmas trade, was no grim humorist. He knew that there's a right time for dying, and that there's such a thing as doing it too late. Dying at the right moment is in fact the most effective bit of self-advertising. Death, indeed, as the little maid perceived, is the only act of distinction that many of us can hope to achieve.

Yet to take much comfort in post-mortem advertising betokens a highly ingenuous spirit. For whatever biographer or monument-maker may reap the profits of Fame-After-Death, the real manufacturer of the article reaps little. Such, however, is the tenacity of the instinct for Self-Advertising, that Fame — the long obsession of the Memory of the World by a name, has seemed to some worth even the sacrifice of the present. All of which goes to show that, as we have said, the psychology of self-advertising merits consideration.

SOME FUNDAMENTALS IN PRISON REFORM

PRISON reform is now having its place in the sun. There is a nation-wide willingness to give to prisoners a liberal chance to make good, inside and outside the prisons. The employment secretary of the Prison Association of New York assisted directly and indirectly in placing more than half a thousand released prisoners during the twelve months ending September 30, 1916. Released prisoners themselves are joining in the movement, and in New York City there is a group of some two hundred graduates of Elmira Reformatory, banded together in the Rodgers Loyal Club for mutual improvement and for the coöperative hunting and securing of jobs for their fellow-members. This club was an object of suspicion to the earliest members, until they discovered that the proposers of the club, the Reformatory's parole officers, were after all "human beings, instead of being just officers." Then the lads took hold and "pushed." In short, they were discovering the same elements of human-ness in their officers that the prison reformers have been diligently proclaiming as existing in the prisoners, under the new penology.

Prisons, under modern wardens, are now under diligent observation, and are standing sympathetic trial. Formerly, anything called a prison was tolerated until something particularly atrocious was dragged out into the light of day by an enterprising newspaper or a "reformer." Today, prisoners *have* to make good, or the public is irritated because of the failure of the investment it has made in devoting to prison reform its special attention. That is why Sing Sing prison, above all others, is being watched. That is also a fine assurance that, in the main, prisons will make good. But if, on the one

hand, the public insists that prisoners make good, it is only just on the other hand, that the prisoners claim that the public shall make good — shall provide modern prisons.

The most frequent statement in prison reform today — a truth as old as Christianity — is that prisoners are, after all, only human beings. Christ proclaimed that of his associates on the cross. The message is none the less true for having been so barbarously forgotten through the centuries. The converse is also true — that prisoners are not greater, or more important to society, than the millions of human beings that never went to prison. The present swing toward an apotheosis of the prisoner, just because he is suddenly found to react like a human in all essentials, has led not a few enthusiasts to extol him and lime-light him, until there is not a little force in Governor Whitman's recent statement to the American Prison Association at Buffalo in October, that an excess of mollycoddling is no less dangerous than an excess of punishment.

It is also true that prisoners within the walls respond with remarkable rapidity to decent or optimistic treatment. That is nothing new either, but a general belief in the fact is new. Back in the sixties of the nineteenth century a warden in the State prison in Missouri gave his prisoners the privileges of the yard, and free conversation on Sundays and holidays, with a chance also on holidays to have "big feeds" and athletic events, and to invite friends in. This will be sad news to a number of wardens who still firmly believe that they are the original "freedom-of-the-yard" wardens. Nevertheless, to undertake today an innovation without immediate precedents requires extraordinary courage, and so Tynan in Colorado, Gilmour in Ontario, Whittaker at the Farm Workhouse of the District of Columbia, Homer at Great Meadow in New York, and Osborne and Kirchwey at Sing Sing have been pioneers to whom the country owes much — and the prisoners more.

Tynan in putting men out on the roads, scores of miles from the prison blazed the way for Eastern States to follow. Gilmour showed the Dominion of Canada that it is possible to build an entire prison by short-term prisoners, almost without the assistance of free labor. Whitaker took the tramps and "drunks" from the city of Washington to a thousand-acre Virginia rough-land farm some twenty miles away, and got good solid days' work out of them — to their own better health and happiness. Homer, at the most striking outdoor prison of the East, showed that a big prison does not need encircling walls to restrain an entire prison population. Osborne showed that the theory of self-government is not only feasible but admirable, within limits, and Kirchwey gave a brilliant example of a man's taking up unostentatiously his friend's job and doing it well.

But after all, where are we, today? The man in the street would appreciate knowing where he stands in prison reform: so this article aims to lay down easily demonstrable facts deduced from the history of the last several years.

First of all, it seems evident that modern prisons can achieve two kinds of success — the *tour de force*, or the success that is based on more cautious or more fundamental economic principles.

Sing Sing has burst into the national public eye through the combination of an enlightened warden with a brand-new idea of prison self-government — and has, in large measure, succeeded. In spite of certain failures, the contribution to prison reform that Sing Sing has made in the last two years is greater than that of any other prison.

Most prisons, however, succeed more slowly and cautiously. A warden of such a prison will conduct his institution more as an opportunist, progressing "here a little and there a little," until in a few years — if politics allows

him to stay that long — he has a well-rounded-out “honor prison.” Great Meadow is an example of the second type.

The public must understand that marvellous examples of trustworthiness or brilliancy of prisoners may be conspicuous, at the same time that a prison is loosely run. On the other hand, a prison may grind away at a highly developed administrative system, the product of decades of polishing off, and yet turn out its graduates unresponsive, often unreclaimed and sordid-minded. Nevertheless, in this age of rapid progress, brilliant experimenting, and real public interest in prison reform, there are certain factors that must be embodied and coördinated in any prison or reformatory that is to function with permanent success in our social system. The prison without some of these factors may achieve apparent success, and be relatively successful, but the experienced ear hears the ominous sounds in the machinery.

Permit me to state some of the “inevitables” in a successful prison system.

1. *Each able-bodied or able-minded prisoner must contribute, for at least five and a half days a week, an honest day's work.* This fact is so absolutely true, in wholesome prison reform, that anyone who deals with the human product of the prisons feels like screaming it from the house-tops. About the most difficult thing the prisoners' aid society has to do is, not to gain the released prisoner's confidence, nor even to find him a job, but to get him to *hold* his job, simply because he doesn't know how to work or hasn't learned that he must “deliver the goods.” The idea of working *hard*, as virtually all men must work if they are to do honest work, is simply beyond the comprehension of thousands of men coming from some of our chief Eastern prisons.

Therefore that state is cruel that tolerates from prison inmates sloppy, slow, intermittent, “fake” work, and thereby ultimately turns back to society a human being

that first annoys and then disgusts the many employers who today will go far out of their way to give a released prisoner a chance to make good. Employment secretaries of prisoners' aid societies have to hunt for new employers right along, because the old employers become disillusioned, and say they've had enough for a while. The prison's first duty, after consideration of health, is to teach *habits* of industry, not to teach *at* industry. Man earns his bread outside the prison by the sweat of his brow; he must learn inside the prison what honest sweat feels like, not now and then, but week-in and week-out. There are many noteworthy examples of ex-prisoners succeeding, but the main proposition regarding the employment secretary's job holds good.

2. *The prison fails dismally of its purpose if it is simply a correctional melting pot*, into which all comers are thrown indiscriminately. Prisons were such, before the advent of the reformatories like Elmira, in the early seventies of the nineteenth century. Today, the most advanced institutions are alive to the necessity of becoming clearing houses for their prisoners. From the moment of reception of the inmate until his departure, the prison must deal with him as an individual. He is no mere number, no unit in a sombre gray mass. He is a throbbing, introspective, often morbid mind. He must be painstakingly examined, diagnosed, prognosed, dosed, and classified, as an entity, with possibilities of reclamation, not infinite but reasonable. He must be assigned to the task and occupation that fits him, often that which he has pursued on the outside. To be sure, the aviator that drifted to Elmira Reformatory had to have his job changed, but that is an exception.

The inmate must be sorted into the group that he can best thrive in; he must be given ample chance to make good, and to make progress. Just as habits of industry should make a good workman out of him, so a graded,

classified system of promotion will develop in him hope, ambition, ingenuity and responsibility. In such classification special attention must be paid to mental and physical defects. There are far more deviates in prison than has been generally supposed. Those likely to be permanently anti-social, because of mental conditions, should not be released. This is easy to proclaim, but the legislative fight will be bitter in practically any state when the attempt is made to provide permanent legal custody for those mentally unfit for liberty, but not insane.

3. *Rewards and privileges must, so far as possible, supplant in prisons the grossly stupid "Thou shalt not" commands of the past.* It is hard, indeed, to get the prison faced around toward a "boosting" policy, instead of a policy of intimidation and repression. The amazement on the faces of prison officials who, when inmates have been given the freedom of the yard for the first time, discover that the prison buildings are not immediately burned, nor the walls scaled *en masse*, would be enormously funny, if it were not so tragic. For upon those faces have been impressed the century-old traditions of physical domination, and it is painful for such wrinkles to smooth out.

So deprivations and reductions in grade and privileges must take the place of dark cells, dungeons, chains and other brutalities. Oh the sanctity of the dark cell method! I have seen poor miserable sinners blink in their blindness and grope with their arms in the broad daylight, as the "cooler" doors have been swung open upon the pitch-darkness of this horrid substitute for the physical tortures of the past. Within the last six months, in the Empire State, men have been found with chains rivetted to their bodies, wearing them for months at a time to bed and to their bath. A head official has testified, in my own state, that his business was not to run a reformatory, but to prevent escapes.

Society, which provides by law for the administration of prisons, must not forget that the ways of evil are attractive to many prisoners, and that, if the ways of honesty are to be demanded, the substitutes for evil must be more attractive than the evil. Categorical prohibitions *not* to do things are stupid in prisons, unless prisoners understand clearly why the things should not be done.

That fact is an underlying principle in Mr. Osborne's penal philosophy. I have known him to permit the continuance of a disturbing condition that he might have stopped by a prohibition, because he believed that the inmates were sure to suffer by it, and therefore when they discovered its effect would, through their powers of self-government, not only put an end to it but *see why* it should stop. The wise father and mother explain to their children why they mustn't go beyond their depth, if they can't swim. They don't put up a sign at the river bank saying: "Johnny and Annie, You Mustn't Go Into the Water Here!" For virile Johnny and imitative Annie would be sure to go into the water just there.

4. *Punishment, as an element of prison administration, must not be entirely eliminated.* While the prison should be a training school for life, life itself does not eliminate punishment for wrongdoing. To a large number of those who suffer punishment, it seems not only deserved but reasonable. It should not, however, mean corporal, cruel or unnatural punishment. Imprisonment itself is a sufficient punishment for most inmates — so long of course as prison does not embody such pastime elements as will make the prison actually attractive. Modern penology, while barring the cruel methods of the past, adheres to deprivations, reductions in grade, loss of "good time," and the like. The main consideration, of course, is as far as possible to follow Spencer's great principle, of following nature's way and making the punishment the natural outcome of the error.

Fundamentals in Prison Reform 321

The place of recreations, sports, etc., in prison life is still unclear to many well-wishers of prison reform, who fear that present methods tend to making the prison an institution to gain entrance into which not a few unfortunates would commit crime. Nothing could be further from the truth. I foresee, however, a time when prisons will actually attract inmates, but it will not be for the incidental recreations, but for the stalwart curriculum offered in preparation for an honest and substantial life. Dr. Kirchwey's joking remark that the time will come when a degree from Sing Sing will be as valuable as a degree from Harvard, will sometime approximate truth, but not for the same individuals. The prison of the future, to realize its own great function, must become the "university of another chance" that the State Reformatory of Washington already has christened itself.

The transformation of the punitive prison into such a penological university is progressing with the adage that "all cell and no play makes Jack a sick boy." Speaking more seriously, the appalling cell confinement traditional in our prisons until recent years, as at Sing Sing, where fourteen hours a day were passed in impossibly small and damp cells, simply *had* to be abolished, as a first step toward developing a sane mind in a sane body. So long as men were moved in mass and were known by numbers, and the constant nightmare of the prison warden was a possible escape or riot, games and free conversation in the yard were beyond conception. The relatively sudden emergence in the last few years of the pallid prison population into the bright sunshine of the yard was primarily a health measure, and should be administered as such. Incidentally, such privileges of play and free time within the walls can also be potent disciplinary measures. But baseball and other games are not to be allowed simply in order that the prisoner's life may be made more easy and bearable, or that he may be induced to refrain from rioting or being otherwise incorrigible or dangerous.

Prison recreations should be for sanitary reasons, and a reward for work well done and good conduct.

5. *Prisoners should be paid for their labor.* Since payment for work, in outside life, bears a reasonable relationship to work performed, prisoners should be reasonably paid for what they do inside. And so, particularly where there is no monetary remuneration, free time for leisure and recreation seems just. If payments in money are impossible, at least "good time" for work should be deducted from their sentences. The great incentives to work on the outside are the great incentives inside. On the outside, men work in order to earn money, that they may live, save a portion of their earnings, enjoy leisure. Inside the prison men will work in order to earn money, or "good time," or that they may enjoy greater privileges, or for other similar reasons. But, of all the inducements, that of real money is the greatest. Generally the chance to earn commutation of sentence is already provided by law.

And as, on the outside, workers must earn their living, so on the inside the prisoner ought to pay, out of his earnings, for his own maintenance. It is stupidity on the part of the State to allow a prisoner to receive his board and keep his earnings; true, the State may be overpaying him or underpaying him. There is not yet any clear relation between prison work and earnings. In the State of New York, where the farcical cent-and-a-half-a-day wage is paid to State prisoners, the injustice rankles and creates an anti-social spirit. The prison should give a *quid pro quo*, for what the prisoner does, and should receive just pay for what it provides.

Nor should the prisoner be allowed to forget or remain indifferent to the family left behind. In numberless cases, family destitution follows in the wake of crime. The prisoner is fed and lodged and clothed, while the family, plunged into poverty, must seek the bounty of

private or public charity. The prisoner should be required to give a certain percentage of his earnings toward the support of his family. The man who is allowed to overlook family obligations while in prison has lost a powerful incentive to an honest life when he comes out. Furthermore, the family has a right to demand some support from the state, if the state earns through the prisoner anything over and above his mere maintenance cost.

6. *The personality of the warden of a prison is of the greatest importance.* His "job" is fully as comprehensive and as important to society as the position of a college or university president. The possibilities of influence of a high-grade warden are but just now becoming realized. Mr. Osborne has for the first time shown the whole nation this fact.

Recently, in advocating the appointment of the best possible man as warden of a certain State prison, I said in an open letter to New York newspapers that the modern warden must be an administrator, an excellent judge of men, filled with broad and deep sympathy, a just man, and must have some knowledge of sanitation, architecture, building, agriculture, and a score of other subjects.

Above all, the warden must have "personality." He is the "big man," the "boss," to every inmate of his institution. He is the center of all eyes, the chief object of prison discussion and gossip. His strength and his weakness will be imitated by many of his wards. And, particularly in these days of the outdoor employment of prisoners, often at great distances from the prison, the warden is the invisible tie that restrains many an inmate from taking speedy leave. All of which demands that the appointments of prison officials be taken out of politics, which procedure can best be accomplished by civil service rules, with special attention to oral examination of candidates.

The warden's personality can be considerably weakened

by inefficiency in administration. Wardens should be "long-haul," not "short-haul" personalities. Experience shows that a good warden in a poorly equipped prison can do far better than a poor warden in a well equipped prison. Moreover, the ethical standards of a warden seep down through the least of the officers of the institution.

And so, before many years have passed, the wardenship will measure up, in truth, to the requirements of the Presidency of the University of Another Chance.

7. *The indeterminate sentence, with its all-important corollary, parole, must be a part of any adequate prison system.* Courts cannot and should not determine the advisable length of stay of the inmates of prison walls. As well expect that the ambulance doctor or the receiving physician of a hospital should, on the admission of a patient, prescribe to a day when he should be discharged. The indeterminate sentence makes the prisoner in large measure the arbiter of his fate. At present there are many varieties of indeterminate sentences, some far broader than others. Ultimately indeterminate sentences will be without minimum limit, and possibly without maximum. Inmates should be released on parole when there is strong possibility that (a) they will never again perform a serious criminal act, and (b) that they will become and continue to be self-supporting.

On the other hand, inmates should not be released from prison with such precipitate haste as to create in the minds of the outside public the general feeling that criminal acts are condoned or regarded as trivial. Society is adequately protected only when the prison is sufficiently an object of dread to impress those of weaker wills with the disgrace and discomfort of imprisonment with the attendant loss of liberty.

Courts of parole, or rehabilitation, must determine when and where the inmates shall be released on parole.

Fundamentals in Prison Reform 325

The principle of the indeterminate sentence and of parole will be largely vitiated if the releasing body is trivial, puerile, or political. It should have the dignity of the Bench and the sympathy of the Samaritan.

8. *Structurally, the Bastille-type of gigantic cellblock, housing even more than a thousand prisoners, as at Sing Sing, must be abandoned.* Detached buildings, each housing from fifty to not over two hundred inmates, are necessary for classification, individual treatment, and promotion of inmates from grade to grade. Simple rooms, and (to a limited extent) dormitories, must replace the traditional cages called cells. Farm industrial prisons in the country, combining both agricultural and industrial training, must replace congregate prisons with cramped acreage and high walls. Sunshine and the open air, the fields and the farm, belong by right to the prisoners as a place of labor, as well as to the outside worker. So prisons must develop varied forms of outdoor employment, on roads, on farms and in forests. But, because such work is not work fit for all the year around, industrial training in modern prison shops will continue to be the predominant form of employment in large prisons.

9. *When the released prisoner comes out on parole, honest work must not be inaccessible to him.* Both state and private philanthropy must help him to get work and to hold his job. And, be it especially remembered, a serious reduction in crime throughout the country will occur about in proportion as any systematic effort is successfully carried through to bring and keep the prisoner and his job together — providing the prisoner is willing and able to hold his job, or to leave it only for a better one.

10. And lastly. *Society must remember that the prisoner is a human being, essentially similar to other human beings, instead of being essentially different.*

Last April I travelled with two hundred young law-breakers a journey of eighty miles, from New York up into Orange County, to the site of a new reformatory, under the management of the City of New York. These "tough guys" of the city streets were being transported, without chains, without handcuffs, and without a gun in the pocket of any of the ten guards. On the boat, coming down the East River, the boys were as lively as if on an ordinary excursion. I stopped in front of one lad, who was entertaining his mates with a particularly fine bit of finger-whistling. Admiringly, I said to the boy: "That's fine. I wish I could do that!" And there came from him the simple reply: "Every feller's got some talent to him!"

That's the keynote of the prison of the future! Every fellow, every inmate has some talent. And to bring it out, and to make of it an economic asset to the fellow himself and to his country, every guard and every other prison officer, up to the warden, must have "some talent to him" in the administration of these future universities of Another Chance. For the prisoner is entitled to a good chance, both inside and outside the prison. He may come out of prison highly enthusiastic to make good. But he will find the life after prison hard, and for a considerable time filled with drudgery and worry. He must be equipped with sufficient stamina to meet these difficulties. The best preparation for the years after prison is the habit of hard work, reinforced by good standards of conduct. These the prison must give him.

MAKING TOO MUCH PROFIT

THE day before yesterday I bought a notebook for thirty-three cents, the like of which had always before cost me a simple quarter of a dollar. The salesman was not apologetic at all. He took the rhetorically correct position of assuming that, as a wide-awake business man, I was familiar with the trend of prices. He put it across very well, giving me a little glow of satisfaction at being recognized as broad-minded and up to date.

But I am not ready to believe that the stationer raised his prices because he was compelled to. I will admit the probable fact that he did have to raise them or make less money; but that was not the determining factor. Two changes had come about: one in the prices the retailer pays to the people who supply him, one in the state of mind of the buying public. For the sake of having figures, say the book costs the stationer twenty cents now, increased from sixteen. On the other hand I have come of late to be reconciled to paying as much as thirty-three cents for what used to be a twenty-five cent book.

Of course in their causes and effects these elements are badly tangled, but to the stationer they are two entirely distinct phenomena affecting his business on two opposite sides. If the increased cost to him had come through some freak of the trade, in a time of depression, and we customers had stubbornly declined to see that the book was not still a twenty-five cent book, would he have refused to supply us, for the reason that his gross margin had fallen from nine cents to five? If some happy accident had operated this year to keep the wholesale price of the book where it had been, while we were all acquiring the habit of paying thirty-three cents or thereabout for twenty-five cent paper goods, giving the dealer a chance

to take a little of what he calls "velvet," would he have denied himself?

The opportunity is the thing; not the need. Otherwise low-priced labor would be on strike all the time; high-priced labor never.

I say he advanced the price because he could. But do not blame him. Let him have his taste of chicken now (to use another elegant figure of the counting room). A couple of years back his diet was mostly feathers.

A big thing that helps to keep open the chasm of misunderstanding between the amateur and the professional in the industrial field is the feeling on the part of the amateur that the professional deals the game to suit himself — that he is responsible for all the effects and for all the things that look like effects. I say amateur, not academic; because the college professor seems to get nearer the truth than the run of writers and editors and legislators. The abstract theory of economics, from Adam Smith down, is closer to the actual than are the assumptions of our anti-trust legislation, or most of the arguments for communal ownership of public utilities.

The Outlook for June twenty-eighth says the railways make the usual claim that they must increase rates if their pay-rolls are increased, and continues, with an exclamation point: "No one ever seems to think a reduction of profits or even increase in economies is conceivable!"

Never mind the railways. They are in an exceedingly special and doubtless an uncomfortable predicament. The allusion is a general one.

The rejoinder is so simple that it almost seems discourteous. Are we to expect that men who are enlisted to maintain profits will agree with a wave of the hand to their reduction? Shall we assume that the men who are now giving their lives to the effecting of economies in industry, are not trying?

If the editor of *The Outlook* had time for this debate,

we should expect him to say that heads of corporations should consider themselves trustees for the public; and to mention the possibilities of scientific management.

The trustee-for-the-public idea, as an abstract proposition, is all right. It is just as good as the idea that any man must be happy if he has a chance to work hard all the time, because of the inherent nobility of labor. But shut your eyes and put yourself under the influence of common sense long enough to realize that a director is a human being, and then follow this.

I have fifty thousand dollars in money. No matter now how I got it. It is mine. No matter what anarchy may be approaching, this money is in my pocket to-day. I have liberty to spend it, if I like, in any way I like. I may buy a big car and drive it all over the world; stop at the best place in every town. I may go and shoot tigers. I may follow the fishing season up and down the country until I get tired of it. I may pick out the spot I like best in all the world, and go and loaf there (socialism holding off) the rest of my life. I have a perfect legal right and a pretty plausible moral right to have one almighty good time throwing that money at the birds.

But I do not throw it. I let it be used to help build a factory. You see that immediately we make jobs for people, construction gangs and so on, and they spend their wages, put money in circulation, and all that. But never mind that. That is the smallest part of it. We believe we are helping everyone in the community, excepting our competitors. When a new buyer enters a market, his bidding operates to raise prices. When a new seller comes, the pressure is downward. We enter the labor market as a buyer, the consumers' market as a seller. Every man or woman who comes to work for us comes of his own free choice, to better himself, because he judges we are offering him a more satisfying situation, all in all, than any one else. Every customer who comes to buy decides in his best judgment that we are offering better

value than he can get his hands on elsewhere. If we were not in business — if we had exercised our option of enjoying the spending of our money — both wage earner and consumer must have been content with something not quite so desirable. The logic of this is plenty strong enough to convince me — the director — that the existence of our concern is a boon to the community, no matter what gain we may incidentally secure for ourselves.

Market conditions force us to this helpful position, and any claim that we are bound to go further, to do even better by labor or by the public than we must, at the expense of our profit, is simply an argument that selected fortunate individuals should give alms to selected individuals of the less fortunate. That question we are not taking up. We are trying only to get you to see the question for what it truly is. It is not a question of justice. Our profit, if we have one, which is rather dubious, has not been taken from any man's pocket. We feel that we created it, as truly as if we had persuaded two stalks of corn to grow where one grew before.

Our expense is a swelling, squirming thing imprisoned between relentless boundaries that tend always to draw closer — the market where we buy and the market where we sell. We achieve a profit only by compressing the expense to make room for it. If one of the limits by chance does give back for the moment, we take the advantage thankfully; frankly, because we relish profit. We like what postpones the ever threatening day that is to force us out of business. We do not always see that a comfortable profit this one season is conclusive argument for more of an increase in wages than is required to hold our men; we have the habit of thinking in decades rather than in years, and we know too well that good measure of profit is a fleeting thing, while increased wages come to stay. In any event, we feel that we are far from blameworthy: because, so long as we continue buying and

selling, we are a positive advantage to all who sell to us, to all who work for us, and to all who come to buy. The fact that my stationer is at hand, offering twenty-five cent note books at thirty-three cents, very possibly keeps his competitor across the way from exacting forty; and the presence and prosperity of a half dozen paper mills in our town, when they changed the other day from two shifts to three, advanced the price of common labor twenty per cent at one jump.

You want my neighbor sent to prison for paying girls six dollars a week. If he had never built his factory, where would they be? Is nothing a week so much better than six dollars? He knows the troubles girls have. He will thank you on his knees if you will tell him how to help them more. But when you ask him to raise their wages, and to continue in business so as to provide employment for them, you should furnish a private gold mine under his office desk. His whole income, year with year, would not add forty cents a week to each girl's envelope.

Scientific management, from the standpoint of the community, is one of the best things we have heard of in a long time. But please consider thoughtfully these extracts from a paper by one of its exponents (*The Foundry*, January, 1915), bearing in mind that *wage earners are opposed to it*; as I hope you and I, friends working side by side, priding ourselves on turning out every day a full honest day's work (and being unschooled in economic theory), would resent what promised to double the task for one of us, and to force the other to hunt a new job.

"The success of the entire bonus system is dependent on the reliability of the work of the time-study foreman and his assistants, and in the accuracy of their investigations and records.

"The observer or time-study man should be a skilled man of the trade under investigation. It is not absolutely necessary that he be the fastest worker in the shop, but he

must be one of the best. Pride and enthusiasm in his work are two of the chief essentials. To these may be added sound judgment and an unbiased mind, and above all things, he must be patient, exacting, and extremely diplomatic.

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“Before starting to make a time-study, the right workman must be chosen for the job [to perform the actual work]. He must be a fast and conscientious worker and skilled at the kind of work, or branch of the trade, under investigation. . . . First of all (other conditions being propitious) the man chosen to do the job must be one who is strictly loyal and thoroughly in sympathy with the new methods.

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“The writer has in mind a number of jobs which took from six to fourteen months of unremitting, patient labor on his part before a cent of bonus was earned on them.”

