ESSAYS ON CURRENT THEMES

SMITH

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QUAM BONOS
Wm. R. P. Bridger.

ESSAYS ON CURRENT THEMES

SELECTED AND EDITED

BY

C. ALPHONSO SMITH

HEAD OF THE DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH IN THE
UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY
ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND

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PREFACE

The purpose of this collection of essays is twofold: first, to widen the student's range of interests; and, second, to furnish him with up-to-date material for talking and writing.

College graduates are usually the first to admit in after years that during college days their interests were too contracted. The great frontier subjects, the subjects that lay outside of their chosen curriculum but that soon became the tasks and problems of the new age, remained in many cases not only untouched but unglimpsed. However wide the student's reading or observation or experience may be in later years, he will still suffer from an early limitation of interest. We do not assimilate what we are not interested in; we do not advance unless guided by an advancing interest. To diversify the student's interests, therefore, to multiply his thought contacts, to increase the number of nuclei about which his reading and observation and experience may group themselves, becomes not only an essential of the education that calls itself liberal but equally an essential of the training that makes for intelligent and progressive citizenship.

In using this material for discipline in speaking and writing, each teacher will pursue his own method. In a few essays there will of course be new words to be learned. In many more there will be familiar but hitherto unused words; now is a good time for the student to promote these words from his static to his dynamic vocabulary. There will also be not a few sentences whose build will help to break up the stereotyped and monotonous sentence structure that may have become habitual; a gain here is a gain along the whole line of effectiveness in writing and speaking. There will certainly be many paragraphs that

will suggest to the student new and better ways of framing and furnishing his own paragraphs. But the central theme of each essay should take precedence of all minor subdivisions. Words, sentences, and paragraphs are helpful only as they render vivid and memorable the encompassing thought that each essay seeks to make clear. It will be best, I think, for the student to talk freely about each topic as a whole before he writes about it, and to write about it as a whole before proceeding to divisions or details. Above all, each topic should be so assimilated by the student as to leave ample residuum for the soil of a new and expanding interest.

Each essay is presented unbroken. The original footnotes are also retained, only the few followed by "C. A. S." being the contribution of the editor.

C. ALPHONSO SMITH

CONTENTS

PAGE

I. EFFICIENCY IN THOUGHT AND ACT

Thinking for Oneself . . . . *Arthur Schopenhauer* 1
What is Thought? . . . . *John Dewey* 12
Habit in Preparation for Efficiency . . *Edgar James Swift* 24
The Energies of Men . . . . *William James* 44

II. CHARACTER STUDIES

Theodore Roosevelt as a Man of Letters . *Brander Matthews* 62
American and Briton . . . . *John Galsworthy* 75
Woodrow Wilson's Place in History . *Jan Christian Smuts* 90

III. NEW ADVANCES IN SCIENCE

Science from the Side-Lines . . . . *Edwin E. Slosson* 97
The New Physics . . . . *Paul S. Epstein* and *R. A. Millikan* 107
The Unfolding Marvels of Wireless . . . *French Strother* 113

IV. EDUCATION AND ETHICS

The New Education: an Interpretation . . *Walter Barnes* 134
Aims in American Education . . . . . *Charles E. Hughes* 146
Education as a Possible Cure for Crowd-Thinking
Everett Dean Martin 151
Truth and Immortality . . . . . . *Charles Fletcher Dole* 167
Colleges and Religion . . . . *An Instructor* 188
Fear and the Life-Principle . . . . *Basil King* 196

V. LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

The General Character of American English
H. L. Mencken 211
The Decay of Syntax . . . . *R. W. Chapman* 223
A Preface to the Profession of Journalism
Christopher Morley 236

PAGE

The Menace to Journalism . . . . . . *Roscoe C. E. Brown* 241
The New American Poetry . . . . *Conrad Aiken* 252
The Fallacy of Free Verse . . . . . . *Theodore Maynard* 265
Poetry in a Commercial Age . . . . *Fred N. Scott* 279
The National Genius . . . . *Stuart P. Sherman* 291
Art and Decency . . . . *Grant Showerman* 308

VI. SOCIAL AND NATIONAL PROBLEMS

The War as an Intellectual Upheaval . . *Alfred Zimmern* 319
What the League of Nations has Accomplished
Arthur Sweetser 335
What is Socialism? . . . . *Henry Jones Ford* 358
The Age of Lawlessness . . . . *James M. Beck* 377
American Individualism . . . . *Herbert Hoover* 391
The Psychology of Labor . . . . *Edward L. Thorndike* 401
The Psychology of the Soldier . . *William Ernest Hocking* 416
Psychological Elements of Organization . *Lincoln C. Andrews* 433
Leadership . . . . *R. C. Parker* 445
The Family . . . . *Thames Ross Williamson* 453

INDEX 465

ESSAYS ON CURRENT THEMES

I. EFFICIENCY IN THOUGHT AND ACT

THINKING FOR ONESELF [1]

ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER

This essay is put first not because it was written more than fifty years before any of the other selections but because its central teaching, if carried over into the other essays, will greatly enrich your reading. Think for yourself through all of the selections. Make each essay your own by relating yourself individually to it. It may not be true that no two persons have ever read the same book; but it is true that no two persons have ever, in Schopenhauer's sense, thought for themselves through the same book, or even through the same essay. Schopenhauer's style, too, is as stimulating as his thought. He wrote better than any other German philosopher, being especially famous for his frequent and concrete comparisons. He once said of the newspaper: "It is the second-hand in the clock of history; and not only is it made of baser metal than those which point to the minute and the hour, but it seldom goes right. If it's wrong, however, the clock is wrong." He observed that the scientists and philosophers of his day, though facing in opposite directions, seemed to be arriving at the same results; but he expressed his thought in this way: "The two sets of investigators must feel like miners in the depths of the earth, who, from opposite points, are bringing the two ends of a tunnel to meet, and who, after they have long worked in subterranean darkness, trusting only to compass and level, experience at last the long-expected delight of hearing the blows from each other's picks." *Thinking for Oneself* is filled with comparisons that not only make the thought clear and memorable but that will help you in your own search for striking and illuminating analogies.

A LIBRARY may be very large; but if it is in disorder, it is not so useful as one that is small but well arranged. In the same way, a man may have a great mass of knowledge, but if he

[1] From *Parerga und Paralipomena* (Berlin, 1851), translated as *Chips and Scraps*. The essay is entitled *Selbstdenken*.

has not worked it up by thinking it over for himself, it has much less value than a far smaller amount which he has thoroughly pondered. For it is only when a man looks at his knowledge from all sides, and combines the things he knows by comparing truth with truth, that he obtains a complete hold over it and gets it into his power. A man cannot turn over anything in his mind unless he knows it; he should, therefore, learn something; but it is only when he has turned it over that he can be said to know it.

Reading and learning are things that any one can do of his own free will; but not so thinking. Thinking must be kindled, like a fire, by a draught; it must be sustained by some interest in the matter in hand. This interest may be of purely objective kind, or merely subjective. The latter comes into play only in things that concern us personally. Objective interest is confined to heads that think by nature, to whom thinking is as natural as breathing; and they are very rare. This is why most men of learning show so little of it.

It is incredible what a different effect is produced upon the mind by thinking for oneself as compared with reading. It carries on and intensifies that original difference in the nature of two minds which leads the one to think and the other to read. What I mean is that reading forces alien thoughts upon the mind — thoughts which are as foreign to the drift and temper in which it may be for the moment, as the seal is to the wax on which it stamps its imprint. The mind is thus entirely under compulsion from without; it is driven to think this or that, though for the moment it may not have the slightest impulse or inclination to do so.

But when a man thinks for himself, he follows the impulse of his own mind, which is determined for him at the time, either by his environment or some particular recollection. The visible world of a man's surroundings does not, as reading does, impress a single definite thought upon his mind, but merely gives the matter and occasion which lead him to think what is appropriate to his nature and present temper. So it is that much reading

deprives the mind of all elasticity; it is like keeping a spring continually under pressure. The safest way of having no thoughts of one's own is to take up a book every moment one has nothing else to do. It is this practice which explains why erudition makes most men more stupid and silly than they are by nature, and prevents their writings obtaining any measure of success. They remain, in Pope's words:

> Forever reading, never to be read!

Men of learning are those who have done their reading in the pages of a book. Thinkers and men of genius are those who have gone straight to the book of nature; it is they who have enlightened the world and carried humanity further on its way.

If a man's thoughts are to have truth and life in them, they must, after all, be his own fundamental thoughts; for these are the only ones that he can fully and wholly understand. To read another's thoughts is like taking the leavings of a meal to which we have not been invited, or putting on the clothes which some unknown visitor has laid aside.

The thought we read is related to the thought which springs up in ourselves, as the fossil-impress of some prehistoric plant to a plant as it buds forth in springtime.

Reading is nothing more than a substitute for thought of one's own. It means putting the mind into leading-strings. The multitude of books serves only to show how many false paths there are, and how widely astray a man may wander if he follows any of them. But he who is guided by his genius, he who thinks for himself, who thinks spontaneously and exactly, possesses the only compass by which he can steer aright. A man should read only when his own thoughts stagnate at their source, which will happen often enough even with the best of minds. On the other hand, to take up a book for the purpose of scaring away one's own original thoughts is sin against the Holy Spirit. It is like running away from nature to look at a museum of dried plants or gaze at a landscape in copper-plate.

A man may have discovered some portion of truth or wisdom, after spending a great deal of time and trouble in thinking it over for himself and adding thought to thought; and it may sometimes happen that he could have found it all ready to hand in a book and spared himself the trouble. But even so, it is a hundred times more valuable if he has acquired it by thinking it out for himself. For it is only when we gain our knowledge in this way that it enters as an integral part, a living member into the whole system of our thought; that it stands in complete and firm relation with what we know; that it is understood with all that underlies it and follows from it; that it wears the color, the precise shade, the distinguishing mark of our own way of thinking; that it comes exactly at the right time, just as we felt the necessity for it; that it stands fast and cannot be forgotten. This is the perfect application, nay, the interpretation, of Goethe's advice to earn our inheritance for ourselves so that we may really possess it:

Was du ererbt von deinen Vätern hast,
Erwirb es, um es zu besitzen.[1]

The man who thinks for himself forms his own opinions and learns the authorities for them only later on, when they serve but to strengthen his belief in them and in himself. But the book-philosopher starts from the authorities. He reads other people's books, collects their opinions, and so forms a whole for himself, which resembles an automaton made up of anything but flesh and blood. Contrarily, he who thinks for himself creates a work like a living man as made by Nature. For the work comes into being as a man does; the thinking mind is impregnated from without and it then forms and bears its child!

Truth that has been merely learned is like an artificial limb, a false tooth, a waxen nose; at best, like a nose made out of another's flesh; it adheres to us only because it is put on. But truth acquired by thinking of our own is like a natural limb; it

[1] "What you from your fathers have inherited,
Earn it, in order to possess it."

alone really belongs to us. This is the fundamental difference between the thinker and the mere man of learning. The intellectual attainments of a man who thinks for himself resemble a fine painting, where the light and shade are correct, the tone sustained, the color perfectly harmonized; it is true to life. On the other hand, the intellectual attainments of the mere man of learning are like a large palette, full of all sorts of colors, which at most are systematically arranged, but devoid of harmony, connection, and meaning.

Reading is thinking with some one else's head instead of one's own. To think with one's own head is always to aim at developing a coherent whole — a system, even though it be not a strictly complete one; and nothing hinders this so much as too strong a current of others' thoughts, such as comes of continual reading. These thoughts, springing every one of them from different minds, belonging to different systems, and tinged with different colors, never of themselves flow together into an intellectual whole; they never form a unity of knowledge, or insight, or conviction; but, rather, fill the head with a Babylonian confusion of tongues. The mind that is over-loaded with alien thought is thus deprived of all clear insight, and so well-nigh disorganized. This is a state of things observable in many men of learning; and it makes them inferior in sound sense, correct judgment, and practical tact, to many illiterate persons who, after obtaining a little knowledge from without by means of experience, intercourse with others, and a small amount of reading, have always subordinated it to, and embodied it with, their own thought.

The really scientific *thinker* does the same thing as these illiterate persons, but on a larger scale. Although he has need of much knowledge, and so must read a great deal, his mind is nevertheless strong enough to master it all, to assimilate and incorporate it with the system of his thoughts, and so to make it fit in with the organic unity of his insight, which, though vast, is always growing. And in the process, his own thought, like the bass in an organ, always dominates everything, and is never

drowned by other tones, as happens with minds which are full of mere antiquarian lore; where shreds of music, as it were, in every key, mingle confusedly, and no fundamental note is heard at all.

Those who have spent their lives in reading, and taken their wisdom from books, are like people who have obtained precise information about a country from the descriptions of many travelers. Such people can tell a great deal about it; but, after all, they have no connected, clear, and profound knowledge of its real condition. But those who have spent their lives in thinking resemble the travelers themselves; they alone really know what they are talking about; they are acquainted with the actual state of affairs, and are quite at home in the subject.

The thinker stands in the same relation to the ordinary book-philosopher as an eye-witness does to the historian; he speaks from direct knowledge of his own. That is why all those who think for themselves come, at bottom, to much the same conclusion. The differences they present are due to their different points of view; and when these do not affect the matter, they all speak alike. They merely express the result of their own objective perception of things. There are many passages in my works which I have given to the public only after some hesitation, because of their paradoxical nature; and afterward I have experienced a pleasant surprise in finding the same opinion recorded in the works of great men who lived long ago.

The book-philosopher merely reports what one person has said and another meant, or the objections raised by a third, and so on. He compares different opinions, ponders, criticizes, and tries to get at the truth of the matter; herein on a par with the critical historian. For instance, he will set out to inquire whether Leibnitz was not for some time a follower of Spinoza, and questions of a like nature. The curious student of such matters may find conspicuous examples of what I mean in Herbart's *Analytical Elucidation of Morality and Natural Right*, and in the same author's *Letters on Freedom.* Surprise may be felt that a man of the kind should put himself to so much trouble; for, on the face

of it, if he would only examine the matter for himself, he would speedily attain his object by the exercise of a little thought. But there is a small difficulty in the way. It does not depend upon his own will. A man can always sit down and read, but not — think. It is with thoughts as with men: they cannot always be summoned at pleasure; we must wait for them to come. Thought about a subject must appear of itself, by a happy and harmonious combination of external stimulus with mental temper and attention; and it is just that which never seems to come to these people.

This truth may be illustrated by what happens in the case of matters affecting our own personal interest. When it is necessary to come to some resolution in a matter of that kind, we cannot well sit down at any given moment and think over the merits of the case and make up our mind; for, if we try to do so, we often find ourselves unable at that particular moment to keep our mind fixed upon the subject; it wanders off to other things. Aversion to the matter in question is sometimes to blame for this. In such a case we should not use force, but wait for the proper frame of mind to come of itself. It often comes unexpectedly and returns again and again; and the variety of temper in which we approach it at different moments puts the matter always in a fresh light. It is this long process which is understood by the term *a ripe resolution.* For the work of coming to a resolution must be distributed; and in the process much that is overlooked at one moment occurs to us at another; and the repugnance vanishes when we find, as we usually do, on a closer inspection, that things are not so bad as they seemed.

This rule applies to the life of the intellect as well as to matters of practice. A man must wait for the right moment. Not even the greatest mind is capable of thinking for itself at all times. Hence a great mind does well to spend its leisure in reading, which, as I have said, is a substitute for thought; it brings stuff to the mind by letting another person do the thinking; although that is always done in a manner not our own. Therefore, a man should not read too much, in order that his mind may not become

accustomed to the substitute and thereby forget the reality; that it may not form the habit of walking in well-worn paths; nor by following an alien course of thought grow a stranger to its own. Least of all should a man quite withdraw his gaze from the real world for the mere sake of reading; as the impulse and the temper which prompt to thought of one's own come far oftener from the world of reality than from the world of books. The real life that a man sees before him is the natural subject of thought; and in its strength as the primary element of existence, it can more easily than anything else rouse and influence the thinking mind.

After these considerations, it will not be matter for surprise that a man who thinks for himself can easily be distinguished from the book-philosopher by the very way in which he talks, by his marked earnestness, and the originality, directness, and personal conviction that stamp all his thought and expressions. The book-philosopher, on the other hand, lets it be seen that everything he has is secondhand; that his ideas are like the lumber and trash of an old furniture-shop, collected together from all quarters. Mentally, he is dull and pointless — a copy of a copy. His literary style is made up of conventional, nay, vulgar phrases, and terms that happen to be current; in this respect much like a small state where all the money that circulates is foreign, because it has no coinage of its own.

Mere experience can as little as reading supply the place of thought. It stands to thinking in the same relation in which eating stands to digestion and assimilation. When experience boasts that to its discoveries alone is due the advancement of the human race, it is as though the mouth were to claim the whole credit of maintaining the body in health.

The works of all truly capable minds are distinguished by a character of decision and definiteness, which means that they are clear and free from obscurity. A truly capable mind always knows definitely and clearly what it is that it wants to express, whether its medium is prose, verse, or music. Other minds are

not decisive and not definite; and by this they may be known for what they are.

The characteristic sign of a mind of the highest order is that it always judges at first hand. Everything it advances is the result of thinking for itself; and this is everywhere evident by the way in which it gives its thoughts utterance. Such a mind is like a prince. In the realm of intellect its authority is imperial, whereas the authority of minds of a lower order is delegated only; as may be seen in their style, which has no independent stamp of its own.

Every one who really thinks for himself is so far like a monarch. His position is undelegated and supreme. His judgments, like royal decrees, spring from his own sovereign power and proceed directly from himself. He acknowledges authority as little as a monarch admits a command; he subscribes to nothing but what he has himself authorized. The multitude of common minds, laboring under all sorts of current opinions, authorities, prejudices, is like the people, which silently obeys the law and accepts orders from above.

Those who are so zealous and eager to settle debated questions by citing authorities, are really glad when they are able to put the understanding and the insight of others into the field in place of their own, which are wanting. Their number is legion. For, as Seneca says, there is no man but prefers belief to the exercise of judgment — *unusquisque mavult credere quam judicare.* In their controversies such people make a promiscuous use of the weapon of authority, and strike out at one another with it. If any one chances to become involved in such a contest, he will do well not to try reason and argument as a mode of defense; for against a weapon of that kind these people are like Siegfrieds, with a skin of horn, and dipped in the flood of incapacity for thinking and judging. They will meet his attack by bringing up their authorities as a way of abashing him — *argumentum ad verecundian*, and then cry out that they have won the battle.

In the real world, be it never so fair, favorable, and pleasant, we always live subject to the law of gravity, which we have to be constantly overcoming. But in the world of intellect we are disembodied spirits, held in bondage to no such law, and free from penury and distress. Thus it is that there exists no happiness on earth like that which, at the auspicious moment, a fine and fruitful mind finds in itself.

The presence of a thought is like the presence of a woman we love. We fancy we shall never forget the thought nor become indifferent to the dear one. But out of sight, out of mind! The finest thought runs the risk of being irrevocably forgotten if we do not write it down, and the darling of being deserted if we do not marry her.

There are plenty of thoughts which are valuable to the man who thinks them; but only a few of them which have enough strength to produce repercussive or reflex action — I mean, to win the reader's sympathy after they have been put on paper.

But still it must not be forgotten that a true value attaches only to what a man has thought in the first instance for his own case. Thinkers may be classed according as they think chiefly for their own case or for that of others. The former are the genuine independent thinkers; they really think and are really independent; they are the true *philosophers;* they alone are in earnest. The pleasure and the happiness of their existence consist in thinking. The others are the *sophists;* they want to seem that which they are not, and seek their happiness in what they hope to get from the world. They are in earnest about nothing else. To which of these two classes a man belongs may be seen by his whole style and manner. Lichtenberg is an example of the former class; Herder, there can be no doubt, belongs to the second.

When one considers how vast and how close to us is the problem of existence — this equivocal, tortured, fleeting, dream-like existence of ours — so vast and so close that a man no sooner discovers it than it overshadows and obscures all other

problems and aims; and when one sees how all men, with few and rare exceptions, have no clear consciousness of the problem, nay, seem to be quite unaware of its presence, but busy themselves with everything rather than with this, and live on, taking no thought but for the passing day and the hardly longer span of their own personal future, either expressly discarding the problem or else overready to come to terms with it by adopting some system of popular metaphysics and letting it satisfy them; when, I say, one takes all this to heart, one may come to the opinion that man may be said to be *a thinking being* only in a very remote sense, and henceforth feel no special surprise at any trait of human thoughtlessness or folly; but know, rather, that the normal man's intellectual range of vision does indeed extend beyond that of the brute, whose whole existence is, as it were, a continual present, with no consciousness of the past or the future, but not such an immeasurable distance as is generally supposed.

This is, in fact, corroborated by the way in which most men converse; where their thoughts are found to be chopped up fine, like chaff, so that for them to spin out a discourse of any length is impossible.

If this world were peopled by really thinking beings, it could never be that noise of every kind would be allowed such generous limits, as is the case with the most horrible and at the same time aimless form of it.[1] If nature had meant man to think, she would not have given him ears; or, at any rate, she would have furnished them with air-tight flaps, such as are the enviable possession of the bat. But, in truth, man is a poor animal like the rest, and his powers are meant only to maintain him in the struggle for existence; so he must needs keep his ears always open, to announce of themselves, by night as by day, the approach of the pursuer.

[1] In his essay on *Noise* Schopenhauer calls the cracking of whips in the city streets "your only real assassin of thinking." (C. A. S.)

WHAT IS THOUGHT?[1]

John Dewey

It is evident on a first reading that the style of Professor Dewey is not so individual as that of Schopenhauer. Professor Dewey thinks for himself as consistently as Schopenhauer but his exposition lacks the urge and urgency, the vivid illustrations, the autobiographical note found in Schopenhauer's essay. "Professor Dewey's democracy," said Randolph Bourne, in *The New Republic*, March 13, 1915, "seems almost to take that extreme form of refusing to bring oneself or one's ideas to the attention of others. On the college campus or in the lecture-room he seems positively to efface himself. The uncertainty of his silver-gray hair and drooping mustache, of his voice, of his clothes, suggests that he has almost studied the technique of protective coloration. . . . He allies himself personally with every democratic movement, yet will not preach. . . . A prophet dressed in the clothes of a professor of logic, he seems almost to feel shame that he has seen the implications of democracy more clearly than anybody else in the great would-be democratic society about him, and so been forced into the unwelcome task of teaching it." Both philosophers believe, however, that *selbstdenken* is the only real thinking, though Schopenhauer strikes this note at once while Professor Dewey leads up to it gradually and by a series of successive eliminations. You will find it helpful to review Professor Dewey's exposition by means of the paragraph topics.

I. Varied Senses of the Term

Four senses of thought from the wider to the limited. No words are oftener on our lips than *thinking* and *thought*. So profuse and varied, indeed, is our use of these words that it is not easy to define just what we mean by them. The aim of this chapter is to find a single consistent meaning. Assistance may be had by considering some typical ways in which the terms are employed. In the first place *thought* is used broadly, not to say loosely.

[1] From *How We Think*, 1910, Chapter I, by permission of the publishers, D. C. Heath and Company.

Everything that comes to mind, that "goes through our heads," is called a thought. To think of a thing is just to be conscious of it in any way whatsoever. Second, the term is restricted by excluding whatever is directly presented; we think (or think of) only such things as we do not directly see, hear, smell, or taste. Then, third, the meaning is further limited to beliefs that rest upon some kind of evidence or testimony. Of this third type, two kinds — or, rather, two degrees — must be discriminated. In some cases, a belief is accepted with slight or almost no attempt to state the grounds that support it. In other cases, the ground or basis for a belief is deliberately sought and its adequacy to support the belief examined. This process is called reflective thought; it alone is truly educative in value, and it forms, accordingly, the principal subject of this volume. We shall now briefly describe each of the four senses.

I. *Chance and idle thinking.* In its loosest sense, thinking signifies everything that, as we say, is "in our heads" or that "goes through our minds." He who offers "a penny for your thoughts" does not expect to drive any great bargain. In calling the objects of his demand *thoughts*, he does not intend to ascribe to them dignity, consecutiveness, or truth. Any idle fancy, trivial recollection, or flitting impression will satisfy his demand. Daydreaming, building of castles in the air, that loose flux of casual and disconnected material that floats through our minds in relaxed moments are, in this random sense, *thinking*. More of our waking life than we should care to admit, even to ourselves, is likely to be whiled away in this inconsequential trifling with idle fancy and unsubstantial hope.

In this sense, silly folk and dullards *think*. The story is told of a man in slight repute for intelligence, who, desiring to be chosen selectman in his New England town, addressed a knot of neighbors in this wise: "I hear you don't believe I know enough to hold office. I wish you to understand that I am thinking about something or other most of the time." Now reflective thought is like this random coursing of things through the mind

in that it consists of a succession of things thought of; but it is unlike, in that the mere chance occurrence of any chance "something or other" in an irregular sequence does not suffice. Reflection involves not simply a sequence of ideas, but a *con*sequence — a consecutive ordering in such a way that each determines the next as its proper outcome, while each in turn leans back on its predecessor. The successive portions of the reflective thought grow out of one another and support one another; they do not come and go in a medley. Each phase is a step from something to something — technically speaking, it is a term of thought. Each term leaves a deposit which is utilized in the next term. The stream or flow becomes a train, chain, or thread.

II. *The restriction of "thinking" to what goes beyond direct observation.* Even when thinking is used in a broad sense, it is usually restricted to matters not directly perceived: to what we do not see, smell, hear, or touch. We ask the man telling a story if he saw a certain incident happen, and his reply may be, "No, I only thought of it." A note of invention, as distinct from faithful record of observation, is present. Most important in this class are successions of imaginative incidents and episodes which, having a certain coherence, hanging together on a continuous thread, lie between kaleidoscopic flights of fancy and considerations deliberately employed to establish a conclusion. The imaginative stories poured forth by children possess all degrees of internal congruity; some are disjointed, some are articulated. When connected, they simulate reflective thought; indeed, they usually occur in minds of logical capacity. These imaginative enterprises often precede thinking of the close-knit type and prepare the way for it. But *they do not aim at knowledge, at belief about facts or in truths;* and thereby they are marked off from reflective thought even when they most resemble it. Those who express such thoughts do not expect credence, but rather credit for a well constructed plot or a well arranged climax. They produce good stories, not — unless by

chance — knowledge. Such thoughts are an efflorescence of feeling; the enhancement of a mood or sentiment is their aim; congruity of emotion, their binding tie.

III. *Thought induces belief in two ways.* In its next sense, thought denotes belief resting upon some basis, that is, real or supposed knowledge going beyond what is directly present. It is marked by *acceptance or rejection of something as reasonably probable or improbable.* This phase of thought, however, includes two such distinct types of belief that, even though their difference is strictly one of degree, not of kind, it becomes practically important to consider them separately. Some beliefs are accepted when their grounds have not themselves been considered, others are accepted because their grounds have been examined.

When we say, "Men used to think the world was flat," or, "I thought you went by the house," we express belief: something is accepted, held to, acquiesced in, or affirmed. But such thoughts may mean a suppositio accepted without reference to its real grounds. These may be adequate, they may not; but their value with reference to the support they afford the belief has not been considered.

Such thoughts grow up unconsciously and without reference to the attainment of correct belief. They are picked up — we know not how. From obscure sources and by unnoticed channels they insinuate themselves into acceptance and become unconsciously a part of our mental furniture. Tradition, instruction, imitation — all of which depend upon authority in some form, or appeal to our own advantage, or fall in with a strong passion — are responsible for them. Such thoughts are prejudices, that is, prejudgments, not judgments proper that rest upon a survey of evidence.[1]

IV. *Thinking in its best sense is that which considers the basis and consequences of beliefs.* Thoughts that result in belief have

[1] This mode of thinking in its contrast with thoughtful inquiry receives special notice in the next chapter.

an importance attached to them which leads to reflective thought, to conscious inquiry into the nature, conditions, and bearings of the belief. To *think* of whales and camels in the clouds is to entertain ourselves with fancies, terminable at our pleasure, which do not lead to any belief in particular. But to think of the world as flat is to ascribe a quality to a real thing as its real property. This conclusion denotes a connection among things and hence is not, like imaginative thought, plastic to our mood. Belief in the world's flatness commits him who holds it to thinking in certain specific ways of other objects, such as the heavenly bodies, antipodes, the possibility of navigation. It prescribes to him actions in accordance with his conception of these objects.

The consequences of a belief upon other beliefs and upon behavior may be so important, then, that men are forced to consider the grounds or reasons of their belief and its logical consequences. This means reflective thought — thought in its eulogistic and emphatic sense.

Men *thought* the world was flat until Columbus *thought* it to be round. The earlier thought was a belief held because men had not the energy or the courage to question what those about them accepted and taught, especially as it was suggested and seemingly confirmed by obvious sensible facts. The thought of Columbus was a *reasoned conclusion.* It marked the close of study into facts, of scrutiny and revision of evidence, of working out the implications of various hypotheses, and of comparing these theoretical results with one another and with known facts. Because Columbus did not accept unhesitatingly the current traditional theory, because he doubted and inquired, he arrived at his thought. Skeptical of what, from long habit, seemed most certain, and credulous of what seemed impossible, he went on thinking until he could produce evidence for both his confidence and his disbelief. Even if his conclusion had finally turned out wrong, it would have been a different sort of belief from those it antagonized, because it was reached by a different method. *Active, persistent, and careful consideration of any belief or*

supposed form of knowledge in the light of the grounds that support it, and the further conclusions to which it tends, constitutes reflective thought. Any one of the first three kinds of thought may elicit this type; but once begun, it is a conscious and voluntary effort to establish belief upon a firm basis of reasons.

II. The Central Factor in Thinking

There is a common element in all types of thought. There are, however, no sharp lines of demarcation between the various operations just outlined. The problem of attaining correct habits of reflection would be much easier than it is, did not the different modes of thinking blend insensibly into one another. So far, we have considered rather extreme instances of each kind in order to get the field clearly before us. Let us now reverse this operation; let us consider a rudimentary case of thinking, lying between careful examination of evidence and a mere irresponsible stream of fancies. A man is walking on a warm day. The sky was clear the last time he observed it; but presently he notes, while occupied primarily with other things, that the air is cooler. It occurs to him that it is probably going to rain; looking up, he sees a dark cloud between him and the sun, and he then quickens his steps. What, if anything, in such a situation can be called thought? Neither the act of walking nor the noting of the cold is a thought. Walking is one direction of activity; looking and noting are other modes of activity. The likelihood that it will rain is, however, something *suggested.* The pedestrian *feels* the cold; he *thinks of* clouds and a coming shower.

Suggestion of something not observed. So far there is the same sort of situation as when one looking at a cloud is reminded of a human figure and face. Thinking in both of these cases (the cases of belief and of fancy) involves a noted or perceived fact, followed by something else which is not observed but which is brought to mind, suggested by the thing seen. One reminds us, as we say, of the other. Side by side, however, with this

factor of agreement in the two cases of suggestion is a factor of marked disagreement. We do not *believe* in the face suggested by the cloud; we do not consider at all the probability of its being a fact. There is no *reflective* thought. The danger of rain, on the contrary, presents itself to us as a genuine possibility — as a possible fact of the same nature as the observed coolness. Put differently, we do not regard the cloud as meaning or indicating a face, but merely as suggesting it, while we do consider that the coolness may mean rain. In the first case, seeing an object, we just happen, as we say, to think of something else; in the second, we consider the *possibility and nature of the connection between the object seen and the object suggested.* The seen thing is regarded as in some way *the ground or basis of belief* in the suggested thing; it possesses the quality of *evidence.*

Various synonymous expressions for the function of signifying. This function by which one thing signifies or indicates another, and thereby leads us to consider how far one may be regarded as warrant for belief in the other, is, then, the central factor in all reflective or distinctively intellectual thinking. By calling up various situations to which such terms as *signifies* and *indicates* apply, the student will best realize for himself the actual facts denoted by the words *reflective thought.* Synonyms for these terms are: points to, tells of, betokens, prognosticates, represents, stands for, implies.[1] We also say one thing portends another; is ominous of another, or a symptom of it, or a key to it, or (if the connection is quite obscure) that it gives a hint, clue, or intimation.

Reflection and belief on evidence. Reflection thus implies that something is believed in (or disbelieved in), not on its own direct account, but through something else which stands as witness, evidence, proof, voucher, warrant; that is, as *ground of*

[1] *Implies* is more often used when a principle or general truth brings about belief in some other truth; the other phrases are more frequently used to denote the cases in which one fact or event leads us to believe in something else.

belief. At one time, rain is actually felt or directly experienced; at another time, we infer that it has rained from the looks of the grass and trees, or that it is going to rain because of the condition of the air or the state of the barometer. At one time, we see a man (or suppose we do) without any intermediary fact; at another time, we are not quite sure what we see and hunt for accompanying facts that will serve as signs, indications, tokens of what is to be believed.

Thinking, for the purposes of this inquiry, is defined accordingly as *that operation in which present facts suggest other facts (or truths) in such a way as to induce belief in the latter upon the ground or warrant of the former.* We do not put beliefs that rest simply on inference on the surest level of assurance. To say "I think so" implies that I do not as yet *know* so. The inferential belief may later be confirmed and come to stand as sure, but in itself it always has a certain element of supposition.

III. Elements in Reflective Thinking

So much for the description of the more external and obvious aspects of the fact called *thinking.* Further consideration at once reveals certain subprocesses which are involved in every reflective operation. These are: (*a*) a state of perplexity, hesitation, doubt; and (*b*) an act of search or investigation directed toward bringing to light further facts which serve to corroborate or to nullify the suggested belief.

(*a*) *The importance of uncertainty.* In our illustration, the shock of coolness generated confusion and suspended belief, at least momentarily. Because it was unexpected, it was a shock or an interruption needing to be accounted for, identified, or placed. To say that the abrupt occurrence of the change of temperature constitutes a problem may sound forced and artificial; but if we are willing to extend the meaning of the word *problem* to whatever — no matter how slight and commonplace in character — perplexes and challenges the mind so that it makes

belief at all uncertain, there is a genuine problem or question involved in this experience of sudden change.

(*b*) *The importance of inquiry.* The turning of the head, the lifting of the eyes, the scanning of the heavens, are activities adapted to bring to recognition facts that will answer the question presented by the sudden coolness. The facts as they first presented themselves were perplexing; they suggested, however, clouds. The act of looking was an act to discover if this suggested explanation held good. It may again seem forced to speak of this looking, almost automatic, as an act of research or inquiry. But once more, if we are willing to generalize our conceptions of our mental operations to include the trivial and ordinary as well as the technical and recondite, there is no good reason for refusing to give such a title to the act of looking. The purport of this act of inquiry is to confirm or to refute the suggested belief. New facts are brought to perception, which either corroborate the idea that a change of weather is imminent, or negate it.

Finding one's way an illustration of reflection. Another instance, commonplace also, yet not quite so trivial, may enforce this lesson. A man traveling in an unfamiliar region comes to a branching of the roads. Having no sure knowledge to fall back upon, he is brought to a standstill of hesitation and suspense. Which road is right? And how shall perplexity be resolved? There are but two alternatives: he must either blindly and arbitrarily take his course, trusting to luck for the outcome, or he must discover grounds for the conclusion that a given road is right. Any attempt to decide the matter by thinking will involve inquiry into other facts, whether brought out by memory or by further observation, or by both. The perplexed wayfarer must carefully scrutinize what is before him and he must cudgel his memory. He looks for evidence that will support belief in favor of either of the roads — for evidence that will weight down one suggestion. He may climb a tree; he may go first in this direction, then in that, looking, in either

case, for signs, clues, indications. He wants something in the nature of a signboard or a map, and *his reflection is aimed at the discovery of facts that will serve this purpose.*

Possible, yet incompatible, suggestions. The above illustration may be generalized. Thinking begins in what may fairly enough be called a *forked-road* situation, a situation which is ambiguous, which presents a dilemma, which proposes alternatives. As long as our activity glides smoothly along from one thing to another, or as long as we permit our imagination to entertain fancies at pleasure, there is no call for reflection. Difficulty or obstruction in the way of reaching a belief brings us, however, to a pause. In the suspense of uncertainty, we metaphorically climb a tree; we try to find some standpoint from which we may survey additional facts and, getting a more commanding view of the situation, may decide how the facts stand related to one another.

Regulation of thinking by its purpose. Demand for the solution of a perplexity is the steadying and guiding factor in the entire process of reflection. Where there is no question of a problem to be solved or a difficulty to be surmounted, the course of suggestions flows on at random; we have the first type of thought described. If the stream of suggestions is controlled simply by their emotional congruity, their fitting agreeably into a single picture or story, we have the second type. But a question to be answered, an ambiguity to be resolved, sets up an end and holds the current of ideas to a definite channel. Every suggested conclusion is tested by its reference to this regulating end, by its pertinence to the problem in hand. This need of straightening out a perplexity also controls the kind of inquiry undertaken. A traveler whose end is the most beautiful path will look for other considerations and will test suggestions occurring to him on another principle than if he wishes to discover the way to a given city. *The problem fixes the end of thought* and *the end controls the process of thinking.*

IV. Summary

Origin and stimulus. We may recapitulate by saying that the origin of thinking is some perplexity, confusion, or doubt. Thinking is not a case of spontaneous combustion; it does not occur just on "general principles." There is something specific which occasions and evokes it. General appeals to a child (or to a grown-up) to think, irrespective of the existence in his own experience of some difficulty that troubles him and disturbs his equilibrium, are as futile as advice to lift himself by his boot-straps.

Suggestions and past experience. Given a difficulty, the next step is suggestion of some way out — the formation of some tentative plan or project, the entertaining of some theory which will account for the peculiarities in question, the consideration of some solution for the problem. The data at hand cannot supply the solution; they can only suggest it. What, then, are the sources of the suggestion? Clearly past experience and prior knowledge. If the person has had some acquaintance with similar situations, if he has dealt with material of the same sort before, suggestions more or less apt and helpful are likely to arise. But unless there has been experience in some degree analogous, which may now be represented in imagination, confusion remains mere confusion. There is nothing upon which to draw in order to clarify it. Even when a child (or a grown-up) has a problem, to urge him to think when he has no prior experiences involving some of the same conditions, is wholly futile.

Exploration and testing. If the suggestion that occurs is at once accepted, we have uncritical thinking, the minimum of reflection. To turn the thing over in mind, to reflect, means to hunt for additional evidence, for new data, that will develop the suggestion, and will either, as we say, bear it out or else make obvious its absurdity and irrelevance. Given a genuine difficulty and a reasonable amount of analogous experience to draw upon,

the difference, *par excellence*, between good and bad thinking is found at this point. The easiest way is to accept any suggestion that seems plausible and thereby bring to an end the condition of mental uneasiness. Reflective thinking is always more or less troublesome because it involves overcoming the inertia that inclines one to accept suggestions at their face value; it involves willingness to endure a condition of mental unrest and disturbance. Reflective thinking, in short, means judgment suspended during further inquiry; and suspense is likely to be somewhat painful. As we shall see later, the most important factor in the training of good mental habits consists in acquiring the attitude of suspended conclusion, and in mastering the various methods of searching for new materials to corroborate or to refute the first suggestions that occur. To maintain the state of doubt and to carry on systematic and protracted inquiry — these are the essentials of thinking.

HABIT IN PREPARATION FOR EFFICIENCY[1]

EDGAR JAMES SWIFT

Our first two selections had to do with efficiency in thinking. This selection may augment our efficiency in professional as well as in purely intellectual tasks. Habit has already become a favorite theme for writers of short stories: compare *An Artist,* by Maupassant; *The Philanthropist* by Pierre MacOrlan (in *Les Bourreurs de Crâne*); *Baytop,* by Armistead Churchill Gordon; and *The Passing of Black Eagle, The Pendulum, The Girl and the Habit,* by O. Henry. Where these writers develop the humorous aspects of an overmastering habit, Professor Swift confines himself to the more practical problem of helping us to make habit a servant rather than a sovereign. "The great thing in all education," says William James, "is to make our nervous system our ally instead of our enemy. It is to fund and capitalize our acquisitions, and live at ease upon the interest of the fund. For this we must make automatic and habitual, as early as possible, as many useful actions as we can, and guard against the growing into ways that are likely to be disadvantageous to us, as we should guard against the plague."

WHEN we observe an animal or plant we are impressed with the similarity of its life from day to day. It does much the same thing under essentially the same conditions. The root of a plant always grows down into the earth and the stem seeks the light; cats mew beseechingly at the sight of milk and spit when a strange dog appears; and a man awakens at about the same time every morning, eats much the same things for breakfast, reaches his office at the same hour each day, and begins his work in the serial order of yesterday. The reason for this similarity of action is habit.

As was pointed out long ago by various writers, habits are the result of changes in matter. It is because of this that we sometimes speak of the habits of plants. Indeed, one may go

[1] From *Psychology and the Day's Work,* 1918, Chapter III, by permission of the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons.

much further and refer to the "habits" of non-living matter. Shoes, for example, are more comfortable and flexible after having been worn for a few weeks, and the wood of a violin of an old master has acquired "habits" of vibrating that make it a more sensitive and delicate musical instrument.

It will be observed that in some of these instances the changes are, in a sense, external. The creases of the shoes that make them more comfortable are visible. The alteration of the wood of the violin, however, is invisible. As a result of the skilful playing of the master the wood has acquired certain vibratory tendencies. It has become more flexible in certain ways; it responds more delicately to touch. To be able to adapt itself to new conditions — to have the capacity to change, the ability to adopt new habits — a substance must be flexible enough to alter its form or its structure without losing its integrity. It must not go to pieces. Substances which have no plasticity or which break under alteration cannot acquire new habits.

We are not accustomed, however, to speak of these responses of non-living matter as habits. Neither do we usually apply the word to the actions of plants. The term has been reserved for the relatively settled ways of behavior of animals — modes of action which have been acquired during the lifetime of the individual. Habit is thus distinguished from instinct. If we put it a little more technically, habit is a relatively organized and fixed nervous process, or series of processes, acquired by an individual, the repetition of which results in greater facility and better accommodation to the conditions that start the process. Objects and animals alike offer resistance to modification — to change; and, when the change has taken place, the new arrangement acquires a permanency of its own. It has taken on new habits and again it resists alteration.

The justification for making habit analogous to the behavior of plants and the action of non-living matter is found in the fact already mentioned that habits are the result of changes in matter. A sprained arm, for example, is ever sensitive to strain.

Some persons, again, are prone to sore throat, bronchitis, or tonsilitis. The tissues may be said to have the habit of easily becoming irritated. Functional diseases, again, are due to a predisposition of certain organs to function abnormally, and in such cases the purpose of medicine is to establish correct "habits" of action. "Tapering off" is another illustration. The purpose of this treatment is gradually to overcome old habits by starting and strengthening new ones.

If we ask how habits are formed in animals we must turn to the nervous system for the answer. Nervous impulses started throught the eye, ear, or other sense-organ run their course. They must find an exit; and their exit results in an adaptive response — in behavior of some sort — to an external situation, perhaps to an emergency. These nervous impulses in their course leave traces behind them. Some alteration occurs in the path which they have taken because of their passage over the route. There is some kind of a change in the nerves or in the connections between the neurones, by which a path once traversed is opened, and consequently offers less resistance to the next nerve-impulse that seeks an exit. What is this change? We do not know definitely, but the indications are that it is of a chemical nature. At any rate, a path once traversed by a nerve-impulse becomes an available outlet for succeeding ones and a habit is thus established.

Psychologists speak of "paths" being formed in the nervous system, and being made more easily traversible by the repeated passage of an impulse. This, of course, is an analogy, and analogies are likely to be misleading. But there seems to be truth in Carpenter's statement that an organ grows "to the mode in which it is habitually exercised." This is the case with muscle, as is seen in exercise, and there is no reason why it should not be true of the nervous system. Reconstructive changes are always going on, and these changes tend to emphasize and "fix" the sort of functional activity prevailing for the time. It is an instance of organic adaptation to demands. Exercise builds

up muscle and lack of exercise is attended by gradual deterioration of the tissue.

Activity always breaks down tissue which must be restored that the organ may not lose its power to function. This restoration, however, does not reinstate the original condition of the organ, for if it did the strengthening of a muscle would be impossible. The reconstruction is rather an adaptive process that tends to meet the demands put upon the organ, and in a nerve-unit this demand is for continued and improved accessibility to nerve-impulses that reach it over a previously traveled route. The need for an uninterrupted course exists, and the claim is made upon a particular nerve-unit because the path has already been traversed. In this way nutritional reconstruction of a neurone whose elements have been depleted by the passage of an impulse tends to conform to the demand of other impulses for free passage.

If we inquire why the nerve-impulse first took the path which began the habit, perhaps the most that can be said is that there was no special reason why it should not. For reasons hidden in the structure of the nerves, or their connections, it was at the moment the path of least resistance, and there was no urgent need for taking another course. A man, for example, has rented a house in the middle of a block. The first time that he starts for the street-car he may turn to the right or to the left. Both cross-streets are equally near to his house and to the car. He does not know why he took one rather than the other, but the first act establishes the habit and, except for special reasons, he will always follow the same route in the future.

We are now able to state the first practical advantage of habit and also to show its evolutionary significance. *Habit makes movements exact and "sets" them, and it lessens fatigue.* One need only watch a child who is learning to dress himself try to button his clothes to see the advantage of this. If movements once acquired by practice were not "set," learning acts of skill would have no meaning. It would be necessary continually to

repeat the trial-and-error method, and man would have no time for anything beyond the simplest, most elemental needs of existence.

The lessening of fatigue in habitual occupations is quite evident in physical labor. The bricklayer is unfatigued by his day's work, and the store clerk stands or walks about for ten or twelve hours with ease, but let these men exchange occupations and both are exhausted at the end. This is not merely a matter of muscles. The nerve centres and synapses — the functional connection between nerve-units — are factors in even "muscular fatigue." It is much the same with mental activity. An accountant ends the day as fresh as the department manager, but neither could do the other's work without exhaustion at the close of day. In all of these cases it is habit that makes the work endurable — habits of muscles, of nerve-connections, and nerve-centres.

The same reason that makes a change of occupation fatiguing applies in adopting a new method for the same work. Subjectively the resistance of the nervous system to an altered response may have all the signs of fatigue. Yet in many instances this feeling of weariness expresses the organic reluctance to drive through the first line of trenches, to overcome the first resistance; and it is because of this characteristic of the nervous system that what we have called the *tendency to minimum effort* prevails. Energy is required to overcome this inertia and the effort is not easily made. When once the habits that constitute the revised action are established everything again runs smoothly.

The advantage of habit is the exactness of automatized movements, and its evolutionary explanation is the need of meeting emergencies in a definite manner. Having found a successful reaction, the act once performed becomes the line of least resistance. In the species, habit represents the prudent, "safe" manner of behaving. These "habits" of the species, however, are deeply ingrained in the organism and are called instincts. They are necessary for survival and have been established by the elimination of those individuals who did not conform.

Man tends to do things in the simplest way, in the way that requires least expenditure of energy. "No one, not even a child, likes to take unnecessary trouble," was one of Rousseau's keen observations; and habits are trouble-savers. A certain result is desired, and we have found that only so much energy is expended as its attainment requires. Illustrations in daily life are common. Professional and business men wish to achieve a certain end. The goal is variable. "Success" has no absolute measure. Consequently, the methods that secure fair results are continued, and habits are formed. Change of habit is always accompanied by a mental wrench. One's mind seems out of gear. Reactions do not run off smoothly. The habit of taking exercise, or of not taking it, and of the gait in walking, are illustrations. A man unaccustomed to regular exercise cannot break away from his office, and business habits are difficult to change for exactly the same reason. The nervous impulses are accustomed to take certain paths, and when they run through these there is less resistance than when they take a new course.

New paths, however, may be opened and two or more opposing habits may be brought to such a degree of perfection that each will function without interference from the others when once the cue is given. Let us turn for a moment to some of the experiments which have shown this. It will then be easier to estimate the larger significance of habit. Münsterberg[1] tested the persistency of habit in two ways. He was accustomed to carry his watch in his left vest-pocket, so he changed it to his right trousers-pocket and noted the number of false movements. After a month had passed and he had acquired the habit of immediately putting his hand into his right trousers-pocket when he wished to ascertain the time, he replaced the watch in his left vest-pocket. He found that it required considerably less time to relearn the old habit than it had taken to accustom himself to the pocket of his trousers. Traces of the old habit therefore remained. He then alternated the use of the pockets and

[1] *Beiträge zur experimentellen Psychologie*, 1892.

observed that the time for each relearning grew less until, after the third change, he could use either pocket without making any mistakes.

He then tried a similar experiment with the inkstands on his desk, filling first one and then the other and noting again the number of wrong movements. Finally he tested himself in using two doors leading from his office to the corridor. The one not in use was kept locked. The result of these experiments was essentially the same as with his watch; traces of the old habit remained and resisted change, but it was easier to relearn the old than to learn the new, and finally he could make the right movement, whichever it might be, without interference from the opposing habit. Münsterberg therefore concluded that a given association — or habit — can function automatically while some effect of another, opposing, association remains.

Repetition of Münsterberg's experiments, in Washington University, by members of the class in psychology, indicated that somewhat less time was required than he found to break the simple habit of taking knife, keys, or watch from a certain pocket. From two weeks to sixteen days were needed to reach the first errorless day in the establishment of a new habit.

Bergström[1] tested the effect of interference of previously formed associations (or habits) in sorting cards. He found that "the false movements" in sorting the pack in a new order], "the errors which the subject was obliged to correct, and the consequent retardation, show that a strong association had been formed. . . . It is a mechanical struggle of habits." From his second study Bergström concluded that the effect of the interference of an association (or habit) partly established is equivalent to the practice effect. The earlier habits therefore persist. They have not been effaced.

Müller and Schumann[2] experimented with nonsense-syllables. They stated their problem as follows:

[1] *American Journal of Psychology*, Vol. V, p. 366; Vol. VI, p. 433.

[2] *Zeitschrift für Psychologie und Physiologie d. Sinnesorgane*, Vol. VI, p. 173.