Jobs as they are spoken of here are not full installations of the system, but single shop details, such as the preparation of a sand mold for a particular cast iron part, or a drilling or polishing operation on the same piece; such a job as might take five or six minutes of a good man's time.

This time-study man, accurate in clerical work — mechanically expert — sound in judgment — unbiased of mind — patient — exacting — diplomatic — is not the super-expert at the head of the firm of consultants. He is not the engineer in charge of installing systems. He is a man who is to go into the shop, to direct and to do routine detail work with a watch and a pencil, for month after month. A factory must have a number of these men; at least as many as there are departments.

If you know of one, in our line, fairly filling the specifications, I may say I know where there is a lucrative position for him as a general superintendent.

Any considerable increase in cost, either of production or of distribution, that has an effect general to an industry, mercilessly forces an increase in prices. Economy we are striving for always; any profit margin that will survive a substantial reduction throughout an industry is an abnormal thing. The consumer must be given his opportunity to shoulder so much of the burden as he will. If he will shoulder none of it, we must go out of business. Some of us must go out of business in any event. The increase in price will always normally drive some buyers out of the market, and those remaining, not enough to go round, fall to the lot of the sellers who are best equipped to deliver value. The least able must drop out.

You will set against this in your mind, perhaps, an instance of a man you know who is taking regular dividends of twenty per cent from some one investment. He will not be boasting of three others which pay him nothing, and bring his average down to five per cent. And the one investment that does pay is likely to be in the stock of a young concern that is capturing business, through patents or progressive management, from older competitors, driving their earnings down to nothing, and producing a low average of dividends for the industry as a whole.

Let me risk one quotation from an authority on economics, Professor Taussig. I tremble, because if you should read the economists, there would be no need for this paper. The quotation is second hand, from *System*.

“ . . . If changes in the arts were to cease, if competition were to work out its results perfectly, if prices were to conform closely to expenses of production, the managers of industry would receive nothing but wages. . . But in a dynamic state — state of unstable equilibrium, of transition, of advance. . . By taking the lead in utilizing inventions or improving organization they make extra gains, which last so long as they succeed in holding the

lead. Business profits, so considered, are ever vanishing, ever reappearing. They are the stimulus to improvement and the reward for improvement. . . The large and conspicuous gains are in fact associated almost invariably with advances in the arts, with boldness and sagacity in exploiting new enterprises and new methods."

In common conception, profit is something that drops in the laps of the affluent, the bounty of the capricious gods, something for nothing. It does not exist.

Is a speculative gain something for nothing? No. It is gambling; a win to-day and a loss to-morrow. Is the yield of a fraudulent deal something for nothing? No more than the spoil of a burglar. It involves the loss of security, reputation, self-respect. Then, as the run of people think of it, there is no such thing as profit.

The investor foregoes the immediate enjoyment of his property, and takes the chance of losing it. He gives us the use, he saves for us the increase, of the fruitful thing he controls, and he will submit, if the fortunes of commerce so decree, to its annihilation. For this, in the long run, he gets very little; just wages for the time he spends managing his estate, and perhaps a little better than savings-bank interest. If occasionally he gets a big gain, it is compensation to him for having made possible a greater extraordinary gain to the community in general.

The flow of commerce is like the course of a river. By age-long reactions, automatically compensating and self-adjusting, a condition is reached that is forever closer and closer approaching the smoothness of fluid stability. Any intervention from outside, short of regulation from start to finish, comprehensive and of scientifically correct design, serves only to provoke the retaliation of nature, as surely as a bucket of quicksilver will squirt out somewhere, if you try to compress it by sitting in it.

There was a shallow place in our stream here a year ago. During the spring freshet a tree fell across and

effectually deepened that spot. The current, forced under, did a good job of excavating; using the material to construct a brand new and annoying sand bar at the next quiet stretch below. Our ventures at correcting imperfections in the development of business often work out effects of the same sort.

For instance, all employers but the most benighted now understand that piece-work rates are not to be cut. This is the way it works. John Anderson has a man turning out ten pieces of work a day, on the average, for a daily wage of two dollars. He gets a rush order, and he says, "Lester, if you'll hurry, I'll pay you eighteen cents a piece for all you do." Lester awakens to an interest in life, and after a bit John discovers that he is doing twenty pieces, earning three dollars and sixty cents a day. John is saving two cents of direct labor cost on each piece, and he has doubled his output without increasing his plant, and without increasing any expenditure for light, heat, taxes, supervision, and the rest of the hideous items that pile up his expense. It is a good thing all round.

But before long John begins to take his share of the benefit for granted, and to wonder what Lester is doing with all his money. John can not make it seem right that a common two dollar man should be drawing three dollars and sixty cents every day, and enjoying good health. He concludes he has made a woeful blunder, a simple error in calculation, and that Lester is very un-sportsmanlike in taking such continued advantage of it. John feels that Lester should really always be grateful for being allowed to reap the benefit of John's indulgent heedlessness so long. It is absolutely an unheard-of thing, you know, for such a fellow to be making over two dollars. It must have a demoralizing effect on him, too.

So John lowers the price to ten cents, and Lester works just twice as hard for his two dollars a day as he did in the first place. The joy is gone out of his life. And for himself John has killed the golden goose. The next time

(or it may be the third or fourth time; some kinds of fish will swallow the same bait more than once) that he applies the stimulus of piece-work it does not stimulate. The men have learned that two dollars a day is their limit, and they take pains not to earn any more. When John wants to increase production, now, he buys more land, more buildings, more machinery, and pays for the education of green men.

Employers who have learned their trade are not caught that way. The more money their men earn, the better they like it. But the State, as an employer of public service corporations, is showing less foresight than Mr. Anderson. He never announced in advance that there would be a penalty for effective work.

We say to transportation and lighting companies, "Look out. If you earn over six per cent we are going to cut your rates, so you will have to exert yourselves harder to earn six per cent next year." When we give any man the chance to choose between earning seven per cent this year, by sweating hard, and five per cent next year, and indefinitely, by the same sweat; and the alternative of earning five and nine-tenths per cent every year, eased up, it is fair to expect that he will naturally ease up.

I have heard of a little inter-county railroad living under such a threat. The rumor is that they once discontinued a profitable passenger run, to the serious annoyance of their people, to avoid making too much money.

In such a case there is no incentive to economy. Waste is no crime. There is no eagerness to beat last year's record, no tension to keep the force keyed up where it should be. Achievement is penalized. The company does not care for improvements. The life is gone out of the organization; it is eased up — slack. And the public pays.

Some communities have been awakened to this, and

have worked out arrangements for splitting increased earnings between the corporation and the public, in much the same way that modern management uses in dividing savings between employer and wage earner. But such keenness is not usual. Public business methods that do not lag behind enlightened private practice are rare.

Are you impatient, when you buy farm produce, because the composite middleman gets a larger share of the retail price than the farmer gets? Well, the farmer plants, cultivates, harvests, and delivers at the railroad, all in one compact bulk. Then he is done. The middlemen inspect, transport, store, transport to retailers, store again, inspect again in detail, take the loss on spoiled goods, distribute to a hundred households, collect the money. The farmer might do these things if he would, and have the middleman's spoil for himself. It would not pay him wages.

A man and a team, if there were no profitable use for them on the farm, command in the produce season from three and a half to six dollars a day of some contractor's or road builder's money almost any day and anywhere. The farmer is at liberty to peddle his produce. He must add to his prices, then, enough to cover his lost time, his unsalable remainder at the end of the day, and the distastefulness of the work of peddling. If this left his prices still below those of the grocer to you, no doubt the traffic would be going on in that way to-day. Farmers are not blind to opportunity.

If it strikes you as an outrage that fresh eggs should be forty cents at retail in your city the same day they are thirty-five in the village six miles away, try this. Hire a man at two dollars a day to buy eggs in the country and ship them to you. Hire a man and a wagon in town at four dollars to deliver them. You will not need to pay any rent or insurance or any of those things. After the first bare hundred and twenty dozen each day, if your

men do not break any of the eggs, you will have five cents from every dozen to give to charity.

The truth is, an egg in town is worth more money than an egg in the country, just as truly as a melon is worth more on the vine in August than it is in the seed in March. In taking an egg to town you add to it what the economists call utility of place. You give it availability. Potentially, a melon seed is a vine of melons. Potentially only, an egg in the farmer's cellar or in the bucket under the counter of the country merchant is the same as an egg in your ice box. We are willing to pay the farmer for converting the melon seed into melons; we are willing to pay his wife for supervising the transformation of chicken feed into eggs. Why not pay the commission man and the railroad and the grocer for their work in turning a useless egg into a useful one?

The economists would clear up a good many of these points, if they were a little better hammock reading. For instance, why own a home when you may pay rent? The rent you pay goes into the landlord's bag. Out of the bag come taxes, insurance and repairs. What is left the landlord may spend, and it amounts to less than fair interest on his investment.

If you doubt this, ask your banker what sort of an investment well built residence property is, aside from its speculative phase. If you buy the place, you pay interest (or lose it from your income, if you pay cash from your savings), and you pay the taxes, insurance, and repair bills yourself. What is the gain to you in money?

We have a shoe dealer on a second floor down town who says: "Climb a flight and save a dollar. The other people have to charge high prices because they pay more rent." Take it from Adam Smith, there is a flaw in that reasoning. Being on the second floor does not give that dealer any advantage over his competitors. If it did, they would all be up there, or on the third or fourth. You do not buy a beefsteak for less money on account of its being

raised over in the back township seven miles from the railroad, where land is cheap.

There may be something in the shoe man's argument. Possibly he is a pioneer in a movement that will end in the more general utilization of second floors for small retail establishments. But as he states the proposition, it is not valid.

What he wants you to believe is that rent is a cause, having its effect in the price of shoes. What the economists prove is that the price of shoes is the result of the action of supply and demand in the shoe market, while the rent of any location is the result (not a cause at all of anything, but an effect) of some peculiar benefit conferred by that location on the people who have the privilege of using it. If there is a difference in prices due to the locations, it does not mean that the man downstairs is forced to ask more; it means that the man upstairs is forced to take less. A shoe store on the ground floor pays more rent than one above, not because the landlord's fancy happened to wander that way, but because it is easier to sell shoes close to the sidewalk. Our friend up a flight must expend in extra selling effort all he saves in rent. He must buy newspaper space to do the work of show windows, for one thing.

The selling price of any commodity is the result of the complex and involved interaction of the number of buyers in the market, the number of sellers, their necessities and limitations, modified by their bargaining skill. If we traced it to the end this would be a text-book. But two or three steps will show the weave of the thing.

You have a horse to sell, and the least money you can accept is eighty dollars. I am in the market to buy, and my limit is eighty dollars. If we meet, and have the market to ourselves, we deal, sooner or later, at eighty dollars. That is simple and plain. But if another seller enters the negotiations who will sell, if he must, at seventy dollars, the horses being of equal values, I shall surely

deal with him, at an undetermined price somewhere between seventy dollars and eighty, depending on which of us puts up the better bluff. On the other hand, any number of sellers may offer horses at prices as low as eighty-five dollars, and any number of buyers may bid a maximum of sixty-nine, without affecting either the number of sales or the current price. That is going far enough to show how the affair tangles itself up.

The basic fallacy lies in assuming that the prices other people, especially employers, pay, and the prices people other than ourselves secure for their merchandise are arbitrary, subject to manipulation, high or low like the flame of a gas jet. We know, each of us, that for ourselves we take what we can get, for labor, professional service, or funds invested; and we pay what we must when we buy. But we feel that somehow the other people have the dice loaded.

A frank old partner of Mr. Carnegie's, I think it was, got on his feet at a board meeting and announced his policy. "What we want is prices to go up, and costs to go down." Of course. That is what we all want. The social uplifter wants the price of labor to go up, and the cost of its subsistence to go down. I heard once in a conference a plea for a costly change in policy, with the supplementary suggestion that naturally the cost would be made up by an increase in prices. The Old Man smiled a smile and said, "If we are in position to advance prices, let's advance them anyway, and divide the money."

Such unnatural monsters as monopolies of necessities of life we have not considered. They are out of our reach, of course. We must recognize, while we are referring to them, that the large corporations we familiarly speak of as trusts do not come anywhere near being all monopolies.

But monopolies of things people do fairly well without, are not exceptions. I bought a patent bass bait last summer for seventy-five cents which I unreservedly be-

lieve gave somebody a margin of seventy-two cents. But that man will never know whether he acted wisely. He may to-day be tortured by a horrid suspicion that he might have sold ten times as many baits at a profit of fifteen cents, and made twice as much money.

But did he not make a pile of easy money as it was? I understand so; more or less of a pile. But then likely enough he lost it all trying to sell some other baits that the fish did not like. We have to look at these things in a broad way. In spite of the fact that I once saw one up a tree, I will hazard the unqualified assertion that woodchucks live on the ground. It is true there have always been instances of easy gains, as there have been reckless gamblers of all sorts who have sometimes won.

But the facts are these.

We buy at a price we do not control, except in so far as our bidding has tended to increase it. We sell at a price about which we have nothing to say, except that our entrance into the market has had more or less influence to lower it. Between the two we must insert our expense, and then, if there is room, our profit. Compression of the expense — which is management — is what makes room for profit.

Now go one step farther with me, and please do not lose this. *It is to the interest of us all that there shall be profit.* Remember that legitimate competitive profit, made without fraud, does not and can not, as a broad proposition, mean anything but good management. It is no indication of the grinding of labor or of whip-sawed consumers. And the more money there is made, in any branch of commerce, the more adventuring capital will be attracted into it, the more the selling price of the product must be forced down, and the greater must be the portion of it that is transmitted to labor.

ON BEING A PROFESSOR

Some Remarks on Education by one whose Early Training was not of the Best

SOCRATES. About what does the Sophist make a man eloquent? The player on the lyre may be supposed to make a man eloquent about that which he understands, that is about playing the lyre. Is not that so?

HIPPOCRATES. Yes.

SOCRATES. Then about what does the Sophist make him eloquent? Must not he make him eloquent in that which he understands?

HIPPOCRATES. Yes, that may be assumed.

SOCRATES. And what is that which the Sophist knows and makes his disciple know?

HIPPOCRATES. Indeed, that I cannot tell.

I

A MINOR use of newspapers and magazines is that they often convey information about a man which the man himself would never acquire by observation and experience alone. It was in this way, through the invaluable pages of the *Atlantic Monthly* and other periodicals, that I first learned of the forlorn state of that ancient, and once honorable, company of College Professors. Notwithstanding the unselfish devotion with which they pursue a noble calling, so at least I was led to infer, Professors are frequently without influence in their own communities, only by close and even humiliating economies have occasionally a little free pocket money, and generally speaking are unable, for financial reasons mainly, to cultivate the tranquil mind or properly to nourish what the Germans call the inner life. Having myself been a professor for some years, plodding along contentedly enough for the

most part, I was extremely sorry to hear — as I say from the periodicals — of my present lamentable situation.

How I came to join this unfortunate class may perhaps be of some sociological interest, particularly so since my earliest impression of the professor should have prejudiced me for life against the calling. It was as a lad that I came to know a lean little old man, in ancient shiny frock coat, who came every Spring to prepare our fire wood. He sawed wood for a living; but by profession was a weather prophet. When he went down the street people were expected to observe him. If he went free handed you were to know that the day would be fine; but he reserved a plentiful supply of biting sarcasm for those who ventured forth unprotected, even on a cloudless day, after having seen him pass with an umbrella. He was an excellent wood-sawyer; but it was the common belief in the community that as a weather prophet he was visionary, an incurable idealist, inefficient certainly to the last degree, and of no practical use whatever. In fact, the man was thought to be mildly demented; and so, by some sure popular instinct, everyone called him "Professor."

It was with no idea of fashioning myself upon this eccentric model of a man that I went to college. Nor yet was it with any particular profession in view; for I recall that nothing used to annoy me more than to have some respectable friend of the family inquire: "And what does the young man expect to do when he gets through college?" I rather hoped not to have to do anything; and if my parents did not share this hope, they were at least convinced, apart from any question of vocation, of the great advantage of possessing a "good education." I went to college, therefore, somewhat as a matter of course; not, certainly, to become a professor, but to obtain a good education. Whether this object was attained or not, the four years in college was to me a wonderful adventure in the wide world of the human spirit, an adventure which at the time seemed well worth while, quite apart from any

question of its practical application. In this idea, I was greatly encouraged by certain professors who seemed greatly interested in my adventure, encouraging it for all they were worth. And these men had an insidious fascination for me because, contrary to all I had supposed, they were not mere road guides, uninterested in the country because they knew it by heart, mechanically directing travellers as part of the day's work, and collecting a fee for services rendered; but, like the several Knights in the *Faerie Queene*, were themselves impelled by some inner daemon to venture beyond the beaten paths, scarcely knowing whither they were going or what they might find, but pursuing still, seemingly interested rather in the search itself than in the end of it. And so they welcomed me, content that I should seek for something even if I found it not. What I should seek, or where I might find it, they never told me; but by subtle suggestion, and still subtler example, contrived to give to my quest a certain direction.

It is impertinent to this sad tale to describe the many interesting countries into which my adventure took me: as, for example, the country of Philosophy, into which so many well defined but long since abandoned roads led, all taking different directions but coming out at the same place, the place called Nowhere, in which many people serenely sat doing nothing in particular; or that other and quite different country of History, where there were only innumerable, intricately threaded faint paths, leading to the place called Everywhere, in which were all sorts of people busily engaged in doing nothing in general. Suffice it to say that the four years were up before I had more than begun to get the lay of the land. Less than ever did I desire to return to the known world and tread in monotonous routine the dusty streets of Now and Here. How fine, I thought, to remain always in this unknown country! How fine not to have "to do" anything! And one day it dawned upon me that this was precisely the case of

my admired professors. Here they were, confined for life in this delightful country of the mind, with nothing "to do," privileged to go on as best they could with the great adventure. From that moment I was a lost man. I was bound to become a professor.

II

By great good luck and much plodding industry this honorable distinction was attained in due course. In the process of attaining it, doubtless much of the glamor that in youthful student days had hung mistily about the position was inevitably dispelled. And yet I was greatly content with my bargain. Fortune had happily placed me in an agreeable corner of the world; and I reflected, with Bishop Butler, that in a universe such as this is, inhabited by a creature such as man is, not all things are ordered as one might wish; so that in the course of some years I made those adjustments to the resistant facts of reality which most aspiring youths have to make. But all this is nothing to the point, except to say that it was during these years, and as a part of this adjustment, that I became aware of two profound truths; truths which were obvious enough indeed, but to which I had hitherto given but slight attention.

It need not be said that professors are an extremely impractical people; absent minded, as even the comic papers have found out, continually occupied with profound excogitations, and inclined, therefore, to take the world, and their place in it, very much for granted. Thus it happened that in our university one of the profound truths to which I have referred would probably not have been noticed by any member of the faculty, had it not been so often explained by the president, and with earnestness and eloquence elucidated at commencement time, and on other festival occasions, when noted local statesmen, successful business men, and pedagogical experts

were found willing to turn aside from the pressing duties of real life to consider for a brief hour the fundamental problems of higher education. The truth which was thus so often elaborated, I cannot pretend to phrase as happily as I have often heard it phrased; but what I understood these clever men to say was that the state paid me a salary for which some equivalent might reasonably be expected in return.

By the nature of their duties being often required to give long and profound consideration to matters of no great importance, professors are more disposed than other men to meditate at leisure those ideas of vital significance which occasionally come their way. This new idea I therefore looked at for a long time from every point of view. That the state paid me a salary, could not be denied; that some equivalent might reasonably be expected in return appeared to be, the more I turned it over, an eminently just conclusion. From the first the proposition as a whole won my complete assent; and my attention was chiefly occupied with some of its more obscure implications; as, for example, was I by any chance already rendering any service in return for my salary? If so, was the salary equal to the service rendered? Should the work of a professor be of a nature, or should it not be of a nature, to be easily measured in terms of money? And in either case what was that work? These questions gave me much concern. At best, certainly, the professor's salary could not be regarded as princely. Did not someone once say that professors, of all able men the most poorly paid, might all be making a great deal of money had they not chosen to renounce the lower for the higher life? I must confess that this attractive idea, to which I sometimes timidly assented, did not in the end prove altogether convincing, and it had besides the disadvantage of not being relevant. It did not alter the fact that I was not a lawyer, or a captain of industry, or a plumber, but a professor; one of those, if you will, who had voluntarily renounced the pur-

suit of gain; and having done so it seemed to me that I must perforce face the practical question of what was the service, if any, which I rendered for the salary, such as it was, which the state did unquestionably pay over to me.

Much light was shed on these perplexing problems by that other profound truth which was explained to us, with rather more elaboration than the first, by the free spirits of the uncloistered outside world. We were assured that, whereas the knowledge acquired by students from learned professors was an excellent thing in itself, and even a necessary part of a liberal education, it still remained true, inasmuch as this knowledge would inevitably slip from the mind after a time, that the chief value of four years in college was not so much the result of any mere book learning as it was of the daily contact with men and affairs outside the class room. The college career, rather than the college course, was the thing: the friendships formed in chapter house and boarding club, the experience gained on the campus and the athletic field, all the varied activities of the four fruitful years spent on this mimic stage of the world, — these would prove of chief value in real life; and it was the fond memory of these activities that would remain with the alumnus, returning after many years to his alma mater, to remind him of his membership in the company of the liberally educated.

This idea, even the first time I heard it presented, did not, somehow or other, strike me as altogether novel. Many students seemed often so much more alert in conducting an election than in writing an essay, appeared so much more intelligent in discussing gridiron conflicts than in describing the Wars of Religion, and in general took their class work with such settled even if commendable resignation, that I had sometimes wondered whether they did not learn more from each other than from the faculty. Not that the students, I imagined, were more to blame than their instructors. The average man does not hunger

and thirst after knowledge any more than after righteousness. The writing of an essay, when everything is said, is a task like any other. The Wars of Religion are dull enough in all conscience. And if it be true, as I have heard said, that the born teacher is one who each day "sets his students' imagination aflame," I had to confess that the born teacher is very rare. Of course I took the conventional, academic view that the situation, whoever was to blame for it, was one to be deplored, and corrected if possible. Like the British House of Commons on a famous occasion, I often highly resolved that the evil had increased, was increasing, and ought to be diminished, without seeing very clearly how that desired end might be attained. It was very consoling, therefore, to learn that there was no call to be distressed, that the situation, on the whole, was quite as it should be. I was reminded of the well known epigram which has it that Harvard would be a great university if it were not for the students; and I wondered if it would not be more modern to say that Harvard, or Kansas, would be a great university if it were not for the professors.

Personally, I thought it would be perplexing indeed if it should turn out so; and I was more than ever concerned to know what it was that a professor, paid by the state, had to do with these young people, so terribly at ease in Zion, who in increasing numbers assembled every year at the university to educate themselves. How many of them came to college, and how many were only sent? They seemed not to be in any sense a picked or chosen company. They were just Everybody's children, who often replied, when I casually asked them why they came to college, that they "just came;" and who sometimes asked me in return if it was not a good place to come to. I could not deny it, I who had gone to college without knowing why. Sometimes I passed them in review, as it were, searching for those of whom one could say, "the university is a bad place for you." There were those aspiring youths

who could not decide in what branch of human learning they preferred to specialize, and with irresolution drifted from mathematics to history, from history to sociology, and so on to journalism. There were the engaging, well set up chaps, ambitious to be thought men of the world, who were willing, without fear and without research, to take on a little general culture, but who seemed to think it not quite good form to know anything for certain. There were the more serious youths who deeply pondered the problem of existence. Very modern in their ideas of Social Service, wishing not to be thought irreligious although not subscribing to any formal creed, they appeared to enjoy a high sense of having reconciled all the antinomies, inasmuch as they willingly accepted, with certain reservations, the doctrine of evolution, and yet found it not inconsistent, to be present at meetings designed to promote the cause of true Christianity through the discussion of "Jesus Christ as Head Coach," or other up to date and opportune topics. No, I could not deny that, for all of these, the university was a good place to be. Least of all, perhaps, could I deny it in the case of that multitude of trim-frocked young women, bubbling over with health and the joy of living, who invaded and seemed to possess the university; who so obviously found it a good place to be; so excellent a place in which to be initiated into literature and the fine arts, into history and the social sciences, and into a sorority; those devotees of fashion and the higher life who were equally chagrined at failing to receive a high grade or an invitation to the party, who attended classes so regularly, took notes so assiduously, and were often able to reply so neatly to every sort of question — of which they had learned the answer. For all of these excellent children, whom one never expected to step out of the beaten path or peep over the edge of a conventional idea, the university was at least not a bad place in which to be. But then what of the illustrious minority, the saving remnant of young men and

women who were not content to skirt the outer edge of the intellectual country? A few there were always with the genuine curiosity of the scholar; a few who wished not merely to seek wisdom but to pursue it as well. To all such I confess I was ever partial, delighted to find them interested in knowledge for its own sake rather than for the sake of a grade. I never knowingly did anything to discourage their fondness for useless ideas, or to check the instinctive aptitude which they sometimes exhibited for every kind of heresy. These were the pupils whose imagination the born teacher might each day set aflame. These were the pupils who would go far if the pace was properly set. But in that case the others, left far behind without a guide, would be in danger of altogether losing their way. Here they were then, pellmell, Everybody's children in Everybody's university; and the professor, comfortably drawing his salary month by month, had to decide whether he could best serve the state by attending mainly to the great majority or by attending mainly to the saving remnant. The professor had to decide whether he would endeavor to make the university a school of higher education or merely a higher school of education.

The answer to this question I found by no means easy. In a community saturated with the sentiment of democracy it might seem to go without saying that if the people wished to maintain a great public playground where a little useful information, neither dangerous nor too esoteric, could be picked up by the way, the paid professor was there to give them what they wanted. And yet, in this community whose democracy was touched with idealism, it seemed reasonable to suppose that intelligent people who sent their children to the university would desire for them the higher education in some serious sense. At least I could not think that the "Old Grad," even if he did customarily discourse longer on football than on Latin, really supposed that the university was maintained at

great expense primarily for the practice of the new dances or the cultivation of college spirit. I came therefore to the conclusion, without being very sure of its being the right one, that the professor might safely concern himself with intellectual interests rather than with "student interests," and with a good conscience give his best efforts to those pupils (a considerable number after all, if one allowed for the natural conservatism of the normal young fellows who wish not to appear conspicuous), who were capable of serious intellectual effort, allowing the others to come and go, without too rigid inquiry into their attainments, on the assumption that four years in college could not, on almost any terms, do them any great harm.

In this opinion I long continued, and should doubtless have persisted to this day, had it not been for a new order of ideas which began to make its way into the quiet academic world. It must have been about the year 1910, or some such inconvenient date, that I began to have an uneasy sense of things gone wrong; and I was shortly made aware that the question had not to do with the students but with me; the real question was not whether I should concern myself with serious intellectual interests, but whether the intellectual interests with which I had so long concerned myself were in fact serious. Let the professor work his students as much as he liked; it was still pertinent, I found, to ask of what practical benefit was all this endeavor. I had considered the whole question from the point of view of the efficiency of the students, and all this it now turned out was a great mistake; what I should in fact have asked was whether the professor himself was efficient.

Like the good John Bunyan, I was now much "tumbled up and down in my mind." As soon as I felt the edge of that word efficiency, I knew there was sharp work to be done. A word so self-contained, yet so little restful; a word so keen and precise; a word so firm and metallic, so hard and yet so resilient, would surely cut straight and

ruthlessly through all that was vague and uncertain in the world, would prick every bubble of speculative thinking, expose all soft idealisms, and open up those obscure and shaded nooks of the human mind where emotion keeps its day, and energy is dissipated in the vain striving after impossible things. Suddenly confronted with this uncompromising word, there was little I could set down in extenuation. All the vague adumbrations of ideas with which I had puffed up my soul in vanity, weighed in the balance against this word, were found but trifles light as air. There was nothing for it but to surrender at discretion; to begin life over; to find out, first of all, what efficient education was like, and then what I might do in the way of promoting it.

III

Left to myself I should most probably have gone wrong. Fortunately, I was not left to myself. A great number of disquisitions, on efficiency in general and on educational efficiency in particular, exposed the theory of the thing; while certain changes in the traditional college curriculum, changes which, unperceived by me, had been going on for many years, furnished examples of its practical application. Instructed in theory and fortified by concrete illustration, I soon learned to detect the efficiency expert, or any fair specimen of his work, entirely unaided, and with what seemed to me a commendable degree of precision. My success in this matter was doubtless due to the habit of employing, out of many tests, three principal ones, which it was said should be applied to determine the efficiency of every sort of activity. These tests may be conveniently put in the form of questions; so that one is always on the right track in asking, of any educational institution or course of study, whether it has a practical value, whether it has a measurable value, and whether its value is equal to its cost. I must confess that for a long

time the whole business was a purely empirical process on my part; but in time I came to see that these three excellent tests, far from being mere arbitrary rules of thumb, were all clearly derived from a single fundamental principle, a principle which had the advantage of being grounded in revelation as well as in reason, the principle, namely, that education has to do primarily with the things that are seen and temporal rather than with the things that are unseen and eternal.

That this way of regarding the matter had so long escaped me is perhaps not so inexplicable as one would suppose. My failure was doubtless due to excessive preoccupation with the dead past. As a student of history I had been much impressed with a distinction, over subtle no doubt, which old Martin Luther, and Socrates before him, attempted to draw between the inner or spiritual man and the outer or temporal man. Men whom the world had fallen into the habit of calling great had made so much of this distinction that I also, being somewhat conventionally minded, came to regard it as of great importance. From all I could learn, I imagined that if history had any meaning, if the study of the past revealed anything which we could safely speak of as "progress" or "development," it was to be found precisely in this painfully won, even if inadequate, separation of the inner from the outer man, and in the subordination, as yet only partially effective to be sure, of material to spiritual values. Such limited experience as I had had, confirmed by the opinions of reputed wise men in all ages, led me to suppose that spiritual and material values were of a different order altogether, and that the former could neither be fostered nor measured by means that were appropriate to the latter. Preoccupied with these not very precise ideas, I suppose it never occurred to me to ask whether schools and churches, or the intellectual activities which seem always in some fashion connected with them, were efficient, or whether they were worth all they cost. I had rather thought of

354 The Unpopular Review

such institutions and activities as devoted to fostering those ideal interests which humanity seemed to find indispensable; as devoted to preserving and promoting, certainly never as effectively as could be wished, that indefinable thing called wisdom or virtue, which, as Socrates said, is "surely the one true coin for which all things should be exchanged."

Now, it had required no little courage to engage in the business of education on these terms. Strive as one might, profits were small, exceeding slow in the realization, and sometimes, even with the closest figuring, seemed to have altogether vanished. How elusive and intangible a thing was this wisdom, or liberal culture, in the service of which so many buildings were erected, so many salaries paid, so many unread books printed! As of old it could doubtless still be said that "wisdom crieth aloud, she uttereth her voice in the streets;" but though she might speak with the tongues of angels her message seemed too often all but lost in the noises of the forum or the market place. Where then was the professor to maintain that he had promoted understanding, or done effective battle against the plangent platitude or the pretentious humbug? Who could claim to demonstrate beyond peradventure that right reason followed in the wake of Latin composition, or that much study of history fostered the righteousness that exalteth a nation? On these terms it was difficult indeed for the professor to maintain his own worth, by his works to prove to the eye of sense that he was anything more than a late survival, a kind of tradition, as it were, which men repeat still, well aware that it has but a poetic significance.

With what relief then, with what a sense of assured results, might not the professor turn to a theory of education which, identifying the inner with the outer man, concerned itself with material and measurable realities! Now it was that I first fully grasped the profound significance of a saying of Pascal. "How rightly," he says,

“do men judge by external rather than by internal standards. Which of us two shall enter first? The most able? But I am as able as he: we should have to fight about that. He has four footmen, while I have but one. That is something which can be seen. There is nothing to do but to count. It is clearly my place to yield, and I am a fool if I contest it. Thus we remain at peace, the greatest of all possible blessings.” Applying this qualitative arithmetic, I found all the great problems of education much simplified, and placed in the way of an easy solution. One had only to count, an extremely easy thing to do, and very precise in its results. One had but to count the students in all the universities to determine which was the greatest university, the enrollment in all the courses to determine which was the best course. That student was the most liberally educated who obtained the best paying job. The ablest professor was the one who accumulated the most degrees, or printed the most books; while the most efficient was he who taught most hours in the day, or whose name was attended with the longest retinue of varied and noted activities.

“He has four footmen, while I have but one.” But why indeed should he have four since I have but one? Let us each have two, a very good number for any man, so that we may go in together, thus banishing jealousy and contention from the world. If this solution did not occur to Pascal, it was doubtless because he lived in an aristocratic age. But in our day it is difficult to imagine any other, or to conceive why it should not be applied to those institutions which, being supported by public taxation, are necessarily devoted to the promotion of equality. It seemed clear, therefore, that the efficiency of a university should be judged, not alone by the number of its activities, but also by the uniformity of its results. Formerly I had supposed this altogether impracticable; I now came to see that it was within the range of the possible. Organization and system, excellent and obtainable substitutes for in-

spiration, would do the business in the end. The university had in fact to be standardized. Let it but be provided with a sufficiently elaborated mechanism of coördinated and intricately reticulated compulsory and restrictive rules and regulations, and one could not doubt that professors would be made efficient in spite of themselves, or that students would become educated by passive resistance to an established routine. If all professors conducted their classes by the same method, and applied the same method in testing the attainments of their students; if no professor devoted more or less time than every other to supervising the work of his classes, if none made that work either more or less interesting, or failed to observe the rule requiring that a just percentage of his pupils should attain excellence in the end; why, in that case, one might look forward to the happy day when students would enter the Latin course as readily as the course in Oral Expression, being assured before hand that the chances of achieving the mental quality stamped Grade A would be precisely the same in the one course as in the other.

Excellent results such as these could not of course be obtained without excellent men. I was therefore well aware that for the standardization of the university a new type of men was needed: alert and active men, practical, hustling fellows, live wires; a different sort altogether from the traditional professor, hall-marked by a timid and casual air, over much given to "dreams and the reading of many books, in which are also divers vanities," as the Preacher says. But I had only to look around me to realize that the new professor was already on the ground. Everywhere there appeared to be an increasing number of efficiency experts: systematizers and methodologists, pedagogical statisticians, instructors who gave the impression of having reduced the art of teaching to the level of an exact science. Nor could I doubt that the New Professor was not only known but justified of his works. He everywhere brought with him new life and a sense of

lifted horizons, so that the task of disciplining the minds of students, and of fitting them at once for social service and a well paid job, seemed the least part of the professor's duties. I wonder now that any one could have thought to justify an expensive university so long as it aimed only to shape the thought and conduct of the rising generation! The New Professor taught us that the campus must be made coextensive with the commonwealth. Brought into contact with all the people, conferring upon them those material benefits which could be exactly measured, and once felt could not be forgot, the university would win their undivided allegiance, and would at last become, what its founders intended it to be, the palladium of all our liberties.

One could not long remain cold in the presence of such a splendid ideal as this; nor long refuse one's sympathy to the men who were engaged in providing the highly articulated organization which was necessary to attain it. I had long been sceptical of the possibility of advancing education through the multiplication of administrative devices; was doubtless a little repelled by the New Professor's complacent confidence in the efficacy of so much machinery; a little jealous, perhaps, on account of the instant applause with which his proposals were greeted by the many. And yet there was a compelling fascination about these men. The New Professor conducted himself with such a busy air of industry and of things accomplished; he spread about in the quiet academic world so bright a sense of precision and practicality and of workable mechanisms; he was so alertly on the job, foreseeing every difficulty only to dispose of it by a new device; was so earnestly methodical and so methodically earnest; was so furnished forth with profound and brightly furbished convictions, even about little things; and in general was so persistently up to the mark doing his level best, and sometimes a second best, in the search for a perfect educa-

358 The Unpopular Review

tional Schematism, that one could by no means refuse him a great admiration.

Admire him or not, I realized that the New Professor had come to stay. He was a part of the *Zeitgeist*, which it is useless to resist however little one may enjoy it. I recognized the New Professor as an embodiment of the *Zeitgeist* as soon as I realized that it was his foreordained mission to bring education into harmony with the main trend of thought in society at large. "The Jesuit," says Mr. Irving Babbitt, "unduly encouraged the individual in the hope that he might cast off the burden of his sin upon the priest;" and I have his word for it, although he is doubtless too little in sympathy with popular ideas to be a good judge, that the underlying notion of present day humanitarianism is to think, likewise, that the individual may "cast off his burden upon society." Doubtless no one has better expressed this fruitful idea than Rousseau: "Men are naturally good," he said; "it is society that corrupts them." Now I had always thought of Rousseau, taking credit to himself for all his virtues while laying all his vices to the account of his neighbors, as having invented a most easy solution for all our social problems. What could be happier then, than to apply this philosophy, everywhere so popular in the world at large, to the miniature world of the university? And this, it seemed to me, was precisely what the New Professor was up to: devising the perfect organization as a substitute for personal responsibility, thus enabling the student, and the professor too, rest his soul, to cast off the burden of education upon a vicariously mediating institution.

It was not difficult to foresee that our pupils, with the enthusiasm of youth, would readily adapt themselves to a philosophy of this sort. Occupied with many things, they would inevitably find inspection of the formal record much easier than self-examination as a test of excellence. Matters would be much simplified if students, delegating the

business of studying certain subjects to professors of established reputation, could take their education for granted as soon as they had obtained the credits necessary for a degree; if none could question their religion so long as they were down on the Registrar's books as having declared a preference for some or other denomination of professing Christians; if none could object to their conduct so long as they observed the rules laid down by the committee on social affairs. And if some failed, even on these terms, it was a great advantage to know that the fault was in the system and not in themselves. A recent contributor to the *Outlook* has described his own case, which was precisely of this sort, with admirable insight. At his university, he said, the professors were not inspiring, many student activities distracted his attention, an inequitable system of grading discouraged him, and in general the atmosphere of the place was not conducive to interest in serious things: for all these reasons he had "lost the capacity for work."

No one can deny that the young man had a just grievance; for it is a serious thing, in this busy world, to lose the capacity for work, and certainly an institution lacked efficiency in which four years' residence could give that result. On the other hand, it is right to point out that we have only recently begun to standardize our universities; and in matters of this sort not everything can be accomplished in the twinkling of an eye. Already, in the mere recognition that our fortune is in our stars not in ourselves, we have undoubtedly taken a long step forward. It remains only to define wisdom and virtue with complete elaboration in terms of the average social judgment. Then any student, or professor either, even the most indifferent, may lie down in the lap of the university in the confident expectation of being nursed into the achievement of something excellent.

IV

It must be confessed that we are still far from having attained this desirable condition, even in the middle west, which is well known to be a most progressive and enterprising community. Yet the movement is well under way; so well under way that I myself regard it, with admiration indeed, but with a certain resignation, as one who already thinks of himself as belonging to an older generation. I think it a great point in my favor that I clearly foresaw the passing of the old order, and that I did my best to adapt myself to the new. I tried desperately, for a long time, to acquire a new stock of ideas, to banish useless dreams, to take on at least such an appearance of efficiency as might enable me, under favorable circumstances, to pass muster before an inspector from the Carnegie Institution. It cannot be said that I achieved any great success. Doubtless I had been too long habituated to an older order of ideas; and it is well known that defects in early training, extremely difficult to overcome in later life, are likely to discount whatever native talent one may possess. Every year, therefore, I find myself falling farther and farther behind, relatively. It may be that I am more efficient than I was; but, compared with the truly competent, I know well that I am at best nothing more than "something just as good" as the genuine.

Sometimes I yield to the insidious temptation which induces a defeated man to disparage the merits of the victor, that he may regard his own defects as a finer kind of virtue. Is it perhaps after all true, I say to myself, that the more efficient education becomes, the less efficient become the educated? Is it true that spiritual benefits can be so precisely noted and set down in terms of material value? Perhaps, after all? — And so I deceive myself at times with formulating a kind of slave morality, well suited to flatter the vanity of one who has succumbed, in some measure, to men of super qualities. 'Tis but a harm-

less delusion! I know it well; and am resigned, on the whole, to the notion that I shall never be an efficient professor in a completely standardized university. I will do what I can, but hope to keep close in my sheltered corner, and to avoid, if possible, the Survey and the Questionnaire, well aware that they would expose all my counterfeit values to the curious inspection of an unsympathetic world. Already I remind myself, and in the future I doubt not I shall remind myself more and more, of the old "Professor" in shiny frock coat who came every Spring to prepare our fire wood. Like him I may, figuratively speaking, make a good living sawing wood; but like him also I foresee myself still nourishing certain fantastic ideas which the sympathetic will regard as harmless eccentricities, and the unfriendly as dangerous heresies. Such is the irony of fate! — that I should come to resemble the old Professor whom in my youth I thought so little admirable! As yet, it is true, I do not habitually wear a frock coat; but I console myself with the thought that everything comes to him who waits.

ON BEING A HERMIT

WHEN Mark Twain's Connecticut Yankee of the nineteenth century opened his eyes in the England of the sixth century, he found a world little scathed by comfort, science, or commonsense. He applied nineteenth century facts to sixth century superstitions with, it will be remembered, many entertaining results, but a final logical explosion. Now if the cases were reversed, and some well equipped persons of long ago found themselves unintentionally a part of the twentieth century, it is possible that with a little adjustment they would be able to practice their professions and trades without incommoding or irritating their neighbors: for beyond question a number of occupations that we think of as "lost" are in active service today. A change of name and address is the only real difference.

The alchemist and astrologer, for example, are easily recognizable in their modern form as laboratory research worker and weather prophet; the bellman reappears as a sandwich man or newsboy; the professional poisoner lurks within the evader of pure food regulations. The chapman has become a book agent; and the copyist and illuminator find employment in designing Christmas cards, posters and advertisements. Crusaders are still with us; Palestine has broadened to the world, and the Saracens have yielded place to politicians and proprietors of all kinds. The minstrel substitutes a rented auditorium for a castle hall, or makes himself ubiquitous by means of talking machines. Whipping-boys masquerade as presidents, kings, and generals, and wizards take out licenses under such names as Edison, Burbank, Wright, or Marconi. Pirates still operate, and pilgrims still wend their way to birthplaces, shrines, and tents-of-a-night.

It is clear, then, that all of these worn-out employments,

after being repaired a little and polished a trifle, are as good as new; but there is yet another occupation, popular for many centuries, that requires thorough renovation if not re-creation. I refer to the very ancient and always honorable calling of the hermit.

It is unaccountable that a profession so general, so accessible, so undemanding, should have been allowed to lapse. When one remembers that kings, priests, peasants and unassorted folk of every age and condition have been hermits, that no dowry or apprenticeship was ever required, that any tree or cave or stretch of desert sufficed for "plant," it seems wickedly wasteful that such an outlet for human peculiarities and possibilities should be barred.

Solitude, a hermit's first requisite, has always been a favorite subject for poets, essayists, and travelers. Among these last are many who are not actually averse to other company, but are quite comfortable without it. Borrow and Stevenson, for instance, always get on perfectly with Borrow and Stevenson. Possibly, indeed, the explanation of genuine solitaries lies in the fact that they do get on with themselves. That quality is vastly different from conceit. The person who likes himself excessively usually wishes to share his approval, but the person who merely "gets on with" himself can work or play, can be amused or bored, without the aid of an audience or a confidant.

Not only solitude in general, but solitaries in particular are a part of much of the writing of long ago. A collection of Hermitana should begin with Marco Sadeler's hermits, — the volume which Stevenson says he used to study every Sunday of his childhood: — "enchancing prints, full of wood and field and mediæval landscapes, as large as a county for the imagination to go a-traveling in."

In fiction, hermits are apt to act as picturesque supernumeraries. Is it necessary to marry or bury in haste? Behold a hermit is at hand. Must a secret be revealed or a document produced? A hermit stands at attention.

Is the author slightly embarrassed as to the disposal of a character? a hermit cell opens automatically. "All the fiction of the last age will vanish," asserts Dr. Johnson, "if you deprive them of a Hermit and a Wood, a Battle and a Shipwreck." Such hermits, though, are purely conventional: it is impossible to tell one from another. But occasionally fiction does permit a professional recluse to have personality. Johnson's own hermit, in *Rasselas*, is, for example, an honest human gentleman well worth meeting. He has had a past, acknowledges that his present is unsatisfactory, and sensibly arranges for a more congenial future.

The star hermits with a past are frequently not only spectacular, but aristocratic. Scott's hermit of Engaddi is far from commonplace either in his personal experience or in lineage. On one occasion when he and King Richard are conversing, the king remarks rather tactlessly that love and renown as a compensation for suffering can hardly be appreciated by the hermit.

"Do I not know — can I not estimate, — the value of minstrel's praise, and of ladies' love!" retorted the hermit. "King of England . . . the blood that boils in thy blue veins is not more noble than that which stagnates in mine." (There is nobody like Scott!) "Few and cold as the drops are, they are still of the royal Lusignan . . . I am — that is, I was when in the world — Alberich Mortemar —"

"Whose deeds," said Richard, "have so often filled Fame's Trumpet! . . . Could such a light as thine fall from the horizon of chivalry, and yet men be uncertain where its embers had alighted?"

The hermit relates his history, casually mentioning in the early part that "while the noblest ladies in Palestine strove which should weave garlands for my helmet, my love was fixed on a maiden of low degree." He concludes: "A fallen nun whose guilt was avenged by self-murder,

sleeps soundly in the vaults of Engaddi, while above her grave, gibbers, moans, and roars, a creature to whom but so much reason is left as may suffice to render him completely sensible to his fate!"

A greater variety of sin decorates the past of Sir Guy de Montfort whom T. S. Arthur long ago introduced to me in *Wilson's Intermediate Fifth Reader*. Sir Guy is responsible for (1) a lovely widow who "droops in Arnocastle;" (2) "the wild pang that snapped the heart strings of De Courcy's bride;" (3) "a shrieking maniac," the beautiful betrothed of Sir Gilbert de Marion. It was high time Sir Guy became a hermit.

Now Goldsmith's "gentle hermit of the vale" has not only a past — a mild one — but what is rare with hermits, a future. The charming youth who has taken refuge with this fortunate hermit, is revealed as a beautiful damsel whose one desire is to lay her down and die. Her love had already, because of her trifling, laid him down and died. But —

Forbid it, Heav'n! the Hermit cried,
 And clasped her to his breast,
 The wondering fair one turned to chide,
 'Twas Edwin's self that pressed.

Turn, Angelina, ever dear —
 My charmer, turn to see
 Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
 Restored to love and thee.

This is agreeable, very agreeable indeed. I know only one pleasanter mingling of the conventional and the unusual. The combination occurs in Chateaubriand's *Attala*. The hero and heroine (a Seminole and a Natchez) are lost in a marvellously tropical forest somewhere in what is now Tennessee. A hurricane adds to their discomfort. Fortunately, a hermit and a St. Bernard dog come to their aid, and the young people are guided through the brilliantly colored jungle to the hermitage. This

hermit, using accepted Alpine methods, devotes his life to the rescuing of lost travelers.

Our modern disregard of the possibilities of the hermit profession is especially incomprehensible in the light of our open acknowledgment of, even insistence upon, a quality that is an element of human nature. This quality goes by various names: isolation, for example, or aloofness, or wildness, or loneliness. Many authorities on the spiritual or nervous cost of living advocate separate beds, rooms, suites, even houses. Whole books are written about the remoteness of the Self, the isolation of the Soul. In present-day fiction the hero or heroine frequently declaims: "I must live my own life!", or "I must be alone to find out what I really am!"; and the husky young man or the lusty young woman flees as a bird to the mountain, the sea, or the plain, — returning, usually, with the determination to do whatever is particularly upsetting to those most nearly concerned.

With this increasing emphasis on the separateness of the individual may be noticed a lessening of emphasis on the unity of the family. The "family" ideal has undoubtedly dimmed. Once, every sacrifice was made to keep a family together, literally and figuratively, — irrespective of temperaments or tastes. Sisters were supposed to room with sisters, and brothers with brothers. The family lamp and the family hearth constituted an ironbound custom, any departure from which aroused expostulation if not condemnation. But today a recognition of personal privacy and preference (just the hermit-feeling) has noticeably affected the old convention of continuous physical proximity for those closely related. It is no longer indecorous to admit that blood relationship does not necessarily insure identical views as to food, ventilation, politics, or religion. Something has been lost, without doubt. The encouragement of the hermit quality until it becomes an exploitation of the Ego, gives

a special opportunity to selfishness and the ignoring of responsibility. But "pigs is pigs" anywhere, in any circumstances. A normal hermit can be quite happy in a normal family. It isn't so much that people wish to be alone, as that they wish to be let alone.

But strangely enough, in spite of this adherence to the principle, this encouragement and enjoyment, even exaggeration, of the thing itself, the profession of Hermiting (there should be such a noun) has no standing today. It seems to me, however, that properly godfathered, advertised, and financed, the profession might be revived. Of course I realize that few persons would, at first, desire to be hermits uninterruptedly; but I am sure that many persons would welcome the opportunity to be a hermit occasionally. Tom Sawyer yearned to die temporarily. Being a hermit occasionally would come near to filling that temporary need experienced by Tom — of bodily removal and freedom from accustomed tasks — which everybody has known, if we may judge by poets and philosophers, by our neighbors and ourselves. It is true that vacations and sanatoriums are already at the service of those who work or play too hard, but there is a fictitious air of gayety about the first, and a realistic emphasis on treatment in the second, that spoil both as a substitute for being a hermit.

Perhaps a term of Hermiting might be made compulsory on all citizens. That provision would do away with the embarrassment of absenting oneself from a world scornful and ignorant of hermit relaxations and employments. A required hiatus could be used for Repose, or could be filled practically with Best Books, Diets, Exercises, or other mortifications of the flesh and the spirit. Occasional Hermiting, moreover, might give opportunity to develop or appraise imagined ability. Most people suspect that they possess a latent gift which cruel circumstance has denied expression. Quite possibly the hermit

368 The Unpopular Review

would find that he was correct in his surmise as to personal genius, and the world would be richer for his discovery. But quite possible; too (and not less valuable), would be the enforced realization that the spark was not vital, but was merely a glow of appreciation, of refined taste. Chastened, the hermit would resume his accustomed mode of life. Or, if he were unwilling to relinquish the precious conviction of being ill-used, he could lament that his chance had come too late. Again, he might find that there was no genuine hermit quality in him, and that he had merely been sulky or discouraged or dyspeptic, and he would return to the world well pleased to be a part of it. Stockton tells, in *The Queen's Museum*, of a youth who was apprenticed to a hermit, but fortunately the boy found in time that his heart was not in his profession. He exchanged occupations with a robber chief, and was quite happy, especially — for he was a kindly youth — when he learned that the ex-robber was equally content; and, furthermore, that the hermit had never realized the substitution.

Hawthorne says that his Wakefield is not a hermit, — but he was. Nineteenth century conditions gave Wakefield no opportunity to develop according to recognized hermit requirements, yet he was certainly a hermit at heart. Wakefield, it will be remembered, was the gentleman who walked out of his house one day, and, twenty years later, walked in again. He had been living around the corner the entire twenty years. There was no particular reason for his going. He merely wished to get away. What we sentimentally call the *Wanderlust* has the same basis, an intense longing to go, not to a definite place, but to go away from any place that has a claim upon us or that can control our actions. Just to go somewhere, anywhere. A certain provincialism — “to get to go” — expresses this feeling. The emphasis in this idiom is always on the effort, the attempt, not by any chance on a destination. The victims of *Wanderlust* wish “to get to go.”

The word *Wanderlust* reminds me of someone I heard use it recently, a someone who gets on admirably both with himself and with an environment which would seem a fair substitute for the conventional mediæval-hermit background. He was twelve, my friend tells me, when the *Wanderlust* seized him in his native state of Pennsylvania, and haled him forth. The restlessness took him eventually to the Mississippi River, and, always alone, he made his way toward the gulf. The friendliness of New Orleans detained him some months. (Even mediæval hermits were willing to come in touch with the world now and then. Certainly Peter the Hermit emerged from his retirement to some purpose). He learned French, and became familiar with the fish trade of the section. Then he returned to his original form, as Stockton might say, and wandered west of the city through bayous and lakes and swamps and marshes until he came to Grande Île. That was in the fifties. He is still at Grande Île, now Americanized into Grand Isle. There have been intervals, for of course he fought through the Civil War, he has been back to Pennsylvania once or twice. But his legal domicile is Grand Isle.