When a series of nonsense-syllables has been learned until it can be repeated once without error, and is then relearned to the same extent after a certain interval, will more repetitions be required if in the meantime the syllables have been associated with another sort of syllables?

These experiments indicated considerable interference in the relearning, because of the disturbance caused by the secondary associations. In other words, an incipient habit asserted itself.

Bair [1] attacked the problem of interference from habit, among other ways, by using a typewriter. The keys were associated with definite colors. He found that the difference between two opposing habits grew less the more automatic the two responses became, and finally, after both sets of reactions were practised to perfection, the interference disappeared. This agrees with Münsterberg's conclusion that two opposing habits may be made so automatic that conflict disappears when they are alternated.

The typewriter and sorting of cards were used by Culler [2] in his experiments. The keys of the typewriter were numbered and certain fingers were habituated to the different keys. Later, different fingers were used to strike some of the keys, and the interference was noted in the additional time required for the writing. Culler's conclusions may, perhaps, be best given in his own words:

When two opposing associations, each of which excludes the other, are alternately practised with one, four, or eight repetitions of each association before the other is resumed, the opposing associations have an interference effect upon each other in all [persons]. The interference effect grows less and less while the practice effect becomes greater. The interference effect is gradually overcome, and both opposing associations become automatic, so that either of them can be called up independently without the appearance of the other. . . . When a change in reaction to several of a series of long-practised stimuli is introduced, as in the typewriting experiment, there is great immediate interference effect. This is shown by the increase in time

[1] *Psychological Review Monograph Supplement*, No. 19.

[2] *Archives of Psychology*, No. 24.

and the recurrence of the former associations. . . . An error committed in practice tends to introduce interfering associations which will cause other errors. In some cases this interference has a general effect which causes various errors; in other cases it has a specific effect which causes a repetition of the error in succeeding trials.

The last investigation of this subject which we shall cite was again an experiment in sorting cards in two different orders. In this investigation Brown [1] found that interference manifests itself to the detriment of success in trying to learn to sort the cards in two different ways. In beginning either of the two methods of sorting there was clearly loss of speed, due to the tendency toward conflicting movements, and interference was also indicated by increase in the number of errors. Errors always increased when the order in which the cards were sorted was changed, and those who were most disturbed made the larger number of errors. Brown observed, however, that as the work proceeded practice in one order helped in learning the other. So learning to do a thing in two different ways need not be detrimental. This agrees with Bair's conclusion that if a series of reactions is well learned this practice promotes learning a new arrangement of the series.

This experimental evidence that two opposing habits may operate alternately does not refute what has been said about their dominating power. The experiments show that habits are closely isolated processes. Start one habitual series, and it runs its course. Start another and it does the same, even though there are elements in the two that conflict with one another. Habit clearly persists, delaying and disturbing opposing reactions, but when two conflicting habits have become automatic, interference between the two disappears. In acts of skill the sensation caused by a muscular contraction starts the next movement in a habitual muscular series.

[1] Warner Brown, *University of California Publications in Psychology*, Vol. I, No. 4.

This is the explanation of complex acts involving many simple movements. If one thoroughly masters a typewriter with one arrangement of the keyboard, before beginning on another with a different keyboard, for example, there is not only no interference between the two sets of habits, but the second one may even be learned in less time than was needed for the first. After the second has, in turn, become automatic, the two may be alternated without conflict between the two sets of habits. In the same way, if one is studying different theories regarding some scientific or social phenomenon, there will be interference between the two views and one will remember neither accurately unless the first is thoroughly mastered before the second is studied. After the first is understood and learned, the second will cause no confusion, and if each is made automatic there will be no difficulty in recalling either or both.

Habits in individuals are practically inevitable reactions to surrounding conditions. In a very real sense they are personal reflexes. Aside from the automatized movements of which we have just been speaking, they show themselves in social mannerisms, in ways of talking, even to the words used, in the manner of walking, and in general in the mode of behaving. Families, schools, colleges, business houses, all have their peculiar habits, represented in the similarity of behavior of their members.

The daylight-saving plan is an excellent illustration of public recognition of the irresistible force of habit. People cannot change their habits of rising and beginning their work by the clock; so the clock is set ahead an hour, and then everything works smoothly. It is a deliberate self-deception by which a whole city intentionally tricks itself into rising, working, and retiring an hour earlier *by the sun*. The habits of the people are not disturbed, because they do everything at the same hour as before, *by the clock*.

Habit is evidently a tremendous force which must enter into our computation of problems of human behavior. The long discussion about setting the clock ahead — it has now continued

over two years — shows that our custom must not be disturbed. When we look at our watch preparatory to leaving the office, the time indicated should be the hour at which we are wont to leave. We must not be obliged to reflect upon whether we will leave an hour earlier than has been set by habit. If the routine is not disturbed the usual series of acts for that hour will run its course and the desk will be closed.

We have said that habit makes movements exact and "sets" them, and that it lessens fatigue. We are now ready to state its second practical advantage. *Habit first reduces and then eliminates the attention with which acts are performed.* These acts will then become essentially reflex. Automatic actions and the handicrafts afford the best illustrations of this advantage. So helpful is absence of attention to automatic acts that when it is given to them they are disturbed. It is a matter of common knowledge that attention to our manner of walking across a ballroom makes our gait awkward. This has been illustrated in one of those little doggerels that so often represent the psychological observations of the layman:

> The centipede was happy quite,
> Until the toad, in fun,
> Said, "Pray, which leg comes after which
> When you begin to run?"
> This wrought his mind to such a pitch,
> He lay distracted in a ditch,
> Uncertain how to run.

In the handicrafts, also, skill is not associated with attention to the delicate muscular movements, and the importance of habit in the moral and social virtues is too well known to require extended discussion. A recent report from an unexpected source, however, adds greatly to the significance of ethical, social, and industrial habits. A committee of the Society for the Promotion of Engineering Education estimated the relative importance of the various factors that make for success in engineering.[1]

[1] *Engineering Education*, Vol. VII, p. 125.

Over 5,000 practising engineers participated in the investigation, and knowledge of fundamentals and technic was rated at about 25 per cent. The remaining 75 per cent was accorded to various qualities into which habits of one sort or another enter. It has long been observed that engineers, when selecting young graduates for their employ, inquire quite as much whether the applicants are leaders in college and in social service as about their technical qualifications. They want subordinates who have acquired habits of leadership which will fit them to handle men; and they are of the opinion that these useful habits, if they are foreign to the earlier life of the young men, cannot be readily adopted in the course of the work. Ethical habits are evidently quite as significant for efficiency as those that are physical.

Childhood and youth are the periods for fixing both intellectual and ethical habits. If a boy of seventeen has not learned that accurate facts are essential to correct reasoning, if he does not know the difference between facts and assumptions, it is doubtful whether he will ever make the discovery and acquire the habit of investigating; and in adult life, to turn briefly to the ethical side of the subject, one cannot successfully adopt manners and forms of behavior to which one has been unaccustomed earlier in life, cannot give the appearance of having been to the manner born. The efforts of the *nouveaux riches* to simulate refinement, for example, would be pathetic did not their contentment with the grotesque result give a touch of humor to the outcome. Dress, manners, and house furnishings all betray the humble origin, which is made vulgar by the attempt to conceal and forget it. Early habits of primitive taste and behavior are too firmly rooted to be eradicated. And one proof of this is the gratification of these people with the result. Not the slightest doubt of success clouds their satisfaction.

Some people, on the other hand, in adult life become aware of the terrible handicap of habits against which they are struggling. "Could the young but realize," says James,[1] "how soon

[1] *Principles of Psychology*, Vol. I, p. 127.

they will become mere walking bundles of habits, they would give more heed to their conduct while in the plastic state. We are spinning our own fates, good or evil, and never to be undone. Every smallest stroke of virtue or of vice leaves its never-so-little scar. The drunken Rip Van Winkle, in Jefferson's play, excuses himself for every fresh dereliction by saying: 'I won't count this time!' Well, he may not count it, and a kind Heaven may not count it; but it is being counted none the less. Down among his nerve cells and fibres the molecules are counting it, registering and storing it up to be used against him when the next temptation comes. Nothing that we ever do is, in strict scientific literalness, wiped out." So strong is the grip of habit. Success or failure in life is being settled before the boy and girl are old enough to appreciate the meaning of their actions. A good quality of brain-tissue is made inefficient by its tremendous handicap; and only later, if ever, when the hold is too firm to loosen, does the man or woman realize what might have been. The formation of habits should look toward the future that they may become the allies of our mature purposes and aspirations instead of their enemies. In early childhood this is largely the business of parents, but in youth and early maturity it should be the chief concern of the individual.

Resolutions and moral or ethical principles should be determinedly put into action, at once and on every occasion. Letting ideals ooze out in vapid sentimentality produces only a tiresome, ineffective prater. Some men, for example, are mightily concerned over wrongs done to working girls in all factories and stores except their own. Many get their moral contentment by weeping over sin. They go on an emotional spree periodically, and they enjoy the orgy. Virtue oozes from every pore, and they bask in its sublime feeling; but they do nothing. The habit of emotional vaporization satisfies their longing to do good.

Inability to act may become a habit as truly as can action itself. The writer has an acquaintance who for ten years has had a

scholarly book ready for publication, but he cannot let it go. He is oppressed with the fear that it will not be up to date, that there is something which he will find if he waits longer — and hunts. It is doubtful whether the book will appear during his lifetime. Some people, again, are always making resolutions — always promising themselves to begin to work vigorously, *to-morrow*, always waiting for a great and perhaps conspicuous opportunity to do a social service, always preparing to break a bad habit; and then, as the habit of postponement becomes fixed, moments of anguish come, followed by periods of elation, as emotional virtue again soothes the mind. These people are rich in purposes, resolutions, and plans, but they never cross the Rubicon and burn the bridges. They are always vacillating between determination and doubt, between hope and fear. Inefficiency is not infrequently caused by this habit of indecision, and the disastrous effect, in this instance, arises, curiously enough, from the very qualities of habit which in other ways are serviceable. It is this advantage and disadvantage of the same features of habits that make their outcome so important for efficiency. This may easily be shown.

Habit, we have said, first diminishes the attention with which acts are performed and then eliminates it. This is, of course, a great advantage in acts which should be mechanized. Its limitation, however, should not be overlooked. Repetition makes perfect, but it perfects only that which is repeated; and the perfection consists solely in "setting" serviceable movements, after the elimination of those that are useless, or with mental processes in bringing information to mind of which we are in frequent need. It enables the physiological machinery to run without friction. Short cuts are formed in the nervous system. The route from eye or ear to muscle is shortened by eliminating the cerebrum from the circuit. Lower reflex centres are called into play and the brain is relieved of the burden of overseeing these activities. After the simpler movements have become mechanized they may be combined into more complex

actions, and in this way highly involved reaction systems may be organized. Release of the brain from the direction and supervision of certain activities is a tremendous advantage, because it is left free for things that cannot profitably be made habitual.

Illustrations are not wanting, however, to show that some acts should not be made habitual. One of the speakers at the Tuck School Conference on Scientific Management [1] said that he found the proprietor of a large printing-house answering telephone-calls. When asked if a boy at the telephone would not save him time for more important things he agreed, but said that he could not let go of such details. "I am constantly doing things which I have no business to do, but I can't get away from them," was the way in which the proprietor of another large establishment admitted his subjection to inefficient habits. These are only illustrations, but they represent the wasteful methods of two men engaged in business. Probably they are typical. Of course men differ in their bad habits as well as in their good ones; but this merely means that the illustrations of inefficiency vary with different men.

Examples of the "setting" of unproductive methods of work could be multiplied indefinitely. Teachers, according to Thorndike, rarely progress after the third year of service; and it is a common complaint of business men that those in their employ "stop growing" too soon. "The difficulty with which we are always confronted," said the manager of a large manufacturing plant recently to the writer, "is that our business grows faster than those within it. The men do not keep up with the changes." This is an instance of the human tendency of which we have spoken in an earlier chapter, the tendency to adjust oneself to the lowest level of efficiency that will "carry."

These occupation-habits grow out of the need felt for getting things done quickly. The attention is fixed on the accomplishment of the immediate end rather than on the final outcome. Consequently, the person takes short cuts and is pleased with

[1] *Tuck School Conference on Scientific Management*, p. 245.

quick results. Time looms large — that is, the time at the moment. He does not see that minutes are saved at an immense expense of future time; and when a trial balance is struck he finds that, so far as achievements are concerned, he is bankrupt. He did not include the future in his mental vision. The final stage of the process was ignored. He was always busy, yet accomplished nothing. He has not even put himself in the line of significant results. This can be best illustrated by an act of muscular skill. A beginner in typewriting makes the most rapid progress by watching the keys and using the two forefingers. This plan, however, and the habits formed by its adoption, will never enable him to compete for the salary of one who practises the slower touch method and employs all the fingers on the keyboard.

A department store in a large city of the Middle West, to illustrate the inefficiency of certain habits in a different line of business, had engaged an unusually successful Eastern manager at a high salary. In a year he had so nearly wrecked the business that the management paid him $60,000 to annul the contract. This manager had acquired certain business habits which were successful where he gained his reputation, but he could not alter them to meet new conditions. He did not know why his methods had succeeded. He had not analyzed the situation. He merely grew into certain habits which happened to succeed because they harmonized with the conditions in his locality. It is quite likely that these circumstances had something to do with the formation of the habits. Probably, also, the harmony was, in part, a matter of chance. To a certain extent, at least, he followed the method of the stenographer to whom we have just referred. He adopted the plan that secured the quickest results. At all events, he did not understand the reasons for his success. If he had he would have known that the method might fail under other conditions; and he would have been able to readapt himself. "Managers want to get better results in their own way," says one of the most stimulating writers on business efficiency.

"They don't want to learn new ways." [1] This is because "their own way" has become "fixed" in their nervous system, and it suggests the rule of action for making habits our allies in promoting personal efficiency.

This, then, brings us to our third point, that *habits to be of advantage should be thoughtfully selected and organized instead of following unconscious adaptation.* Those lacking constructive, productive power should be eliminated before they gain control. A distinction should be made between acts in which definite habits are beneficial and those acts that may best be left free. Perhaps a given kind of work should not be reduced to habit or, if it should, then the sort of habits to be formed is important. This puts intelligence into the process. After the selection has been made, those acts which can be done best through habit should be made automatic, and the others kept in a free, fluid condition, so that the best method of the moment may be utilized. Human failure is due largely to the fact that habits get us instead of our getting them. The rule-of-thumb man is in this class of failures. He wants rules so that he may reduce his methods to habits. It saves thinking. "The rule-of-thumb man must have his vision enlarged, else it becomes ingrowing," says Lewis.[2] "As a type he is lacking in imagination, and therefore complains because the talks of the board of commerce and articles in the trade papers are not about his business. He lacks the power to adapt, because he can only imitate. Imitation works in a vicious circle, repeating old errors until they become enwrapped in the winding-sheet of sacred tradition, as grandma's remedies and father's policies."

We have been emphasizing the importance of selecting our habits so as to mechanize only those acts which may be made automatic with greatest advantage to efficiency, and to leave the others free. The curtailment of efficiency through failure to follow this course, and the unconscious adaptation to the

[1] E. St. Elmo Lewis, *Getting the Most Out of Business.*

[2] E. St. Elmo Lewis, *op. cit.*, p. 35.

lower requirements of life, are admirably described by James.[1]

Men "as a rule," he says, "habitually use only a small part of the powers which they actually possess and which they might use under appropriate conditions. . . . The human individual lives usually far within his limits; he possesses powers of various sorts which he habitually fails to use. He energizes below his *maximum*, and he behaves below his *optimum*. In elementary faculty, in co-ordination, in power of *inhibition* and control, in every conceivable way, his life is contracted like the field of vision of an hysteric subject — but with less excuse, for the poor hysteric is diseased, while in the rest of us it is only an inveterate *habit* — the habit of inferiority to our full self — that is bad."

An illustration of the effect of a higher standard of work — the reverse side of the shield so vividly described by James — is the change produced in the methods of biologists as a result of Agassiz's example — a change almost equivalent to a revolution in habits. One evening Agassiz was a guest of the Boston Microscopical Club,

"when a member made the statement that he studied a certain form four days, and feeling that nothing resulted from this elaborate investigation gave it up as impracticable. After some discussion the guest of the evening, Agassiz, was called upon. He astonished his hearers by saying that he had also studied the object in question, *having had it under his eye at stated periods night and day for six weeks*."[2]

At another time, to one of his students, who afterward became a distinguished entomologist, he gave an echinoderm, with instructions to be prepared on the following day to describe its external characteristics. After the description had been given, Agassiz again sent the young man back to the echinoderm, and, as the story runs, he kept him looking at this object for a week. At the end of that time the youth knew something about how echinoderms look, and he had acquired a habit of observation which

[1] See the following selection. (C. A. S.)

[2] *Louis Agassiz*, by Charles F. Holder, p. 99. The italics are the present writer's.

he never lost. It was with much the same confidence in selected habits, associated with capacity to change, that James J. Hill sent many boys to agricultural colleges that they might acquire methods of investigation. He saw clearly that if they remained on the farm they would inevitably adopt antiquated "farm habits."

In the business world, as in all occupations involving human beings, to illustrate the need of selected habits and adaptive variability in a field too often overlooked, the manner in which the men are treated largely determines the success of manager or foreman. Certain methods have been acquired from the environment, education, or training, and they are followed. They secure results but perhaps not the best. Yet these managers know no other way. The Filene Coöperative Association of Boston is an instance of reversal of traditional business habits. The William Filene's Sons' Company decided to give the men and women behind the counter of their department store a voice in shaping the policies of the company. The association, composed of members of the firm and of all employees, may initiate or amend any rule that affects the efficiency of employees. The decision, passed by the council, may be vetoed by the management, but if after such a veto the association again passes it over the veto, by a two-thirds vote, the decision of the association is final. The plan made a sudden break from habitual business methods, yet it succeeded. A single instance will show how admirably and reasonably the employees have responded.

The question for vote was whether the store should be closed all day, Saturday, June 18, the day preceding being Bunker Hill Day, a State holiday. If this were done it would give the employees a three-day holiday. . . . Agitation had been quite intense during the days preceding the meeting, for the employees naturally were interested in having an additional day's rest with pay; the meeting was to hear both sides of the question and to decide. After those in favor of closing had made their plea, those opposed brought out an argument few had considered, the fact that conditions were not analogous. It was pointed out that a Saturday in the middle of

June was much more valuable and costly to lose than one in July, that it was the last Saturday before the bulk of the school graduations and that much more business would in all probability be lost. When the vote was taken the employees voted by an overwhelming majority not to have the extra holiday. . . . The firm considers [the association] worth many times what it has cost them in their time and money. It is no longer an experiment; it is a fact, and it has made the interests of employer and employee harmonize.[1]

These practical results from the methods of the Filene Coöperative Association are additional proof of the expediency of *selected* habits. Observation shows that it is not only inefficient but also unnecessary to settle down into the line of least resistance and adopt habits of ease or tradition. Reservoirs of energy commonly unused reveal themselves in various ways. In physical endurance, for example, it is well known that at a certain point fatigue ensues. Then, if we persevere, we overcome the resistance and get our "second wind." We feel more vigorous than before and push on to a new achievement, perhaps breaking the record. Under such circumstances we have clearly tapped a new supply of energy, usually concealed by the first appearance of *ennui* and fatigue. "Mental activity," James once said, "shows the phenomenon as well as physical, and in exceptional cases we may find, beyond the very extremity of fatigue-distress, amounts of ease and power that we never dreamed ourselves to own, sources of strength habitually not tapped at all, because habitually we never push through the obstruction, never pass those early critical points."[2] Evidence of this is seen in the achievements occasionally observed in men suddenly placed in positions of great responsibility. The demand on their ability is worth their best effort and they rise to the emergency. "I did not know that it was in him," is our acknowledgment of his bursting through the barrier. It was *not* in him until he broke with his old habits of adaptation to an inferior level of accomplishment.

[1] *Sketch of the Filene Coöperative Association*, by the firm.

[2] See the following selection. (C. A. S.)

THE ENERGIES OF MEN [1]

WILLIAM JAMES

Here again both mind and conduct are equally geared up. How to get our second wind, how to release the reserves of resolution latent within us, how to tap the levels of new energy, — this is the propelling theme of this propelling essay. Among the "stimuli for unlocking what would otherwise be unused reservoirs of individual power" may be mentioned not only ideas but certain visible objects that represent the ideas. Read again in the light of this essay Tennyson's poem called *The Northern Cobbler.* Compare it with this clipping from a daily paper: "A well-known Chicago business man used to carry a prune in his pocket constantly when he was a young man. He did it because he was excessively fond of prunes and wanted to see if he could have one with him all the time and resist the temptation to eat it. Not that the prune would have done him any harm, but he simply wanted to settle once and for all which was the stronger — his will or his appetite. Most men laugh when they hear this story. But if you meet this man you'll find a man of calm, steady, confident strength. Maybe the prune did not create his will-power, but it proved to him that he had it and furthermore taught him how to use it." No, the prune did not "create" will-power. It and the cobbler's bottle o' gin only released power that had been stored up but hitherto unused.

EVERYONE knows what it is to start a piece of work, either intellectual or muscular, feeling stale — or *oold*, as an Adirondack guide once put it to me. And everybody knows what it is to "warm up" to his job. The process of warming up gets particularly striking in the phenomenon known as "second wind." On usual occasions we make a practice of stopping an occupation

[1] This was the title originally given to the Presidential Address delivered before the American Philosophical Association at Columbia University, December 28, 1906, and published as there delivered in the *Philosophical Review* for January, 1907. The address was later published, after slight alteration, in the *American Magazine* for October, 1907, under the title "The Powers of Men." The more popular form is here reprinted under the title which the author himself preferred. From *Memories and Studies*, 1911, by permission of the publishers, Longmans, Green, and Company.

as soon as we meet the first effective layer (so to call it) of fatigue. We have then walked, played, or worked "enough," so we desist. That amount of fatigue is an efficacious obstruction on this side of which our usual life is cast. But if an unusual necessity forces us to press onward, a surprising thing occurs. The fatigue gets worse up to a certain critical point, when gradually or suddenly it passes away, and we are fresher than before. We have evidently tapped a level of new energy, masked until then by the fatigue-obstacle usually obeyed. There may be layer after layer of this experience. A third and a fourth "wind" may supervene. Mental activity shows the phenomenon as well as physical, and in exceptional cases we may find, beyond the very extremity of fatigue-distress, amounts of ease and power that we never dreamed ourselves to own, — sources of strength habitually not taxed at all, because habitually we never push through the obstruction, never pass those early critical points.

For many years I have mused on the phenomenon of second wind, trying to find a physiological theory. It is evident that our organism has stored-up reserves of energy that are ordinarily not called upon, but that may be called upon: deeper and deeper strata of combustible or explosible material, discontinuously arranged, but ready for use by anyone who probes so deep, and repairing themselves by rest as well as do the superficial strata. Most of us continue living unnecessarily near our surface. Our energy-budget is like our nutritive budget. Physiologists say that a man is in "nutritive equilibrium" when day after day he neither gains nor loses weight. But the odd thing is that this condition may obtain on astonishingly different amounts of food. Take a man in nutritive equilibrium, and systematically increase or lessen his rations. In the first case he will begin to gain weight, in the second case to lose it. The change will be greatest on the first day, less on the second, less still on the third; and so on, till he has gained all that he will gain, or lost all that he will lose, on that altered diet. He is

now in nutritive equilibrium again, but with a new weight; and this neither lessens nor increases because his various combustion-processes have adjusted themselves to the changed dietary. He gets rid, in one way or another, of just as much N, C, H, etc., as he takes in *per diem*.

Just so one can be in what I might call "efficiency-equilibrium" (neither gaining nor losing power when once the equilibrium is reached) on astonishingly different quantities of work, no matter in what direction the work may be measured. It may be physical work, intellectual work, moral work, or spiritual work.

Of course there are limits: the trees don't grow into the sky. But the plain fact remains that men the world over possess amounts of resource which only very exceptional individuals push to their extremes of use. But the very same individual, pushing his energies to their extreme, may in a vast number of cases keep the pace up day after day, and find no "reaction" of a bad sort, so long as decent hygienic conditions are preserved. His more active rate of energizing does not wreck him; for the organism adapts itself, and as the rate of waste augments, augments correspondingly the rate of repair.

I say the *rate* and not the *time* of repair. The busiest man needs no more hours of rest than the idler. Some years ago Professor Patrick, of the Iowa State University, kept three young men awake for four days and nights. When his observations on them were finished, the subjects were permitted to sleep themselves out. All awoke from this sleep completely refreshed, but the one who took longest to restore himself from his long vigil only slept one-third more time than was regular with him.

If my reader will put together these two conceptions, first, that few men live at their maximum of energy, and second, that anyone may be in vital equilibrium at very different rates of energizing, he will find, I think, that a very pretty practical problem of national economy, as well as of individual ethics, opens upon his view. In rough terms, we may say that a man

who energizes below his normal maximum fails by just so much to profit by his chance at life; and that a nation filled with such men is inferior to a nation run at higher pressure. The problem is, then, how can men be trained up to their most useful pitch of energy? And how can nations make such training most accessible to all their sons and daughters. This, after all, is only the general problem of education, formulated in slightly different terms.