In a certain section of south Louisiana the United States government has set apart a number of islands as bird reservations. There in security, the pelican, the egret, the blue heron may build their nests and rear their young. Game wardens enforce the law; and fish wardens patrol the bays and passes in behalf of oysters and shrimps. Now perhaps some day the government will set apart hermit reservations. They will not in the least resemble National Parks nor will they duplicate Rest Cures. They will be places selected for their beauty and worth where people may meditate, or create, or loaf, or toil, — by themselves. I haven't worked out the details yet; probably credentials will be necessary, and the matter of food and lodging may require a thought or two. But I know there will be wardens whose duty it will be to repel

promoters, to *viser* admission cards, and, doubtless, to settle disagreements between hermits. It is hardly necessary to say that the twentieth century hermit would be quite comfortable physically. Even Johnson's hermit had many ameliorations in his retreat, and when he concluded to renounce his profession he was able to begin the world anew with a quantity of gold which he had prudently concealed in the rocks. The Clerk of Copmanhurst was not unreasonably self-denying; and a strictly modern novel shows a hermit enjoying a cave that is equipped with rare rugs, silver basins, and a Malay valet.

There is, of course, nothing new in my idea about human reservations. Once upon a time, Cities of Refuge were in vogue; the Cave of Addullam was hospitably open; and churches have always offered some measure of respite. Many of these arrangements were made, I know, in the interests of murderers, but criminals today have wider, more congenial opportunities of disappearing, and I do not feel that it would be narrow minded or ungenerous to blacklist lawbreakers from my chain of twentieth century Addullams. There would have to be a chain of reservations: for in order to serve their purpose they should offer every form of natural scenery and every degree of temperature. Some people like life hot, of course, and some like it cold. Some like the landscape high, and some like it low. Some like the world round, and some like it flat.

In the event of the establishing of hermit reservations, I shall beg that Grand Isle may be the first place opened. It is all ready: not an oleander should be uprooted or a live oak straightened. I would not even alter a detail of the way that leads to Grand Isle. It is a waterway which begins at the Mississippi River, and for two miles goes straight along a canal bordered by slender brown cypresses that rise out of unbroken stretches of blue-lavender hyacinths up, up to the short green needled branches from which wave heavily, slowly, masses of soft curling

grey moss. Overhead, a strip of blue sky narrows and inclines until the boat enters Bayou Barataria. Then the live oaks stretch out great branches, and the blue is seen only in patches or through the green and grey above. For twelve hours (the distance between New Orleans and Grand Isle is, by air-line, fifty-nine miles) the intending hermit would steam in and out of oak-shadowed bayous; through level green marshes; past shrimp platforms (crowded with Malays, Chinamen, Indians, Negroes); over smooth, lazily washing lakes, around shell banks, — a possible pirate hoard under each; — until just after sunset he would come in sight of solid land. A long, narrow strip of land it is, shut in on one side by sea level marshes shot through with streaks of gold and green and rose and purple light, and on the other by blue, white-topped surf that has rolled from the Caribbean to pound heavily on the brown shell-less beach of Grand Isle. From the deck of the low lying boat that has brought him, the hermit would step into a skiff. This would take him within a dozen yards or so of land, and there he would climb to the floor of a wagon, and a mule would pull him jerkily, splashily to shore.

Even the swift far-south twilight would show him hedges of pink oleander and white-belled Spanish dagger. The hurrying stars, or — if he be so blessed — the moon, would aid him to pick his way along the top of narrow levees, over stiles, across house yards and through groves of slanting oaks. There are no roads on Grand Isle, nor is there a church, a hotel, a “movie,” a telegraph, or a telephone. But there is a postoffice, and within it my friend whom the *Wanderlust* once incited, lives as an adapted, modernized hermit. He has many books, he speaks many dialects, he knows many legends and histories. He has a past of action and of honor. In '61 he was a member of a dashing regiment of Zouaves recruited from the *chenières*, the bayous and the *prairies tremblantes*; he fought in great battles, he was captured, and

starved and shot at in prison; he knew the defeat of his Cause; and slowly, painfully, but never hopelessly, he made his way back to Grand Isle. His is the land of Lafitte and of lesser pirates, of Indian tradition, of Acadian fact, of swift, overwhelming tragedies of the sea. A few miles west of Grand Isle, is a short bare strip of sand that once was Île Dernière, — a low lying island, formed, tradition says, of dark green oaks, of rose-pink oleander, of shining sand, surrounded by a sea so blue that no man might tell where the heavens above met the waters beneath. There were days of warning wave and threatening cloud; and then a night of cataclysm. In his *Chita*, Lafcadio Hearne tells — no, paints — the story. But never has a tidal wave swept over Grand Isle. This island is high and firm, and along its length stands its seawall: a bulwark of live oaks, broad, low, bending away from the winds that blow from

The gates of gold
Beyond the Spanish Main.

Here I rest my case for the hermit. What I have tried to show is that the hermit-quality is as prevalent today as it was when prayer, fasting, and a desert were the conventional concomitants of a pronounced and prolonged desire for privacy. A once flourishing profession exists only as a figure of speech, as a phase of psychology. But exist it does, and exist it will. "As the old hermit of Prague, that man who never saw pen and ink . . . said . . . 'That that is, is.'"

I suppose I must not hope that the renovation and utilization of the hermit-idea will come swiftly. There is, I am forced to acknowledge, a wide spread, deeply rooted impression in regard to professional anchorites that does not differ materially from the point of view held by Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn.

"You see," said Tom, "people don't go much on hermits, nowadays, like they used to in old times, but a

pirate's always respected. And a hermit's got to sleep on the hardest place he can find, and put sackcloth and ashes on his head, and stand out in the rain —"

"What does he put sackcloth and ashes on his head for?" inquired Huck.

"I dono. But they've *got* to do it. Hermits always do. You'd have to do that if you was a hermit."

"Dern'd if I would," said Huck.

THE JOURNALIZATION OF AMERICAN LITERATURE

AFTER thirty years of pretty continuous reading in American literature I can say that never has the published output been so clever, so sparkling, so arresting as at the present moment, and never has it been so shallow and inconsequential. Literature that has any excellencies save the mechanical ones connected with the modern art of "putting it over" seems to be disappearing. In place of the great still books of the earlier periods, more and more are we getting literary journalism, — clever and animated little scraps in the place of fiction, sparkling shallowness, ephemeral smartness for the pulp-paper magazine and the Sunday Supplement.

This is a terrible indictment of a generation, especially if one will admit — and who will not? — that the soul of an epoch is to be found in its written product. Is the indictment too strong? For an answer we can do no better than study what undoubtedly is the leading literary success of the generation, the author who in the last seven years, according to the statement of his publishers, has sold one million, eight hundred thousand copies of his stories, — O. Henry, already crowned, it would seem, as an American classic.

Never has there been in America a literary arrival more startling and more complete than his. He appeared with the suddenness of a comet. Hardly had we learned of his existence and his name before he seemed to be filling the whole east. He was one William Sydney Porter we were told, a southerner who had seen rough life in the south-west, in Honduras, in South America, — tramp, cow-boy, adventurer, crude realist, who was bringing exotic atmospheres and breezy sections of life in uncharted regions west and south of the Caribbean. Then suddenly

we found him acclaimed — strange metamorphosis! — interpreter of New York City, Scheherazade of “little old Bagdad on the Hudson,” first licensed revealer of the real heart of the modern Babylon of the west, and then, before we could rub our eyes, we were told that he was dead. From *Cabbages and Kings*, his first book, to the end in 1910, was six years, — six years and ten volumes. Two posthumous issues there were, then a set of twelve, advertised everywhere as by “the Yankee de Maupasant,” and sold beyond belief.

But the mere selling of almost two million copies is not the remarkable thing about O. Henry: he has been given a place beside the masters. Editors of college texts are including his work among the classics. A recent book of selections from the work of the world's greatest short story writers includes only five Americans: Irving, Hawthorne, Poe, Bunner, O. Henry. The Professor of English literature in the University of Virginia, a scholar of note, has written a biography, and has justified himself with the dictum: “O. Henry's work remains the most solid fact to be reckoned with in the history of twentieth century literature.” At the dedication of the O. Henry memorial at Raleigh, North Carolina, in 1914, this critic had added him to the quartette of great American short story tellers: Irving, Poe, Hawthorne, Harte. An English edition of the stories has now appeared, and the Canadian critic, Stephen Leacock, in a essay entitled *The Amazing Genius of O. Henry*, has written: “The time is coming, let us hope, when the whole English-speaking world will recognize in him one of the great masters of modern literature.”

Manifestly, to study the work of this modern crowned classic is to study the minds of those who crowned him. Through the works of O. Henry one may estimate O. Henry's period, for a people and a generation are to be judged by what they enjoy, by what they teach in their schools and crown in their academies. Success like his

means imitators, a literary school, a standard of measurement.

The first approach to the man — the only approach until recently — must be through the twelve volumes of his writings. Read all of them if you would know him, but beware: they are intoxicating. One emerges from the twelfth book of the strange Harlequin epic completely upset, unable for a time rightly to evaluate, condemning, yet inclined by some strange wizardry to praise. Where else may one find such a melange, — stories bedeviled and poured into bomb-shells; traversities and extravaganzas; rollicking farce often as vulgarly grotesque as the picture supplement of the Sunday edition; short stories violating every canon of the text-book, yet so brilliant as to tempt one to form a new decalogue of the art; sketches, philosophizings, burlesque hilarious? What spirits! what eager zest in life! what curiosity! what boyish delight in the human show! one must go back to Dickens to match it. Not a dull page, not a sentence that does not rebound upon you like a boy's laugh, or startle you, or challenge you, or prod you unawares. It is strong meat prepared for jaded palates: there are no delicates flavors, no subtle spiceries, no refined and exquisite essences of style. Its tones are loud, its humor is exaggerated, its situations and characters extremes. It is pitched for men, for healthy, elemental men: men of the bar-room and the frontier. In no writings since Dickens does liquor flow so freely: — “drink shall swell the theme and be set forth in abundance” he cries in *The Rubaiyat of a Scotch Highball*. *The Fourth in Salvador* is the most besotted tale in modern literature. And yet, for all that, and notwithstanding the fact that the stories record life on isolated masculine ranches, in vice-reeking tropic towns, and the unspeakable areas of New York City, at every point that touches the feminine — paradox again! — the work is as clean as Emerson's. Not a page in the twelve volumes that may not be read aloud in the family circle.

Before one has spent an hour with the volumes, one is conscious of a strange duality in the work, one that must have had its origin in the man himself. It is as if a Hawthorne had sold his pen to Momus. There are paragraphs where the style attains a distinction rare anywhere in literature; one might cull extracts that would imply marvellous wholes. We realize that we are dealing with no uncouth ranchman who has literary aspirations, who writes in slang for want of legitimate vocabulary. We are in the hands of one who has read widely and well, one who has a vocabulary, not including his slang, which may be called unique, which may be compared indeed with that of a Pater or a James. His biographer records that for years the dictionary was his favorite reading, that he pored over it as one pores over a romance, and his reader may well believe it. One professor studies O. Henry for his vocabulary alone, for the marvellous power he has to capture the one fleeting word of all words for his purpose, for his ability to express in mere vocables the inexpressible. Is not a paragraph like this as unique as Charles Lamb?

In the restaurant of El Refugio are served compounds delightful to the palate of the man from Capricorn or Cancer. Altruism must halt the story thus long. On, diner, weary of the culinary subterfuges of the Gallic chef, hie thee to El Refugio! There only will you find a fish — bluefish, shad or pompanon from the gulf — baked after the Spanish method. Tomatoes give it color, individuality and soul; chili colorado bestows upon it zest, originality and fervor; unknown herbs furnish piquancy and mystery, and — but its crowning glory deserves a new sentence. Around it, above it, beneath it, in its vicinity! — but never in it — hovers an ethereal aura, an effluvium so rarefied and delicate that only the Society for Psychical Research could note its origin. Do not say that garlic is in the fish at El Refugio. It is not otherwise than as if the spirit of Garlic, flitting past, has wasted one kiss that lingers in the parsley-crowned dish as haunting as those kisses in life, “by hopeless fancy feigned on lips that are for others.” And then, when Conchito, the waiter, brings you a plate of brown frijoles and a carafe of wine

378 The Unpopular Review

that has never stood still beyond Oporto and El Refugio — ah, Dios!

This is how he describes a tropic sunset:

The day died in the lagoons and in the shadowed banana groves and in the mangrove swamps, where the great blue crabs were beginning to crawl to land for their nightly ramble. And it died, at last, upon the highest peaks. Then the brief twilight, ephemeral as the flight of a moth, came and went; the Southern Cross peeped with its topmost eye above a row of palms, and the fire-flies heralded with their torches the approach of soft-footed night.

But one catches only fitful glimpses of this more serious O. Henry. It is as if the Momus who ruled his pen nodded for a moment, seldom more than a moment. The sentence or the paragraph that starts in serious tone ends most often with impish laughter. Mark the Emersonian opening and the Harlequin close of a passage like this from *Squaring the Circle*. It is typical.

Nature moves in circles; art in straight lines. The natural is rounded; the artificial is made up of angles. A man lost in the snow, wanders, in spite of himself in perfect circles; the city man's feet, denaturalized by rectangular streets and floors, carry him ever away from himself. The round eyes of childhood typify innocence; the narrowed line of the flirt's optic proves the invasion of art. The horizontal mouth is the mark of determined cunning; who has not read Nature's most spontaneous lyric in lips rounded for the candid kiss? Beauty is Nature in perfection; circularity is its chief attribute. Behold the full moon, the enchanting golf ball, the domes of splendid temples, the huckle-berry pie, the wedding ring, the circus ring, the ring for the waiter, and the "round" of drinks.

We can never trust him. His tale of Southern life, *The Guardian of the Accolade*, beguiles us. It rings true; it is exquisitely told. Uncle Bushrod is as feelingly and convincingly drawn as any old regime negro in recent literature. The feeling grows as we read that we have discovered a classic; at last from O. Henry a work of serious art with no Harlequin tricks and no vaudeville.

Journalization of Our Literature 379

Then comes the final sentence — ah! the master it seems was *not* absconding with the bank funds after all; the old negro had not as he so fondly believed, rescued the family from the gulf of dishonor: he had only prevented his master from going on a fishing trip, and the satchel of supposed stolen bonds that he had secured so diplomatically and returned with such pride to the bank, — “there was two quarts of the finest old silk-velvet Bourbon in that satchel you ever wet your lips with.” We have been trifled with. We no longer think of it as an exquisite tale of the Old South: the author has degraded his art; deliberately has he fabricated the whole picture as a hoax, as a background for one single vulgar moment of surprise. One begins the next story with caution. The materials may promise to be of gold, but who may tell that it is not an impish trick? In *The Door of Unrest* we have a central idea worthy of a Hawthorne, but it is embroidered everywhere with cheapness. It is pure linen edged with bunting.

This duality — brilliancy and cheapness, sermons in motley, art verging ever into caricature — came not alone from the personality of the man: it came from his training and his times. To create an O. Henry there must be schooling in Texas, or if not in Texas then in some remote area of America where individualism is religion, and men live lives in the open and close to the primitive earth. Before he was twenty-one he had for two years observed, never as an active participator, the rough life on a sheep ranch in the heart of the south-west, and he had learned among other things how the primitive man laughs. Then for twelve years he had lived in Texas cities, — Austin, Houston, — surrounded by men who had been a part of the stormy, lawless days of the state. Western breeziness there was in these little cities, boundless spirits, hilarious optimism, sentiment. To O. Henry, born with soul as keenly sensitive to the incongruous as ever was Artemus Ward, it was school and college.

380 The Unpopular Review

His companions in every circle in which he ever lived considered him a humorist, a mimic, a joker, a caricaturist: he moved always in a gale of laughter. It showed him the way he was to go. As early as 1887 he was contributing his regular budget of jokes to the *Detroit Free Press*, and by 1895 he was editor and proprietor of a humorous journal of his own, *The Rolling Stone*, "out for the moss." A year it was before it ceased rolling, and then its editor transferred himself to the *Houston Daily Post* to take charge of a Eugene-Field-like column entitled *Tales of the Town*. There he might have remained until he died had not sudden good fortune in the form of seeming annihilating defeat overtaken him and torn him from the environment that threatened him. Until he was thirty-five O. Henry was a professional newspaper humorist of the frontier type, and, so far as concerns literature, he was nothing else.

This early training so colored all his later work that the twelve volumes of it are to be classified as humor rather than fiction. It is significant that when in 1903 his North Carolina *genre* story *The Whirligig of Life* was accepted by *Harper's Monthly* it was printed in *The Editor's Drawer*. He was a humorist more completely even than was Mark Twain, and, more than even Artemus Ward, was he indigenous to our own soil. His point of view, his atmospheres, his material, his characters, and the language they speak are all American and only American. His comparisons and allusions are always unique and always so redolent of our American life that translation into other languages must be all but impossible. Open at random for examples: "They're as full of apathy as a territorial delegate during the chaplain's prayer;" "They became inebriated with attention, like an Atlanta colonel listening to 'Marching through Georgia.'" He is a new name to be added to the group of peculiarly American literary comedians: John Phoenix, Artemus Ward, Mark Twain, Josh Billings.

Journalization of Our Literature 381

Original as he was, however, he added few devices to those already associated with distinctively American humor. He used exaggeration as outrageously as even John Phoenix or Mark Twain. He drove it to the utmost. A man has chills and fever: "He hadn't smiled in eight years. His face was three feet long, and it never moved except when it opened to take in quinine." The man with rheumatism, asked if he has ever rubbed the affected part with rattlesnake oil, replies: "If all the snakes I have used the oil of was strung out in a row they would reach eight times as far as Saturn and the rattles could be heard at Valparaiso, Indiana, and back." But there is a peculiar quality to his exaggerations that is individual as well as American. No man has ever used comparisons more original or more grotesquely incongruous; "She had hair the color of the back of a twenty-dollar gold certificate, blue eyes, and a system of beauty that would make the girl on the cover of a July magazine look like the cook on a Monongahela coal barge," or "He was the red-hottest Southerner that ever smelled mint. He made Stonewall Jackson and R. E. Lee look like abolitionists." The mark of O. Henry is upon such work as peculiarly and exclusively as is the mark of Artemus Ward on the speeches of the genial showman. He has too the American fondness for aphorisms, and at times he is as pregnant with quaint philosophy as Josh Billings: "A story with a moral appended is like the bill of a mosquito: it bores you, and then injects a stinging drop to irritate your conscience." "A straw vote only shows which way the hot air blows." Words in his hands are as wax. Open at random: everywhere malaproprieties, outrageous coinages, deliberate misquotations, and slang beyond the powers even of a George Ade, — no writer of his generation has been so startling. And not even John Phoenix has surpassed him in the American use of irreverence as a humorous device. To him nothing is sacred: "Be considerable moanin' of the bars when I put out to sea,"

soliloquizes the Toledo man dying with consumption, "I've patronized them pretty freely." He sometimes indulges in Biblical exegesis. He explains the fall of Samson: "She gave her old man a hair cut, and everybody knows what a man's head looks like after a woman cuts his hair. And then when the Pharisees came round to guy him he was so shamed he went to work and kicked the whole house down on top of the whole outfit."

But the comic device most affected by O. Henry, one that may be called his most prominent mannerism, is a variety of euphemism, the translating of simple words and phrases into resounding and inflated circumlocutions. So completely did this take hold of him that one finds it in almost every paragraph; all his characters speak in it as a kind of dialect. A waiter becomes "a friendly devil in a cabbage-scented hell;" a tramp is "a knight on a restless tour of the cities;" a remark about the weather is "a pleasant reference to meteorological conditions." Instead of saying that Mr. Brunelli fell in love with Katy, he says: "Mr. Brunelli, being impressionable and a Latin, fell to conjugating the verb *amare* with Katy in the objective case." A little of this is laughable, but O. Henry wears it threadbare. The plain statement, The woman looked over at him hoping he would invite her to a champagne dinner, becomes, "She turned languishing eyes upon him as a hopeful source of lobsters and the delectable, ascendant globules of effervescence." It is too much.

His humor is more forced, more deliberately artificial, than that of Mark Twain. It is the humor of one who is *trying* to be humorous. He is brilliant rather than droll. He makes use constantly of incongruous mixtures for the last outrageous ingredient of which you feel he must have ransacked his whole experience: "He seemed to me to be a sort of mixture of Maltese kitten, sensitive plant, and a member of a stranded 'Two Orphans' company;" "He was dressed somewhere between a Kansas City

detective, Buffalo Bill, and the town dog-catcher of Baton Rouge." One need illustrate no further. Everywhere incongruous association: "His hair was opalescent and his conversation fragmentary;" "She possessed two false teeth and a sympathetic heart." "He had gout very bad in one foot, a house near Gramercy Park, half a million dollars, and a daughter." It is as if he had paraphrased Sterne's dictum into "If I knew my reader could guess what is coming in the next sentence or even in the next phrase I would change it instantly."

But it is not with the literary comedians that O. Henry is being classed by the reading public who have crowned him: it is as a serious contributor to American fiction, as a short story writer *sui generis*, the creator of a new genre, a genius, an "American de Maupassant." Conservative criticism as always has been inclined to wait: a comet be it ever so brilliant fades if you give it time, but the hand of the critic of O. Henry has been forced. It becomes impossible to ignore the voices of the times that greet us everywhere, — in university and public library, in home and club and barber shop, in the work of even the critics themselves. What of O. Henry as the writer of American short stories?

With Professor Smith's biography has come a document of peculiar value for our study, the author's own list of his first twelve stories in the order they were written during the years 1898 to 1901 while he was an inmate of the Ohio State prison. It seems that *Whistling Dick's Christmas Stocking*, which was published in *McClure's Magazine* in December, 1899, the story that first introduced him to northern readers, was the beginning of his work, and as we read we feel it was by no accident that it was accepted and published by the magazine which was among the earliest to popularize its subscription price and journalize its literary content.

The story was in the new field of fiction which had been opened by Kipling. Beginning with the closing years of

the century had come the demand for the concrete, for exciting stories by writers who had been a part of what they wrote, — Jack London from Alaska, Davis from South America, and the like. A fiction writer to hold his readers must have had an unusual experience in a new and picturesque area.

Quaeque ipsi miserrima vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui.

The new tale with the strange name of O. Henry instantly gained a hearing because of the strangeness and freshness of its content. It seemed to deal realistically with the winter exodus of tramps to New Orleans, and it was told apparently by one who had himself been a tramp and who spoke with authority.

The story discloses much. It tells us for one thing that the transition from Sydney Porter, the Texas newspaper paragrapher, to O. Henry the short story writer, came through the medium of Bret Harte's California tales. Like Harte's work, it is a story of sentiment, theatric rather than realistic, theatric even to the point of falsehood. The central incident is not only absurd, it is impossible: one stocking from a new pair — are not new stockings usually fastened together at the toe? — works out of the large bundle of Christmas goods lying at the bottom of the carriage and at the proper instant falls at the feet of a tramp. Later that same stocking, with a stone and a note in it, is hurled by the tramp at least a quarter of a mile to fall at the feet of the lady who had bought it. Like Harte's work too, the tale is a dramatized paradox: a besotted tramp after years of vagrancy becomes a man again because a little girl by a happy impulse wishes him "Merry Christmas!" then — second paradox — when he is offered as a reward a place in the home he has saved, he flees terrified back into his old vagrancy. Even the style reveals the influence of Harte. "Ther bloomin' little skeezicks!" says the tramp reminiscently as he looks at the stocking; "The d—d little

cuss!" says Kentuck as he looks at the thumb the baby had grasped.

This same attitude toward life and material we find in *An Afternoon Miracle*, *The Sphynx Apple*, *Christmas by Injunction*, indeed in all his stories of the south-west. All were molded by Harte as Harte was molded by Dickens. The West is used as startling and picturesque background; the characters are the conventional types of western melodrama: desperadoes, cowboys, train-robbers, sheep-men, miners, — all perfect in theatric make-up, and extreme always in word and action. Like Harte, the writer had no real love for the West, and he never worked with conviction and sympathy to show the soul of it. Here and there a glow of insight and sympathy may hover over the studies that he made of his native South, but one finds it rarely in others of the two hundred and fifty stories that make up his set of books; certainly one finds it not at all in the fifty-seven that deal with the south-west. By a change of some two hundred words any one of them could be transferred to the East, and lose nothing of its value. By the changing of half a dozen names, for instance, *The Indian Summer of Dry Valley Johnson* could be laid in Hoboken, New Jersey, and gain thereby. Johnson could just as well be a milkman from Geneva, New York.

The external manner of Harte he outgrew, but never did he free himself of the less obvious characteristic that renders the work of both men inferior when compared with absolute standards: neither had a philosophy of life and a moral standpoint. Of the two Harte is the greater, for Harte's work is single — never does he give us the serious mixed cheaply with buffoonery, — and once or twice does he make us feel an individual human soul, but even Harte must be classed with those who have debauched American literature, since he worked the surface of life with theatric intent and always without moral background.

In the second group of O. Henry's stories fall the South American studies and *The Gentle Grafter* series that fill two whole books and overflow into other volumes of his set. Despite much splendid description and here and there real skill in reproducing the atmosphere and the spirit of the tropics, *Cabbages and Kings* must be dismissed in its author's own terms as mere "tropic vaudeville," extravaganza of the newspaper comic-column type. In *The Gentle Grafter* series, moreover, we have what is undoubtedly literature at its very worst. It may be possible that the series rests on fact; a prototype for Jeff Peters undoubtedly there was, — a certain voluble convict in the Ohio prison who told the writer all these adventures; but for all that, the tales are false. They are not life: they are *opéra bouffe*. The characters are no more flesh and blood than are Punch and Judy. They talk a dialect unknown outside of the comic theater. Sophomores at dinner may occasionally use circumlocution for humorous effect, but here everybody is sophomoric and supersophomoric; they never speak save in words sesquipedalian. An Indiana hotel man is asked concerning the ownership of a house. "That," he says, "is the domicile and the arboreal, terrestrial, and horticultural accessories of Farmer Ezra Plunkett." Andy Tucker, the confidence man, discourses always thus: "He has nominated you custodian of his bundle, in the sappy insouciance of his urban indiscrimination." An Irishman in the heart of the forest bids the first man he has seen for months to dismount from his mule in terms like these: "Segregate yourself from your pseudo-equine quadruped." This is not an occasional pleasantry for humorous effect: it is the everyday language of all the characters. It is not slang, for slang is the actual words of actual men, and since the world began no one ever talked like this. It is an argot deliberately manufactured for the burlesque stage.

Art is truth, — truth to facts and truth to the pre-

sumption fundamental, at least in civilized lands, that truth is superior to falsehood and right superior to wrong, and that crime is never to be condoned. Despite the freedom of his pages from salacious stain, O. Henry must be classed as immoral, not because he uses picaresque material, or because he records the success of villainy, but because he sympathizes with his law-breakers, laughs at their impish tricks indulgently, and condones their schemes for duping the unwary. It does not excuse Jeff Peters to explain that he fleeces only those who have fleece to spare, or those rich ones who enjoy an occasional fleecing because it affords them a new sensation. *The Gentle Grafter* is cloth of the same loom that wove *Raffles* and all the others on that shelf of books that are the shame of American literature. The taint extends through all of O. Henry's work. He had no moral foundations. At heart he was with his bibulous rascals: train robbers, tramps, desperadoes, confidence men, sponges and all his other evaders and breakers of the law. He chuckled over their low ideals and their vulgar philosophy like one who sides naturally against law and order and soberness. One might note, for example, that his attitude toward the police is that of the confidence man. He lived in a world governed not by inflexible moral standards, but by Harlequin and Momus and the law of dramatic finesse.

The last period of O. Henry's life began in 1904 when he was engaged by the *New York World* to furnish a story each week for its Sunday Supplement. He had been in the city for two years, and had constantly written stories of life in the south-west and in Central America. He had studied the demands of the time, and he had discovered de Maupassant, — his biographer records that during his later years he kept the work of the great storyteller always near at hand. He had gained in ease, in constructive art, in brilliancy of diction and of figure of

388 The Unpopular Review

speech. Now with the beginning of his contract with the *World* came the culmination of his later manner, that manner by many considered to be the real O. Henry. Seldom now did he attempt ambitious plot stories like *A Black Jack Bargainer* and *Georgia's Ruling*. Often his weekly contribution to the *World* cannot be called a story at all. It was a sketch, an expanded "paragraph," an elaborated anecdote, a study, a "story" in the newspaper sense of the word.

"The newspaper" — the word is illuminating. When asked his profession in the Ohio prison, he had replied "newspaper reporter." With the exception of a single story in *Harper's Monthly* and one in *The Century*, — *The Missing Chord*, June, 1904, — all his work was first published in the daily press or in the journalistic ten-cent magazines. More than one-third of all he wrote appeared first in the columns of the *World*. What the paper really did was to engage him as a reporter, — a privileged reporter at large, sent out into the city to secure one "story" each week.

The requirements of the newspaper "story" are exacting. It must be vivid, unusual, unhackneyed, and it must have in it the modern quality of "go." It is an improvisation by one who through long practice has gained the mastery of his pen, and by one, moreover, who has been in living contact with that which he would portray. It is written in heat, excitedly, to be read with excitement and then thrown away. There must be no waste material in it, no "blue pencil stuff," and there must be "a punch in every line." The result is a brilliant *tour de force* called forth by the demand of the times for sensation, for newness, for fresh devices to gain, if only for an instant, the jaded attention of a public supersaturated with sensation.

Complaint has come that one does not remember the stories of O. Henry. Neither does one remember the newspaper "stories" he reads from morning to morning,

Journalization of Our Literature 389

brilliant though they may be. The trouble comes from the fact that the writer is concerned solely with his reader. Anything to catch the reader. It is a catering to the *blasé*, a mixing of condiments for palates gross with sensation. The essence of the art is the exploiting of the unexpected, — the startling comparison, manner, climax. Everywhere paradox, incongruity, electric flash-lights, “go” — New York City, ragtime, Coney Island, the Follies, — twentieth century America at full strain.

O. Henry lacks repose, and art is serene. He moves us tremendously, but never does he lift us. One cannot take seriously even his seriousness. How can one approach in the spirit of serious art a story with the title *Psyche and the Pskyscraper*, or one that opens like this:

“The poet Longfellow — or was it Confucius, the inventor of Wisdom? — remarked:

Life is real, life is earnest;
And things are not what they seem.

As mathematics are — or is: thanks, old subscriber! — the only just way by which questions of life can be measured, let us, by all means, adjust our theme to the straight edge and the balanced column of the great goddess Two-and-Two-Makes-Four.”

It is all fortissimo, all in capital letters. He slaps his reader on the back and laughs loudly as if he were in a bar-room. Never the finer subtleties of suggested effect, never the unsuspected though real and moving moral background, seldom the softer tones that touch the deeper life and move the soul, rare indeed the moments when the reader feels a sudden tightening of the throat and a quickening of the pulse. It is the humor of a comic journalist — an enormously clever and witty journalist we must admit — rather than the insight of a serious portrayer of human life; it is the day’s work of a trained special reporter eager that his “stories” shall please his unpleasable chief and his capricious public long ago out-wearied with being pleased.

On the mechanical side of short story construction O. Henry was skilful even to genius. He had the unusual power of gripping his reader's attention and compelling him to go on to the end. Moreover, he was possessed of originality, finesse, brilliancy of style and diction, and that sense of form which can turn every element of the seemingly careless narrative to one startling focus. It is this architectonic perfection that has endeared him to the makers of hand books and correspondence courses. He began at the end and worked backward. Skilfully in the earlier stages of the story he furnishes materials for a solution; the reader falls into the trap, sees through the whole plot, and is about to turn to the next tale when the last sentence comes like a blow. Study the mechanism of such tales as *Girl*, *The Pendulum*, *The Marry Month of May* and the like. One may detect instantly the germ of the story. A whole narrative simply for this: "At last I have found something that will not bag at the knees," or "'Oh, Andy,' she sighed 'this is great! Sure I'll marry wid ye. But why didn't ye tell me ye was the cook? I was near turnin' ye down for bein' one of thim foreign counts.'"

Brilliant as this all may be, however, one must not forget that it concerns only the externals of art. His failures were at vital points. A short story must have characterization, and O. Henry's pen turned automatically to caricature. Descriptions like this may be legitimate in burlesque, but hardly in that most severely artistic of the prose forms: "He was built like a shad, and his eyebrows were black, and his white whiskers trickled down from his chin like milk coming out of a sprinkling pot;" or even such mock poetic levity as this: "She was looking like a bulbul, a gazelle, and a tea rose, and her eyes were as soft and bright as two quarts of cream skimmed off from the Milky Way." A short story must have a dialogue that is natural and inevitable. In *The World and the Door* he remarks: "I read in a purely fictional

story the other day the line: "Be it so," said the policeman.' Nothing so strange has yet cropped out in Truth," and yet in the same volume he can make a college professor talk like this: "You wind-jammers who apply bandy-legged theories to concrete categorical syllogisms send logical conclusions skallybootin' into the infinitesimal ragbag." A short story should be true: exaggeration is not truth. A short story should leave sharp cut and indelible the impress of a vital moment in the history of an individual soul. It should "take you by the throat like a quinsy" and not because of a situation, but because of a glimpse into a heart. O. Henry, however, deals not with souls but with types, symbols, stock figures of comedy. His point of view is that of the humorist who works with abstractions: the mother-in-law, the tramp, the fat man, the maiden lady. As a result he leaves no residuum. He amuses, he diverts, he startles, and we close his book and forget.

But his shop girls, are they not individuals? Are they not true? Do they not move us? Moved undoubtedly we are, but not because we enter the tragedy of any individual shop girl. His sermon like *An Unfinished Story* on the pernicious system that creates the type moves us even to anger, but we shed no tears over any individual. The atmosphere is too artificial for any real emotion. It is a tract, a sermon in motley, not a short story. One feels that the constructive art of a piece as brilliant as even *A Lickpenny Lover* overshadows all else within it. It is based upon an untruth: the form of the lover's proposal had to be carefully fabricated so as to make possible the final sentence which is the cause of the whole tale, and one knows that no rational man ever so worded a proposal, and that no lover as ardent could have failed to make clear his position. It smells of the footlights; it was deliberately manufactured not to interpret life, but to give a sensation.

In much of his later work he impresses us as a raconteur

rather than as a weaver of that severe literary form, the short story. One feels almost the physical presence of the man as one opens a story like this: "Suppose you should be walking down Broadway after dinner, with ten minutes allotted to the consummation of your cigar while you are choosing between a diverting tragedy and something serious in the way of vaudeville. Suddenly a hand is laid on your arm," or this: "I don't suppose it will knock any of you people off your perch to read a contribution from an animal. Mr. Kipling and a good many others have demonstrated the fact that animals can express themselves in remunerative English." One has the impression of a man blinking at ease over his cigar in the hotel lobby. His stories are brief — two thousand five hundred words the later ones average — and they follow each other breathlessly. He is familiar with his reader, asks his advice on points of diction and grammar, winks jovially, slaps him on the back and laughs aloud: "There now! it's over. Hardly had time to yawn, did you?" "Young lady, you would have liked that grocer's young man yourself." "It began way up in Sullivan County, where so many rivers and so much trouble begins — or began; how would you say that?" He opens like a responder to a toast at a banquet, with a theory or an attitude toward a phase of life, then he illustrates it with a special case holding the point of the story skilfully to the end, to bring it out with dramatic suddenness as he takes his seat amid tumultuous applause. Many of his stories, even as Mrs. Gerould has declared, are mere anecdotes.

This then is O. Henry. Never a writer so whimsical. By his own confession *Cabbages and Kings* is "tropic vaudeville," and the book is not widely different from all that he wrote. He was contemporary with the ten-cent magazine; it made him and it ruined him. He drifted with the tide, writing always that which would be best paid for.

Journalization of Our Literature 393

A few times he tried to break away as in *Roads of Destiny* with its Hawthorne suggestions and *The Church with an Overshot Wheel*, but it was only fitfully that he even struggled to escape the vaudeville world. *The Enchanted Kiss*, an absinthe dream with parts as lurid and as brilliant as anything in DeQuincey, came at the very beginning of his work. The ephemeral press had laid its hands upon him and he gave it its full demands.

He admitted his failure. It is pathetic in the last weeks of his life, the power of wizard expression gone forever, the physical sinking fast into collapse when it should have borne him through thirty years more of creative effort, to hear his cry: "I want to get at something bigger. What I have done is child's play to what I can do, to what I know it is in me to do." And again in connection with *The Dream*, that last story of his, never finished: "I want to show the public I can write something new, — new for me, I mean — a story without slang, a straightforward dramatic plot treated in a way that will come nearer my ideal of real story-writing." He was planning a novel. "The story of a man — an individual, not a type," as he expressed it. It was too late. What he had written he had written.

We may explain him best, perhaps, in terms of his own story *The Lost Blend*: a flask of coarse western humor, — John Phoenix, Artemus Ward; a full measure of Bret Harte, — sentiment, theatric posing, melodrama; a dash of de Maupassant, — constructive art, finesse; a brimming beaker of journalistic flashiness, bubbles, tang, and then — insipid indeed all the blend without this — two bottles of the Apollinaris of O. Henry's peculiar individuality, and lo! the blend that is intoxicating a generation, — "elixir of battle, money, and high life."

Exhilarating surely, but a dangerous beverage for steady consumption. Sadly does it befuddle the head, the heart, the soul. It begets dislike of mental effort, and depend-

ence solely upon thrill and picturesque movement. It is akin to the moving pictures, where thinking and imagination die. A college president complained to me recently of the difficulty of finding chapel preachers who will hold the attention of the students. "There must be nothing abstract; everything must be in the concrete. The preacher must be hot from some battle where he has grappled with picturesque problems at first hand, and he must present graphic pictures in breathless succession."

Why complete the connection? Are we not arriving at a period of ephemeral literary art, a shallow period without moral background and without philosophy of life, a period, dominated by the pulp-wood journal, a period, in short, in which an O. Henry is the crowned literary classic?

THE "CONSPIRACY" SUPERSTITION

LET us suppose that you are carrying a satchel full of money home from the bank, and that your walk takes you through a notoriously lawless part of the town. You may pass separately a score of suspicious looking characters without turning a hair. But if you see three or four of them around the corner talking together, and one of them seems to glance furtively in your direction, how quickly you will alter your route! That knot of men outside the saloon may not know or care what you are carrying. They may be talking politics. They may be talking about the war. They may be talking about the price of beer. But there is one chance in fifty that they *may* be talking about you, and you are not going to take that chance. You are descended from ten thousand generations of those who did not take too many chances; the fact that you are here proves that. The too trustful have left no descendants.

Let us suppose that you are king of Altruria. So far as you know, your kingdom has no enemies. But you read in the papers one morning that the Emperor of Utopia has been visiting the capital of your neighbor the Republic of Atlantis. Your foreign office reports that Atlantis has negotiated a secret commercial treaty with the prince of Asgard. The principality of Asgard completes the circle by offering a coaling station to the Empire of Utopia. These events may be quite unrelated to each other. The three nations concerned may not dream of conspiring against the interests of your kingdom. But you will not take a chance. You will summon the Altrurian House of Burgesses and ask them for an appropriation to double the strength of the army, just in case —. You are not afraid of any country on earth in the ordinary course of things, but this whispering together (perhaps on

the most innocent imaginable topics) plays the deuce with your royal nerves.

This fear of conspiracy is one of the most natural and understandable of human instincts. There have certainly been innumerable plots of every sort — criminal, political, financial, diplomatic — which have played an important rôle in history. But it is evident that a real danger which is also a secret danger will be magnified by the imagination and distorted into the absurdest shapes. The discovery of two or three genuine plots to overthrow the English government in the Roman Catholic interest, such as the “gunpowder plot” of 1605, so inflamed the fears of English Protestants that for generations unscrupulous persons in Great Britain and in Ireland were able to make their fortunes by inventing “Popish plots.” Even in this country and in this enlightened (or at least educated) age, there are thousands of sincere and otherwise intelligent men who believe, with *The Menace*, that all the Catholics in America are involved in a vast secret conspiracy to overthrow the free institutions of this country and erect upon their ruins a Papal despotism. The Catholics, too, have a pet delusion, the mysterious wickedness of “Freemasonry.” The mere existence of a secret society will set a certain type of mind to wondering, “Why secret? What can they be planning?” The American anti-Masonic movement, which at one time reached the dignity of a national political party, is a perfect example of the fear of the hidden.

Most of the cruel deeds which disfigure history are due to this terror. The French Revolution provides us with many instances. It was before the days when railroad, telegraph, and telephone could scatter rumors over the nation in an hour, and bring their contradiction an hour later. A rumor traveled slowly from mouth to mouth; but it had the more time to grow, and, before a denial could overtake it, it often reached unrecognisable proportions. Thus in the summer of 1789 there was a

The "Conspiracy" Superstition 397

great deal of violence in many of the country districts of France, the houses of the nobles were robbed or burned, and there were bread riots in many towns and villages. News of these disorders spread from one province to another across the length and breadth of France, and suffered a sea-change in the telling. It was not so much that the scale of these events was exaggerated, but their very nature was changed. Instead of being isolated incidents, they became parts of great conspiracies. Says Shailer Matthews:

Plots were suspected on all sides — brigands were always on the point of breaking in upon one's town or village; huge royalist syndicates were being formed to starve the people into submission by raising the price of grain; the Duke of Orleans was hiring rascals to terrify the people into loving him; royalists were blowing up patriotic citizens at lawn parties.

The massacres of 1792 were not caused by an outburst of animosity against the royalist prisoners in Paris, but by fear, the fear of a definite conspiracy. Some one started the rumor that the prisoners had plotted to break jail as soon as the Republican troops had left Paris to fight the armies then invading France, and would massacre all the good citizens who remained. "Shall we go to the front," asked the Parisians, "and leave behind us these aristocrats to kill our wives and children?" They argued that for conspirators no prison was so safe as the grave, and even if there were no conspiracy, it would be well to make certain that there could be none.

But unreasoning fear of the conspirator is not confined to the crowd. It reaches its greatest development, perhaps, in the court of an unpopular monarch. The black years of reaction in Europe which followed the Napoleonic wars were marked by a peculiar hostility to all forms of voluntary organization. In Germany the student societies were forbidden altogether, lest they might prove a cloak for political propaganda. In England and France to join a labor union was a penal offense, for the authori-

ties held that a labor union was, as such, an illegal conspiracy (this idea still lingers in our American habit of considering all business combinations as "conspiracies in restraint of trade"). In Russia up to the present day it has been unsafe to organize a private association for the most innocent purpose — to educate the peasants, to combat intemperance, to discuss the poets, or even to drink tea. To the mind of the Russian official everything that is not done by the state must be done by the individual: all association smells of dynamite. In the Turkish court, where suspiciousness is the chief of virtues, a textbook of chemistry was banned for containing the formula for water, H_2O . "This," said the censor, "clearly signifies that in the mind of the writer Hamid the Second is Naught!"

There is no need for us to seek further examples from distant countries and past times. Consider the Socialist party in America. The Socialist party is a thing quite distinct from Socialism; it has all of the faults of that abstract program, but it adds to them some quite unnecessary errors to which its theory has in no way committed it. The chief of these mistakes is the belief that the party is the target of innumerable "conspiracies" set on foot by the capitalists. Never was there such a nightmare-ridden movement. To read *The Call* or *The Masses* or any of the other popular party organs, is as thrilling as to read a good dime novel about the days of Richelieu. Of course it is true that such a movement as Socialism is bound to encounter a great deal of opposition, and that some of it will be underhand and indirect. But it does not follow that every reform movement is started with the sole object of seducing the working classes from the Socialist party. It does not follow that philanthropic and religious movements are all cunningly devised to keep the people from becoming discontented with their lot. It does not follow that the Boy Scouts are being trained to shoot down striking working-

The "Conspiracy" Superstition 399

men, and that a state constabulary has no other duties. It does not follow that the whole preparedness movement is designed to put military power in the hands of the "ruling class."

The truth is that the American Socialist party is suffering from two manias well known to alienists and not infrequently found together — the delusion of grandeur and the delusion of persecution. The Socialists in this country are not so important as they think themselves; neither are they so hated as they think themselves. Says the party platform:

The capitalist class, though few in numbers, absolutely controls the government, legislative, executive and judicial. This class owns the machinery of gathering and disseminating news through its organized press. It subsidizes seats of learning — the colleges and schools — and even religious and moral agencies.

Now where is the fallacy in this? It is true that some men in this country are very much wealthier than others. It is true that these men have power far out of proportion to their number: for wealth *is* power. It is also true that numerous politicians, journalists, college professors and presidents, clergymen and others of the professional classes, are anti-Socialist. The fallacy lies in detecting the element of "conspiracy" where it does not exist. Capitalism is only correct if used as a loose and general *description* of our social structure; it becomes nonsense if referred to a compact and conscious *organization*. Various groups of business men know that there are interests which they have in common, but they have not ceased to compete, both individually and in groups. Mr. Jones the department store owner may think about Socialism occasionally, but what really worries him is Mr. Rosenfeld who owns the other big store in town. Mr. Robinson the newspaper proprietor may suppress an item for fear it will offend one of his big advertisers, but that he stands in line on payday to get a check from

Mr. Carnegie or Mr. Rockefeller, simply is not true. When the Reverend Mr. Wilburton preaches about the future life, the last thing in his mind is the deliberate cultivation of "other-worldliness" in order that the working classes may be content with meager living in this life. Yet numerous worthy people — who never go to church — will insist that for that purpose and that only, the Church is supported. Mr. Ghent, one of the most intelligent of American Socialists, has labeled the professional classes collectively as the "retainer" class of "our benevolent feudalism." If Mr. Ghent is right, one can only say that never was a master class worse served, since the leadership and much of the membership of every radical movement which this country has known, including Socialism, has come from among these "retainers."

But the greatest of all delusions of conspiracy have arisen from the smoke of the present war. Its two most interesting superstitions are not, as might be supposed, the legend of the Angels of Mons and the legend of the thousands of Russians said to have been sent through Great Britain to France in the first month of the war, but the Myth of the Entente Conspiracy and the Myth of the Pan-German Conspiracy.

The conspiracy story which comes from Germany is absolutely incredible to us, but it is apparently believed by most Germans and by most of their apologists in this country. The main outlines of this myth are so familiar to all who read the pro-German press of this country or of Europe that it need be merely summarized here. England, they say, has always been jealous of a possible rival, and when Germany began to prosper, the English statesmen plotted to crush her in a great war, ruin her commerce, seize her colonies, and dismember her territories. But the English, being a prudent people, did not dare undertake the task alone, and looked for accomplices. Edward the Seventh and his Mephistophelian confidant Sir Ed-

The "Conspiracy" Superstition 401

ward Grey persuaded France and Russia to become parties to the plot, and bribed them by promising them a large part of Germany for their pains. Belgium, Japan, Italy, and sundry of the Balkan states were persuaded to become silent partners in the great conspiracy. Some add that the United States was bribed or bullied or flattered into promising a friendly neutrality, if not open aid. But this offensive coalition did not want immediate war. It was willing to wait until France and Russia could complete their plans of military organization. Germany could not afford to wait. When her statesmen learned of the anti-German plot — the "iron ring" which isolated Germany both commercially and diplomatically, they determined to break their foes in one great war, that all nations might live on equal terms thereafter, and no more such conspiracies be possible. Thus it happened that Germany, technically the aggressor, was really acting on the defensive.

Into the framework of this theory the German apologists have fitted all the detailed happenings before the war and during its course. Certain parts of the picture are still admittedly incomplete. For the evil intentions of England they have been forced to rely upon the Morocco affair, the Bagdad railway question, and the utterances of a few jingo politicians and publicists. But the mere existence of the Triple Entente, together with the well-known treacherous and hypocritical character of the English, renders farther proof superfluous. For the intentions of France they refer to the currency of the phrase *revanche*, the three years' service law, and sentimental references to the lost provinces. For the intentions of Russia, one word, Pan-Slavism, explains all. For the intentions of Belgium, Dr. Dernburg produced documents found during the German occupation of that country. The Serajevo assassination was really a Russian plot, which aimed to use Servia as an instrument to dismember Austria-Hungary. Hence the very peremptory attitude

of the Hapsburg monarchy to Servia was not based upon any desire to oppress a small nation, but rather to save it from becoming a satellite of Russia. The occupation of Belgium and of Luxemburg was to prevent the French from carrying out their plan of invading Germany through these countries. The harsh measures adopted during the course of the war were the expedients of a people fighting for very existence, against foes who were determined to erase Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Turkey from among the nations of the earth.

If we believe this myth, it certainly alters the perspective of the war. We may still regard the Germans as unwise in hastening to meet the inevitable war instead of trying to postpone it, while appealing in the meantime to the neutral powers and to the liberal element which is found to some degree in every nation. But our heaviest moral condemnation must go to the powers who plotted to destroy a nation which is, with all its faults, about the best administered and most highly developed part of Europe.

But if the German story of the great international conspiracy be false, the conduct of Germany and of Austria-Hungary has not a rag of apology, at least for those who believe that to begin an unnecessary war is a crime. There is undoubtedly that grain of truth in the myth which lies at the heart of all myths. The Entente did exist, and it was certainly directed against Germany. The only point at issue is the purpose of the anti-German powers. Did they league to arrange a war against Germany, or for mutual aid if Germany should begin the war? We have no direct evidence on the question, for there may be any number of secret treaties or of secret clauses in known treaties which have yet to see the light in any "white book."

But the indirect evidence that the Entente was only a defensive understanding seems overwhelming. In the first place England and France would not have fought on a pretext which could not be justified to the masses of the

The "Conspiracy" Superstition 403

people. In these countries diplomacy is still a game played by a few cabinet officers, but it is played to please the spectators. Sir Edward Grey might, it is true, bring war upon the British Empire by a diplomatic misstep, and trust to the newspapers to find justifications for him after the event, but his future political career would depend upon how public opinion took the war. Did the British public desire a war with Germany? There is little evidence of it. Many of the newspapers denounced intervention up to the very declaration of war; some have never become reconciled to it. The Liberal party, which in England is the pacifist party, has been returned to power in three successive elections. The Labor party and the Irish Nationalists, whose support was essential to the Liberal ministry, were openly and even bitterly anti-imperialist. Even after the invasion of Belgium, a considerable minority of Laborites and radical Liberals in the House of Commons attacked intervention. If ever a nation went to war with every appearance of reluctance, it was Great Britain in 1914. The French people were far more nearly united at the opening of the war than the British, which is scarcely surprising when it is considered that Germans were already on French soil; but for a score of years the Radical-Socialist coalition had defeated the chauvinists at every trial of strength. The class-conscious portion of the French working classes was unanimously anti-militarist, and not infrequently anti-national. It is incredible that a Germany acting solely on the defensive would have found the French people enthusiastic to destroy her.

In the second place, the attitude of the French and British governments has been by no means so aggressively anti-German as the "conspiracy" legend would lead us to expect. They have, it is true, rather overreached Germany in the competition for securing colonies, but they have permitted the central powers to strengthen their position in Europe by such steps as the Austrian annexa-

tion of Bosnia-Herzegovina and the placing of German princelings on Balkan thrones. At the Hague Conferences Great Britain and France were far more friendly to proposals to limit armament than was Germany. The proposal for a "naval holiday" came from the British ministry and was contemptuously ignored on the other side of the North Sea. The British ministry, moreover, while strengthening the fleet to meet German increases, consistently resisted all attempts to introduce compulsory military service or to create an army adequate to take part in a continental war. England had to take two years after the declaration of war to develop an army comparable with the French or the German. If there had really been afoot a British plot to bring about a general war, this necessary step would have been taken years earlier. If Sir Edward Grey so underrated the strength of the central powers as to imagine that French and Russian forces would be sufficient to conduct an offensive war on land, while the British limited their field of action to the sea, instead of being the modern Machiavelli the Germans make him out, he would have been the champion idiot of Europe.

But the strongest argument against the German myth is not the pacifism of the French and British people or the moderation of their governments, but the general international situation. A nation, no matter how selfish or unscrupulous, does not go to war unless the gains of possible victory seem to outweigh the losses and risks of the struggle. Great Britain and France hold the largest colonial empires in the world. Germany had a much smaller and much less valuable overseas dominion. Is it more probable that the French and British would risk their magnificent possessions on the chance of gaining colonies which would barely repay them for the cost of a war, or that Germany would risk her Pacific islands and African jungles to win an empire in India, Egypt, and Morocco? Some have suggested that the British desired

The "Conspiracy" Superstition 405

to provoke a war in order to crush German trade and industry, which were developing with such dangerous rapidity. But it is forgotten that in Germany England would ruin not only one of her leading rivals, but also one of her best customers. A nation unwilling even to adopt a protective tariff to exclude Germany from her domestic and colonial markets, would not be apt to go to war merely to eliminate a commercial rival.