"Rough" terms, I said just now, because the words "energy" and "maximum" may easily suggest only *quantity* to the reader's mind, whereas in measuring the human energies of which I speak, qualities as well as quantities have to be taken into account. Everyone feels that his total *power* rises when he passes to a higher *qualitative* level of life.

Writing is higher than walking, thinking is higher than writing, deciding higher than thinking, deciding "no" higher than deciding "yes" — at least the man who passes from one of these activities to another will usually say that each later one involves a greater element of *inner work* than the earlier ones, even though the total heat given out or the foot-pounds expended by the organism, may be less. Just how to conceive this inner work physiologically is as yet impossible, but psychologically we all know what the word means. We need a particular spur or effort to start us upon inner work; it tires us to sustain it; and when long sustained, we know how easily we lapse. When I speak of "energizing," and its rates and levels and sources, I mean therefore our inner as well as our outer work.

Let no one think, then, that our problem of individual and national economy is solely that of the maximum of pounds raisable against gravity, the maximum of locomotion, or of agitation of any sort, that human beings can accomplish. That might signify little more than hurrying and jumping about in incoordinated ways; whereas inner work, though it so often reinforces outer work, quite as often means its arrest. To relax, to say to ourselves (with the "new thoughters") "Peace! be

still!" is sometimes a great achievement of inner work. When I speak of human energizing in general, the reader must therefore understand that sum-total of activities, some outer and some inner, some muscular, some emotional, some moral, some spiritual, of whose waxing and waning in himself he is at all times so well aware. How to keep it at an appreciable maximum? How not to let the level lapse? That is the great problem. But the work of men and women is of innumerable kinds, each kind being, as we say, carried on by a particular faculty; so the great problem splits into two sub-problems, thus:

1. What are the limits of human faculty in various directions?
2. By what diversity of means, in the differing types of human beings, may the faculties be stimulated to their best results?

Read in one way, these two questions sound both trivial and familiar: there is a sense in which we have all asked them ever since we were born. Yet *as a methodical program of scientific inquiry*, I doubt whether they have ever been seriously taken up. If answered fully, almost the whole of mental science and of the science of conduct would find a place under them. I propose, in what follows, to press them on the reader's attention in an informal way.

The first point to agree upon in this enterprise is that *as a rule men habitually use only a small part of the powers which they actually possess and which they might use under appropriate conditions.*

Every one is familiar with the phenomenon of feeling more or less alive on different days. Every one knows on any given day that there are energies slumbering in him which the incitements of that day do not call forth, but which he might display if these were greater. Most of us feel as if a sort of cloud weighed upon us, keeping us below our highest notch of clearness in discernment, sureness in reasoning, or firmness in deciding. Compared with what we ought to be, we are only half awake. Our fires are damped, our drafts are checked. We are making

use of only a small part of our possible mental and physical resources. In some persons this sense of being cut off from their rightful resources is extreme, and we then get the formidable neurasthenic and psychasthenic conditions, with life grown into one tissue of impossibilities, that so many medical books describe.

Stating the thing broadly, the human individual thus lives usually far within his limits; he possesses powers of various sorts which he habitually fails to use. He energizes below his *maximum*, and he behaves below his *optimum*. In elementary faculty, in co-ordination, in power of *inhibition* and control, in every conceivable way, his life is contracted like the field of vision of an hysteric subject — but with less excuse, for the poor hysteric is diseased, while in the rest of us it is only an inveterate *habit* — the habit of inferiority to our full self — that is bad.

Admit so much, then, and admit also that the charge of being inferior to their full self is far truer of some men than of others; then the practical question ensues: *to what do the better men owe their escape? and, in the fluctuations which all men feel in their own degree of energizing, to what are the improvements due, when they occur?*

In general terms the answer is plain:

Either some unusual stimulus fills them with emotional excitement, or some unusual idea of necessity induces them to make an extra effort of will. *Excitements, ideas, and efforts*, in a word, are what carry us over the dam.

In those "hyperesthetic" conditions which chronic invalidism so often brings in its train, the dam has changed its normal place. The slightest functional exercise gives a distress which the patient yields to and stops. In such cases of "habit-neurosis" a new range of power often comes in consequence of the "bullying-treatment," of efforts which the doctor obliges the patient, much against his will, to make. First comes the very extremity of distress, then follows unexpected relief. There seems no doubt that *we are each and all of us to some extent victims of habit-neurosis.* We have to admit the wider potential range and the

habitually narrow actual use. We live subject to arrest by degrees of fatigue which we have come only from habit to obey. Most of us may learn to push the barrier farther off, and to live in perfect comfort on much higher levels of power.

Country people and city people, as a class, illustrate this difference. The rapid rate of life, the number of decisions in an hour, the many things to keep account of, in a busy city man's or woman's life, seem monstrous to a country brother. He doesn't see how we live at all. A day in New York or Chicago fills him with terror. The danger and noise make it appear like a permanent earthquake. But *settle* him there, and in a year or two he will have caught the pulse-beat. He will vibrate to the city's rhythms; and if he only succeeds in his avocation, whatever that may be, he will find a joy in all the hurry and the tension, he will keep the pace as well as any of us, and get as much out of himself in any week as he ever did in ten weeks in the country.

The stimuli of those who successfully respond and undergo the transformation here, are duty, the example of others, and crowd-pressure and contagion. The transformation, moreover, is a chronic one: the new level of energy becomes permanent. The duties of new offices of trust are constantly producing this effect on the human beings appointed to them. The physiologists call a stimulus "dynamogenic" when it increases the muscular contractions of men to whom it is applied; but appeals can be dynamogenic morally as well as muscularly. We are witnessing here in America to-day the dynamogenic effect of a very exalted political office upon the energies of an individual who had already manifested a healthy amount of energy before the office came.

Humbler examples show perhaps still better what chronic effects duty's appeal may produce in chosen individuals. John Stuart Mill somewhere says that women excel men in the power of keeping up sustained moral excitement. Every case of illness nursed by wife or mother is a proof of this; and where can

one find greater examples of sustained endurance than in those thousands of poor homes, where the woman successfully holds the family together and keeps it going by taking all the thought and doing all the work — nursing, teaching, cooking, washing, sewing, scrubbing, saving, helping neighbors, "choring" outside — where does the catalogue end? If she does a bit of scolding now and then who can blame her? But often she does just the reverse; keeping the children clean and the man good tempered, and soothing and smoothing the whole neighborhood into finer shape.

Eighty years ago a certain Montyon left to the Académie Française a sum of money to be given in small prizes, to the best examples of "virtue" of the year. The academy's committees, with great good sense, have shown a partiality to virtues simple and chronic, rather than to her spasmodic and dramatic flights; and the exemplary housewives reported on have been wonderful and admirable enough. In Paul Bourget's report for this year we find numerous cases, of which this is a type: Jeanne Chaix, eldest of six children; mother insane, father chronically ill. Jeanne, with no money but her wages at a pasteboard-box factory, directs the household, brings up the children, and successfully maintains the family of eight, which thus subsist, morally as well as materially, by the sole force of her valiant will. In some of these French cases charity to outsiders is added to the inner family burden; or helpless relatives, young or old, are adopted, as if the strength were inexhaustible and ample for every appeal. Details are too long to quote here; but human nature, responding to the call of duty, appears nowhere sublimer than in the person of these humble heroines of family life.

Turning from more chronic to acuter proofs of human nature's reserves of power, we find that the stimuli that carry us over the usually effective dam are most often the classic emotional ones, love, anger, crowd-contagion or despair. Despair lames most people, but it wakes others fully up. Every siege or

shipwreck or polar expedition brings out some hero who keeps the whole company in heart. Last year there was a terrible colliery explosion at Courrières in France. Two hundred corpses, if I remember rightly, were exhumed. After twenty days of excavation, the rescuers heard a voice. "*Me voici*," said the first man unearthed. He proved to be a collier named Nemy, who had taken command of thirteen others in the darkness, disciplined them and cheered them, and brought them out alive. Hardly any of them could see or speak or walk when brought into the day. Five days later, a different type of vital endurance was unexpectedly unburied in the person of one Berton who, isolated from any but dead companions, had been able to sleep away most of his time.

A new position of responsibility will usually show a man to be a far stronger creature than was supposed. Cromwell's and Grant's careers are the stock examples of how war will wake a man up. I owe to Professor C. E. Norton, my colleague, the permission to print part of a private letter from Colonel Baird-Smith written shortly after the six weeks' siege of Delhi, in 1857, for the victorious issue of which that excellent officer was chiefly to be thanked. He writes as follows:

. . . My poor wife had some reason to think that war and disease between them had left very little of a husband to take under nursing when she got him again. An attack of camp-scurvy had filled my mouth with sores, shaken every joint in my body, and covered me all over with sores and livid spots, so that I was marvellously unlovely to look upon. A smart knock on the ankle-joint from the splinter of a shell that burst in my face, in itself a mere *bagatelle* of a wound, had been of necessity neglected under the pressing and incessant calls upon me, and had grown worse and worse till the whole foot below the ankle became a black mass and seemed to threaten mortification. I insisted, however, on being allowed to use it till the place was taken, mortification or no; and though the pain was sometimes horrible, I carried my point and kept up to the last. On the day after the assault I had an unlucky fall on some bad ground, and it was an open question for a day or two whether I hadn't broken my arm at the elbow. Fortunately it turned out to be only a severe sprain, but

I am still conscious of the wrench it gave me. To crown the whole pleasant catalogue, I was worn to a shadow by a constant diarrhœa, and consumed as much opium as would have done credit to my father-in-law [Thomas De Quincey]. However, thank God, I have a good share of Tapleyism in me and come out strong under difficulties. I think I may confidently say that no man ever saw me out of heart, or ever heard one croaking word from me even when our prospects were gloomiest. We were sadly scourged by the cholera, and it was almost appalling to me to find that out of twenty-seven officers present, I could only muster fifteen for the operations of the attack. However, it was done, and after it was done came the collapse. Don't be horrified when I tell you that for the whole of the actual siege, and in truth for some little time before, I almost lived on brandy. Appetite for food I had none, but I forced myself to eat just sufficient to sustain life, and I had an incessant craving for brandy as the strongest stimulant I could get. Strange to say, I was quite unconscious of its affecting me in the slightest degree. *The excitement of the work was so great that no lesser one seemed to have any chance against it, and I certainly never found my intellect clearer or my nerves stronger in my life.* It was only my wretched body that was weak, and the moment the real work was done by our becoming complete masters of Delhi, I broke down without delay and discovered that if I wished to live I must continue no longer the system that had kept me up until the crisis was passed. With it passed away as if in a moment all desire to stimulate, and a perfect loathing of my late staff of life took possession of me.

Such experiences show how profound is the alteration in the manner in which, under excitement, our organism will sometimes perform its physiological work. The processes of repair become different when the reserves have to be used, and for weeks and months the deeper use may go on.

Morbid cases, here as elsewhere, lay the normal machinery bare. In the first number of Dr. Morton Prince's *Journal of Abnormal Psychology*, Dr. Janet has discussed five cases of morbid impulse, with an explanation that is precious for my present point of view. One is a girl who eats, eats, eats, all day. Another walks, walks, walks, and gets her food from an automobile that escorts her. Another is a dipsomaniac. A fourth

pulls out her hair. A fifth wounds her flesh and burns her skin. Hitherto such freaks of impulse have received Greek names (as bulimia, dromomania, etc.) and been scientifically disposed of as "episodic syndromata of hereditary degeneration." But it turns out that Janet's cases are all what he calls psychasthenics, or victims of a chronic sense of weakness, torpor, lethargy, fatigue, insufficiency, impossibility, unreality, and powerlessness of will; and that in each and all of them the particular activity pursued, deleterious though it be, has the temporary result of raising the sense of vitality and making the patient feel alive again. These things reanimate: they would reanimate *us*, but it happens that in each patient the particular freak-activity chosen is the only thing that does reanimate; and therein lies the morbid state. The way to treat such persons is to discover to them more usual and useful ways of throwing their stores of vital energy into gear.

Colonel Baird-Smith, needing to draw on altogether extraordinary stores of energy, found that brandy and opium were ways of throwing them into gear.

Such cases are humanly typical. We are all to some degree oppressed, unfree. We don't come to our own. It is there, but we don't get at it. The threshold must be made to shift. Then many of us find that an eccentric activity — a "spree," say — relieves. There is no doubt that to some men sprees and excesses of almost any kind are medicinal, temporarily at any rate, in spite of what the moralists and doctors say.

But when the normal tasks and stimulations of life don't put a man's deeper levels of energy on tap, and he requires distinctly deleterious excitements, his constitution verges on the abnormal. The normal opener of deeper and deeper levels of energy is the will. The difficulty is to use it, to make the effort which the word volition implies. But if we *do* make it (or if a god, though he were only the god Chance, makes it through us), it will act dynamogenically on us for a month. It is notorious that a single successful effort of moral volition, such as saying "no"

to some habitual temptation, or performing some courageous act, will launch a man on a higher level of energy for days and weeks, will give him a new range of power.

> "In the act of uncorking the whiskey bottle which I had brought home to get drunk upon," said a man to me, "I suddenly found myself running out into the garden, where I smashed it on the ground. I felt so happy and uplifted after this act, that for two months I wasn't tempted to touch a drop."

The emotions and excitements due to usual situations are the usual inciters of the will. But these act discontinuously; and in the intervals the shallower levels of life tend to close in and shut us off. Accordingly the best practical knowers of the human soul have invented the thing known as methodical ascetic discipline to keep the deeper levels constantly in reach. Beginning with easy tasks, passing to harder ones, and exercising day by day, it is, I believe, admitted that disciples of asceticism can reach very high levels of freedom and power of will.

Ignatius Loyola's spiritual exercises must have produced this result in innumerable devotees. But the most venerable ascetic system, and the one whose results have the most voluminous experimental corroboration is undoubtedly the Yoga system in Hindustan. From time immemorial, by Hatha Yoga, Raja Yoga, Karma Yoga, or whatever code of practice it might be, Hindu aspirants to perfection have trained themselves, month in and out, for years. The result claimed, and certainly in many cases accorded by impartial judges, is strength of character, personal power, unshakability of soul. In an article in the *Philosophical Review*,[1] from which I am largely copying here, I have quoted at great length the experience with "Hatha Yoga" of a very gifted European friend of mine who, by persistently carrying out for several months its methods of fasting from food and sleep, its exercises in breathing and thought-concentration, and its fantastic posture-gymnastics, seems to have

[1] "The Energies of Men." *Philosophical Review*, Vol. XVI, No. 1, January, 1907. See note on first page of this essay.

succeeded in waking up deeper and deeper levels of will and moral and intellectual power in himself, and to have escaped from a decidedly menacing brain-condition of the "circular" type, from which he had suffered for years.

Judging by my friend's letters, of which the last I have is written fourteen months after the Yoga training began, there can be no doubt of his relative regeneration. He has undergone material trials with indifference, traveled third-class on Mediterranean steamers, and fourth-class on African trains, living with the poorest Arabs and sharing their unaccustomed food, all with equanimity. His devotion to certain interests has been put to heavy strain, and nothing is more remarkable to me than the changed moral tone with which he reports the situation. A profound modification has unquestionably occurred in the running of his mental machinery. The gearing has changed, and his will is available otherwise than it was.

My friend is a man of very peculiar temperament. Few of us would have had the will to start upon the Yoga training, which, once started, seemed to conjure the further will-power needed out of itself. And not all of those who could launch themselves would have reached the same results. The Hindus themselves admit that in some men the results may come without call or bell. My friend writes to me: "You are quite right in thinking that religious crises, love-crises, indignation-crises may awaken in a very short time powers similar to those reached by years of patient Yoga-practice."

Probably most medical men would treat this individual's case as one of what it is fashionable now to call by the name of "self-suggestion," or "expectant attention"— as if those phrases were explanatory, or meant more than the fact that certain men can be influenced, while others cannot be influenced, by certain sorts of *ideas*. This leads me to say a word about ideas considered as dynamogenic agents, or stimuli for unlocking what would otherwise be unused reservoirs of individual power.

One thing that ideas do is to contradict other ideas and keep us from believing them. An idea that thus negates a first idea may itself in turn be negated by a third idea, and the first idea may thus regain its natural influence over our belief and determine our behavior. Our philosophic and religious development proceeds thus by credulities, negations, and the negating of negations.

But whether for arousing or for stopping belief, ideas may fail to be efficacious, just as a wire at one time alive with electricity, may at another time be dead. Here our insight into causes fails us, and we can only note results in general terms. In general, whether a given idea shall be a live idea depends more on the person into whose mind it is injected than on the idea itself. Which is the suggestive idea for this person, and which for that one? Mr. Fletcher's disciples regenerate themselves by the idea (and the fact) that they are chewing, and rechewing, and superchewing their food. Dr. Dewey's pupils regenerate themselves by going without their breakfast — a fact, but also an ascetic idea. Not every one can use *these* ideas with the same success.

But apart from such individually varying susceptibilities, there are common lines along which men simply as men tend to be inflammable by ideas. As certain objects naturally awaken love, anger, or cupidity, so certain ideas naturally awaken the energies of loyalty, courage, endurance, or devotion. When these ideas are effective in an individual's life, their effect is often very great indeed. They may transfigure it, unlocking innumerable powers which, but for the idea, would never have come into play. "Fatherland," "the Flag," "the Union," "Holy Church," "the Monroe Doctrine," "Truth," "Science," "Liberty," Garibaldi's phrase, "Rome or Death," etc., are so many examples of energy-releasing ideas. The social nature of such phrases is an essential factor of their dynamic power. They are forces of detent in situations in which no other force produces equivalent effects, and each is a force of detent only in a specific group of men.

The memory that an oath or vow has been made will nerve one to abstinences and efforts otherwise impossible; witness the "pledge" in the history of the temperance movement. A mere promise to his sweetheart will clean up a youth's life all over — at any rate for a time. For such effects an educated susceptibility is required. The idea of one's "honor," for example, unlocks energy only in those of us who have had the education of a "gentleman," so called.

That delightful being, Prince Pueckler-Muskau, writes to his wife from England that he has invented

"a sort of artificial resolution respecting things that are difficult of performance. My device," he continues, "is this: *I give my word of honor most solemnly to myself* to do or to leave undone this or that. I am of course extremely cautious in the use of this expedient, but when once the word is given, even though I afterwards think I have been precipitate or mistaken, I hold it to be perfectly irrevocable whatever inconveniences I foresee likely to result. If I were capable of breaking my word after such mature consideration, I should lose all respect for myself, — and what man of sense would not prefer death to such an alternative? . . . When the mysterious formula is pronounced, no alteration in my own view, nothing short of physical impossibilities, must, for the welfare of my soul, alter my will. . . . I find something very satisfactory in the thought that man has the power of framing such props and weapons out of the most trivial materials, indeed out of nothing, merely by the force of his will, which thereby truly deserves the name of omnipotent." [1]

Conversions, whether they be political, scientific, philosophic, or religious, form another way in which bound energies are let loose. They unify us, and put a stop to ancient mental interferences. The result is freedom, and often a great enlargement of power. A belief that thus settles upon an individual always acts as a challenge to his will. But, for the particular challenge to operate, he must be the right challeng*ee*. In religious conversions we have so fine an adjustment that the idea may be in the mind of the challengee for years before it exerts effects;

[1] *Tour in England, Ireland, and France*, Philadelphia, 1833, p. 435.

and why it should do so then is often so far from obvious that the event is taken for a miracle of grace, and not a natural occurrence. Whatever it is, it may be a highwater mark of energy, in which "noes," once impossible, are easy, and in which a new range of "yeses" gains the right of way.

We are just now witnessing a very copious unlocking of energies by ideas in the persons of those converts to "New Thought," "Christian Science," "Metaphysical Healing," or other forms of spiritual philosophy, who are so numerous among us to-day. The ideas here are healthy-minded and optimistic; and it is quite obvious that a wave of religious activity, analogous in some respects to the spread of early Christianity, Buddhism, and Mohammedanism, is passing over our American world. The common feature of these optimistic faiths is that they all tend to the suppression of what Mr. Horace Fletcher calls "fearthought." Fearthought he defines as the "self-suggestion of inferiority"; so that one may say that these systems all operate by the suggestion of power. And the power, small or great, comes in various shapes to the individual, — power, as he will tell you, not to "mind" things that used to vex him, power to concentrate his mind, good cheer, good temper — in short, to put it mildly, a firmer, more elastic moral tone.

The most genuinely saintly person I have ever known is a friend of mine now suffering from cancer of the breast — I hope that she may pardon my citing her here as an example of what ideas can do. Her ideas have kept her a practically well woman for months after she should have given up and gone to bed. They have annulled all pain and weakness and given her a cheerful active life, unusually beneficent to others to whom she has afforded help. Her doctors, acquiescing in results they could not understand, have had the good sense to let her go her own way.

How far the mind-cure movement is destined to extend its influence, or what intellectual modifications it may yet undergo, no one can foretell. It is essentially a religious movement, and

to academically nurtured minds its utterances are tasteless and often grotesque enough. It also incurs the natural enmity of medical politicians, and of the whole trades-union wing of that profession. But no unprejudiced observer can fail to recognize its importance as a social phenomenon to-day, and the higher medical minds are already trying to interpret it fairly, and make its power available for their own therapeutic ends.

Dr. Thomas Hyslop, of the great West Riding Asylum in England, said last year to the British Medical Association that the best sleep-producing agent which his practice had revealed to him, was *prayer*. I say this, he added (I am sorry here that I must quote from memory), purely as a medical man. The exercise of prayer, in those who habitually exert it, must be regarded by us doctors as the most adequate and normal of all the pacifiers of the mind and calmers of the nerves.

But in few of us are functions not tied up by the exercise of other functions. Relatively few medical men and scientific men, I fancy, can pray. Few can carry on any living commerce with "God." Yet many of us are well aware of how much freer and abler our lives would be, were such important forms of energizing not sealed up by the critical atmosphere in which we have been reared. There are in every one potential forms of activity that actually are shunted out from use. Part of the imperfect vitality under which we labor can thus be easily explained. One part of our mind dams up — even *damns* up! — the other parts.

Conscience makes cowards of us all. Social conventions prevent us from telling the truth after the fashion of the heroes and heroines of Bernard Shaw. We all know persons who are models of excellence, but who belong to the extreme philistine type of mind. So deadly is their intellectual respectability that we can't converse about certain subjects at all, can't let our minds play over them, can't even mention them in their presence. I have numbered among my dearest friends persons thus inhibited intellectually, with whom I would gladly have been able

to talk freely about certain interests of mine, certain authors, say, as Bernard Shaw, Chesterton, Edward Carpenter, H. G. Wells, but it wouldn't do, it made them too uncomfortable, they wouldn't play, I had to be silent. An intellect thus tied down by literality and decorum makes on one the same sort of an impression that an able-bodied man would who should habituate himself to do his work with only one of his fingers, locking up the rest of his organism and leaving it unused.

I trust that by this time I have said enough to convince the reader both of the truth and of the importance of my thesis. The two questions, first, that of the possible extent of our powers; and, second, that of the various avenues of approach to them, the various keys for unlocking them in diverse individuals, dominate the whole problem of individual and national education. We need a topography of the limits of human power, similar to the chart which oculists use of the field of human vision. We need also a study of the various types of human being with reference to the different ways in which their energy-reserves may be appealed to and set loose. Biographies and individual experiences of every kind may be drawn upon for evidence here.[1]

[1] "This would be an absolutely concrete study . . . The limits of power must be limits that have been realized in actual persons, and the various ways of unlocking the reserves of power must have been exemplified in individual lives . . . So here is a program of concrete individual psychology . . . It is replete with interesting facts, and points to practical issues superior in importance to anything we know." *From the address as originally delivered before the Philosophical Association.* See xvi. *Philosophical Review, Vol.* 1, 19.

II. CHARACTER STUDIES

THEODORE ROOSEVELT AS A MAN OF LETTERS[1]

Brander Matthews

"Roosevelt's books," wrote Viscount Bryce, "speak for themselves. His mind was not creative, thinking out problems and supplying the world with new ideas, but eminently practical, always addressing itself to actual problems and looking for the shortest if not the ultimately best ways to their solution. But he had two remarkable qualities: a love of learning rare in practical men, and a great susceptibility to the charms of scenery and especially of wild nature." A thorough study of his writings and especially of his speeches will show that he excelled in the pungent word or phrase, as Woodrow Wilson excels in the rounded and memorable sentence, and Macaulay in the architecture of the complete paragraph. But more distinctive still is the blend of the literary and practical. Caesar, Sir Philip Sidney, and Sir Walter Raleigh are usually cited as examples. But of all the great figures of history Roosevelt has been most successful in bridging the chasm between the man of action and the man of letters. There have been those who accomplished more on the stage of history than he, as there have been those who greatly surpassed him in quantity and quality of writing. But no one has won so sure an immortality in both realms as Theodore Roosevelt.