It may be freely admitted that France and Russia had ambitions on the continent which might cause reasonable apprehension to Germany. France has not forgotten Alsace-Lorraine, nor has the German government ruled those provinces in such a way as to permit her to do so. Russia may cast covetous eyes upon the Slavic parts of Austria-Hungary. But neither country would be likely to begin a war without assurance of British support, and to make sure of that support they would certainly have waited until Germany should take some step which would arouse the fears of the British. France by herself would be no match for Germany, for since the war of 1870 she has not kept pace with the German growth in population and military power. Another defeat might mean the loss of a great part of eastern France, and an indemnity which would be absolutely crushing. Russia would not suffer so greatly in defeat, for she would still retain the northern half of Asia and the really Russian parts of Europe, even if the Germans annexed Poland and all the lands on the Baltic. But so unmistakable a military reverse would complete the work which the Japanese war began, and destroy forever the prestige of the autocracy. German bureaucrats were the mainstay of the Russian government, the Russian court was open to German influences and sympathies, and, most important of all, the elimination of the German and Austrian monarchies from the field of *Welt-politik* would leave Russia the only power in Europe organized in open defiance of the modern spirit of democracy and nationalism. These considerations might

well make the Russian government see in the central powers, allies and bulwarks rather than enemies. As for Belgium, she of all nations on earth had most to lose by war, and least to gain by it, and it is inconceivable that she would enter any but a defensive agreement with any power.

The theory that the allied nations had conspired to ruin Germany and divide her possessions falls of its own weight. All the evidence which is advanced to support it can be far better explained as the reaction of fear to German threats and German aggressions, while the evidence against it is conclusive.

The real diplomacy of the world is hand-to-mouth; with kaleidoscopic shifting of alliances and incessant emergence and subsidence of rivalries and enmities. It is rarely inspired by ideals or marked by diabolical cunning. As compared with the arm-chair *Weltpolitik* of the professors and journalists, its chief virtue is moderation, and its commonest vice is myopia. The diplomatic world imagined by the average laymen full of the memoirs of Talleyrand and the maxims of Machiavelli, is a far more interesting place. An intricate web of conspiracies connects together all the public acts of any nation. Secret documents containing the most far-reaching plans for the partition of Asia lie in the pigeon holes of every statesman's desk. Superhumanly clever spies, sometimes waiters but more frequently beautiful women, are on the track of these important documents. Alliances are consummated on waste heaths or in obscure inns at midnight, while the participants are supposed to be touring the South Sea in their yachts or playing at Monte Carlo. And yet the plans of world conquest which are hidden with such care are, if we are to believe all we are told, open to the inspection of everyone who can buy a copy of Bernhardt.

This is fascinating, but it suffers from the disadvantage of not being true. Perhaps the natural human tendency

The "Conspiracy" Superstition 407

to find in every coincidence a conspiracy, can never be wholly eradicated; perhaps it is a permanent flaw in the mind of the race. But educated men should do what they can to preach sanity, to moderate panic, and to dispel illusory fears, if only that real perils may be the more clearly seen. Above all, we should cease to call all who dabble in world politics by the name of "statesmen"; which implies foresight, resolution, and skill in the handling of men. The average ruler or cabinet minister is only a politician, even if his sphere of action be an international congress instead of a ward caucus.

SOME NEW LIGHT ON THE FUTURE LIFE?

IN Sir Oliver Lodge's *Raymond, or Life and Death* with whose salient features many readers are already familiar, there are some less salient ones well worth considering which bear on the nature of the future life. We assume that there is such a life, and in the present state of our knowledge we can only assume it; but we can only assume that tomorrow's sun will rise. We have what purport to be communications from that life, but so far, their genuineness can be verified only by the testimony of witnesses in the present life, and this admits the possibility of unconscious telepathy or teloteropathy* between the witness and the medium. This reduces the question, so far, of the future life, to one of probabilities. Which is the more probable, spiritism or teloteropathy? Telepathy is an accepted fact, and teloteropathy is very like unto it. Neither necessarily excludes spiritism, but possibly may. Each person must judge for "thonsel". To most of those who have studied most, the probabilities seem to incline toward the future life, and assuming it, we will proceed to some light thrown upon it by Sir Oliver's book. For convenience, at least, we will quote the alleged utterances as if they were what they purport to be, and we defy anybody to quote much of them without falling, for the time at least, into that assumption.

There are two features of Sir Oliver's book which seem to point more clearly than anything else we remember reading, toward some very interesting and important conclusions, but we will consider them later, alluding to them here merely to help the reader's patience while we go over a few minor matters for the sake of whatever

* Farther-feeling as distinct from far-feeling, *i. e.*, from a distance instead of from the sitter.

confirmation they may give to some points in previous records.

Each of the ostensible personages appearing through the mediums quoted by the Society for Psychical Research or by Sir Oliver Lodge may reasonably be said to manifest the same individuality through all the mediums. This would be the case if the mediums got their knowledge telepathically or teloteropathically from the living persons who knew the ostensible postcarnate communicator, or from the communicator's surviving self, the argument for its being the surviving self of course increasing as time diminishes the number of surviving acquaintances and the vividness of their recollections.

Now Frederic W. H. Myers was an ostensible communicator through Mesdames Piper, Thompson, Verrall, Holland, and possibly one or two others quoted up to the last two or three years, by the S. P. R., and with all of them he was the same Myers, being specially distinguished for cryptic references to passages of classical poetry, in which he was deeply versed in life. These passages, on being hunted up, have been found to have some significant relations to each other or to circumstances connecting Myers with the sitter or with some other friend to whom Myers wanted the reference sent. The alleged communicator claims to take this roundabout way through means not possibly known to the medium, in order to prove his own identity.

Now through two or three new mediums in Sir Oliver's book, the same old Myers turns up in the same old way. This may have some little cumulative value for the spiritistic hypothesis, but at first it seems to have little evidential force: for the literature is full of Myers, and the later mediums could easily have "got onto" him there. But where do they get onto the fresh classical allusions?

The principal one in this book is a message to Sir Oliver telling him to take the part of the poet, and he, Myers, would be Faunus. The Latin flavor of this led Sir

Oliver to send it to Mrs. Verrall, a profound Latin scholar (and, incidentally, an involuntary writer), at Cambridge, and she referred him to a passage in Horace where the poet thanks Faunus, a god of poets, for fending off the force of the blow of a falling tree which had struck Horace on the head. Sir Oliver inferred this to mean that some blow was about to fall on him, and that Myers would mitigate its effects. In a few days Sir Oliver's son Raymond was killed in battle, and in a few more, Sir Oliver was ostensibly told by the boy, through mediums, that he was well and happy in the other life, under the care of Myers, who of course was playing the part of "Faunus." The details as given in the book add much to the aspect of genuineness.

The alleged testimony regarding the other life given in this book by the ostensible Raymond and one or two friends tallies on the whole with that given by previous alleged communicators, and so adds to the argument that it is all real testimony to actual fact.

The alleged new arrivals in the other life are reported, as usual in the earlier records, coming in a state of exhaustion from the stress of separation from the body; and, as usual hitherto, a sort of spiritual umbilical cord is stated to be the last thing separated (see below). Farther alleged concurrent details are: the rare use of the terms life and death; the usual, and identical expressions are "in the body," for this life, and "passing over" for what we call "death." They claim new bodies (see below) and freedom from the ills of the old ones, they depict a life much like this one, but with wider opportunities, which they cannot explain, partly because we could understand, only in limited degree. In general they indicate superiority to space and time; they can summon each other instantly, and really seem to do it, and they see each other at any stage of their existence — as children who have left earth, or as the same persons matured by intervening time. And most important of all,

everybody seems to have just the sort of heaven he wants.*

Then there is frequent allusion to the spirit having "built up" a body which the control can see. We do not remember meeting this before: the alleged newly-arrived spirit is generally reported as immediately recognized by its friends, but that does not imply immediate recognition by whatever personality happens to be the usual control of the medium. Fedá, who is the alleged child-control of Mrs. Leonard, says (p. 125):

There is some one here with a little difficulty; not fully built up; youngish looking; form more like an outline; he has not completely learnt how to build up as yet.

Then she describes Raymond, and repeats, "He is not built up quite clearly, but it feels as if Fedá knew him."

She often speaks, childlike, in the third person.

This is followed by a passage (p. 126) that was a pretty big stroke of imaginative genius if the medium did it:

He seems to know what the work is. The first work he will have to do, will be helping at the Front; not the wounded so much, but helping those who are passing over in the war. He knows that when they pass on and wake up, they still feel a certain fear — and some other word which Fedá missed. Fedá hears a something and "fear." Some even go on fighting; at least they want to; they don't believe they have passed on. So that many are wanted where he is now, to explain to them and help them, and soothe them. They do not know where they are, nor why they are there.

On this, however, Sir Oliver, who does not appear slavishly credulous, comments (p. 127):

Considered that this was ordinary "Fedá talk," such as it is probably customary to get through mediums at this time; therefore, though the statements are likely enough, there is nothing new in them.

There is farther allusion to "building up" on p. 181.

* For a fuller treatment, see Holt: *On the Cosmic Relations*, pp. 938 ff. We trust our readers, at least our habitual readers, to believe, if they think at all about it, that if we knew any other place to send them, we would not refer to our own work, especially in a number where by pure coincidence it is advertised.

There are two spirits standing by you; the elder is fully built up, but the younger is not clear yet.

We confess ourselves skeptical, though open to conviction, about this whole body business, of which, by the way, there is much more in Sir Oliver's book than we know of elsewhere. He being a physical scientist, we question whether the medium did not get it telepathically from him. If there is any basis for it all in another world, our tendency to regard that world as purely psychic is so great that our guess would be that the building up of the body is really subjective — the getting better and better used to a telepathic impression from the other soul, just as nearly all of us have probably received in our dreams telepathic impressions of the visible personalities of the departed.

However this all may be, Feda inclines more to the physical. She goes on quoting Raymond* about his alleged new body (p. 194 *ff.*):

My body's very similar to the one I had before. I pinch myself sometimes to see if it's real, and it is, but it doesn't seem to hurt as much as when I pinched the flesh body. The internal organs don't seem constituted on the same lines as before. They can't be quite the same. But to all appearances, and outwardly, they are the same as before. I can move somewhat more freely, he says. . . . He has got a new tooth now in place of another one he had — one that wasn't quite right then. He has got it right, and a good tooth has come in place of the one that had gone.

He knew a man that had lost his arm, but he has got another one. Yes, he has got two arms now. He seemed as if without a limb when first he entered the astral, seemed incomplete, but after a while it got more and more complete, until he got a new one.

This atavistic (?) return to the crab's ability to restore a lost member seems to us a little fishy (aquatic coincidence unpremeditated). But we ourselves saw, in a dream, a maimed body restored, and there were the strongest reasons for showing us that body restored, and we have

* The mediums generally allege that the new postcarnate must communicate through more experienced ones.

more confidence in the veridicity of that dream than of any we know of, including those of the mediums; and we know of some that we come about as near "believing" in as a sane man can without "laboratory evidence."

The sitting continues:

O. J. L. — What about a limb lost in battle?

Oh, if they have only just lost it, it makes no difference, it doesn't matter; they are quite all right when they get here. But I am told — he doesn't know this himself, but he has been told — that when anybody's blown to pieces, it takes some time for the spirit-body to complete itself, to gather itself all in, and to be complete. It dissipated a certain amount of substance which is undoubtedly theric, theric — etheric, and it has to be concentrated again. The *spirit* isn't blown apart, of course, — he doesn't mean that, — but it has an effect upon it. He hasn't seen all this, but he has been inquiring because he is interested.

We can't help asking ourselves whether this "etheric" body business is a telepathic reflection by the medium of certain well-known ideas of Sir Oliver Lodge himself. But see his comment below.

He continues:

O. J. L. — What about bodies that are burnt?

Oh, if they get burnt by accident, if they know about it on this side, they detach the spirit first. What we call a spirit-doctor comes round and helps. But bodies should not be burnt on purpose. We have terrible trouble sometimes over people who are cremated too soon; they shouldn't be. It's a terrible thing; it has worried me. People are so careless. The idea seems to be — "Hurry up and get them out of the way now that they are dead." Not until seven days, he says. They shouldn't be cremated for seven days.

O. J. L. — But what if the body goes bad?

When it goes bad, the spirit is already out. If that much (indicating a trifle) of spirit is left in the body, it doesn't start mortifying. It is the action of the spirit on the body that keeps it from mortifying. When you speak about a person "dying upwards," it means that the spirit is getting ready and gradually getting out of the body. He saw the other day a man going to be cremated two days after the doctor said he was dead. When his relations on this side heard about it, they brought a certain doctor on our side, and when they saw that the spirit

hadn't got really out of the body, they magnetised it, and helped it out. [Murder! Ed.] But there was still a cord, and it had to be severed rather quickly, and it gave a little shock to the spirit, like as if you had something amputated; but it had to be done. He believes it has to be done in every case. If the body is to be consumed by fire, it is helped out by spirit-doctors. He doesn't mean that a spirit-body comes out of its own body, but an essence comes out of the body — oozes out, he says, and goes into the other body which is being prepared. Oozes, he says, like in a string. String, that's what he says. Then it seems to shape itself, or something meets it and shapes round it. Like as if they met and went together, and formed a duplicate of the body left behind. It's all very interesting.

On all of which Sir Oliver comments as follows, and we agree with him:

I confess that I think Feda may have got a great deal of this, perhaps all of it, from people who have read or written some of the books referred to in my introductory remarks. But inasmuch as her other utterances are often evidential, I feel that I have no right to pick and choose; *especially as I know nothing about it one way or the other.*

Perhaps we, too, ought to lug in here another bit of skepticism. We have a distinct recollection of seeing Feda spoken of somewhere as the ubiquitous "Indian maiden" — even Mrs. Piper started with one, and one named after Chlorine gas! This, and Mrs. Leonard having another one, we felt to be what the boys call "fierce," but a second glance, *via* the index, at Sir Oliver's book does not find Feda in any such character, and we suspect that we must have seen the attribution in some notice where she had got mixed up with earlier "Indian maidens."

Regarding the functions of the spiritual body, Feda goes on thus (p. 200):

He sees the sun; but it seems always about the same degree of warmth, he doesn't feel heat or cold where he is. The sun doesn't make him uncomfortably hot. That is not because the sun has lost its heat, but because he hasn't got the same body that sensed the heat. When he comes into contact with the earth plane, and is manifesting, then he feels a little cold or

warm — at least he does when a medium is present — not when he comes in the ordinary way just to look round. When he sang last night, he felt cold for a minute or two.

O. J. L. — Did he sing?

Yes, he and Paulie had a scuffle. Paulie was singing first, and Yaymond* thought he would like to sing too, so he chipped in at the end. He sang about three verses. It wasn't difficult, because there was a good deal of power there. Also nobody except Mrs. Kathie knew who he was, and so all eyes were not on him, and they were not expecting it, and that made it easier for him. He says it wasn't so difficult as keeping up a conversation; he took the organs there, and materialized his own voice in her throat. He didn't find it very difficult, he hadn't got to think of anything, or collect his ideas; there was an easy flow of words, and he just sang. And I *did* sing, he says; I thought I'd nearly killed the medium. She hadn't any voice at all after. When he heard himself that he had really got it, he had to let go. Raised the roof, he says, and he *did* enjoy it!

(Here Feda gave an amused chuckle with a jump and a squeak [*i. e.*, through the medium. Ed.]).

He was just practising there, Yaymond says. At first he thought it wouldn't be easy.

(This [says O. J. L. Ed.] relates to what I am told was a real occurrence at a private gathering; but it is not evidential.)

Apropos of the topic of language it is worth while to remark that throughout the book, Raymond is reported as speaking the colloquial language peculiar to cultivated young Englishmen of his class. This dramatic fidelity to the natural language of the communicators may fairly be said to be characteristic of the better mediums, and of course is a pretty strong argument on the spiritistic side. But the sitters generally knew their peculiarities of language, so it may be telepathic after all. Sir Oliver notes that the communicators in his book generally address their surviving friends with the terms usual in life — nicknames, etc. This is true in virtually all the records. But there's the possible telepathy!

* Note the contrast between the almost technical expressions in the preceding paragraph, and this baby pronunciation. The contrast of language is even stronger in some other places. Feda represents herself to be a child. Perhaps the differences are when she speaks in her own person and when she repeats Raymond.

416 The Unpopular Review

Through Sir Oliver's alleged reports from the other world, there are the usual traces of the anthropomorphism, mythologies and mystic dreams of this world, though not of course as many as if the sitters and chief ostensible communicator had not previously been exceptionally free from them. It's rather suggestive, however, that one of the most ecstatic experiences of Sir Oliver Lodge's son when emancipated from the flesh, is in a celestial lecture-room and from teachers of celestial perfection. So are virtually all the records made up of the ideas of the sitter, the medium, and to a degree generally much greater and over-fatuous to neglect, of the alleged surviving communicator. In such a combination, even assuming the communicator as actual as the sitter and the medium, there must often be incongruity—enough sometimes to stagger the best-convinced investigator.

Conformably with precedent Raymond is alleged to be puzzled at not being visible to his friends here, as they are to him. There are several passages of the purport of the following (p. 207):

Father, tell mother she has her son with her all day on Christmas Day. There will be thousands and thousands of us back in the homes on that day, but the horrid part is that so many of the fellows don't get welcomed [*i. e.* are not recognized or perceptible. Ed].

Sir Oliver intimates (p. 137) that muscular action has to do with table-tipping, though he seems to have gravitated towards a different impression by the time he reached p. 218. We, ourselves, know that in some cases, if not in all, the muscles have nothing to do with it. We saw one of the most remarkable cases on record* where a music stand tipped *toward* the operator, while any muscular pressure would have tipped it from him.

The case whose details our readers know by this time of two independent mediums minutely describing a pho-

* Reported in Holt *On the Cosmic Relations*, 94 ff.

tograph which neither they nor anybody near them could know by any usual means of communication, is perhaps the most remarkable case on record of the control knowing something unknown to medium or sitter. But it *proves* nothing: for the photograph was well known to many distant people, and the knowledge *may* have been picked up teloterpathically "out of the air" by the mediums, just as the wireless telegraph picks up its information. Is this, however, more probable than spiritism?

And now we come to the first of the matters of major importance to which we alluded at the outset.

We have said elsewhere *(the relation of it all to Sir Oliver Lodge's book will appear later):

Now *if* Mrs. Piper's dream state is really one of communication with souls who have passed into a new life, dream states generally may not extravagantly be supposed to be foretastes of that life.

The dream life is free from the trammels of our waking environment and powers. In it we experience unlimited histories in an instant; roam over unlimited spaces; see, hear, feel, touch, taste, smell, enjoy unlimited things; walk, swim, fly, change things with unlimited speed; do things with unlimited power; make what we will — music, poetry, objects of art, situations, dramas, with unlimited faculty, and enjoy unlimited society.

The dream life contains so much more beauty, so much fuller emotion and wider reaches than the waking life, that one is tempted to regard it as the real life, to which the waking life is somehow a necessary preliminary. So orthodox believers regard the life after death as the real life; yet most of their hopes regarding that life — even the strongest hope, of rejoining lost loved ones — are realized here during the brief throbs of the dream life. To good dreamers, it is unnecessary to offer proof of any of these assertions, and to prove them to others is impossible.

The suggestion has come to more than one student, and to me very strongly, that when we enter into life — as spermatozoa, or star dust, if you please — we enter into the eternal life, but that the physical conditions essential to our development into

*Holt: *On the Cosmic Relations*,¹ pp. 925 ff. The treatment of the subject there is much fuller.

appreciating it are a sort of veil between it and our consciousness. In our waking life we know it only through the veil; but when in sleep or trance, the material environment is removed from consciousness, the veil becomes that much thinner, and we get better glimpses of the transcendent reality.

Now in Sir Oliver Lodge's book the ostensible communicators frequently — more than I remember others doing — liken their life to the dream life. Through Feda, Raymond says (p. 202) to his father regarding those who enter the spirit life, especially his companions in arms:

It is so much easier for them if they and their friends know about it beforehand. It's awful when they have passed over and won't believe it for weeks, — they just think they're dreaming.

This seems a startling confirmation of the speculation that that life and our dream life are the same. Moreover on page 189 Raymond sends word to his mother: "You often go up there in the spirit-land while your body is asleep;" and on page 193 Feda quotes Raymond as saying:

I wish you could come over for one day, and be with me here. [Then, she goes on to mix her own speech with Raymond's as she frequently does: Ed.]. There are times you do go there [*i. e.* to his plane: Ed.], but you won't remember. They have all been over with him at night-time, and so have you, but he thought it very hard you couldn't remember.

Sometimes such dreams *are* remembered. We know of two that have beneficently reversed the course of a life.

All this appears to us very important — as tending to confirm the foregoing speculations on the dream life's being the eternal life.

Feda goes on to say:

If you did, he is told (he doesn't know it himself, but he is told this), the brain would scarcely bear the burden of the double existence, and would be unfitted for its daily duties; so the memory is shut out.

And this too appears to us very important as supporting the conclusion to which considerable attention to the

subject, and some remarkable dream experience, led us years ago — that much consciousness of the future life would tend to unfit us for this one, and would therefore be inconsistent with the obvious plan of the universe — to develop us by working out here our own salvation, whatever that may be, even if nothing more than an existence worth while here.

Here is another of what appear to us the weighty major suggestions of Sir Oliver's book. A couple of paragraphs must be premised.

All the explanations of the riddle of the Universe and the soul, their whence and why, fall into two classes: that God made them to amuse himself, and that he made them to amuse somebody else. "God" of course is a term of very wide and varying significance. A great deal of ink and a greater deal of blood have been shed in support of both theories, and, as often in such cases, it does not require a mind of very extraordinary grasp to suspect that both are true. Shut out the base idea that God wanted a big court to do him homage, tickle his nose with incense, sing his praises, and beg favors of him, including the confusion of their enemies — always assumed by both sides, even down to today, to be his enemies too — and substitute for these ideas: that he wanted to evolve and help themselves evolve, intelligent and moral and happy beings, and to rejoice with them in their happiness, and we get not only a pretty respectable sort of a God, at least the most respectable we have yet been able to make, but a pretty respectable solution of our problem, at least the most respectable we have yet been able to make.* And in doing this we may well realize the pathos of our forebears' attempts to realize the beneficent source and motive power of the universe as a character like their own barbarous chiefs. We are fallen on

* For a fuller treatment of these speculations also see Holt: *On the Cosmic Relations*, pp. 943 ff.

happier days, though too many traces of their ideas still survive in acts of propitiation and in prayers for mercy to a power that we see all around us preponderatingly working for good, and comparatively seldom permitting evil.

The best comprehension we have so far reached of how that respectable scheme of the Universe was worked out, is that beginning with the star dust, planets have been evolved with intelligent beings upon them, who through the blissful institution of sex, have been evolving souls; and at last we have struck some facts as puzzling as light must be to a worm with rudimentary eyes, which permit a hopeful guess that these souls, connected in our conditions with rather rickety bodies, leave these bodies for better ones and better conditions, and keep on improving indefinitely.

Now, Sir Oliver's book gives us some hints, as it does regarding dreams, which seem to tally with these guesses. On page 197, Raymond is alleged to have said through Feda:

There are men here, and there are women here. I don't think that they stand to each other quite the same as they did on the earth plane, but they seem to have the same feeling to each other, with a different expression of it. There don't seem to be any children born here. People are sent into the physical body to have children on the earth plane; they don't have them here. But there's a feeling of love between men and women here which is of a different quality to that between two men or two women; and husband and wife seem to meet differently from mother and son, or father and daughter.

There, then, is evidence, such as it is, that the planets are evolved to evolve the souls, and that being done, the souls pass on, and in the higher planes no new ones are evolved. The bodies, having performed their functions, are dissipated, and we have strong reason to believe, the planets, in time are dissipated too. Why, is one of the deepest of our deepest problems. As to the bodies, the material, at least some of it, is used in the evolution of new

bodies and hence of new souls, and hence (if our new guesses are right) of the wider and permanent happiness for the sake of which the universe seems to have been evolved: While its matter and motion seem to have limits, souls and happiness seem open to constant increase.

If the pragmatic argument is good for anything, it can seldom be good for as much as for the genuineness of the communications given in this book. They have lifted an exceptionally important and meritorious family from distress into happiness, and will undoubtedly do the same for many others in these awful times. Yet it must be admitted that communications as open to question as these still are have their dangers, but the record of disaster is trifling compared with that on the happier side.

CORRESPONDENCE

Pedagogy — Even Once More

WE had given to the subject all the attention that we thought our readers would care for, when we received the first of the following letters. We trust the correspondence speaks for itself:

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

The School of Education

OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR.

November 22, 1916.

Editor and Publisher of THE UNPOPULAR REVIEW,
34 West 33d St., New York.

Sir: May I impose on you to ask that you give personal attention to the short article which appears on pages 428-29 of the current issue of the REVIEW? I have never investigated teachers' grades, as is there stated. I have never been active in the movement to standardize grading systems. The president of Harvard University has. The University of Missouri has. A number of eminent educators not in any wise connected with departments of education have seen that it is essential to remove the irregularities and ambiguities in teachers' grades and have taken a strong hand in standardizing them. What I cannot understand is the reason for printing this illnatured letter without verifying at least a part of its statements, especially when the author's name is not allowed to come to the surface.

I do not write for the purpose of asking that this be published. I do ask that you look in person into the editorial situation which permits the appearance of so unjustified an attack. Does not your relation to your readers dictate that you ask someone who is informed to tell them about the standardizing of teachers' marks?

Very truly yours,
(Signed) CHARLES H. JUDD.

The answer was:

November 25, 1916.

My dear Sir: I am shocked to receive your letter of November 22nd. I feel perfectly confident that the author of "An Advance

in Pedagogy" had no idea whatever of quoting you — that he took a name "out of his head," so to speak, without looking over the catalogues to find if he happened to hit anybody. The intention of the article, I know, was entirely humorous.

It is very natural that in your sensitiveness to the use of your own name, you should not have realized the facts I have stated; but I have no idea that anybody but yourself will consider the joke as an attack on you personally, or that many will even think of you in connection with it. Still, if you wish, we will take peculiar pleasure in printing this correspondence, but we advise against it. It will in any event be too late to get it in the forthcoming January–March number.

Very truly yours,
(Signed) by the Editor.

To this came response:

December 5, 1916.

Sir: I shall take advantage of your proposal to publish my letter of November 22 together with your reply of November 25. It is my judgment that the editorial attitude which you set forth in your letter of November 25 throws so much light on the value of comments by THE UNPOPULAR REVIEW on the science of education that I owe it to the professional interests which I represent to bring the whole matter to the attention of your readers.

In general I should not think of going into print to answer a personal attack and did not have in mind asking for a publication of my letters until I read your reply. I shall ask you, therefore, to include this letter when you print the others.

* * * * *

Mania Editorum

THE following is from a leading university:

Years ago I was struck with the plain fact that everyone whom fate or duty or poverty compels to read editorially masses of other people's manuscript becomes crazy — loses the normal sense of relative values in minor matters of literary form; trivial things come to seem immense. I admit the effect is not so great in the inverse direction; I have no evidence that weightier matters come to seem trivial; but the ratio comes out wrong whether one term is unduly magnified or the other unduly lessened.

Let me hasten to add that this outbreak is not the effect of editorial rejection of good manuscripts; a fair proportion of my manuscripts, never numerous, have been printed and paid for at current rates. The phenomena have simply interested me as an observer of my kind. And this ink was set flowing by your paragraphs, "A Word to Contributors" and "More Fads in Writing," because they suggested an editor who is not yet quite crazy. As he is now past middle life and long practised in reading other people's manuscripts, there is even hope that he will not become so—at least, not in just the ways that have caught my attention.

My first "case" was editor of a series of books. After settling the details in which uniformity of framework was a needed economy of effort, he read critically every page. In a little while he became unable to distinguish between those matters that belonged to the framework of the series, where uniformity was clear gain, and those details where individuality was desirable, and another's fads and aversions might be quite as good as his own. His own acquired the force of natural laws.

Another was editor of a technical journal, where clarity was all-important and other literary merits of little consequence. For him there was more excuse, and it cost little to accept his demands, even where they were absurd; one sacrificed little by submitting.

It is in the literary periodicals that the situation becomes more painful or comical according to one's mood. In some journals a certain measure of simplification of spelling is *de rigueur*; in others any simplification not yet accepted by the most conservative in both England and New England is anathema. In some a compound centuries old like *today* is painfully hyphenated as if it were a new-comer; in others *tonight* and *tomorrow* must be divided in like manner. No one yet insists on *to-gether*, but no doubt some one will. And why not add *al-to-gether* and *here-to-fore* and *yester-day* and *for-ever* and *be-fore* and *a-part* and *be-cause* and *never-the-less*? Why print any compound *with-out* a hyphen? The language has inadvertently accepted a lot of them which need reforming backward as much as *today*. In some of our best magazines *towards* is tabu; in others, just as well edited, *toward* is never allowed except in verse. Everybody knows or can easily learn that both forms are equally old and in equally good usage in both prose and verse—as are adverbial *forward* and *forwards* and *backward* and *backwards*. If uniformity in such matters is so important

for a journal why isn't it just as important for an individual author, who is forced to appear inconsistent if he contributes to different editors? I have been repeatedly corrected for using *farther* as the comparative of *far*, and made to accept *further*, comparative of dialectic and vulgar *fur*.

By virtue of this mania the editor relates himself to the schoolmaster on his less agreeable side, and to the pedant. It's a great pity. The editorial craze for particular types of uniformity is incidentally as great a hindrance to reform in spelling, for example, as the "experts" whom you lambast, who would like to see our alphabet sufficiently enlarged to be capable of reasonable accuracy in writing English, or who would like to see diphthongal *i* written as a diphthong.

This particular editor is not at all particular. While he sometimes states a modest preference, he thinks that an author good enough to be welcomed into this review is good enough to be his own judge. The editor is even hoping for the time when readers will be satisfied to let them choose their own spelling.

A Correction

DR. HYSLOP has sent us the following:

After making a statement about some work of Patience Worth, the January-March number of THE UNPOPULAR REVIEW makes the following remarks:

"Some students would say that the answer to that is plain everyday telepathy, such as, forty years ago nobody believed in, and now is believed in by nearly all investigators but Dr. Hyslop. He thinks it inconsistent with spiritism (which we don't): so as he believes in spiritism he disbelieves in telepathy. It is an established dogma of Myers and Company that telepathy takes place only between subconscious and 'subliminal' minds."

The writer of that note is quite mistaken in his statement about my attitude regarding "telepathy." I have accepted it for 25 years, and have said so in everything that I have written about it. So far from regarding it as inconsistent with spiritism I have always maintained that it might be the means of proving that theory. It is the public that conceives them as rival explanations of facts.

What I have contended for in regard to it is two things. (1) That, in whatever way you define it, it is not *explanatory* of anything whatsoever. (2) That it is an appeal to the *unknown* (we do not know what it is or what the process is), and science will not tolerate an appeal to the unknown to explain anything.

The only rational and defensible meaning that can be given to the term telepathy is that it denotes mental coincidences between two separate minds, that are not due to chance or to normal sense perception. This makes it a mere name for the facts themselves and not for any cause or known process. It is thus wholly without explanatory power. But spirits, where the phenomena are (1) supernormal and (2) representative of the personal identity of the deceased, explain because they represent a known kind of fact; namely, consciousness as we know it in experience, and because they presumably act as causes in the same way consciousness acts with the living.

The term "telepathy" has been made to do duty for several things for which there is not one iota of evidence anywhere in the world. The one sense in which it legitimately applies is that which denotes coincidences between two independent mental states that are active at the time. This is all that the evidence supports. That is, A thinks and B gets A's present active thought. But the public and many psychic researchers conceive it as coextensive with several things for which there is no scientific evidence whatever. (1) That it denotes direct transmission from one living mind to another. (2) That the transmission is by some form of vibrations, usually after the analogy of wireless telegraphy. (3) That it represents selection from the subconscious of the "agent" by the subconscious of the "percipient." (4) That it represents selection by subconscious of the "percipient" from the subconscious of any living person at any time and at any distance. Now these last four conceptions of it are wholly without scientific evidence and I do not believe that any scientific man in the world will assert that there is adequate evidence for them. Until it is produced I contend and have contended for the claim that they cannot be assumed to explain the selective character of the facts which invoke spirits to account for them.

The real trouble is that it is not respectable to believe in spirits and hence people do not take the trouble to ascertain what I really believe regarding telepathy. When it becomes respectable to believe in spirits they will be accepted without evidence, and "telepathy" will go the way of Mesmerism in its relation to the subject. Telepathy is a term that limits *evidence*: it does not limit *explanation*. The assumption of B selecting

memories from the subconscious of A is very different from that of A acting on B, and is without any scientific warrant whatever.

A Nut for Psychological Researchers

A MOTHER writes us this account of a strange utterance of her six-year-old boy:

He modeled a remarkable ship under full sail a few days ago. About an hour after he had shown it to me I asked him to keep it to show to his father. Unfortunately the boy had broken it up, so I asked him if he would try to make another. He did. It wasn't at all good, and I told him so. He made still another even more clumsy, so I let the matter drop. The next day he said to me: "You know some one else's mind made that first boat, and my fingers." I said: "Why you were alone in your study, weren't you?" I knew that he had been. He replied, "Oh, yes, but it wasn't *my* mind, just *my* fingers."

That this little boy may have some superusual psychic endowment is suggested by the circumstances that his father, and his aunt and grandfather on the other side are in *Who's Who*, and his great great grandparents were the grandparents of Whistler.

Faculty Athletic Committees

ONE of the Nestors in College Athletics sends us the following:

Dean Hole tells the story of a gentleman travelling on the underground rail in London who was addressed by a very large lady, sitting near him, as follows: "The next station at which we arrive, Sir, will be Sloane Square, and I shall feel greatly obliged if you will kindly assist me to leave the carriage on our arrival. I have already been twice around London, having made unsuccessful efforts to leave the train. Being unfortunately very heavy and clumsy in my movements, I find it easier to descend from the doorway backwards, and I have twice been occupied in my awkward endeavor, when a porter, under the misapprehension that I was entering the

compartment, has not only addressed me, 'Now, Miss, be quick, train's going,' but has propelled me onwards."

Now this seems to be the predicament of our Faculty Athletic Committees. They have been hustled into a train of undergraduate athletic impetuosities, and when in a sober, sedate but rather clumsy fashion they endeavor to alight at what they feel is surely their station, they are told abruptly, "Train's going!" and crammed in again for another round!

EN CASSEROLE

Some War Forecasts

IN view of recent events, two letters sent us last summer by an English statesman whose opinion carries as much weight in this country as anybody's, have assumed an interesting aspect.

He said in substance that Germany knew she was whipped, and had been making all that effort at Verdun, which could not possibly result in any corresponding military advantage, because she wanted by a great victory to put herself in a position to make an apparently magnanimous proposition for peace.

Our friend's power as a prophet is indicated by Germany's conduct as soon as she had accomplished the Roumanian drive. This makes interesting another forecast in his letters: he said that he specially wished we would go into the war, because that would give Germany a new pretext to pull out — namely: that she could not whip the world. Now this last U-boat performance looks as if she were seeking that pretext herself — as if she wished to get us into a declaration of war, in order that she might pull out; and so far as that consideration goes, it seems eminently desirable that we should give it to her, and at once. But Congress, the president's only instrument for doing it, he has, at this writing, deliberately kept out of his reach (perhaps to keep himself out of its reach) until the middle of April.

The Total Depravity of Type

NOTWITHSTANDING all we have lately said about the fallibilities of scholarship and proof-reading, we were so defenceless against them as to print in the last number that the department of Psychology at Harvard was preparing to investigate "such superusual phenomena

as they may consider with it." Of course we tried to say *worth* it.

The Tyranny of Talent

WE come into life handicapped by many a tyranny, but by none heavier than the insolence of that particular ability packed into our still imperfect cranium. Although one may observe in rare individuals the exhibition of a fine independence that from infancy to age consistently refuses to develop the dominance of some obvious talent, for the most part we yield to the conventional views that defy such despotism, and to our own delight in that little toy, success, which the autocrat dangles before our eyes. The only people never disillusioned are the unsuccessful. Every time we succeed we take a tuck in a dream. Of all domains, the most desirable is the kingdom of dreams, and the only people who never lose it, who, rather, reinherit it from day to day, are the people who consistently and conscientiously fail.

There are, however, only an enviable few of us who are not able to do some one thing well. It does not need, of course, to be anything notable. We need not be the fools of fame, in order to taste all the depths of success. We may merely be able to tie up parcels with neatness and despatch, — rest assured we shall be enforced to tie up everybody's parcels until we totter into our graves. Most households can boast a member with an ability to find things; the demands upon the time and the resourcefulness of such a professional finder prevent her ever finding peace (a finder is, of course, always feminine.)¹ One could multiply indefinitely examples from immediate experience, that prove the argument for inefficiency.

The tyranny of talent has beset our path with many little proverbs that bark at our lagging heels. "Nothing succeeds like success" has hounded many a man to a deso-

¹ But Gilder's poem beginning: "Are these the finding eyes?" was on a portrait of Columbus.—Ed.

late eminence. "Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well" is a maxim that we allow to control our activities as thoroughly as we refuse to allow it to convince our intelligence: for obviously whatever is worth doing is *not* worth doing well; on the one hand the statement may authorize a wasteful and indiscriminate energy; and, far worse, it is manifestly false, because everything that gives you joy is worth doing, and ten to one the thing that gives you most joy in the doing, is the thing that you do very ill indeed.¹

Superficially considered, success appears to be a consequence of self-expression necessarily gratifying; intimately experienced, success is found to be a consequence of self-repression most painful. The trouble is that one never knows in time. Often one goes gambolling into success unwittingly as a young animal, only to have one's first joyous neigh, or bray, of achievement cut short by feeling sudden hands bind one to a treadmill—the treadmill that impels one to grind out similar achievements, tramp-tramp-tramp, all the rest of one's life. The worst is that no one ever suspects the excellently efficient middle-aged nag of still sniffing a larking canter through the mad spring meadows of the unattempted. Our best friends suppose the treadmill contents us. Yet we are always cherishing our own little dreams of a medium of expression better suited to our individuality than that skill with which nature has endowed us. Browning acknowledges the phenomenon in *One Word More*, in noting the dissatisfaction of the artist with his proper medium:

Does he paint? He fain would write a poem, —
Does he write? He fain would paint a picture,
Put to proof art alien to the artist's,
Once and only once, and for one only,
So to be the man and leave the artist,
Gain the man's joy, miss the artist's sorrow.

¹ This contributor is growing dangerous. That one does a thing ill, and enjoys doing it ill, is no sign that it's not worth doing well. She never heard "us" play the cello.—ED.

432 The Unpopular Review

The psychological experience described is more fundamental than its application in the poem merely to love and a lady.

The harshness of a controlling talent is severe in restricting us not alone to what we can do well, but to what we can do best. If we paint, we must not only not write a poem, but we must not attempt a picture different from our best; if we write, we must continue to write in the type and the tone of our first successful experiment. The chef may long to be an astronomer, but not only must he stick to his flesh-pots, but if, in the gusto of some early egg-beating, he has stumbled upon the omelet superlative, he must continue to furnish the world with omelets, no matter if eggs become for him an utter banality, and no matter how his fancy be seething with voluptuous dishes of air-drawn cabbage, or super-sheep.

The world is too much against us if we try to lay down the burdens the task-master Talent has imposed. The successful man belongs to the public: he no longer belongs to himself. Talent, tried and proved and acclaimed, is too strong for us; we continue its savorless round, against all our inward protest. We are its slaves, and through the amiability ineradicable in most bosoms, the slaves also of our admiring kinsfolk and friends and public; most of all, perhaps, the slaves of our own self-doubt, for possibly after all they are right, possibly we are justly the chattels of Talent, and not of that whispered self of the air, taunting, teasing us, "What you have done is sordid, is savorless! Come with me to attempt the unexplored!" This desire denied is both acknowledgment that all our lordly labelled triumphs may have had a false acclaim, and is also a protest against all mundane and mortal valuations. Our unshackled ego, scorning things done that took the eye and had the price, seems to have the truer voice. Is not art itself the assurance that we are no petty slaves of efficiency, but heirs of a serene domain where the unaccomplished is forever the only thing worth accomplishing?

The Scarcity of Paper

IT once seemed likely to be a blessing, if it would reduce the number of books printed by half, the size of newspapers by two-thirds, the amount of advertising by three-quarters, the number of circulars in one's mail by four-fifths, and their length by five-sixths. Hope deferred maketh the heart sick; and the heart is getting sicker and sicker!

Teaching Greek and Latin

IN regard to teaching Greek and Latin, there is one consideration which seems fundamental, which must have been presented many times, and yet which, in considerable reading on the subject, we do not remember seeing. It is the use which the pupil expects to make of the languages.

In our schools, he certainly does not expect to speak or write them, or to be called upon to understand them when spoken. He expects only to understand them when printed. So to understand them, he need not know how many and what prepositions "govern" the dative or the accusative or the ablative. The texts he reads will contain all those prepositions and cases in their proper relations, consequently he need not memorize all those facts. The texts will also contain all the verbs in their proper moods, so that he need not learn all the perplexing subtleties which have placed them so. The same with all the grammar except the mere inflections. Therefore for our pupils' purposes, four-fifths, perhaps nine-tenths of the grammar, and that the most difficult part, is superfluous.

It is our privilege, now a rare one, to remember that these considerations consciously or unconsciously guided much of the work of no less a teacher than Whitney. As soon as his pupils knew a few words and inflections, he at once set them to reading. But as his work with us was in the modern languages, which we were to speak,

434 The Unpopular Review

he of course did not stop there, but probably it is not too much to assume that if reading had been the only expectation, he would simply have had us read, read, read.

In Germany, many years ago, a judicious adviser counseled us: "Take an interesting short story. Read it through and make out of it what you can. Don't bother with the dictionary." (We already knew enough words for very simple conversation.) "The words you know will enable you to understand in the context many words you don't know. When you get through, you will have a general notion of the story. Then read it again, and that general knowledge will enable you to understand much that you did not understand in the first reading. Then, with this understanding, read it a third time, and you will virtually understand it all." We took his advice and it worked admirably.

We tried it also in Italian, and it worked even better, because what we knew of Latin and French helped. We had sung a good many bits of the operas, translating only enough to get the general significance. This gave us a trifling knowledge of the language — enough, backed by a few hours with the inflections, to read a few stories in the way recommended by our German friend, but far from enough to read Dante. We had started to read two or three translations of him, but did not get interested enough to go ahead. At last we picked up one with the original on the opposite pages. We began with the translation. At tempting points we looked over at the original and worked out the translation, and often were tempted to read on in the original, turning to the translation where help was needed. In this way we found ourselves interested from the start, as we never had succeeded in being in a mere translation, and were thus led through the whole *Divina Commedia*, and with great delight.

From all this we have a strong conviction that the solution of the problem of the classics in general education may lie in the methods here indicated.

They would save the large proportion of time now wasted on the grammar. They would make possible a wider knowledge of the literature, turn study from the bore it now is, to a delight, and make the pupil familiar with the standard current reminiscences, and also make him a member of the freemasonry to which they are the shibboleth.

In fairness, however, should be raised the question whether these methods would give the drill in accuracy that the old ones did. But there also come counter questions whether that drill was worth what it cost, and whether enough of it cannot be had in other disciplines.

And finally there is the certainty that the proposed methods would better meet the fundamental need in the whole matter, mention of which, for the sake of simplifying our little exposition, we have so far reserved. That need is such a knowledge of the root-words as is the proverbial "key to the modern languages" and to the best appreciation of distinctions and emphases in English literature. So far as the pupil becomes a writer or speaker, that knowledge enormously expands his vocabulary; aids him to follow words compounded with prepositions with the *right* prepositions — that is: to avoid such mistakes as *averse to* or *sympathy for* a person; and enormously helps him to select the strongest words for emphasis and the nicest ones for distinctions. That Burns and Herbert Spencer and possibly even Shakespeare himself used the language without these aids does not materially affect the matter. There are not enough Burnses and Spencers and Shakespeares in our schools to make it worth while to fit the curriculum to them, and even if there were, they would be all the better and happier for a reading knowledge of Greek and Latin and the deathless literatures which they embody. And this they can obtain for a tithe of the labor required under the old-fashioned teaching.

The Passing of Mr. De Morgan

THE following account of the funeral, strangely graphic and suggestive because unpremeditated, has been sent us from a private source. We print it, however, for the last clause.

“At the funeral, one saw all the folk of the Nineties and earlier, the William Morris and Rossetti lot. Those who survive seemed to come out of their secret lairs, just to see their old pal buried. It was a most old-fashioned audience. They were dressed as they dressed thirty years ago; they behaved as people behaved thirty years ago, and all looked as if they ought to have been dead for a quarter of a century. Never have I seen anything like it. Of course there were the representatives of the press and the literary world; but the bulk of the people were those weird shadows. It was a horrid morning with driving snow; and I saw the old man’s coffin driven off from the church to the distant cemetery with a bit of a pang, because he was the dearest old thing that ever lived.”

Looking the Part

THE hope of the public that a personage should look his part is so inveterate that it has in all times promoted pose and make-up. Only people of that hypothetical derivation called Anglo-Saxon are even supposed to dislike official garb, and democratic levelling succeeds in suppressing it but temporarily. In time the old desire to see personages distinguished visibly will be answered. Men and women who have emerged from the mass will proclaim themselves to the eye. That we rejoice to have them do so is patent enough to explain certain substitutions in newspaper illustration. B’s photograph may be published as A’s because A does not sufficiently look the part, although journalists have been accused of mak-

ing such substitutions from haste or laziness. Some figure being unexpectedly needed, they are supposed to take under stress what is handiest. But journalists, though perhaps hasty, are certainly not lazy. Reflecting on their assiduity in photographing everybody, we must explain their substitution otherwise. Is it not a natural extension of the journalistic art of giving the public what it wants? A tennis champion is needed. But the office photograph shows him in business clothes and boarding a train. Better use this other player smashing at the net in proper flannels, especially as the momentary agony of his expression makes him unrecognizable. The public wants a tennis player; and a tennis player wears flannels and plays tennis. An obscure railroad president leaps into notoriety. His photograph is on file; but it shows a little wizened figure with melancholy eyes and scrawny beard, whereas everyone knows that railroad presidents are large, sleek, and of political countenance. Better use this obscure socialist agitator who looks the presidential part. At any rate, whether it explains newspaper substitutions or not, it is a fact that in spite of disillusioning experience, we still fondly expect people to look their parts. We, the indiscriminate public, may be content to be indistinguishable: we have no parts. When a man has a part, the least he can do for us is to use the proper pose and make-up. If we do not demand this, we none the less hope for it secretly and rejoice in its realization.

Conversely we took as an affront the publication last winter of a group of contemporary poets in evening dress. Of these bards, one is thus reduced to a cook, another to a plumber, a third to a vaudeville singer, a fourth to that composite youth who advertises socks, and several to commercial travelers. This caricature of our idealism was the more cynical because substitution was invitingly easy. How many readers could be expected to know whether these sorry figures were indeed of those whose names they bore? At least the press photographer might

have paid the usual compliment of posing them singly with pen and paper and stern or sardonic mien. Not so. Deliberately journalism said: Behold in conventionalized mass the poets of the hour, and see if there be any poetry left!

What should a poet look like? We know from monuments, if not from frontispieces; and no experience seems to dispel the type. Therefore aspiring youth follows a right instinct in still affecting ampler collars, softer and more flowing neckcloths, longer hair, even sashes and, for bolder spirits, fur rugs, or that other make-up of flannel shirt and sombrero. Otherwise how advertise? How arrive at being taken seriously? Certainly not by having one's verses read. As if verses were read except by a few teachers and declaimers! Poetry is written, not read. Therefore the thin volume in which the lines do not fill the page, and the spaces show a pattern — or did until the other day — must be supplemented by a proper human figure. And one's own figure usually will not answer without make-up. There is astonishing temerity in that Italian woman who puts as a frontispiece to *Gli Amanti* her mere photograph, a portrait unadorned. The public will go no farther. These are not the features and the garb of passion. There is no mystery, no suggestion. She looks like you and me. And if a novelist dispenses at her peril with robes of romance, how shall the poet be known without singing robes? Who will give him a tea?

This public demand is obstinate even for professors. One would suppose that for a company so small statistically, so familiar and so little regarded, the make-up would be negligible. Not so. The public insists that the professor is a type, perhaps because he occupies a platform. The typical professorial appearance is demanded, in spite of overwhelming evidence to the contrary. The very newspaper which tells us that the professor is a business man or a politician, a farmer, a journalist, or a

parson, pictures him in cartoons with the traditional costume and properties. He must be thin; he must peer through spectacles; he must wear shabby and baggy clothes; and above all he must always carry an umbrella. Since one glance at a faculty meeting would exorcise this bogy, evidently professors scorn their make-up in vain. If they will not wear it in life, it shall by popular art be imputed and imposed.

A demand so inveterate, so invariable, may as well be accepted. Men will demand make-up as they demand ritual. Masons may somewhat shamefacedly wear their aprons in public over their store clothes — a combination making the sadness of our daily clothes more hideous; but Knights of Pythias appear fairly to rejoice in the sword and plume of the eighteenth century. If the actual cattlemen of our plains sometimes miss their opportunities, the cowboy of the stage, of the cartoon, and of every other public exhibition is always careful to look the part. How gladly we acclaimed, once upon a time, a President of the United States in uniform! What merely facial distinction, what godlike brow or authoritative nose, can suffice to impose presidentiality? Not forever, we may surmise, will the President of the United States be thus inferior in visibility to the president of any small college. Napoleon was always most careful of his make-up, graduating it with nice artistry as he expanded his rôle. His clothes cried command, dominion, empire; and conversely the weakness of municipal authority throughout these United States may be due largely to the fact that you cannot tell a mayor when you see one.

So elder Puritan protests against the innovation of academic gowns and hoods in American colleges was entertained only for the sake of logic; it was never really heeded. All the younger savants were too glad. Academic milliners, to be sure, pushed the new fashion for their business ends; but they could not have succeeded without learned connivance. Men wish to look like doctors when-

ever they can. The heart rises against the level dulness, the depressing monotony, of our daily outward habit. Having lost the rational diversification of the middle ages, we break loose from modern uniformity when we dare, and, when we dare not, rejoice to see our elect few in proper garb. Only a pessimist could expect that civilized men should remain content to leave looking the part to undertakers.

The Real Feminist Ideal

MRS. BURKE-JONES was the most popular woman in town. She was a philanthropist, a socialist and a suffragist.

Every Monday morning she attended the Executive Board meeting of the Park Commission; every Monday afternoon she went to the Missionary Society; Tuesday mornings she met with her Bridge Club, and in the afternoons with the Music Study League. Each Wednesday morning she presided at the Suffrage Association, and in the afternoon at the Mothers' Circle; Thursdays were taken up with the Browning Band and the Home Economics Society; on Fridays she looked in at the Factory Library, the East Side Kindergarten and the Home for Better Babies; every Saturday she spent shopping, replenishing her wardrobe and giving orders to the servants for the coming week. On Sundays she taught in the Sunday School and sang in the church choir.

She went everywhere to conventions, and her name was frequently found on programs.

Mr. Burke-Jones was a dyspeptic. He was also considered rather queer. He generally dined at restaurants and often slept at the Club.

Mrs. Burke-Jones was finally and most justly elected President of the State Federation of Women's Clubs, and on the night of the State convention, everyone eagerly awaited the announcement of her subject. Elaborately

dressed and holding an immense bunch of roses, she advanced to the front of the stage and, smiling in a sweetly feminine way, said:

“Friends, I have chosen as my subject for this evening, that which is of paramount importance in this day and time — *Woman’s Sphere, The Home.*”

A Columbia Number

WE did not *intend* to make one of our last issue, though the four articles from that university may look as if we did, but we do things of that kind only by accident — happy accident that time. Professors in nine different universities contribute to this number. Guess! That was not intentional either.

Queries and Cuckoos

MAN is a questioning animal. We would cast no unjust aspersions upon all other animals, but we maintain that man is primarily an interrogation-mark, and of course was one long before Pope. From the nebulous dawn of things he has asked questions. And the answers? Ah, that’s another story!

“Am I my brother’s keeper?” snarls Cain. How various have been the answers!

“Why do the heathen rage?” found its way into the question-box at a missionary meeting, once upon a time, and the good brother in charge stammered and was troubled as he cast about for a reply.

“What destroyeth the memorie of thinges?” comes plaintively from a sixteenth-century clerk. “Not poppy, nor mandragora, nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,” mutter the Iagos of the ages.

But the queries are not all of this high seriousness.

“What cast of countenance is the mark of love?” writes eighteenth-century Eugenius. Woman, in thine infinite variety, canst thou answer?

442 The Unpopular Review

Strephon breaks into metre:

“If Chloe breathes no,
Doth she ever mean yes?”

Doth she?

Aurelia yearningly poses the editor with: “How may a husband be kept constant, living in retirement?” What wonder that the editor felt “blasted by a sudden imbecility” as he groped for a reply?

The problems do not always concern man. Many curious questions on natural history are folded away in the wrinkled records of scientific societies. “What is the origin of vegetables?” Seek the answer, Reader, in the dusty Transactions of the American Institute. But look not for much light.

“O Cuckoo! ¹ Shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice?”

queries the Poet. And in the worm-eaten tomes that contain the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society, the learned Dr. Jenner asks, “To what, then, may we attribute the peculiarities of the cuckoo?” Vain question! echoing down to us from 1788, in those ponderous Transactions, with much curious speculation on the matter. But Philosopher nor Poet answers the query.