THE more closely we scrutinize Theodore Roosevelt's life and the more carefully we consider his many ventures in many totally different fields of human activity, the less likely we are to challenge the assertion that his was the most interesting career ever vouchsafed to any American, — more interesting even than Benjamin Franklin's, fuller, richer, and more varied. Like Franklin, Roosevelt enjoyed life intensely. He was frank in

[1] From *The Tocsin of Revolt and Other Essays*, 1922, by permission of the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons. The essay was first published in *Munsey's Magazine*, March, 1919.

declaring that he had been happy beyond the common lot of man; and we cannot doubt that Franklin had the same feeling. The most obvious cause of the happiness and of the interest of their contrasting careers, is that they had each of them an incessant and insatiable curiosity, which kept forcing them to push their inquiries into a variety of subjects wholly unrelated one to another. The *Many-sided Franklin* was the title which Paul Leicester Ford gave to his biography; and Roosevelt was even more polygonal.

Like Franklin again, Roosevelt will hold a secure place among our statesmen, our men of science, and our men of letters, demanding due appraisal by experts in statecraft, in natural history, and in literature. But they differ in this, that Roosevelt was an author by profession, and Franklin was an author by accident. Roosevelt had looked forward to literature as a calling, whereas Franklin produced literature only as a by-product. Excepting *Poor Richard's Almanack* Franklin never composed anything in the hope or desire for fame or for money, or even in response to a need for self-expression. He never published a book; and if he could return to earth he would indubitably be surprised to discover that he held an important place in the histories of American literature. Roosevelt was as distinctly a man of letters as he was a man of action. He made himself known to the public, first of all, as the historian of the American navy in the War of 1812; he followed this up with the four strenuously documented volumes of his *Winning of the West;* and amid all the multiplied activities of his later years he made leisure for the appreciation of one or another of the books he had found to his taste.

It must be admitted that in the decade which elapsed after he left the White House his intense interest in public affairs led him to devote a large part of his energy to the consideration of the pressing problems of the hour, to topics of immediate importance, to themes of only an ephemeral value, sufficient unto the day. In three of four different periodicals he served as "contributing editor"; in other words, he was a writer of signed

editorials, in which he was always free to express his own views frankly and fully without undue regard for that mysterious entity, the "policy of the paper." These contemporary contributions to dailies and weeklies and monthlies are journalism rather than literature; and the more completely they fulfill the purpose of the moment the less do they demand preservation; now and again they have the over-emphatic repetitions which are more or less justified by the conditions of journalism. But in these same ten years Roosevelt wrote also his two books of travel in Africa and in South America, as vivacious as they are conscientious, his alluring and self-revelatory autobiography, his two volumes of essays and addresses, *History as Literature* and *A Booklover's Holidays in the Open*, both of them pungent with his individuality.

It is not always — in fact it is not often — that the accomplished man of letters has the essential equipment of the journalist; he is likely to be more or less "academic" and to lack the simplicity, the singleness of purpose, the directness of statement demanded in the discussion of the events of the moment. The editorial stands in the same relation to literature that the stump-speech does to the stately oration. The editorial, like the stump-speech, aims at immediate effect; and it is privileged to be more emphatic than might be becoming in a more permanent effort. It was perhaps Roosevelt's wide experience in addressing the public from the platform which made it easier for him to qualify as a contributing editor and to master the method of the newspaper.

In his state-papers and in his messages he had already proved that he had the gift of the winged phrase, keenly pointed and barbed to flesh itself in the memory. He had preached the doctrine of the Strenuous Life and he had expounded the policy of the Square Deal. He had denounced some men as Undesirable Citizens and others as Malefactors of Large Wealth. And when he took up the task of journalism he was happily inspired to the minting of other memorable phrases. There was, for

example, an unforgettable felicity in his characterization of the Weasel Words that sometimes suck the life out of a phrase, seemingly strong and bold. Never did he use smooth and sleek rhetoric to disguise vagueness of thought. In the periodical as on the platform he spoke out of the fullness of his heart, after his mind had clarified his emotion so that it poured forth with crystalline lucidity.

There was no mistaking the full intent of his own words. He knew what he meant to say, and he knew how to say it with simple sincerity and with vigorous vivacity. His straightforwardness prevented his ever employing phrases that faced both ways and that provided rat-holes from which he might crawl out. His style was tinglingly alive; it was masculine and vascular; and it was always the style of a gentleman and a scholar. He could puncture with a rapier and he could smash with a sledge-hammer; and if he used the latter more often than the former it was because of his consuming hatred of things "unmanly, ignominious, infamous."

Journalism was young, indeed, one might say that it was still waiting to be born, when Franklin put forth his pamphlets appealing to the scattered colonies to get together and to make common cause against the French who had let loose the Indian to harry our borders. Franklin was cannily persuasive, making use of no drum-like words, empty, loud-sounding, and monotonous. But there burnt in his pages the same pure fire of patriotism that lighted Roosevelt's more impassioned exhortations for us to arouse ourselves from lethargy, that we might do our full duty in the war which saved civilization from the barbarian. Where Franklin addressed himself to common sense, Roosevelt called upon the imagination. Perhaps Franklin, as is the tendency of a practical man, a little distrusted the imagination; but Roosevelt, as practical as Franklin, had imagination himself, and he knew that the American people also had it.

It is by imagination, by the vision and the faculty divine, that now and again an occasional address, like Lincoln's at

Gettysburg, or a contributed editorial, like Roosevelt's on the *Great Adventure*, transcends its immediate and temporary purpose, and is lifted aloft up to the serener heights of pure literature. It is not without intention that the *Great Adventure* has been set by the side of the Gettysburg address; they are akin, and there is in Roosevelt's paragraphs not a little of the poetic elevation and of the exalted dignity of phrase which combine to make the address a masterpiece of English prose. Consider the opening words of the *Great Adventure* and take note of the concision, like that of a Greek inscription:

> Only those are fit to live who do not fear to die, and none are fit to die who have shrunk from the joy of life and the duty of life. Both life and death are parts of the same Great Adventure. Never yet was worthy adventure worthily carried through by the man who put his personal safety first. Never yet was a country worth living in unless its sons and daughters were of that stern stuff which bade them die for it at need; and never yet was a country worth dying for unless its sons and daughters thought of life as something not concerned only with the selfish evanescence of the individual, but as a link in the great chain of creation and causation, so that each person is seen in his true relations as an essential part of the whole, whose life must be made to serve the larger and continuing life of the whole.

Consider also these words a little later in the same article:

> If the only son who is killed at the front has no brother because his parents coldly dreaded to play their part in the Great Adventure of Life, then our sorrow is not for them, but solely for the son who himself dared the Great Adventure of Death. If, however, he is the only son because the Unseen Powers denied others to the love of his father and mother, then we mourn doubly with them, because their darling went up to the sword of Azrael, because he drank the dark drink proffered by the Death Angel.

Roosevelt's style is firm and forthright; and its excellence is due to his having learnt the lesson of the masters of English. He wrote well because he had read widely and deeply, — because he had absorbed good literature for the sheer delight he took in it. Consciously or unconsciously he enriched his vocabulary,

accumulating a store of strong words which he made flexible, bending them to do his bidding. But he was never bookish in his diction; he never went in quest of recondite vocables, partly because his taste was refined but chiefly because he was ever seeking to be "understanded of the people." Like Lord Morley, he had little of the verbal curiosity contemned by Milton as "toilsome vanity"; and he was ready with Montaigne to laugh "at fools who will go a quarter of a league to run after a fine word."

To him life was more important than literature, and what he was forever seeking to put into his literature was life itself. He was a nature-lover, but what he loved best was human nature. Yet his relish for life was scarcely keener than his relish for literature. We may think of him as preëminently an outdoors man, and such he was, of course; but he was also an indoors man, a denizen of the library as he was an explorer of the forest. Indoors and out he was forever reading; and he could not venture into the wilds of Africa in search of big game without taking along with him the volumes of the Pigskin Library, which testified at once to the persistence and to the diversity of his tastes as a reader.

He devoured books voraciously, all sorts of books, old and new, established classics, and evanescent "best sellers," history and fiction, poetry and criticism, travels on land and voyages by sea. To use an apt phrase of Dr. Holmes, he was at home with books "as a stable boy is with horses." He might have echoed Lowell's declaration that he was a bookman. The title of one of his later collections of essays is revelatory of his attitude toward himself, — *A Booklover's Holidays in the Open*, for even when he went into the open he wanted to have a book within reach. Of course, he enjoyed certain books, and certain kinds of books better than others. Of all Shakspere's tragedies[1] he best liked the martial *Macbeth*, preferring it to the more introspective *Hamlet*.

[1] But of all the types of literature Roosevelt cared least for the drama. William Draper Lewis in his *Life of Theodore Roosevelt*, 1919, remarks: "He loved novels, poems, ballads, and simple epics. He never did enjoy dramas." (C. A. S.)

He was not unlike the lad who was laid up and whose mother proposed to read the Bible to him, whereupon he asked her to pick out "the fightingest parts." He had a special regard for the masculine writers, for Malory, more particularly, holding the *Morte d'Arthur* to be a better piece of work than the more delicately decorated *Idylls of the King* which Tennyson made out of it. In fact, Roosevelt once went so far as to dismiss Tennyson's elaborate transpositions as "tales of blameless curates, clad in tinmail."

He enjoyed writing as much as he did reading, and as a result his works go far to fill a five-foot shelf of their own. When the man of action that he was had been out in search of new experiences and in the hunt for new knowledge, the man of letters that he was also, impelled him to lose no time in setting down the story of his wanderings that others might share in the pleasure of his adventure without undergoing its perils. Being a normal human being he liked to celebrate himself and to be his own Boswell; but he was never vain or conceited in his record of his own sayings and doings. He had the saving sense of humor, delighting in nothing more than to tell a tale against himself. He was not self-conscious nor thin-skinned; and he laughed as heartily as anyone when Mr. Dooley pretended to mistake the title of his account of the work of the Rough Riders, calling it *Alone in Cubia*. Perhaps it was because he was so abundantly gifted with the sense of humor that he had a shrewd insight into character and that he could depict it incisively by the aid of a single significant anecdote. In sketching the many strange creatures with whom he was associated in the Far West, in South America, and in Africa, he showed that he had the kodak eye of the born reporter.

So it is that he gave us the two delightful volumes for which he drew upon his experiences as a rancher in the West, the stirring book devoted to the deeds of his dearly beloved Rough Riders ("my regiment"), and the solid tomes in which he set down the story of his trips as a faunal naturalist in Africa and in South

America. They are all books pulsing with life, vibrating with vitality, and they are all books unfailingly interesting to the reader because whatever is narrated in them has been unfailingly interesting to the writer. Walter Bagehot once suggested that the reason why there are so few really good books out of all the immense multitude which pour forth from the press, is that the men who have seen things and done things cannot write, whereas the men who can write have not done anything or seen anything. Roosevelt's adventure books are really good, because, after having seen many things and done many things, he could write about them so vividly and so sharply as to make his readers see them.

Perhaps the *Autobiography* ought to be classed with the earlier adventure books, since they also were autobiographic. It is a candid book; it puts before us the man himself as reflected in his own mirror; but it is not complete, since it was composed, not in the retrospective serenity of old age, but while the autobiographer was in the thick of the fight, compelled to silence about many of the events of his career which we should like to see elucidated. It was published serially month by month; and, perhaps because of the pressure under which it was undertaken, it seems to have a vague air of improvisation, as tho it had not been as solidly thought out and as cautiously written out as one or another of the earlier books, the *Hunting Trips of a Ranchman*, for example, or the *Rough Riders*. But it abides as a human document; and it explains why the autobiographer's buoyant personality appealed so intimately to the American people.

A Booklover's Holidays in the Open contains two characteristic essays, both of them delightful in their zest and in their individuality. One is on *Books for Holidays in the Open* and the other is about the author's *Wild Hunting Companions*, a searching and sympathetic appreciation of the human types developed by the wild life of the lessening wild places still uninvaded by advancing civilization. In *History as Literature and Other Essays*, there are other papers as characteristic and as

attractive. Three of them are the addresses which he delivered (on his triumphant return from his African journeys) at the Universities of Oxford and Berlin and at the Sorbonne in Paris. They represent the high-water mark of his work as a constructive thinker. They are the lofty and dignified utterances of a statesman who was a practical politician of immense experience in the conduct of public affairs, and who was also a man of letters ambitious to present worthily the results of his experience and of his meditation. These disquisitions on themes seemingly so remote from his special fields of activity as the biological analogies of history, for example, have been called daring; and in fact they are daring. But they justify themselves, since they disclose Roosevelt's possession of the assimilated information and the interpreting imagination which could survey the whole field of history, past and present, using the present to illuminate the past and the past as a beacon to the present, and calling upon natural history to shed light upon the evolution of human history.

These addresses are representative of Roosevelt when he chose to indulge himself in historic speculation; and in the same volume there is an essay, less ambitious but highly individual in theme and in treatment, and quite as characteristic as its stately companions. This is the discussion at once scholarly and playful of *Dante in the Bowery* — a paper which could have been written only by a lover of lofty poetry who had been a practical politician in New York. To Roosevelt Dante's mighty vision is not a frigid classic demanding formal lip-service but a living poem with a voice as warm as if it had been born only yesterday. To him the figures who pass along Dante's pages are not graven images, tagged with explanatory foot-notes; they are human beings like unto us, the men of today and of New York.

Thus it is that Roosevelt is led to dwell on the unaffectedness with which Dante dares to be of his own town and of his own time, and the simplicity with which Dante, wishing to assail those guilty of crimes of violence, mentions in one stanza Attila

and in the next two local highwaymen "by no means as important as Jesse James and Billy the Kid," less formidable as fighting men and with adventures less startling and less varied. Roosevelt called attention to the fact that

of all the poets of the nineteenth century, Walt Whitman was the only one who dared to use the Bowery, — that is, use anything that was striking and vividly typical of the humanity around him — as Dante used the ordinary humanity of his day; and even Whitman was not quite natural in doing so, for he always felt that he was defying conventions and prejudices of his neighbors; and his self-consciousness made him a little defiant.

Roosevelt asked why it is that to us moderns in the twentieth century it should seem improper, and even ludicrous, to illustrate human nature by examples chosen alike from Castle Garden and the Piræus, "from Tammany and the Roman mob organized by the foes or friends of Caesar. To Dante such feeling itself would have been inexplicable."

Varied and brilliant as were Roosevelt's contributions to other departments of literature, it is more than probable that his ultimate reputation as a man of letters will most securely rest upon his stern labors as a historian, — not on the brisk and lively little book on New York which he contributed to Freeman's *Historic Towns* series, not on the biographies of Benton and Gouverneur Morris which he wrote for the "American Statesmen" series, not on the shrewd and sympathetic life of Cromwell, not on the stirring and picturesque *Hero Tales of American History*, which he prepared in collaboration with Henry Cabot Lodge, but on the four stately volumes of his most energetic and ambitious undertaking, the story of the *Winning of the West*, which he began early in his manhood and which he was always hoping to carry further. Macaulay once praised the work of one of his contemporaries because it exhibited the most valuable qualities of the historian, — "perspicuousness, conciseness, great diligence in examining authorities, great judgment in weighing testimony, and great impartiality in estimating characters";

and no competent reader of the *Winning of the West* could fail to find all these qualities in its pages. A later historian, Professor Morse Stephens, set up four tests for the valuation of historical writing; first, the modern historian must have "conscientiously mastered all the documents relating to his period at first hand"; secondly, he must appreciate all accessible primary material "with careful weighing of evidence and trained faculty of judgment"; thirdly, he must possess absolute impartiality, "in intention as well as in act"; and fourthly, he must also possess "the one necessary feature of literary style" in a history, "clearness of statement." And the *Winning of the West* can withstand the application of all four of these tests. In other words, it is scientific in the collection and comparison and analysis of the accessible facts, and it is artistic in its presentation to the reader of the results of the writer's indefatigable research.

As the *Winning of the West* was written by Roosevelt it could not help being readable. Every chapter and every page is alive and alert with his own forceful and enthusiastic personality. This readability is not attained by any facile eloquence or any glitter of rhetoric, altho it has passages, and not a few of them, which linger in the memory because of their felicitous phrasing. The book is abidingly readable because it is the result of deliberate literary art employed to present honestly the result of honest, scientific inquiry. This is his sterling virtue as a historian, fittingly acknowledged by his fellow-workers in this field when they elected him to the presidency of the American Historical Association.

In an evaluation of the final volumes of Parkman's fascinating record of the fateful struggle between the French and the English for the control of North America, an article written in 1892 while that great historian was still living, Roosevelt remarked that "modern historians always lay great stress upon visiting the places where the events they described occurred"; and he commented that, altho this is advisable, it is far less important

than the acquisition of an intimate acquaintance "with people and the life described." Then he asserted that

> it is precisely this experience which Mr. Parkman has had, and which renders his work so especially valuable. He knows the Indian character and the character of the white frontiersman, by personal observation as well as by books; neither knowledge by itself being of much value for a historian. In consequence he writes with a clear and keen understanding of the conditions.

Roosevelt himself had the clear and keen understanding of the conditions with which he credited Parkman, in whose footsteps he was following, since the *Winning of the West* may be called a continuation of *France and England in North America.* Like Parkman, Roosevelt was a severely trained scientific investigator, who was also a born story-teller. If the historian is only an investigator, the result is likely to be a justification of the old jibe which defined history as "an arid region abounding in dates"; and if he is only a story-teller his narrative will speedily disintegrate.

"The true historian," Roosevelt asserted in *History as Literature,* his presidential address to the American Historical Association, "will bring the past before our eyes as if it were the present. He will make us see as living men the hard-faced archers of Agincourt, and the war-worn spearmen who followed Alexander down beyond the rim of the known world. We shall hear grate on the coast of Britain the keels of the Low-Dutch sea-thieves whose children's children were to inherit unknown continents. . . . We shall see conquerors riding forward to victories that have changed the course of time. . . . We shall see the terrible horsemen of Timur the Lame ride over the roof of the world; we shall hear the drums beat as the armies of Gustavus and Frederick and Napoleon drive forward to victory. . . . We shall see the glory of triumphant violence and the revel of those who do wrong in high places; and the broken-hearted despair that lies beneath the glory and the revel. We shall also see the supreme righteousness of the wars for freedom and justice, and know that the men who fell in those wars made all mankind their debtors."

At the end of the Foreword to *A Booklover's Holidays*, there is a noble passage which calls for quotation here as an example

of Roosevelt's command of nervous English, measured and cadenced. It is proposed in proof of the assertion that the joy of living is his who has the heart to demand it:

> The beauty and charm of the wilderness are his for the asking, for the edges of the wilderness lie close beside the beaten roads of present travel. He can see the red splendor of desert sunsets, and the unearthly glory of the afterglow on the battlements of desolate mountains. In sapphire gulfs of ocean he can visit islets, above which the wings of myriads of sea fowl make a kind of shifting cuneiform script in the air. He can ride along the brink of the stupendous cliff-walled canyon, where eagles soar below him, and cougars make their lairs on the edges and harry the big-horned sheep. He can journey through the northern forests, the home of the giant moose, the forests of fragrant and murmuring life in summer, the iron-bound and melancholy forests of winter.

Theodore Roosevelt had the heart to demand it, and the joy of living was his.

AMERICAN AND BRITON [1]

JOHN GALSWORTHY

In his novels as in his plays Galsworthy loves to deal with situations. He is preëminently the interpreter of the situation. But nowhere has he envisaged a situation more potent for world good or world evil than in the essay that follows. An ex-member of Parliament, Mr. P. W. Wilson, has recently said: "Everyone who matters in British public life — the King, his Ministers, the clergy, the bankers, the universities, the law, labor, and, above all, the overseas Dominions — is unanimous in the resolve to preserve friendly relations with the United States." But this is not a complete list of those whose verdicts count or carry farthest; the great English writers should surely have been included. Among these none has spoken more authoritatively, more appealingly, or more representatively than John Galsworthy.

ON the mutual understanding of each other by Britons and Americans the future happiness of nations depends more than on any other world cause.

I have never held a whole-hearted brief for the British character. There is a lot of good in it, but much which is repellent. It has a kind of deliberate unattractiveness, setting out on its journey with the words: "Take me or leave me." One may respect a person of this sort, but it is difficult either to know or to like him. I am told that an American officer said recently to a British staff officer in a friendly voice: "So we're going to clean up Brother Boche together!" and the British staff officer replied "Really!"[1] No wonder Americans sometimes say: "I've got no use for those fellows."

The world is consecrate to strangeness and discovery, and the attitude of mind concreted in that "Really!" seems unforgivable,

[1] Written in 1917. Reprinted from *Another Sheaf*, 1919, by permission of the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons.

till one remembers that it is manner rather than matter which divides the hearts of American and Briton.

In a huge, still half-developed country, where every kind of national type and habit comes to run a new thread into the rich tapestry of American life and thought, people must find it almost impossible to conceive the life of a little old island where traditions persist generation after generation without anything to break them up; where blood remains undoctored by new strains; demeanor becomes crystallized for lack of contrasts; and manner gets set like a plaster mask. The English manner of to-day, of what are called the classes, is the growth of only a century or so. There was probably nothing at all like it in the days of Elizabeth or even of Charles II. The English manner was still racy when the inhabitants of Virginia, as we are told, sent over to ask that there might be dispatched to them some hierarchical assistance for the good of their souls, and were answered: "D——n your souls, grow tobacco!" The English manner of to-day could not even have come into its own when that epitaph of a lady, quoted somewhere by Gilbert Murray, was written: "Bland, passionate, and deeply religious, she was second cousin to the Earl of Leitrim; of such are the Kingdom of Heaven." About that gravestone motto was a certain lack of the self-consciousness which is now the foremost characteristic of the English manner.

But this British self-consciousness is no mere fluffy gaucherie, it is our special form of what Germans would call "Kultur." Behind every manifestation of thought or emotion the Briton retains control of self, and is thinking: "That's all I'll let them see"; even: "That's all I'll let myself feel." This stoicism is good in its refusal to be foundered; bad in that it fosters a narrow outlook; starves emotion, spontaneity, and frank sympathy; destroys grace and what one may describe roughly as the lovable side of personality. The English hardly ever say just what comes into their heads. What we call "good form," the unwritten law which governs certain classes of the Briton, savors of

the dull and glacial; but there lurks within it a core of virtue. It has grown up like callous shell round two fine ideals — suppression of the ego lest it trample on the corns of other people, and exaltation of the maxim: "Deeds before words." Good form, like any other religion, starts well with some ethical truth, but soon gets commonized and petrified till we can hardly trace its origin, and watch with surprise its denial and contradiction of the root idea.

Without doubt good form had become a kind of disease in England. A French friend told me how he witnessed in a Swiss hotel the meeting between an Englishwoman and her son, whom she had not seen for two years; she was greatly affected — by the fact that he had not brought a dinner-jacket. The best manners are no "manners," or at all events no mannerisms; but many Britons who have even attained to this perfect purity are yet not free from the paralytic effects of "good form"; are still self-conscious in the depths of their souls, and never do or say a thing without trying not to show what they are feeling. All this guarantees a certain decency in life: but in intimate intercourse with people of other nations who have not this particular cult of suppression, we English disappoint, and jar, and often irritate. Nations have their differing forms of snobbery. At one time the English all wanted to be second cousins to the Earl of Leitrim, like that lady bland and passionate. Nowadays it is not so simple. The Earl of Leitrim has become etherealized. We no longer care how a fellow is born so long as he behaves as the Earl of Leitrim would have, never makes himself conspicuous or ridiculous, never shows too much what he's really feeling, never talks of what he's going to do, and always "plays the game." The cult is centered in our public schools and universities.

At a very typical and honored old public school the writer of this essay passed on the whole a happy time; but what a curious life, educationally speaking! We lived rather like young Spartans; and were not encouraged to think, imagine, or see anything

that we learned in relation to life at large. It's very difficult to teach boys, because their chief object in life is not to be taught anything, but I should say we were crammed, not taught at all. Living as we did the herd-life of boys with little or no intrusion from our elders, and the men who had been brought up in the same way as ourselves, we were debarred from any real interest in philosophy, history, art, literature, and music, or any advancing notions in social life or politics. I speak of the generality, not of the few black swans among us. We were reactionaries almost to a boy. I remember one summer term Gladstone came down to speak to us, and we repaired to the Speech Room with white collars and dark hearts, muttering what we would do to that Grand Old Man if we could have our way. But he contrived to charm us, after all, till we cheered him vociferously. In that queer life we had all sorts of unwritten rules of suppression. You must turn up your trousers; must not go out with your umbrella rolled. Your hat must be worn tilted forward; you must not walk more than two-a-breast till you reached a certain form, not be enthusiastic about anything, except such a supreme matter as a drive over the pavilion at cricket, or a run the whole length of the ground at football. You must not talk about yourself or your home people, and for any punishment you must assume complete indifference.

I dwell on these trivialities because every year thousands of British boys enter these mills which grind exceeding small, and because these boys constitute in after life the great majority of the official, military, academic, professional, and a considerable proportion of the business classes of Great Britain. They become the Englishmen who say, "Really!" and they are for the most part the Englishmen who travel and reach America. The great defense I have always heard put up for our public schools is that they form character. As oatmeal is supposed to form bone in the bodies of Scotsmen, so our public schools are supposed to form good, sound moral fiber in British boys. And there is much in this plea. The life does make boys enduring,

self-reliant, good-tempered, and honorable, but it most carefully endeavors to destroy all original sin of individuality, spontaneity, and engaging freakishness. It implants, moreover, in the great majority of those who have lived it the mental attitude of that swell, who when asked where he went for his hats, replied: "Blank's, of course. Is there another fellow's?"

To know all is to excuse all — to know all about the bringing-up of English public school boys makes one excuse much. The atmosphere and tradition of those places is extraordinarily strong, and persists through all modern changes. Thirty-seven years have gone since I was a new boy, but cross-examining a young nephew who left not long ago, I found almost precisely the same features and conditions. The war, which has changed so much of our social life, will have some, but no very great, effect on this particular institution. The boys still go there from the same kind of homes and preparatory schools and come under the same kind of masters. And the traditional unemotionalism, the cult of a dry and narrow stoicism, is rather fortified than diminished by the times we live in.

Our universities, on the other hand, are now mere ghosts of their old selves. At a certain old college in Oxford, last term, they had only two English students. In the chapel under the Joshua Reynolds window, through which the sun was shining, hung a long "roll of honor," a hundred names and more. In the college garden an open-air hospital was ranged under the old city wall, where we used to climb and go wandering in the early summer mornings after some all-night spree. Down on the river the empty college barges lay void of life. From the top of one of them an aged custodian broke into words: "Ah! Oxford'll never be the same again in my time. Why, who's to teach 'em rowin'? When we do get undergrads again, who's to teach 'em? All the old ones gone, killed, wounded and that. No! Rowin'll never be the same again — not in my time." That was *the* tragedy of the war for him. Our universities will recover faster than he thinks, and resume the care of our

particular "Kultur," and cap the products of our public schools with the Oxford accent and the Oxford manner.

An acute critic tells me that Americans reading such deprecatory words as these by an Englishman about his country's institutions would say that this is precisely an instance of what an American means by the Oxford manner. Americans whose attitude towards their own country is that of a lover to his lady or a child to its mother, cannot — he says — understand how Englishmen can be critical of their own country, and yet love her. Well, the Englishman's attitude to his country is that of a man to himself, and the way he runs her down is but a part of that English bone-deep self-consciousness. Englishmen (the writer amongst them) love their country as much as the French love France and the Americans America; but she is so much a part of them that to speak well of her is like speaking well of themselves, which they have been brought up to regard as "bad form." When Americans hear Englishmen speaking critically of their own country, let them note it for a sign of complete identification with that country rather than of detachment from it. But on the whole it must be admitted that English universities have a broadening influence on the material which comes to them so set and narrow. They do a little to discover for their children that there are many points of view, and much which needs an open mind in this world. They have not precisely a democratic influence, but taken by themselves they would not be inimical to democracy. Heaven forbid that we should see vanish all that is old, and has, as it were, the virginia-creeper, the wistaria bloom of age upon it; there is a beauty in age and a health in tradition, ill dispensed with. What is hateful in age is its lack of understanding and of sympathy; in a word — its intolerance. Let us hope this wind of change may sweep out and sweeten the old places of our country, sweep away the cobwebs and the dust, our narrow ways of thought, our manikinisms. But those who hate intolerance dare not be intolerant with the foibles of age; we should rather see them as comic, and

gently laugh them out. I pretend to no proper knowledge of the American people; but, though amongst them there are doubtless pockets of fierce prejudice, I have on the whole the impression of a wide and tolerant spirit. To that spirit one would appeal when it comes to passing judgment on the educated Briton. He may be self-sufficient, but he has grit; and at bottom grit is what Americans appreciate more than anything. If the motto of the old Oxford college, "Manners makyth man," were true, one would often be sorry for the Briton. But his manners do not make him; they mar him. His goods are all absent from the shop window; he is not a man of the world in the wider meaning of that expression. And there is, of course, a particularly noxious type of traveling Briton, who does his best, unconsciously, to deflower his country wherever he goes. Selfish, coarse-fibered, loud-voiced — the sort which thanks God he is a Briton — I suppose because nobody else will do it for him.

We live in times when patriotism is exalted above all other virtues, because there happen to lie before the patriotic tremendous chances for the display of courage and self-sacrifice. Patriotism ever has that advantage, as the world is now constituted; but patriotism and provincialism are sisters under the skin, and they who can only see bloom on the plumage of their own kind, who prefer the bad points of their countrymen to the good points of foreigners, merely write themselves down blind of an eye, and panderers to herd feeling. America is advantaged in this matter. She lives so far away from other nations that she might well be excused for thinking herself the only people in the world; but in the many strains of blood which go to make up America there is as yet a natural corrective to the narrower kind of patriotism. America has vast spaces and many varieties of type and climate, and life to her is still a great adventure. Americans have their own form of self-absorption, but seem free as yet from the special competitive self-centerment which has been forced on Britons through long centuries by countless continental rivalries and wars. Insularity was driven

into the very bones of our people by the generation-long wars of Napoleon. A distinguished French writer, André Chevrillon, whose book[1] may be commended to any one who wishes to understand British peculiarities, used these words in a recent letter : "You English are so strange to us French, you are so utterly different from any other people in the world." Yes! We are a lonely race. Deep in our hearts, I think, we feel that only the American people could ever really understand us. And being extraordinarily self-conscious, perverse, and proud, we do our best to hide from Americans that we have any such feeling. It would distress the average Briton to confess that he wanted to be understood, had anything so natural as a craving for fellowship or for being liked. We are a weird people, though we seem so commonplace. In looking at photographs of British types among photographs of other European nationalities, one is struck by something which is in no other of those races — exactly as if we had an extra skin; as if the British animal had been tamed longer than the rest. And so he has. His political, social, legal life was fixed long before that of any other Western country. He was old, though not moldering, before the *Mayflower* touched American shores and brought there avatars, grave and civilized as ever founded nation. There is something touching and terrifying about our character, about the depth at which it keeps its real yearnings, about the perversity with which it disguises them, and its inability to show its feelings. We are, deep down, under all our lazy mentality, the most combative and competitive race in the world, with the exception, perhaps, of the American. This is at once a spiritual link with America, and yet one of the great barriers to friendship between the two peoples. We are not sure whether we are better men than Americans. Whether we are really better than French, Germans, Russians, Italians, Chinese, or any other race is, of course, more than a question; but those peoples are all so different from us that we are bound, I suppose, secretly to consider ourselves

[1] *England and the War*, Hodder & Stoughton.

superior. But between Americans and ourselves, under all differences, there is some mysterious deep kinship which causes us to doubt and makes us irritable, as if we were continually being tickled by that question: Now am I really a better man than he? Exactly what proportion of American blood at this time of day is British, I know not; but enough to make us definitely cousins — always an awkward relationship. We see in Americans a sort of image of ourselves; feel near enough, yet far enough, to criticize and carp at the points of difference. It is as though a man went out and encountered, in the street, what he thought for the moment was himself, and, wounded in his *amour propre*, instantly began to disparage the appearance of that fellow. Probably community of language rather than of blood accounts for our sense of kinship, for a common means of expression cannot but mold thought and feeling into some kind of unity. One can hardly overrate the intimacy which a common literature brings. The lives of great Americans, Washington and Franklin, Lincoln and Lee and Grant, are unsealed for us, just as to Americans are the lives of Marlborough and Nelson, Pitt and Gladstone and Gordon. Longfellow and Whittier and Whitman can be read by the British child as simply as Burns and Shelley and Keats. Emerson and William James are no more difficult to us than Darwin and Spencer to Americans. Without an effort we rejoice in Hawthorne and Mark Twain, Henry James and Howells, as Americans can in Dickens and Thackeray, Meredith and Thomas Hardy. And, more than all, Americans own with ourselves all literature in the English tongue before the *Mayflower* sailed; Chaucer and Spenser and Shakespeare, Raleigh, Ben Jonson, and the authors of the English Bible Version are their spiritual ancestors as much as ever they are ours. The tie of language is all-powerful — for language is the food formative of minds. A volume could be written on the formation of character by literary humor alone. The American and Briton, especially the British townsman, have a kind of bone-deep defiance of Fate, a readiness for anything which may turn

up, a dry, wry smile under the blackest sky, and an individual way of looking at things which nothing can shake. Americans and Britons both, we must and will think for ourselves, and know why we do a thing before we do it. We have that ingrained respect for the individual conscience which is at the bottom of all free institutions. Some years before the war an intelligent and cultivated Austrian, who had lived long in England, was asked for his opinion of the British. "In many ways," he said, "I think you are inferior to us; but one great thing I have noticed about you which we have not. You think and act and speak for yourselves." If he had passed those years in America instead of in England he must needs have pronounced the same judgment of Americans. Free speech, of course, like every form of freedom, goes in danger of its life in wartime. The other day, in Russia, an Englishman came on a street meeting shortly after the first revolution had begun. An extremist was addressing the gathering and telling them that they were fools to go on fighting, that they ought to refuse and go home, and so forth. The crowd grew angry, and some soldiers were for making a rush at him; but the chairman, a big, burly peasant, stopped them with these words: "Brothers, you know that our country is now a country of free speech. We must listen to this man, we must let him say anything he will. But, brothers, when he's finished, we'll bash his head in!"

I cannot assert that either Britons or Americans are incapable in times like these of a similar interpretation of "free speech." Things have been done in our country, and will be done in America, which should make us blush. But so strong is the free instinct in both countries that some vestiges of it will survive even this war, for democracy is a sham unless it means the preservation and development of this instinct of thinking for oneself throughout a people. "Government of the people by the people for the people" means nothing unless individuals keep their consciences unfettered and think freely. Accustom people to be nose-led and spoon-fed, and democracy is a mere pretense.

The measure of democracy is the measure of the freedom and sense of individual responsibility in its humblest citizens. And democracy — I say it with solemnity — has yet to prove itself.

A scientist, Dr. Spurrell, in a recent book, *Man and His Forerunners*, diagnoses the growth of civilizations somewhat as follows: A civilization begins with the enslavement by some hardy race of a tame race living a tame life in more congenial natural surroundings. It is built up on slavery, and attains its maximum vitality in conditions little removed therefrom. Then, as individual freedom gradually grows, disorganization sets in and the civilization slowly dissolves away in anarchy. Dr. Spurrell does not dogmatize about our present civilization, but suggests that it will probably follow the civilizations of the past into dissolution. I am not convinced of that, because of certain factors new to the history of man. Recent discoveries are unifying the world; such old isolated swoops of race on race are not now possible. In our great industrial States, it is true, a new form of slavery has arisen, but not of man by man, rather of man by machines. Moreover, all past civilizations have been more or less Southern, and subject to the sapping influence of the sun. Modern civilization is essentially Northern. The individualism, however, which, according to Dr. Spurrell, dissolved the Empires of the past, exists already, in a marked degree, in every modern State; and the problem before us is to discover how democracy and liberty of the subject can be made into enduring props rather than dissolvents. It is the problem of making democracy genuine. And certainly, if that cannot be achieved and perpetuated, there is nothing to prevent democracy drifting into anarchism and dissolving modern States, till they are the prey of pouncing dictators, or of States not so far gone in dissolution. What, for instance, will happen to Russia if she does not succeed in making her democracy genuine? A Russia which remains anarchic must very quickly become the prey of her neighbors on West and East.

Ever since the substantial introduction of democracy nearly a century and a half ago with the American War of Independence,

Western civilization has been living on two planes or levels — the autocratic plane, with which is bound up the idea of nationalism, and the democratic, to which has become conjoined the idea of internationalism. Not only little wars, but great wars . . . come because of inequality in growth, dissimilarity of political institutions between States; because this State or that is basing its life on different principles from its neighbors. The decentralization, delays, critical temper, and importance of home affairs prevalent in democratic countries make them at once slower, weaker, less apt to strike, and less prepared to strike than countries where bureaucratic brains subject to no real popular check devise world policies which can be thrust, prepared to the last button, on the world at a moment's notice. The free and critical spirit in America, France, and Britain has kept our democracies comparatively unprepared for anything save their own affairs.

We fall into glib usage of words like democracy and make fetiches of them without due understanding. Democracy is inferior to autocracy from the aggressively national point of view; it is not necessarily superior to autocracy as a guarantee of general well-being; it may even turn out to be inferior unless we can improve it. But democracy is the rising tide; it may be dammed or delayed, but cannot be stopped. It seems to be a law in human nature that where, in any corporate society, the idea of self-government sets foot it refuses to take that foot up again. State after State, copying the American example, has adopted the democratic principle; the world's face is that way set. And civilization is now so of a pattern that the Western world may be looked on as one State and the process of change therein from autocracy to democracy regarded as though it were taking place in a single old-time country such as Greece or Rome. If throughout Western civilization we can secure the single democratic principle of government, its single level of State morality in thought and action, we shall be well on our way to unanimity throughout the world; for even in China and Japan the demo-

cratic virus is at work. It is my belief that only in a world thus uniform, and freed from the danger of pounce by autocracies, have States any chance to develop the individual conscience to a point which shall make democracy proof against anarchy, and themselves against dissolution; and only in such a world can a League of Nations to enforce peace succeed.

But even if we do secure a single plane for Western civilization and ultimately for the world, there will be but slow and difficult progress in the lot of mankind. And unless we secure it, there will be only a march backwards.

For this advance to a uniform civilization of solidarity of the English-speaking races is vital. Without that there will be no bottom on which to build.

The ancestors of the American people sought a new country because they had in them a reverence for the individual conscience; they came from Britain, the first large State in the Christian era to build up the idea of political freedom. The instincts and ideals of our two races have ever been the same. That great and lovable people, the French, with their clear thought and expression, and their quick blood, have expressed those ideals more vividly than either of us. But the phlegmatic and the dry tenacity of our English and American temperaments has ever made our countries the most settled and safe homes of the individual conscience, and of its children — Democracy, Freedom, and Internationalism. Whatever their faults — and their offenses cry aloud to such poor heaven as remains of chivalry and mercy — the Germans are in many ways a great race, but they possess two qualities dangerous to the individual conscience — unquestioning obedience and exaltation. When they embrace the democratic idea they may surpass us all in its logical development, but the individual conscience will still not be at ease with them. We must look to our two countries to guarantee its strength and activity, and if we English-speaking races quarrel and become disunited, civilization will split up again and go its way to ruin. We are the ballast of the new order.

I do not believe in formal alliances or in grouping nations to exclude and keep down other nations. Friendships between countries should have the only true reality of common sentiment, *and be animated by desire for the general welfare of mankind.* We need no formal bonds, but we have a sacred charge in common, to let no petty matters, differences of manner, or divergencies of material interest, destroy our spiritual agreement. Our pasts, our geographical positions, our temperaments, make us, beyond all other races, the hope and trustees of mankind's advance along the only line now open — democratic internationalism. It is childish to claim for Americans or Britons virtues beyond those of other nations, or to believe in the superiority of one national culture to another; they are different, that is all. It is by accident that we find ourselves in this position of guardianship to the main line of human development; no need to pat ourselves on the back about it. But we are at a great and critical moment in the world's history — how critical none of us alive will ever realize. The civilization slowly built since the fall of Rome has either to break up and dissolve into jagged and isolated fragments through a century of wars; or, unified and reanimated by a single idea, to move forward on one plane and attain greater height and breadth.

Under the pressure of this war there is, beneath the lip-service we pay to democracy, a disposition to lose faith in it because of its undoubted weakness and inconvenience in a struggle with States autocratically governed; there is even a sort of secret reaction of autocracy. On those lines there is no way out of a future of bitter rivalries, chicanery, and wars, and the probable total failure of our civilization. The only cure which I can see lies in democratizing the whole world and removing the present weaknesses and shams of democracies by education of the individual conscience in every country. Good-by to that chance if Americans and Britons fall foul of each other, refuse to pool their thoughts and hopes, and to keep the general welfare of mankind in view. They have got to stand together, not in aggres-

sive and jealous policies, but in defense and championship of the self-helpful, self-governing, "live and let live" philosophy of life.

The house of the future is always dark. There are few corner-stones to be discerned in the temple of our fate. But of these few one is the brotherhood and bond of the English-speaking races, not for narrow purposes, but that mankind may yet see faith and good-will enshrined, yet breathe a sweeter air, and know a life where Beauty passes, with the sun on her wings.

We want in the lives of men a *Song of Honor*, as in Ralph Hodgson's poem:

> "The song of men all sorts and kinds,
> As many tempers, moods, and minds
> As leaves are on a tree,
> As many faiths and castes and creeds,
> As many human bloods and breeds,
> As in the world may be."

In the making of that song the English-speaking races will assuredly unite. What made this world we know not; the principle of life is inscrutable and will forever be; but we know that Earth is yet on the up-grade of existence, the mountain-top of man's life not reached, that many centuries of growth are yet in front of us before Nature begins to chill this planet till it swims, at last, another moon, in space. In the climb to that mountain-top of a happy life for mankind our two great nations are as guides who go before, roped together in perilous ascent. On their nerve, loyalty, and wisdom the adventure now hangs. What American or British knife will sever the rope?

He who ever gives a thought to the life of man at large, to his miseries and disappointments, to the waste and cruelty of existence, will remember that if American or Briton fail himself, or fail the other, there can be for us both, and for all other peoples, a hideous slip, a swift and fearful fall into an abyss, whence all shall be to begin over again.

We shall not fail — neither ourselves, nor each other. Our comradeship will endure.

WOODROW WILSON'S PLACE IN HISTORY[1]

Jan Christian Smuts

The Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa is not only a distinguished soldier, orator, advocate, and statesman but an enthusiastic student of things American. "I was amazed," writes Isaac F. Marcosson, in *An African Adventure*, 1921, "at his knowledge of American literature. He knows Hamilton backwards, has read diligently about the life and times of Washington, and is familiar with Irving, Poe, Hawthorne, and Emerson. . . . One night at dinner at Groote Schuur [the Premier's residence in Capetown] we had sweet potatoes. He asked me if they were common in America. I replied that down in Kentucky where I was born one of the favorite negro dishes was ''possum and sweet potatoes.' He took me up at once saying: 'Oh, yes, I have read about "'possum pie" in Joel Chandler Harris's books.' Then he proceeded to tell me what a great institution 'Brer Rabbit' was." One of the most potent forces at the Paris Peace Conference, General Smuts wrestled for days with the problem "to sign or not to sign." As everybody knows, he signed, but filed a memorandum of explanation. As writer and orator he is logical rather than rhetorical, though there is no lack of vigor or imagery in his addresses. See *War-Time Speeches*, 1917, by Lieutenant General the Right Honorable J. C. Smuts.

IT has been suggested that I should write a short estimate and appraisal of the work of President Wilson on the termination of his Presidency of the United States of America. I feel I must comply with the suggestion. I feel I may not remain silent when there is an opportunity to say a word of appreciation for the work of one with whom I came into close contact at a great period and who rendered the most signal service to the great human cause.

There is a great saying of Mommsen (I believe) in reference to the close of Hannibal's career in failure and eclipse: "On those whom the gods love they lavish infinite joys and infinite

[1] Written at the request of the *New York Evening Post* and reprinted in the *New York Times Current History*, April, 1921. Reproduced here by permission.

sorrows." It has come back to my mind in reference to the close of Wilson's career. For a few brief moments he was not only the leader of the greatest State in the world; he was raised to far giddier heights and became the centre of the world's hopes. And then he fell, misunderstood and rejected by his own people, and his great career closes apparently in signal and tragic defeat.

In a Terrible Position

What is the explanation of this tremendous tragedy, which is not solely American, which closely concerns the whole world? Of course, there are purely American elements in the explanation, which I am not competent to speak on. But besides the American quarrel with President Wilson there is something to be said on the great matters in issue. On these I may be permitted to say a few words.

The position occupied by President Wilson in the world's imagination at the close of the great war and at the beginning of the Peace Conference was terrible in its greatness. It was a terrible position for any mere man to occupy. Probably to no human being in all history did the hopes, the prayers, the aspirations of so many millions of his fellows turn with such poignant intensity as to him at the close of the war. At a time of the deepest darkness and despair he had raised aloft a light to which all eyes had turned. He had spoken divine words of healing and consolation to a broken humanity. His lofty moral idealism seemed for a moment to dominate the brutal passions which had torn the Old World asunder. And he was supposed to possess the secret which would remake the world on fairer lines. The peace which Wilson was bringing to the world was expected to be God's peace. Prussianism lay crushed; brute force had failed utterly. The moral character of the universe had been most signally vindicated. There was a universal vague hope of a great moral peace, of a new world order arising visibly and immediately on the ruins of the old. This hope was not a mere superficial sentiment. It was the intense expression at

the end of the war of the inner moral and spiritual force which had upborne the peoples during the dark night of the war and had nerved them to an effort almost beyond human strength. Surely, surely God had been with them in that long night of agony. His was the victory; His should be the peace. And President Wilson was looked upon as the man to make this great peace. He had voiced the great ideals of the new order; his great utterances had become the contractual basis for the armistice and the peace. The idealism of Wilson would surely become the reality of the new order of things in the Peace Treaty.

Wilson and the Treaty

In this atmosphere of extravagant, almost frenzied expectation he arrived at the Paris Peace Conference. Without hesitation he plunged into that inferno of human passions. He went down into the pit like a second Heracles to bring back the fair Alcestis of the world's desire. There were six months of agonized waiting, during which the world situation rapidly deteriorated. And then he emerged with the Peace Treaty. It was not a Wilson peace, and he made a fatal mistake in somehow giving the impression that the peace was in accord with his Fourteen Points and his various declarations. Not so the world had understood him. This was a Punic peace, the same sort of peace as the victor had dictated to the vanquished for thousands of years. It was not Alcestis, it was a haggard, unlovely woman, with features distorted with hatred, greed, and selfishness, and the little child that the woman carried was scarcely noticed. Yet it was for the saving of the child that Wilson had labored until he was a physical wreck. Let our other great statesmen and leaders enjoy their well-earned honors for their unquestioned success at Paris. To Woodrow Wilson, the apparent failure, belongs the undying honor, which will grow with the growing centuries, of having saved the "little child that shall lead them yet." No other statesman but Wilson could have done it. And he did it.

The people, the common people of all lands, did not understand the significance of what had happened. They saw only that hard, unlovely Prussian peace, and the great hope died in their hearts. The great disillusionment took its place. The most receptive mood for a new start the world had been in for centuries passed away. Faith in their Governors and leaders was largely destroyed, and the foundations of human government were shaken in a way which will be felt for generations. The Paris peace lost an opportunity as unique as the great war itself. In destroying the moral idealism born of the sacrifices of the war it did almost as much as the war itself in shattering the structure of Western civilization.

Torn to Pieces by His Own People

And the odium for all this fell especially on President Wilson. Round him the hopes had centred; round him the disillusion and despair now gathered. Popular opinion largely held him responsible for the bitter disappointment and grievous failure. The cynics scoffed; his friends were silenced in the universal disappointment. Little or nothing had been expected from the other leaders; the whole failure was put to the account of Woodrow Wilson. And finally America for reasons of her own joined the pack and at the end it was his own people who tore him to pieces.

Will this judgment, born of momentary disillusion and disappointment, stand in future, or will it be reversed? The time has not come to pass final judgment on either Wilson or any of the other great actors in the drama at Paris. The personal estimates will depend largely on the interpretation of that drama in the course of time. As one who saw and watched things from the inside, I feel convinced that the present popular estimates are largely superficial and will not stand the searching test of time. And I have no doubt whatever that Wilson has been harshly, unfairly, unjustly dealt with, and that he has been made a scapegoat for the sins of others. Wilson made mistakes, and

there were occasions when I ventured to sound a warning note. But it was not his mistakes that caused the failure for which he has been held mainly responsible.

The Real Failure

Let us admit the truth, however bitter it is to do so for those who believe in human nature. It was not Wilson who failed. The position is far more serious. It was the human spirit itself that failed at Paris. It is no use passing judgments and making scapegoats of this or that individual statesman or group of statesmen. Idealists make a great mistake in not facing the real facts sincerely and resolutely. They believe in the power of the spirit, in the goodness which is at the heart of things, in the triumph which is in store for the great moral ideals of the race. But this faith only too often leads to an optimism which is sadly and fatally at variance with actual results. It is the realist and not the idealist who is generally justified by events. We forget that the human spirit, the spirit of goodness and truth in the world, is still only an infant crying in the night, and that the struggle with darkness is as yet mostly an unequal struggle.

Paris proved this terrible truth once more. It was not Wilson who failed there, but humanity itself. It was not the statesmen that failed, so much as the spirit of the peoples behind them. The hope, the aspiration for a new world order of peace and right and justice — however deeply and universally felt — was still only feeble and ineffective in comparison with the dominant national passions which found their expression in the Peace Treaty. Even if Wilson had been one of the great demigods of the human race, he could not have saved the peace. Knowing the Peace Conference as I knew it from within, I feel convinced in my own mind that not the greatest man born of woman in the history of the race would have saved that situation. The great hope was not the heralding of the coming dawn, as the peoples thought, but only a dim intimation of some far-off event

toward which we shall yet have to make many a long weary march. Sincerely as we believed in the moral ideals for which we had fought, the temptation at Paris of a large booty to be divided proved too great. And in the end not only the leaders but the peoples preferred a bit of booty here, a strategic frontier there, a coal field or an oil well, an addition to their population or their resources — to all the faint allurements of the ideal. As I said at the time, the real peace was still to come, and it could only come from a new spirit in the peoples themselves.