Can you, O gentle reader, furnish the information?

Or, pray, can *you* tell, “What destroyeth the memorie of thinges?”

A Few of the Things that Need Remediying

THE Cabinet.

The provisions of the constitution that restrict direct National taxation to the Income Tax.

All provisions everywhere that put the spending of the taxes into the hands of the people who do not pay them.

¹The poor editor supposed the conundrum was addressed to a skylark. Probably it has been put more than once.

The levying of any taxes that people don't know they pay.

Laws that are more careful of the criminal than of society.

Neglect of the fountain-heads of culture in educational curricula.

Confusion of business functions and educational functions in colleges.

The same in the press.

The spelling of English.

Solos and primitive programs at the concerts of great modern orchestras.

Piano playing with other instruments, except as accompaniment.

The Smoke Nuisance.

Taking off of enough city railroad cars outside of rush hours to keep the remaining ones crowded.

The repetition of liturgies that priests and people no longer believe in.

All other forms of lying.

Philanthropies where the heart runs away with the head.

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OUR WRITTEN PURPOSES

*"And therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent;
Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know"*

—Antony and Cleopatra.

Mark Twain, once a printer himself, advised his friend, William Dean Howells, against choosing a printer for a hero. "Better not," he said. "People will not understand him. Printing is something every village has in it, but it is always a sort of mystery."

If there is uncertainty in lay minds as to printers, how inscrutable to them are the duties of publishers! Questions in regard to the Yale University Press have revealed such a general ignorance of its aims that it may not be amiss to explain the purpose of its foundation. In fact, university presses are so new in America and fulfil such different purposes where they have been established, that an explanation may be interesting even to the initiated who know what publishing is.

Briefly, the Yale University Press was founded:

To provide an adequate medium for publishing notable books which tend to advance American scholarship in all its fields.

To bring into prominence writers whose names would otherwise be known to but few, thereby aiding young scholars to secure recognition and promotion.

To be alert to the opportunity and duty of publishing volumes by writers in other institutions and in other countries. It is not from accident, but from design, that the list of authors represented by Yale University Press publications includes men from three continents and from over one hundred universities.

To publish only such works as shall reflect credit on the University whose name it bears. To this end, every manuscript to be published under its imprint must receive the approval of a Committee composed of officers and members of the University.

To follow the very best traditions of printing and book-binding, making only books which may serve as a standard.

Expressed in terms of books, its purpose is to publish such a work as that which Hon. James Bryce referred to as "One of the most important constitutional records in the whole history of the United States."¹

To make it possible for such men as William Ernest Hocking (since appointed to a professorship in philosophy at Harvard University) to issue his first book, "The Meaning of God in Human Experience."²

To issue what Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., described as "the most important monograph on painting at once written by an American and published by an American press."³

¹ THE RECORDS OF THE FEDERAL CONVENTION OF 1787. Edited by Max Farrand. 4 volumes. \$15.00 net per set, postpaid.

² THE MEANING OF GOD IN HUMAN EXPERIENCE. By William Ernest Hocking. (The *Hibbert Journal* described it as "sustained and convincing eloquence of thought — not enthusiastic, but simply vast and strong and careless, because sure.") Third printing. \$3.00 net, postpaid.

³ JACOPO CARUCCI DA PONTORMO. His Life and Work. By Frederick Mortimer Clapp. 153 illustrations. \$7.50 net, postpaid.

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INDEX

THE UNPOPULAR REVIEW

VOL. VII

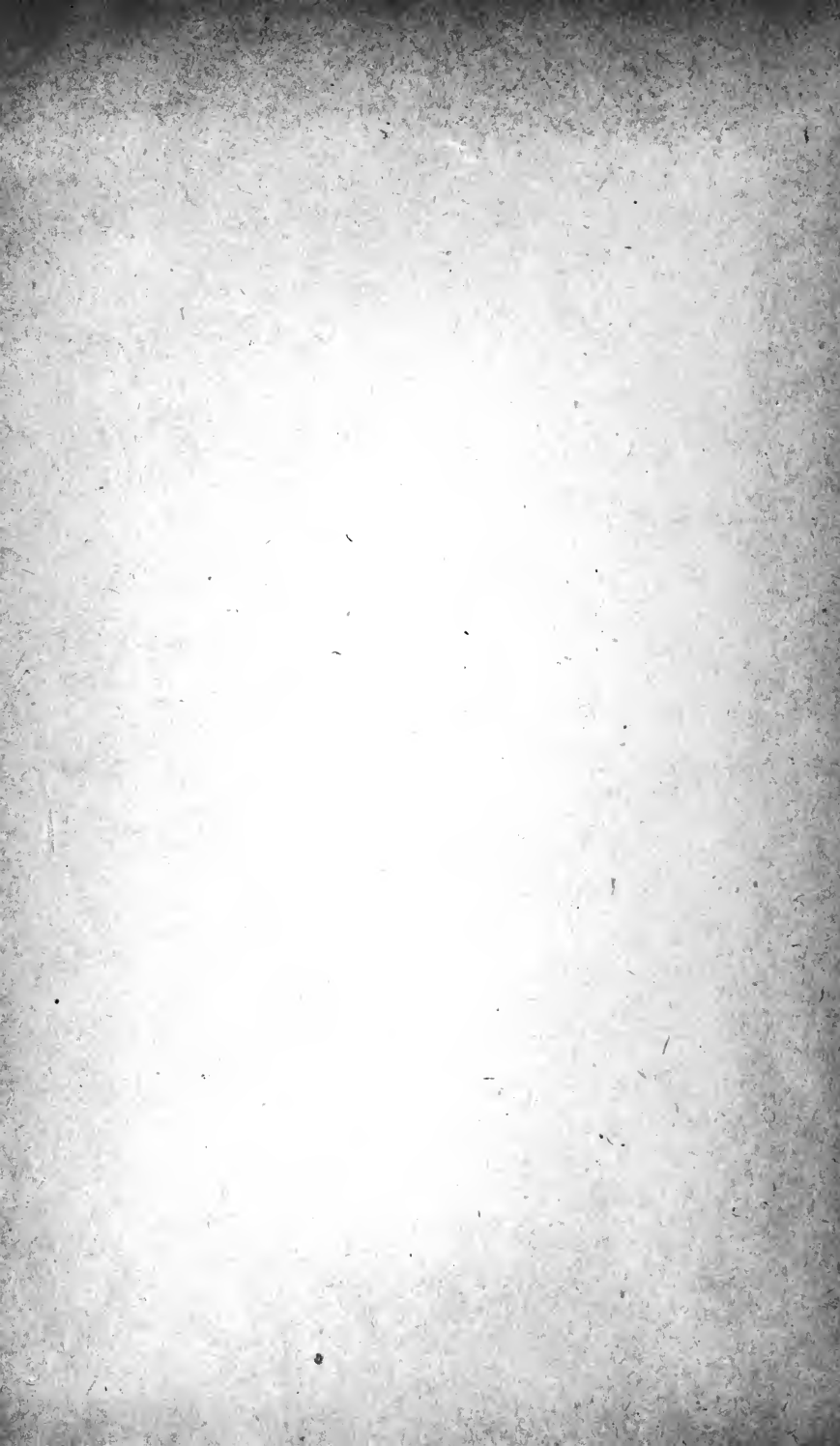
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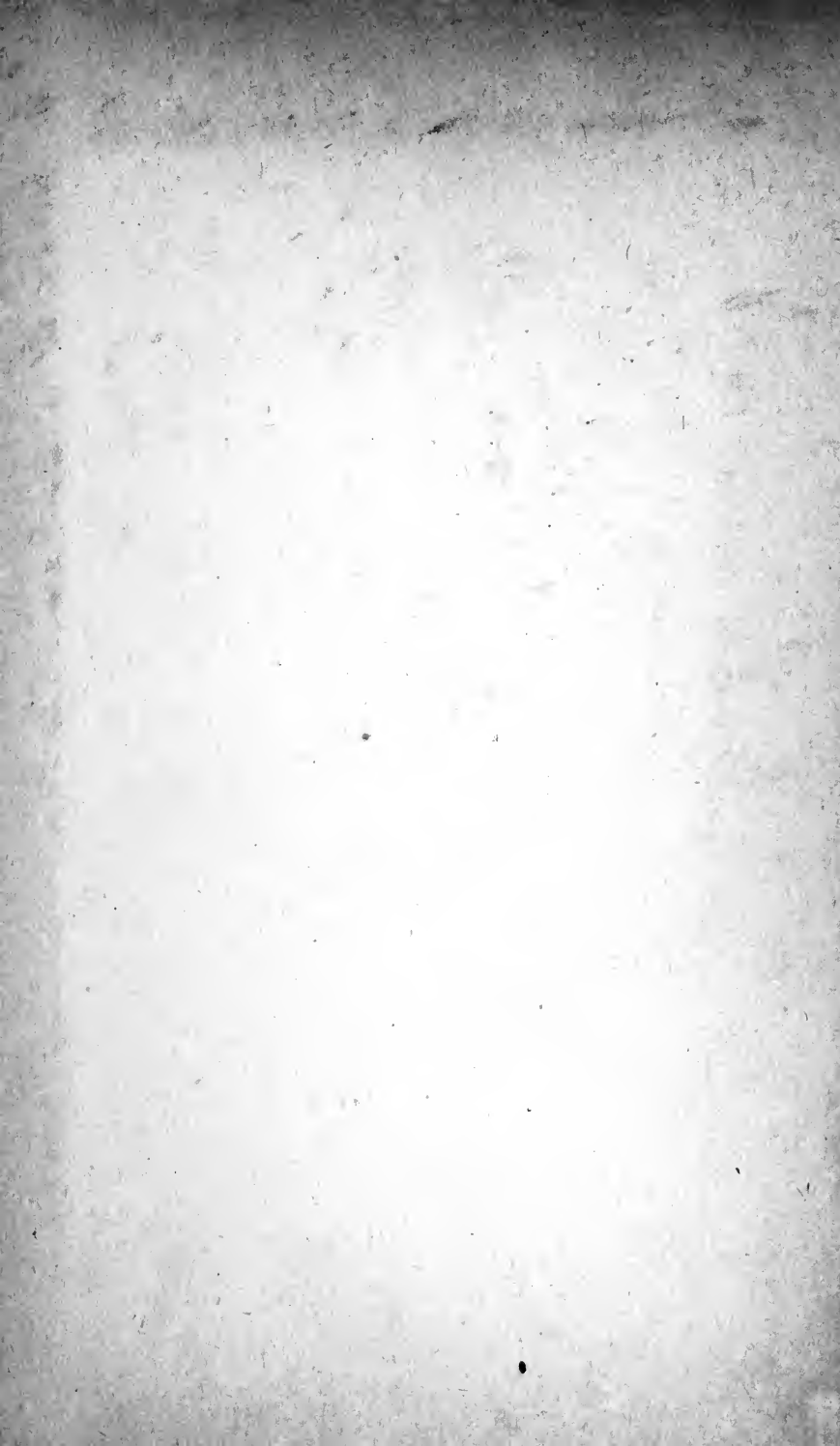
- Advertising, self, 302
 Æsthetic culture, 199
 Amusement, 215
 ANDERSON, AGNES K.,
 'The Ingenuity of Par-
 ents,' 25
 Art, 168-170
 Athletic committees, 427
 Authors' reputations, 217
 Baby, Patience Worth's,
 179-198
 BALDWIN, C. S., 'Looking
 the Part,' 436
 Barbarians, 223
 BECKER, CARL, 'On Be-
 ing a Professor,' 342
 BENNETT, JESSE LEE,
 'The Conservation of
 Capacity,' 12
 Bismarck, 239
 Body, soul vs., 420; spir-
 itual building up, 411
 Books, fooled in, 216;
 gift, 206
 Borussians, 223
 BRADFORD, EDW. A.,
 'Some Second Thoughts
 of a Sobered People,' 1
 Brandeis, L. D., 205
 Business profits, 327-341
 Camel story, 225, 232
 Capacity, 12-24
 Capital, railroad, 88-97
 Cartel, 116-134
 Catholics, 396
 CHAPMAN, EDW. M., 'As
 to Parsons,' 98
 Children, 25-35
 China, 55
 Christian gospel, 104-106
 CHURCH, A. HAMILTON,
 'The Future of Indus-
 try,' 251
 Citizenship, 281
 Civilization, 285
 Classics, 176, 177, 433
 Clayton act, 117-119,
 121
 Clergymen, 98-112
 COBB, PERRY RUSH, 'Making Too Much
 Profit,' 327
 Colleges, 342; novel-
 writing and, 140-150
 COLTON, ARTHUR W.,
 'Ædipus and Job,' 67
Columbia Number, A,
 441
 Combinations, 113-134
 Commission government,
 6
 Commissions, 85, 92-93
 Competition, 113-134
 Conquerors, 14-18
 Conscience, 67-83
**Conservation of Capac-
 ity, The, 12;** a growing
 recognition of the fact
 of a master type and of
 the value of leaders
 among men, 12-24
 Conservatism, 164-165
**"Conspiracy" Supersti-
 tion, The, 395;** fear of
 conspiracy; examples,
 395-398; American So-
 cialist party, 398-400;
 myth of the Entente
 conspiracy and the ar-
 guments against it, 400-
 406; diplomacy, 406-
 407
 Constitution, U. S., 20, 23
Contributors, A Word to,
 218
 Coöperation, industrial,
 256
Correction, A, 425
Correspondence, 199,
 422
Counsel of Perfection,
 A, 201
 Crazes, 202
 Crookes, Sir Wm., 210
 Cuckoos, 441
 CURRAN, MRS. JOHN H.,
 and HENRY HOLT,
 'That Patience Worth
 Baby,' 179
 Democracy, economic, 252
**De Morgan, The Pass-
 ing of Mr., 436**
Difficulty of Being Alone,
On the, 135; sketch
 complaining of solitude
 interrupted, 135-139
 Domestic relations, 25-
 35
Double Entry Education,
A, 151; education of
 the writer; the world of
 things and the world of
 thought, 151-155; phi-
 losophy, 156; belief, 157;
 science a double entry
 bookkeeping, 158-159;
 effective means of dou-
 ble entry education,
 159-163
 DOWNEY, JUNE E., 'Self-
 Advertising,' 302
 Drama, 56-66; new pas-
 sion for, 215
 Dreams, 417, 430
 Driftwood, 211
 DUTTON, GEO. B.,
 'Queries and Cuckoos,'
 441
Economic Hymn of
Hate, The, 36; war has
 brought a return to
 seventeenth century
 mercantilism, 36-39;
 allied proposals for
 economic boycott of
 Germany, 39-43; prob-
 ably efforts disastrous,
 43-51; policy of the
 United States, 51-55
 Editors, 423
 Education, 151-163, 175-
 178, 342
 Efficiency, German, 230
 Eight-hour day, 206
 Election, 1
 Eliot, Chas. W., 152, 155,
 159
En Casserole, 203, 429
Endicott and I Burn
Driftwood, 211

- English language, 202, 220, 424
Eternal Boy, The, 221
 Evil, 67-83
Faculty Athletic Committees, 427
Fads in Writing, More, 218
 Faith, III-III, 157
 Fear, 71
Feminist Ideal, The Real, 440
 Free trade, 48-50, 54
 Free verse, 171-174
 Freedom, 13, 14
 French Revolution, 396-397
Friend Who Helps, A, etc., 199
Future Life, Some New Light on, 408; Lodge's *Raymond, or Life and Death* and its significance, 408; minor messages and their confirmation of previous records, 409-417; dream life as real life, 417-419; scheme of the universe; souls vs. bodies, 419-421
 GAINES, MORRELL W., 'The Two Opposing Railroad Valuations,' 84
German Trust Laws and Ours, 113; German government and foreign trade, 113-115; trust, cartel, combination, monopoly and the Sherman act, 115-117; Clayton act, 117-118; trade commission, 118-121; competition and "good custom" in Germany, 121-124; anti-trust movements there, 124-127; stock watering, 127-128; government control, 128-131; journalism, 132; good combinations possible, 133-134
 Germany, 223; boycotting, 39-51; conspiracy myth, 400-406; efficiency, 230
 GIDDINGS, FRANKLIN H., 'A Double Entry Education,' 151
Gift-Books and Book-Gifts, 206
 GILMORE, MRS. EVELYN KING, 'The Real Feminist Ideal,' 440
 God, 419
 Goethe, 236
 Gompers, Sam'l, 205
 Government ownership in Germany, 130
 Grand Isle, 369
 Great Britain, free trade, 48-50
 Greek, 433
 Harvard, 210
 Hate, economic, 36-55
 Henry, O., 374-394
Hermit, On Being A, 362; old employments recreated, 362; solitude, 363; hermits in story, 364-366; hermit quality, 366-367; temporary hermiting, 367-368; *Wanderlust*, 368-369; hermit reservations, 369-370; Grand Isle, 370-373
 Hibrow, 220
 HOLT, HENRY, 'Columbia Number, A,' 441; 'Contributors, A Word to,' 218; 'Fads in Writing, More,' 218; 'Future Life, Some New Light On,' 408; 'Hibrow,' 220; 'Last Barbarian Invasion, The,' 223; 'New Passion for the Drama, The,' 215; 'One Way of Being Fooled,' 216; 'Opportunity,' 210; 'Psychical Research at Harvard,' 210; 'Scarcity of Paper, The,' 433; 'Teaching Greek and Latin,' 433; 'Things That Need Remediating, A Few of The,' 442; 'Total depravity of Type, The,' 429; 'War Forecasts, Some,' 429; 'Why should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?' 203; 'Why It should not be Quite so Proud,' 205; *See also* CURRAN
 Home, 25-35
 Humanity, 73
 Humor, 108, 111
 Hyphens, 424
 Hyslop, J. H., 425
 Imagination, 215
 Individual, 76
Industry, The Future of, 251; silent progress of three principles: coöperation, mutual credit and insurance, 251-262; evolution toward economic democracy, 262-266; opposition of organized labor, 266-270; solution by coöperation, 270-272
Ingenuity of Parents, The, 25; parents and children, 25-27; devices of parents for preserving harmony in the home, 27-35
 Innovation, 164
 Insurance, 260, 263
 Internationalism, 38, 39, 229
 Interstate commerce commission, 84-97, 134
 Investments, railroad, 84-97
 Job, 67-83
 JOHNSON, ALVIN S., 'The Weakness of Slavic Policy,' 243
Journalization of American Literature, The, 374; a study of O. Henry, his success and works, 374-376; quality, 377-379; early life, 379-380; humor, 380-383; short story, 383-384; Harte's influence, 384-385; South American studies, 386-387; work for the *World*, 387-389; his skill and his failings, 390-393; pathetic times, 394
 Judd, Chas. H., 422
 Justice, 67-83
 KELLER, A. G., 'The Right to Life,' 286
 KIRKLAND, WINIFRED, 'Gift-Books and Book-Gifts,' 206; 'Tyranny of Talent, The,' 430
 Labor, organized, 205, 266-272

- Last Barbarian Invasion, The**, 223; Prussian conceit and the world's task, 223-229
- Latin, 433
- Leadership, 14-24
- Legend of German Efficiency, The**, 230; Prussian system, 230-233; scientific thought, 232-236; culture; Goethe, Nietzsche, 236-238; Bismarck, 239-241; trend and future, 241-242
- LEWIS, O. F., 'Some Fundamentals in Prison Reform,' 314
- Life, comedy and tragedy, 108-112; right to, 286
- Literature, 140; American, 374-394
- Lodge, Sir Oliver, 408
- Loneliness, 366
- Looking the Part**, 436
- Lords, House of, 19
- Luck, 67-83
- LUKEN, OTTO H., 'German Trust Laws and Ours,' 113
- Making Too Much Profit**, 327; rising prices and profits, 327-331; scientific management, 331-334; private and public business method, 335-337; middleman and commission merchant, 337-338; rent, 338-339; prices and cost, management and profit, 340-341
- Mania Editorum**, 423
- MATTHEWS, BRANDER, 'What is the Matter With the Theater?' 56
- Memory, 200
- Mercantilism, 36, 42
- Ministers, 98-112
- Missionaries, 100-101, 106
- Modest Modernist Papers: I. The Arts and Education**, 164; innovation and conservatism, 164-166; the prophet of the new, 167; on art, 168-170; on poetry, 170-171; free verse, free prose, 171-175; education and the classics, 175-178. II. **Civics, Morals, and Religion**, 273; optimism, 273-274; organizing, 275-276; doing things, 277-278; modern thinking and morals, 279-281; the good citizen, 281-283; the past, the verities, and civilization, 283-285
- Modesty, 167
- Monopoly, 127, 133-134
- Morality, 83, 279
- Motion-pictures, 56-57
- Music, orchestral, 203
- MUSSEY, H. R., 'The Economic Hymn of Hate,' 36
- Mutual credit, 259, 264
- Myers, F. W. H., 409
- Nature, Nurture, and Novel-writing**, 140; college and literature, 140-142; heredity, 143; qualities needed for imaginative writing, 144-146; combination rare, 147-148; college life, 148-150
- Naval Advisory Board, 22, 24
- New Passion for the Drama, The**, 215
- New Theater, 56, 65
- New York, 64
- Newspapers, Sunday, 215
- Nietzsche, 237
- Novel-writing, 140-150
- Oedipus and Job**, 67; experience, justice, conscience, nature, 67-70; fear and power, 71-73; conceptions of primitive man, 73-78; eternal problem of sin and suffering, 78-81; Whittman's message, 81-83
- O. Henry, 374-394
- One Way of Being Fooled**, 216
- Opportunity**, 210
- Optimism, 273
- Oregon, 3-4, 7-10
- Organizing, 275
- Osborne, T. M., 315, 316, 320, 323
- Paper, The Scarcity of**, 433
- Parents and children, 25-35
- Parsons, As to**, 98; ridicule of clergymen, 98-101; how clergymen meet it, 101-103; insincerity, 103; enduring rewards: the gospel, intimacies, humor, faith, 104-112
- Past, 284
- Patience Worth Baby, That**, 179; Patience desires the Currans to adopt a girl baby, 179-184; coincidences, 185-187; extracts and baby talk, 187-193; extracts from Mrs. Curran's letters, 193, 197; a conjecture, 198
- PATTEE, F. L., 'The Journalization of American Literature,' 374
- Peace, 229; domestic, 25-35
- Pedagogy—Even Once More**, 422
- Philosophy, 156
- Poetry, 170-174, 218
- Possible Subvention to Literature, A**, 200
- Prison Reform, Some Fundamentals in**, 314; reformers and their work, 315-316; hard work, 317-318; discrimination, 318-319; rewards, 319-320; punishment, 320-322; payment, 322; Warden's personality, 323; indeterminate sentence, 324; prison structure, 325; another chance, 325-326
- Professions, 98
- Professor, On Being a**, 342; college education of the writer, 342-345; being a professor, and the question of efficiency, 345-351; the old ideal of spiritual vs. the new order of material values, 351-357; lack of success in becoming a new professor, 357-361
- Profits, 327

- Progressives, 7-8
 Property, railroad, 89
 Protection, 50
 Prouty, C. A., 85-97
 Prussia, 223, 230
 Psychic phenomena, 179-198, 408-421, 427
Psychical Research at Harvard, 210
Psychical Researchers, A Nut for, 427
 Punishment, 320
Querries and Cuckoos, 441
Railroad Valuations, The Two Opposing, 84; a criticism of the Federal Valuation as costly, useless, and detrimental compared with public market valuation, 84-97
 Referendum, 3, 5, 7
 Reincarnation, 186
 Religion, 216, 280
 Representative government, 11
 Rhythm, 200
 RICHARDSON, CAROLINE F., 'On Being a Hermit,' 362
Right to Life, The, 286; examination of the tradition of a natural right to life, 286-293; evolution of the idea of its sacredness, 293-295; right and sacredness depended on the might of society, 295-301
 Rights, 12
 Romance, 154, 159
 Russia, 243
 SCHWARZMAN, EDNA B., 'On the Difficulty of Being Alone,' 135
 Science, 158, 162, 233
 Scientific management, 331
Second Thoughts, Some, of a Sobered People, 1; election results as showing reaction against
 some progressive experiments, 1-11
Self-advertising, 302; members and details, 303-304; personal recommendations, 304-306; trade-marks, family, professional and personal, 306-309; egoism, 310; relevancy, 311; reputation out of control, 312; death and fame, 313
 Sermons, 104
 Sherman act, 116-117, 121
 SHOWERMAN, GRANT, 'Modest Modernist Papers,' 164, 273
 Sill, E. R., 210
 Simplicity, 202
 Sincerity, 103
 Sing Sing, 316, 321, 325
 SLAUGHTER, M. S., 'The Eternal Boy,' 221
Slavic Polity, the Weakness of, 243; Russian political incompetence the result of not drawing government officials from the business class, 243-250
 SLOSSON, P. W., 'The "Conspiracy" Superstition,' 395
 SMALL, HERBERT F., 'The Legend of German Efficiency,' 230
 Socialist party, 398-400
 Solitude, 363
 Spelling, 201, 424
 Spirit, 408-421
 State, 235; right to take life, 298
 Strike, railway, 203, 205
 Success, 19, 22, 430
 Suffering, 67-83
 Taboo, 72
 Talent, 430
 Tariff, 50
Teaching Greek and Latin, 433
 Telepathy, 196, 408, 425
 Teloteropathy, 408
 Theater. *See* Drama
Theater, What is the Matter with the? 56; moving pictures, 56-57; prices, 58-60; competition, 60-61; road-companies, 61-64; New York non-representative of America, 64-66
Things that Need Remedying, A Few of the, 442
 THOMAS CALVIN, 'Nature, Nurture, and Novel-writing,' 140
 Time, 200
Total Depravity of Type, The, 429
 Totemism, 75
 Trade, free, 48-50, 54; seventeenth century, 36-39; United States policy, 50-55
 Trade commission, Federal, 113, 118-120
 Trade unions, 269, 272
 Transmigration, 186
 Treitschke, 235
 Trusts, 113-134
Tyranny of Talent, The, 430
 Universities, 342
 Valuation, railroad, 84-97
Wanderlust, 368
 War, 36
War Forecasts, Some, 429
 WARNER, FRANCES LESTER, 'Endicott and I Burn Driftwood,' 211
 Wells, H. G., 17
 Whitman, W., 81, 82
Why It Should not be Quite so Proud, 205
"Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?" 203
 Wilson, Woodrow, 1
 Words, 220
 Writing fads, 218
 Yost, Mr., 189, 190





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