Where Wilson Triumphed

What was really saved at Paris was the Child — the Covenant of the League of Nations. The political realists who had their eye on the loot were prepared — however reluctantly — to throw that innocent little sop to President Wilson and his fellow-idealists. After all, there was not much harm in it, it threatened no present national interest, and it gave great pleasure to a number of good, unpractical people in most countries. Above all, President Wilson had to be conciliated, and this was the last and the greatest of the Fourteen Points, on which he had set his heart and by which he was determined to stand or fall. And so he got his way. But it is a fact that only a man of his great power and influence and dogged determination could have carried the covenant through that Peace Conference. Others had seen with him the great vision, others had perhaps given more thought to the elaboration of the great plan. But his was the power and the will that carried it through. The covenant is Wilson's souvenir to the future of the world. No one will ever deny him that honor.

The honor is very great, indeed, for the covenant is one of the great creative documents of human history. The Peace Treaty will fade into merciful oblivion, and its provisions will be gradually obliterated by the great human tides sweeping over the world. But the covenant will stand as sure as fate. Forty-two nations gathered around it at the first meeting of the League at

Geneva. And the day is not far off when all the free peoples of the world will gather round it. It must succeed, because there is no other way for the future of civilization. It does not realize the great hopes born of the war, but it provides the only method and instrument by which in the course of time those hopes can be realized.

Speaking as one who has some right to speak on the fundamental conceptions, objects, and methods of the covenant, I feel sure that most of the present criticism is based on misunderstandings. These misunderstandings will clear away, one by one the peoples still outside the covenant will fall in behind this banner under which the human race is going to march forward to triumphs of peaceful organization and achievement undreamed of by us children of an unhappier era. And the leader who, in spite of apparent failure, succeeded in inscribing the name on that banner has achieved the most enviable and enduring immortality. Americans of the future will yet proudly and gratefully rank him with Washington and Lincoln, and his fame will have a more universal significance than theirs.

III. NEW ADVANCES IN SCIENCE

SCIENCE FROM THE SIDE-LINES[1]

EDWIN E. SLOSSON

Even if you remain on the side-lines of science you can enjoy a survey of what those at the bat are trying to do. Here are some of the problems, some of the scientific home-runs, that are just now engaging the attention of investigators in all lands: (1) Electricity direct from carbon; (2) Light without heat; (3) The fixation of nitrogen; (4) Wireless transmission of power; (5) The perfect storage battery; (6) Use of the wave power of the sea; (7) Use of the sun's radiant energy; (8) Artificial production of rain; (9) A new fuel for internal combustion engines; (10) A telephone or phonograph that will clearly distinguish between *f* and *s*, *m* and *n*, and *b*, *d*, and *t*; (11) A new and enduring road material; (12) A means of making a loaf of bread or a beefsteak out of a lump of coal, a glass of water, and a whiff of atmosphere, since these contain all of the required nutritive elements; (13) A means of manufacturing rubber, starch, sugar, and even albumen from the raw materials about us; (14) The constitution of the atom and the nature of radiation.

I

SCIENCE is advancing more rapidly than ever and is more quickly applied to the needs of life. But the scientific habit of mind is not common or commonly respected. The material contributions of science to our comfort and luxury are accepted as a matter of course with little thought about the prolonged process of research that precedes the practical application.

[1] From the *Century Magazine*, January, 1921, by permission.

Science is more than the father of invention. We can get from the reading of science not only new things to think about, but, what is more important, new ways of thinking about things.

Any one who desires to keep in touch with the progress of the world naturally wants to know in a general way what is being done in the various fields of science. But, unfortunately, he does not find it so easy to follow current movements in science as he does in literature, art music, politics, and other forms of human activity. Science is mostly printed in a foreign language not only when it appears in French, German, Russian, or Japanese, but also when it seems at first sight to be in ordinary English. Translators of foreign tongues are common and competent, but there are comparatively few writers engaged in the interpretation of technical literature for the layman.

II

Science is more than a wonder-worker. Wonders never cease, but we soon cease to wonder at them. Wonder is a fugitive emotion. A "nine-days' wonder" is the normal longevity, and there is no reason why it should live longer, for there are more profitable attitudes. Even when science surprises us by depriving a familiar thing of some attribute deemed essential we do not miss it long. We are quite accustomed to the idea of wireless telephones, smokeless powder, horseless trucks, voiceless drama, fatherless frogs, leatherless soles, strawless straws, tonsilless children, caffeinless coffee, kickless drinks, seedless oranges, and typeless printing.

When a baby sees a strange object, — and to a baby all objects are strange, — he first opens his mouth and stares at it; next, he sticks out his finger and tries to touch it; third, he grabs it and tries to do something with it. These are the three stages[1] through which persons and races pass in their attitude toward

[1] In his *Creative Chemistry*, 1921, Dr. Slosson finds these three stages of progress in the conquest of nature: 1. The appropriative period, 2. The adaptive period, 3. The creative period. (C. A. S.)

the unknown in nature: wonder, curiosity, utilization. The first sentence of each new chapter of the *History of Human Progress* (by various authors, Published in Parts) ends with! Later sentences may be punctuated with ? and finally perhaps with $.

Some persons and peoples remain always in the earliest infantile attitude of empty awe, and take pride in it. They do not even attempt to pass to the stage of idle curiosity, as does the normal child. From the open mouth to the open mind is often a long and toilsome progress in the history of the race. The ancient Athenians had passed from the "Oh!" stage, to the "Why?" stage, but never reached the "What for?" stage. That is why they were overwhelmed by the barbarians, who did not know so much, but knew how to kill people quite as well.

In the earlier culture stages people are curious only about "curiosities." They are not interested in the ordinary. It is the "Wonders of Science" period in literature. The museums are jackdaw nests of pretty stones, queer shells, and outlandish trinkets. Crowds flock to the side-show tents to see the two-headed calf and the bearded lady. They may even go as far as to wonder why the calf is bicephalous and the lady pogoniastic, but they do not even raise the more important question why most calves have only one head and most ladies no beard. They listen with eagerness to the tales of travelers, like Herodotus and Mandeville, who have been, or profess to have been, in remote regions. They are curious of all customs except their own, which, being customary, require no explanation. "Why do they act so?" they ask about foreigners, but never, "Why do we act so?" though that is a question that they might more easily answer. Man began his study of the world with the more distant things. He gazed long at the stars before it occurred to him to look at the ground on which he stood, and longer yet before he tried to turn his attention inward to find out what was going on inside of his own head. Astronomy was well grown before geology was born, and psychology has only recently been admitted to the family of the sciences.

III

Ignorance is commonly referred to as "darkness," but it is not so easy as that would imply. The darkness of space offers no impediment to the penetration of light, but the human mind often opposes a specific resistance to the entrance of a new idea. Especially, if it is a big idea that requires some rearrangement of the mental furniture before room can be found for it.

There are those who love darkness rather than light, not because their deeds are evil, but just because they like to sit around in the dark and tell ghost-stories to one another. They prefer mystery, where they can imagine whatever they wish, and they fear that science will

> Conquer all mysteries by rule and line,
> Empty the haunted air, and gnomed mine,
> Unweave a rainbow, as it erewhile made
> The tender-personed Lamia melt into a shade.

They even seem to regard God, quite blasphemously, as a great conjuror whose tricks may be exposed by some impertinent scientist who turns too much light upon the phenomena of nature. They do not know the simple geometrical principle that as the area of enlightenment enlarges, it lengthens the circle of the surrounding darkness.

The method of science is economy of thought. The aim of science is control of the future. A science arises from some human need, and returns to earth to satisfy some, often some other, human need. It may soar so high into the empyrean as to be out of our sight, but it always comes back in the course of time, bringing food, like Elijah's ravens.

So do not believe a mathematician when he boasts that his newly discovered theorem is of no possible use to anybody. Before he knows it some mechanic will snatch it out of his hand and set it to work in the shops. No occupation seemed idler than the study of geometry of four dimensions when anybody could see that there were only three; yet now all of a sudden the symbols

of the fourth dimension appear in astronomical and physical calculations, and are likely to get into chemistry and biology soon.

IV

One cannot, of course, become a scientist by merely reading science, however diligently and long. For a scientist is one who makes science, not one who learns science. A novelist is one who writes novels, not one who reads them. A contortionist is one who makes contortions, not one who watches them. Every real scientist is expected to take part in the advancement of science, to go over the top at least once in his life when he takes his Ph.D. degree, if never again. But of course the number of those who are in reserve or in training must always outnumber those at the front.

The highest reward of science, the secret satisfaction of standing where no mortal man has ever stood before, is rightly reserved to those who contribute most to its advance. The pure thrill of primal discovery comes only to the explorer who first crosses the crest of the mountain-range that divides the unknown from the known. But if we cannot all feel that thrill to the full, we can at least catch a resonance of it in our own souls by reading about it, as we know something of how Balboa felt when he stared at the Pacific from a peak in Darien, as well as how Keats felt on first opening Chapman's *Homer*. The lives of explorers are always exciting whether they penetrate to the heart of Africa, like Livingstone, or to the heart of the atom, like Bohr.

At a baseball game there may be five thousand spectators and only one man at the bat, but do not imagine he is the only one having any fun. He alone can feel the whack on the wood that tells him that he has made a three-base hit, but the five thousand participate by proxy in his pleasure, their muscles tense, and their pulses quicken.

There is also fun to be found in sitting on the side-lines of science and watching the international game. Those who are not musicians may get delight from music; those who are not

architects, from architecture; those who are not cooks, from food. It is not necessary to be a scientist to get pleasure and profit from scientific researches. This is not a faculty confined to a few. It is common to all who have any capacity for intellectual enjoyment, and those who do not avail themselves of it are curtailing their opportunities for happiness. Appreciation of good music was supposed to be over the ears of the masses until the phonograph brought Beethoven and Wagner to every farm house and tenement.

Science, too, needs to be democratized and brought within reach of the many, not as a task forced upon children, but as a lifelong recreation. That is one difficulty with our excellent school system; it is so comprehensive that if you suggest to a person that he might find it interesting to study, say, botany or chemistry, he is apt to reply that he "had it" when he was a boy, implying that, like the mumps or measles, he could never catch it again. He does not realize that the sciences are making such rapid progress that even if it "took" well in the first place, the immunity would not last longer than ten years.

The investigator does not like to be bothered when he is busy any more than other people. If you lean over his shoulder and jog his elbow when he is picking a chromosome out of a cell with a Barber pipette, he is apt to say: "Run away, child! You could not understand what I'm doing if I explained it to you." Doubtless you could not if he explained it to you in his own language. But somebody else who did understand what he was doing and who spoke your language could explain it to you in a way that would be very interesting. This translation of technical terminology into the vulgar tongue is quite another man's job, — no easy job at that, — and the few men of each generation who have the ability and opportunity to do original research of a high order ought not to be expected to take time off for such secondary work.

But the fact that scientists have been compelled to construct a trade language of their own is undoubtedly one reason why

they are commonly misunderstood and disesteemed. It is hard not to feel that a foreigner who does not speak our language is a bit stupid or crazy. Then, too, our pride comes into play and constructs a defensive mechanism for us. Our subconscious self suggests to us to say, "Well, if he can't put it into plain English, I guess it does not amount to much, anyway." This is the time to be reminded of an observation by Quiller-Couch:

> I hold there is no surer sign of ill breeding than to speak, even to feel, slightingly of any knowledge oneself does not happen to possess.

V

If there were only one language of science, the layman might learn it once for all in order to get access to the whole of its literature. But "science" is one of those abstract collective terms that get us into trouble. It would be safer always to speak of "the sciences" rather than of "science," since there are many of them and they are not all on speaking terms with one another. Corridor conversations at a session of the American Association for the Advancement of Science sound like a Balkan peace conference, for each is speaking in his own tongue. If a chemist gets by mistake into Section F, and hears a paper being read on "Ecdysis in the Teleostean Agriopus," the chances are that he does not understand any more of it than you or I would, and, between you and me, he is just as much bored by it, though he may grin and bear it, hoping that the biologist will happen in at Section C and hear his paper on "The Internal Strains of the Molecule of Cyclohexane-spiro-cyclopentane-dicarboxylic Acid." Just so in polite conversation you may see a person listening with flattering attention to an unintelligible tale in the hope that he may earn like courtesy when his turn comes. The scientific specialist requires the services of an interpreter as much as the layman, and he needs it more, for he has all he can do to keep up with the voluminous literature of his own subject; yet he must keep an eye out for what is going on in all other fields, even the

most remote, for something may happen there that will throw light on his own problems.

Then, too, there is danger that the investigator may become so absorbed in his subject that he will lose sight of its wider aspects, its human interest, its practical possibilities, its relation to the world at large. If one keeps his eye too closely fixed to a miscroscope, or even a telescope, he is apt to become a trifle near-sighted. A botanist, for instance, may concentrate his attention so exclusively upon questions of taxonomy that it might be said of him

> A primrose by the river's brim
> Primula flava was to him,
> And it was nothing more.

VI

The popularization of science does not mean falsification, but its translation from technical terms into ordinary language. Popular science need not be incorrect, but has to be somewhat indefinite. It differs from the exact sciences in being inexact.

The scientific mind is set at too sharp a focus for ordinary use. The would-be popularizer is always confronted by the dilemma of comprehensible inaccuracy or incomprehensible accuracy, and the fun of his work lies mainly in the solution of that problem.

It is amusing to see that scientists are stricter with others than they are with themselves, though this is a common human failing. For instance, the bacteriologist is very insistent that the layman shall not confound protozoa and bacteria, but in the laboratory he himself calls them all alike "bugs." The electrician is particular that other people shall use volt and ampere properly, but he tells his assistant to "turn on the juice."

The humanist and the scientist may think they are quarreling when they are merely saying the same thing in different words. Take, for instance, the phenomenon known as "the vernal erethic diathesis" or, in other circles, as "spring's awakening":

In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love
is the way it is put by the poet (Tennyson).

In the spring the chief activating gland of the kinetic system, the thyroid, shows a distinct enlargement
is the way it is said by the scientist (Crile).

The so-called "conflict between science and religion" is largely a question of using words in a technical or a general sense. Volumes have been written on the question of whether "the great fish" which the Lord prepared to swallow Jonah might be a whale, and, if so, whether "the whale's belly" could be interpreted to mean his lungs, where the imprisoned prophet would find plenty of air, rather than the whale's stomach, where he would be in danger of digestion.

The ordinary man wants to include whales among fish and potatoes among roots. The zoölogist and the botanist want to confine these words to the stricter meaning that they have imposed upon them. If the question of the use of these words were put up to a court composed of philologists to decide the issue on its historic grounds, the common man would win his case. But it is never good policy to quarrel about words. The writer of popular science will be wise to evade the issue by using, where he can, words to which scientists have not given a restrictive meaning. He may speak of "ocean life" or "the denizens of the deep" to avoid getting entangled with the distinction between mammalian and non-mammalian pelagic forms, and he is still allowed to talk about "the underground parts of plants" without going too deep into radical nomenclature. Since science has appropriated so many common words and has created a language of its own over which it has original proprietary rights, it is becoming increasingly difficult to put it in "a tongue understanded of the people," to use the Prayer-Book expression, but there is still some playground left.

"Studies," said Lord Bacon, "serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability." The kind of studies classed as natural sciences are, as he was the first clearly to point out, the most useful of all,

and their pursuit gives to the mind the same delight as any other, but it must be confessed that they do not serve so well for "ornament," which may in part account for their comparative unpopularity. It is not easy to steer the conversation around to the point where one can quote a quadratic equation or a chemical formula with effect and without affectation, and when one does, it is likely to be no more intelligible than a chorus ending from Euripides. It is true that one may for the moment lightly refer to Einstein or Freud in conversation, and thereby give an impression of erudition that one by no means possesses, but that moment will soon pass, if indeed it has not already passed. In any case, one may only mention their names in common conversation, for if he attempted to explain what either man meant, he would for one reason or another be suppressed.

THE NEW PHYSICS[1]

PAUL S. EPSTEIN AND R. A. MILLIKAN

Professor Bergen Davis, of Columbia University, recently wrote: "The great problem in physics which includes all the lesser problems, since its solution would solve most of the lesser problems, is the constitution of matter, the construction of the atom, which includes the nature of all radiation, or radiant energy, and the nature of the medium in which these atoms are immersed and in which the radiation is propagated." The electron theory is now solving the problem of matter and is giving us a new conception of the framework of the universe. It is probably the greatest discovery since Newton, and as a key to the inner constitution of matter it far surpasses in importance the discovery of gravitation. Whether you are able to understand the details of this brief paper or not, you cannot help seeing the significance of the main thought. Note especially the paragraph developing the idea that "an atom is a planetary system." Kant, you remember, had two supreme admirations, two reverences, two infinities: "Two things fill the mind with ever new and increasing awe, the oftener and the more steadily we reflect upon them: the starry heavens above and the moral law within." I am inclined to think that, "the oftener and the more steadily we reflect upon them," the planetary atom will usurp the place of the starry heavens. The atom is now seen to be the unit, the mold, the bare principle, the ultimate law, without the encompassing and bewildering mass of matter that the starry heavens enfold. Then, too, the atom is not far off; it is near us, with us, of us, though forever invisible. The question is not merely the infinitely small *versus* the infinitely great. It is the infinitely small illuminating the infinitely great.

[1] "The New Physics," reprinted by permission from *The Literary Review*, New York, March 4, 1922, is a review of the three following books:

Atombau und Spektrallinien. ("Spectral Lines and the Structure of Atoms.") By A. Sommerfeld. Second edition. Braunschweig: Vieweg u. Sohn. 1921.

Theorie der Strahlung und der Quanten. ("Theory of Radiation and of Quanta.") By A. March. Leipzig: J. A. Barth. 1919.

Die Quantentheorie. Ihr Ursprung und Ihre Entwicklung. ("The Theory of Quanta: Its Origin and Development.") By F. Reiche. Berlin: Julius Springer, 1921.

NOT long ago atomism was a universally known, but by no means accepted, hypothesis. To-day the existence of atoms is a well-established scientific fact and our knowledge of atomic structure has increased so considerably during the last years that a summary of its present status from the competent pen of Professor A. Sommerfeld (Munich, Germany) has been so warmly welcomed by his fellow workers that a second edition of his book has been found necessary after the lapse of only one year.

The rise of the modern atomic theory began with the discovery, made in 1896, that the atoms are not indivisible, but instead represent complex structures, partly if not wholly built up of so-called "electrons" — minute electrically charged particles of a diameter not more than a hundred-thousandth of the diameter of an atom. The determination of the electronic charge with an accuracy which seemed impossible a few years ago was achieved in this country by one of the reviewers.

The rays from radioactive substances have been found to consist in part of electrons ejected from the atom with enormous speeds. When such radioactive radiations penetrate matter these tiny ejected electrons pass through the interior of the atoms of the substance upon which they fall and experience a deflection from their straight direction. From these deflections we can draw some conclusions as to atomic structure. Also the X-rays, discovered by Röntgen in 1895, have been found to be powerful instruments for the investigation of the constitution of atoms. These rays, as well as the rays of light, are due to a wave motion in the ether, but they have a much shorter wave length than have those of light. Indeed, the most penetrating X-rays have a wave length so short that it amounts to but a fraction of the diameter of even the smallest of atoms. Again, it is known from studies in microscopy that an object can be seen in the microscope when, and only when, it is larger than half the wave length of the light used. It might be inferred from these facts that the X-rays would be able to give us information about the

insides of atoms — that is, about atomic structure — and this inference has indeed proved true.

With the aid of the foregoing methods physicists, following the lead of Rutherford (Cambridge, England), have been led to the following atomic model: An atom is a planetary system, the central sun of this system being the so-called "positive nucleus," which is positively charged and which carries practically the whole mass of the atom. The nucleus is surrounded by a number of negative electrons, which circulate around it exactly as the planets move around the sun of our solar system. The size of the nucleus, as well as that of each of the electrons, is exceedingly small compared to the distances between them, so that in this respect also there is a close analogy to the solar system. Since an atom is electrically neutral, the positive charge of the nucleus must be precisely as large as the sum of the negative charges of all the electrons surrounding it in the atom. The chemical properties of an atom are completely determined by the number of electrons it contains and this number is, roughly, half the atomic weight. The exact number of electrons in each atom is, however, accurately known. Thus the atom of hydrogen contains, outside the nucleus, just one electron; that of helium, two electrons; that of carbon, six; that of iron, twenty-six; that of silver, forty-seven; that of gold, seventy-nine; and that of uranium, which contains the largest number of electrons of any atom, ninety-two.

The foregoing results have been brought to light chiefly through direct experimental investigations. The task of theoretical physics has been to deduce the chemical and physical properties of the individual atoms from the charge of their nuclei and the number of their electrons. An advance in this direction was made first by the Danish physicist Niels Bohr when he showed how to use the "theory of quanta" [1] as an expedient in

[1] The quanta theory is the theory that light and other radiations consist not merely of waves or vibrations but of flying particles of energy. This was Newton's view. (C. A. S.)

atomistic research. The concept of quanta was introduced into physics by Max Planck (Berlin), who concluded from a very systematic and critical study of the facts of radiation that it was necessary to carry atomic conceptions further than to the mere assumption that matter itself is built up of atoms. He thought he found evidence that a certain physical quantity, which is known as "action" (energy $\times$ time) and which is characteristic of the state of motion of an electron or of a positive nucleus, also has atomistic structure. Such an assertion as that an abstract quantity is constituted of atoms sounds at most like mysticism. There remains, however, no trace of mysticism in it if we consider the meaning of this assertion as applied to concrete cases. Take, for instance, the simplest case of the hydrogen atom, constituted, as mentioned above, of a nucleus and a single electron. The force acting between these two bodies follows exactly the same law as the attraction between the sun and the earth. The electron must therefore describe an ellipse around the nucleus, and if there were no restrictions upon its motion other than those imposed upon the motion of a planet around the sun, this ellipse could assume any size and shape whatever. But the essence of the quantum theory lies in the assumption that certain characteristics of the motion of the electron around the nucleus of the atom must be integral multiples of a certain unit (called "Planck's quantum of action" and denoted by h). The physical meaning of this is that the electron can revolve about the nucleus in a discrete series of ellipses only, the large and the small axes of which have values that are exactly fixed. These ellipses are the so-called "stationary orbits of the theory of the quanta." The physical significance of the above assertion is merely that the attempt on the part of an electron to assume any other than one of the stationary orbits results in an unstable condition.

According to the usual conception of electrodynamics, an electron performing a motion with variable velocity acts as a source of light or of radiant energy. According to the above

view, on the contrary, the motion in a stationary orbit is stable and cannot give rise to radiation. For since the emission of light requires energy, the energy of motion would of necessity be gradually consumed in the radiation, and the size of the orbit would therefore be obliged to change, in contradiction with our assumption. In this point Bohr's theory thus denies the universal validity of the usual concepts of electrodynamics.

The question now arises, How from this point of view can radiation be explained? The answer to this question is the following: The motion of an electron in a stationary orbit is sometimes disturbed by external causes (collision with a neighboring atom, etc.). If the electron is thrown out from a stationary orbit, its state becomes again stable only by passing into another stationary orbit in which it now begins to rotate. The sum of the kinetic and potential energies, E_2, which the electron possesses in the new orbit cannot be larger than the corresponding sum, E_1, in the first orbit, no source of energy being at the disposal of the electron. It can only be smaller, and the surplus of energy, $E_1 - E_2$, is spent in the form of radiation. As to the properties of this radiation, Bohr introduces the hypothesis that the whole energy available is spent as a homogeneous radiation of a single frequency, v, and that this frequency is determined by the equation $v = (E_1 - E_2)/h$.

Neither this last hypothesis nor the first one concerning the stationary orbits represents altogether new and arbitrary assumptions. For both of them derive their support from kindred results in several other domains of physics. Their best justification, however, is found in the brilliant successes achieved by them. As pointed out heretofore, the action of hydrogen has the simplest structure and presents the least difficulties from the standpoint of mathematical analysis and the theoretical prediction of the necessary consequences of the quantum theory. By such analysis it has been found possible to explain the spectrum of the hydrogen atom in all its details and to give a complete account of the very complicated behavior of the lines of

this spectrum in magnetic and in electric fields, whereas the older theory was entirely impotent in the face of these phenomena. As to atoms of a more complicated structure, the theory is still in its beginning, but even here it can boast of some promising results. In any case, the series of results already secured in this young branch of science is so extensive that its summarizing in a book meets a keenly felt want.

It is a happy circumstance that this task was undertaken by Sommerfeld, who had played a very distinguished part in the development of Bohr's atomism. His presentation of the subject is a particularly fortunate one, so that the theorist, the experimentalist, and the layman interested in science will derive much profit from the book.

The books by March and by Reiche are also good and useful works, but they must not be measured by the standard of Sommerfeld's presentation. In the latter, one of the first authorities in this subject had laid down his ideas with regard to it. Many of the most important chapters deal with his own contributions; the others are so far reshaped by his criticism that they also form his mental property. On the other hand, the first mentioned authors have furnished good compilations of the work of other which deserve to be recommended because they are not restricted to atomism, but embrace also the older quantum theory of heat radiation and of specific heat, endeavoring to show how the new branches of the theory of quanta have grown from this root. In this endeavor March has included only the main points of the developments with their mathematical foundations. On the other hand, Reiche refrains from mathematical deductions. He brings only the results of investigation, but aspires to a representation as complete as possible even of the less important applications of quanta. Perhaps the latter book will prove easier to the layman.

THE UNFOLDING MARVELS OF WIRELESS[1]

FRENCH STROTHER

The editors of *The World's Work* preface Mr. Strother's contribution with the statement: "This article is based upon technical information supplied by Major General George O. Squier, Chief Signal Officer of the United States Army, and by Dr. Louis Cohen, consulting Engineer. The author assumes entire responsibility for the popularized version of this information, as well as for the matters of opinion and speculation contained in the article." In Edward Bellamy's *Looking Backward*, 1888, you will recall that the hostess took the awakened visitor into the music-room and when he asked for an organ selection she "made me sit down comfortable and, crossing the room, so far as I could see, merely touched one or two screws, and at once the room was filled with the music of a grand organ anthem." This was in the year 2000 A.D. But the marvels of wireless already far surpass Bellamy's dip into the far future. "It is beyond the mind of man," says Marconi, "to picture the power that will be gained over the silent thunderbolts of radio within another decade, to say nothing of the next century. One of the greatest advancements will lie, I believe, in the development of the electron tube, a new device which compresses great seas of power into a small space, enabling the stations equipped with it to hurl messages through the air with a force that can defy all obstacles, static or electrical." Even the speculation in regard to thought transference, with which Mr. Strother concludes, has found many scientific advocates or eager questioners. "Will the exploration of this unknown field," asks Dean Dexter S. Kimball, of Cornell University, "give us knowledge of ether vibrations that now we but dimly sense? Will their mastery enable us to transmit our thoughts as now we transmit our voices, or indeed do these unknown waves now carry thought from mind to mind, and is this the explanation of the mysterious whisperings that sensitive minds now declare they can hear, and of the mysterious phenomena that now puzzle us so sorely?"

THIS world is now just one tenth of a second wide. Wireless has done it. Man has touched the ether waves with the perturbations of his restless spirit, and within the winking

[1] From *The World's Work*, New York, April, 1922, by permission.

of an eye, by man-made receptive nerves, at the Antipodes his brothers hear his speech. At last the world is one chamber, where no man, however remote in the flesh from other men, is beyond the sound of the voices of his fellows. If the inventions of present daily use had been in existence in their time, Robinson Crusoe on his lonely island, Columbus in his caravel, Caesar in Britain, even Dante in the remotest Hell, could have heard the gossip of London, the weather report in Genoa, the chariot-racing results in Rome, and the voice of the lost Beatrice. As it is, boys in New Jersey are talking to boys in Scotland; milady at her breakfast table is receiving word of the morning's bargains at the emporiums; farmers pause in the furrow to get from the air the market report from New York; farmers' wives at their evening fireside knitting listen to grand opera in Chicago; train-men talk to dispatchers many miles away; explorers, a year's travel distant in the Antarctic, hear Bordeaux telling Melbourne that the Pope in Rome is dead.

These things are done by wireless. The demand for wireless apparatus has swamped the manufacturers of electrical supplies — one of the greatest companies in the world has fifteen million dollars' worth of unfilled orders on its books and refuses to accept more business till it catches up. Many thousands of amateurs in this country own sending and receiving sets, and hundreds of thousands more own receiving sets only. Business men are adding their wireless call number and wave length to their letter heads. The governments of the world are calling a great international conference to allot to each nation its share of the viewless highways of the ether. Hundreds of millions of dollars are being invested in powerful sending stations in every region of the globe, to bind every race of people into this network of human communication. The art of wireless, on its technical side, is advancing so rapidly that even experts find it impossible to keep abreast of its daily advance. The dreams of twenty years are realized overnight, and the impossibilities of yesterday were accomplished a half an hour ago. What to-morrow may be?

— Why, anything you can stretch your imagination to conceive may be in your hands next week. A receiving set to carry about on your person? — it's as good as done, now — you will soon have it in the form of a cane. Your automobile equipped to send and receive? — it's already been done — in a few weeks it will be less clumsy and anybody can buy it. And so it goes.

What, then, about wireless? What is its probable future development? What is it going to do to existing telephones and cables? Is it going to make possible the wireless transmission of power? Is there any limit to its development? What *is* wireless?

That last question, once answered, answers all the rest. Once you realize what wireless really is, your own imagination will tell you what can be done with it — and the exercise of your imagination upon its possibilities becomes one of the fascinating occupations of leisure moments. This article will attempt to tell, in language that anybody can understand, what wireless is. A few technical terms will be necessary, but these in turn will be simply explained.

Wireless is the sending and receiving of electromagnetic waves through the ether. That sounds forbidding, but wait a bit. Just think of the *ether* as *space* and you will come close enough to the facts for all practical purposes, — remembering only that *space* includes the interstices between the molecules that make up the atoms of *matter* — so that space includes your own body and brick walls and the earth and everything else that is tangible, as well as that more familiar intangible *space* between the sun and the earth.

Wireless, then, is man's control of electromagnetic waves in the ether. But what are *electromagnetic waves?* Briefly, they are disturbances traveling through ether or space. When you see sunlight, you see electromagnetic waves, at such a number of vibrations per second that they are perceptible to your senses through your eyes. And when you feel heat from a stove, these again are electromagnetic waves, at such a number of vibrations

per second that they are below the range of your vision and are perceptible to your senses only through your sense of feeling or touch. But both *light* and *heat* are exactly the same thing, namely, electromagnetic waves. The only difference between them is that the *lengths of the waves* are different. The wave-length of light is almost inconceivably short — about one fifty-thousandth of an inch. The wave-length of heat is longer — about one ten-thousandth of an inch. Now, wireless is exactly the same thing as light and heat except that its wave-length is immensely longer — anywhere from 100 feet to 20 miles.

The discovery of wireless, then, amounts to this: Man has discovered that he can artificially create disturbances in the ether which are periodic in character and of such great wave-length that they can be distinguished (mechanically) above the multitude of shorter heat-waves and light-waves, and so he can use them to signal to other men anywhere on the earth. In practice, this signaling takes the mechanical forms of reproducing human speech (the wireless *telephone*) or human rappings on a piece of metal (the wireless *telegraph*).

The great variety of wave-lengths that can be used in wireless is what gives it its vast possibilities for usefulness. These wave-lengths vary in present practice from approximately 200 feet up to 20 miles. By mechanical means too complicated for description here men have been able to "tune" their receiving instruments so that they will detect only the ether waves that are 600 feet long or 1500 feet long or 2 miles long, or whatever other length they may choose for the moment. By this tuning process the "wireless ear" becomes deaf to all other waves, even though myriads of other waves are at the same time disturbing space. It is a result of this power of selection that great stations, like the new one at Port Jefferson, Long Island, can send out its messages in long wave-lengths that can be heard around the world, without interfering with the amateurs in Brooklyn who want to talk on very short wave-lengths to New York. This art of selective receiving has been perfected only to a limited

extent. No means has been devised for separating wave-lengths of 200 feet from wave-lengths of 201 feet. But it is possible to distinguish waves of 200 feet from waves of 202 feet — in other words, differences in length of 1 per cent. or greater can be detected and waves of this length excluded. As the wave-lengths increase in size, these perceptible gaps become larger — for example, a station sending out waves of 10,000 feet length would interfere with other stations sending waves of more than 9,900 or less than 10,100. As it is waves of these greater lengths that are used in transmitting over long distances, an interesting controversy has arisen between the nations of the world over the right to use certain wave-lengths. For example, wireless is enormously important to the British Government as a means of maintaining uninterrupted communication, especially in time of war, with its possessions scattered all over the surface of the globe. The distances that separate these possessions are great: the wireless waves used to connect them must be long. Shall the British Government, for messages of this type, be allotted a certain range of wave-lengths, or has the United States a valid counter claim in view of the distance of Manila from Washington?

Similar conflicts arise between the trans-Atlantic commercial stations like those at Bordeaux, France, and Port Jefferson, Long Island, and the military authorities who wish to use waves of approximately the same length; while ship owners bring a third element into the difficulty, with their problems of maintaining communication with their ships in mid-ocean. It almost looks as if there were not enough avenues in space to take care of all the demands upon it for wireless traffic. As a result of these perplexities, the governments of the world will hold, in the near future, an international conference for the purpose of arriving at agreements to allot to each nation and to each interest within each nation its available share of the "ether highway."

These difficulties will doubtless be further removed by advances in the technical art of wireless itself, as a result of which it may ultimately be possible to detect waves within a very much

smaller variation of length than is at present possible. A single invention might conceivably multiply the present avenues of communication by two, or even by ten.

By looking at wireless from an entirely different angle from the foregoing, one may visualize further its possibilities and its limitations. There are at present two entirely distinct kinds of wireless transmission. One is called "universal" wireless and follows the method originated by Marconi; the other is popularly known as "wired-wireless" and is based upon the scientific work of Major General George O. Squier of the United States Army. First let us describe "universal" wireless.

Universal wireless is sent out by a mechanical device which, with the aid of a powerful electric current, produces electromagnetic waves in space (or the ether) of predetermined and uniform wave-length. The signaling with these waves is done by controlling the space of time between which these electrical impulses are imparted to the ether. By varying these fragments of time the operator obtains the effect of dots and dashes of the Morse telegraphic code, or, in the wireless telephone, modulation is effected by the human voice. The distinguishing characteristic, however, of this method of sending is that the electrical impulse from the sending instrument is imparted to the surrounding ether with equal intensity *in every direction.* The transmitting instrument becomes (in fact as well as by analogy) a miniature sun, spreading its invisible rays throughout the universe in straight lines in every direction from the pulsating source. Thus every message sent out by universal wireless is "broadcasted." That is, it is simply projected in every direction into the ether without any control, and can be picked up by any receiving instrument on any part of the earth's surface that is attuned to receive its particular vibration. A moment's thought will indicate the amazing delicacy of these receiving instruments, when one imagines the incalculably small percentage of the original outgoing impulses which is received at any one spot. For example, try to conceive what percentage of the light which pours

in splendor and with terrific energy from the sun you are receiving when you hold the palm of your hand to the light. In present wireless practice, 100 trillion times as much energy is required to transmit a message across the Atlantic Ocean as is required to receive it on a delicate instrument at the far side.

As all the great wireless stations designed for international communication are operated by the universal system, two limitations upon its use at once become obvious. The first is the enormous expense of providing the tremendous electrical energy required to transmit its messages; the second is the lack of secrecy. First the element of cost: To erect a sending station like the one at Port Jefferson, with its great steel masts 400 feet high and its miles of wire for antennæ, calls for an initial capital outlay of about 1½ million dollars. To operate this station calls for a continuous outlay of a large sum of money to cover the cost of energy supply that is required. For these reasons, there is at present no occasion to suppose that wireless will supplant the cable for transoceanic communication. A cable across the Atlantic Ocean can be laid for approximately the cost of two radio stations which would be required for intercommunication; and, once laid, requires practically no expense, electrically, for operation, as messages which proceed by wire use an almost infinitesimal amount of energy. The cable has, besides, the great advantage of privacy. Wireless can be read by all the world; a cable message only by the operators at either end of the lines. Wireless, then, is an enormously valuable supplementary service; it will probably not eliminate cables.

For the same reasons it is unlikely that wireless will supplant on land either the telegraph or the telephone. Here again the elements of cost and privacy will control. The initial cost of installing telephone wires is indeed a heavy expense. But the cost of operation is relatively small. The item of energy cost is entirely negligible. And, of course, the essence of the utility of the telephone is its privacy. It is no more desirable to

have business and personal conversations shared by the public than to have your private thoughts so shared.

Nevertheless, both land telephony and land telegraphy are already enormously indebted to wireless; but not to "universal" wireless. General Squier's discovery of so-called "wired-wireless" has revolutionized these two arts. To make this clear it will be necessary to go back again for a moment into simple technicalities.

For many years after Marconi's discovery of universal wireless it was assumed by all scientists (and naturally therefore by the practical men in the business) that wireless communication and wired communication were two wholly separate and unrelated arts. They simply took this idea for granted — as a fact that needed no reflection or disproof. It was a characteristic example of the inertia of the human mind, which so easily falls into a groove and insists upon traveling along that groove without thought of its relation to other grooves. Wireless men went on trying to improve universal wireless, and wire men went on trying to improve wired communication. It never occurred to either that the one could help the other.

General Squier, however, has not a conventional mind, and ten years ago he had outgrown the habit of either taking things for granted or of accepting anything as truth just because any particular man had happened to say it was the truth. In other words, he is one of that rare species, the man of original thought, who approaches a subject with an open mind and uses his own reason rather than precedent or habit as his method. He was a scientist of the highest standing, having graduated at West Point, taken post-graduate work at Johns Hopkins, and having pursued scientific studies in the great universities of Europe. He had specialized in the field of electricity, and naturally had studied profoundly the development of wireless. He was also an officer in the United States Signal Corps, where the responsible men are charged with the necessity of knowing the latest advances in every means of communication, from motor-cycles to airplanes. At that time improvements in wireless seemed to

have come to a stop. Marconi's epoch-making discovery had thrilled the world; and as a result of it, along with approximately simultaneous discovery of X-rays and radium, scientists were beginning to recast their whole theory of the conception of matter, and inventors were dreaming of improvements in the practical utilization of electromagnetic waves. Nicola Tesla, for example, conceived the idea of broadcasting to the world its enormous resources of power by wireless to turn the wheels of industry. There were dreams a-plenty, but nothing much practical issued from them.

At this point, Squier attacked the problem with his open and untrammeled mind. He asked himself if there might not be some practical relation between wireless communication and wired communication. He recalled that, in the transmission of wireless, the electromagnetic waves were first sent from the generator over wire antennæ from which they leaped out into the ether and projected in space. If these waves were guided those few feet, why not guide them farther? He recalled also that science had learned that though the electromagnetic waves of wireless proceeded in all directions in a straight line in *free* space, nevertheless those that started in a direction parallel with the earth's surface continued following the curve of the earth until they went clear around to the Antipodes. If, then, those waves which started parallel with the earth were so attracted by it that they continued to follow its curve rather than to follow the tangent of their original direction, might it not be possible to provide them artificially with a similarly attractive artificial guide — a wire, for example? This possibility so fascinated him that he persuaded Congress (impressed by earlier important contributions which he had made to the study of wireless) to grant him the money to make experiments to test the theory. These experiments were carried out in Washington in the fall of 1910, and were wholly successful. By these experiments Squier proved that electromagnetic impulses, of the wave-lengths used in wireless, could be set up alongside one end of a wire and that

these electromagnetic waves would follow that wire to its farther end. This does not mean that the waves travel through the wire — they do not: the waves travel through the ether alongside the wire, which acts simply as a guide to the direction in which they shall travel.

Here again it is needless to go into the scientific theory. It is enough to know that the thing did invariably happen. And here again a little thought will indicate the enormous practical utility of Squier's discovery. For example, at the time Squier demonstrated the truth of his theory, long distance telephoning by wire had been so perfected that there was a commercial line in operation between New York and Cleveland. The communications over this wire were carried on by direct current modulated at the transmitting end by the speech acting on the transmitter. Obviously only one conversation could be carried on at a time. By means of Squier's discovery, however, it was possible to transform this wire into a guide of electromagnetic waves traveling in the ether surrounding it. By varying these wave-lengths, after the familiar tuning methods of wireless, it became possible to use this adjoining ether for many messages at the same time without having them conflict with one another. The practical result has been that to-day one telephone wire between New York and Chicago carries at the same time, and with perfect privacy for each, five telephone conversations and in addition certain sections of the line carry forty distinct telegraphic messages each way. In other words, eighty telegraph messages and five telephone communications proceed over the same wire at once. In still other words, the practical utility of that one telephone wire has been multiplied eighty-five times. And this, of course, is only one case. The great economies obtained by the use of this system should help to bring long distance telephone rates within the reach of all people. What has just been described above is called "multiplex" telegraphy and telephony. It has revolutionized the telephone industry, both because it has prodigiously enlarged

the utility of the present installation and because it has vastly simplified its financial problems. Wireless has aided wire communication; it will not supplant it.

What, then, remains as the distinctive field of universal wireless? The word *broadcasting*, which is used to describe the sending forth from central stations of news, music, and the like, suggests not only its methods but its limitations. Whatever men may want generally known will be communicated by this means. Its worth for advertising is obvious. Department stores will announce bargains; soap manufacturers will cry their wares; politicians will declaim upon the merits of their legislative nostrums. The educational possibilities are enormous. Instead of having instruction by second-rate teachers, pupils in rural schools will hear lectures by the greatest teaching experts, speaking from a central station perhaps 1,000 miles away. If one wearies of hearing second-rate sermons at his local church, he may sit at home and hear the most eloquent preacher at his best. This is, of course, already being done. If one tires of hearing second-rate music at the local concert halls, he presses a button and the voices of the world's famous singers issue from the wall. As an agency for spreading broadcast information of general interest to the public, universal wireless is unrivaled. The Government already sends out daily weather forecasts, announces the correct time, and gives farmers the current crop quotations at the central markets. For the general public, the utility of universal wireless is as wide as this field of desirable information, education, and entertainment. The universal method of wireless communication has, of course, other fields of usefulness. Commercially, it will be increasingly used as a competitor for the transmission of business messages for great distances, and especially across great bodies of water. Governmentally, it will be used to maintain government contact with outlying possessions. Militarily, it will be invaluable as another means of communication between the directing heads of armies and navies and their subsidiary units.

In one field, universal wireless is unique and renders a new and invaluable service. This is the field of ocean and air travel. Consider first its use on the ocean.

In addition to its familiar service of keeping ships at sea and their passengers in communication with land, there has been an enormous recent development of what is called its "compass" service. By virtue of the fact that the receiving antenna of the most recent wireless stations is a relatively small affair, mounted on a revolving platform, and by virtue of the further fact that it receives incoming electro-magnetic impulses most effectively when pointed exactly in the same direction from which these impulses come, it has become possible to locate the position of ships at sea with almost perfect accuracy. This is done by the ship sending out repeatedly the question "Where am I?" Thus, a ship, say a thousand miles off the Atlantic Coast of America, sends such signals, and they are received by the naval station at Boston and also by the naval station at Arlington near the City of Washington. Each station notes the direction from which the ship's inquiry comes to it, and by then getting into communication with one another and comparing its direction it becomes a very simple problem in triangulation to determine the exact point from which the signal came. One or the other of the stations then signals the vessel and gives it its exact latitude and longitude. This service is of great value when it has been impossible, on account of the weather, for the ship's master to make a solar determination of his position; and it is, of course, of incalculable value in the case of a ship in distress, whose position can then be reported to other ships in the vicinity.

As an extension of this idea, "wireless lighthouses" are now installed all along our coasts. These stations are placed at strategically dangerous points, and they send out constantly, at a known wave length, conventional signals which can be detected by the wireless receiving instruments on ships at sea. Each sending station has its distinctive signal and the navigator has

a list of them all. By recording the signals he receives and noting their direction on his chart, the navigator himself can work out the problem of triangulation and guide himself away from dangerous points and on his true course to port.

A similar service is already rendered to aviators when flying by night or in fog. Probably this service will soon be improved, so that every city of any consequence in this country will maintain a wireless telephone transmitting station to which a phonograph record will be attached, repeating over and over all day and night long the name of the town. When this is done, an aviator flying at night will be able to determine at any moment what town he is nearest and how far he is from it. This will enormously simplify the problem of night flying which, when it is finally perfected, will make possible the safe transport of passengers and mail from New York to San Francisco in thirty-six hours.

We come now to a possibility of wireless that has not yet been achieved, but which has been declared to be theoretically possible, and which is certain to come within a few years at most. This is the wireless transmission of power. This will be done, however, not by the universal system, but by the system of "wired-wireless." (Parenthetically it should be said here that wired-wireless is called by several names which all mean the same thing: "Wired-wireless" is the popular name. "Guided radio" is in common use among scientists; and the forthcoming international conference on wireless will be asked to adopt as its official name the term "line radio," which perhaps most accurately expresses its character.)

The reason why power can not be transmitted by universal wireless has been suggested earlier in this article. It is because the broadcasting of the electromagnetic impulses so divides the original energy that only an infinitesimal portion of it arrives at any one particular point. But with "line-radio" this difficulty is overcome.

Several years ago Tesla proposed the transmission of power

by radio methods; that is, by sending electromagnetic waves of suitable frequency out from certain specially constructed towers and receiving this energy through the ether space by other suitably designed machinery and devices. It is now believed that this conception, when modified by connecting the stations with a suitable conductor, offers very great possibilities in the near future for the solution of the transmission of power by radio engineering methods. In other words, General Squier's original system of "wired-wireless" promises to offer also a solution of power transmission when further developed.

There are a number of advantages connected with the use of high frequencies in power transmission which are of a highly technical character and cannot be gone into in this article, but in general, it is thought that within the comparatively near future power transmission will be carried on by the "wired-wireless" methods of General Squier.

There is at present a movement in engineering circles toward the utilization of natural sources of power, such as waterfalls throughout the country, and in the possible application of "wired-wireless" methods for transmitting this power over great distances we can select certain high frequencies for guiding the power to different zones or areas of distribution exactly in the way General Squier employs it in sending multiplex messages over the wire. In general, according to this plan, the zones nearest the sources would be fed by the higher frequency electric guided waves, and in successive zones farther away from the sources, lower frequencies would be used. In each of the zones the receiving apparatus, motors, etc., would be tuned to respond to the corresponding frequencies of the zone, exactly in the same manner as telephone and telegraph messages are now received.

Again, since the power in the cases of high frequency guided waves is really carried by the ether itself, there is no limit to the amount of power which we can convey in this manner; in contradistinction to a physical wire, there is no loss of energy in the

ether itself; and the various frequencies are conveyed in the ether without the slightest reaction upon each other. This great universal medium offers, therefore, an unparalleled engineering vehicle for transmitting any amount of power, when guided, to great distances.

The present power plants of the world employ very low frequencies, such as 60 cycles per second, where the actual tons of copper of the line itself limit and control the power transmitted. It is significant, indeed, that whenever nature wishes to transmit power by electromagnetic waves it employs enormous frequencies instead of the very low frequencies employed by man. The greatest power plant with which we are familiar, of course, is that of the sun, from which we receive all of the energy which makes the world habitable at all, and in the frequencies employed in this power plant we are dealing with electromagnetic waves of enormous frequencies, now known as heat and light. Therefore, in adopting higher frequencies of electromagnetic waves for power transmission purposes we are merely approaching nearer to the plan adopted by nature itself.

There are still some important problems of wireless yet to be solved. The two major ones are called by scientists "static" and "interference." They are the same thing, but of different origin. Interference means this: when one station is sending messages at a certain wave-length, and another station starts sending messages at about the same wave-length, the two messages "jam" each other because the present relatively imperfect receiving devices cannot distinguish them. As indicated earlier in this article, great improvements have already been made in the receiving apparatus, so that the detectable margin between wave-lengths has been narrowed; and there is every reason to suppose that mechanical ingenuity will ultimately produce instruments of such delicate adjustments that the variations of wave-lengths available will be so great that interference will be practically negligible.

To indicate the direction in which scientists are working to

eliminate interference, it is necessary again to proceed briefly into the technical terms of the art. A wireless receiving instrument is a device for transforming the electromagnetic waves of the signals into sound energy which can be perceived by the human ear. A direct conversion, however, of the electromagnetic waves into sound waves would not do, since the number of vibrations per second is so large that the ear could not perceive them. The human ear is only sensitive to vibrations between 20 per second and 20,000 per second, the extreme limits; whereas in wireless, vibrations ranging from 10,000 to 3,000,000 vibrations per second are employed. To get around this difficulty the following method was adopted: At the receiving station, local oscillations are produced of slightly different number of vibrations per second from those of the signals, which combine with the signal energy, producing a "beat" effect. The number of these beats per second is equal to the difference between the number of vibrations per second of the signal current and of the local current, and this difference is converted into sound which is perceived by the human ear. Technically this is known as the "heterodyne" method.

Static is interference produced not by men but by nature. The origin and causes of these so-called static disturbances are not clearly understood. There are various types of statics which are probably due to different causes and which are readily recognized by the different character of their effects on a receiving wireless detector. The general nature, however, of all kinds of statics is that of a strong electromagnetic impulse which acts on the receiving antenna and sets up in it electrical vibrations of the same character as those of the signals. The result is that they blot out the human signals, or so confuse them that they are indistinguishable. This phenomenon, though it is rare in winter, is of frequent occurrence in the summer time, and is occasionally so violent and prolonged that it puts the wireless systems of the earth out of business for, sometimes, as much as a day at a time.

Many inventors and scientists are concentrating their efforts upon devising methods to overcome this difficulty. Considerable progress has already been made in that direction, and new methods and devices are being proposed and tried continually. The engineers of the Signal Corps are now perfecting a new method which, it is expected, will completely wipe out the static effects and render the reception of wireless signals free from all interferences. It is not possible to describe the method fully to non-technical readers, but in general it consists in utilizing a new principle by which it is possible to separate the effects due to a periodic electromagnetic impulse (as that produced by signals) and the effects due to spasmodic impulses (which is the character of static). The one is permitted to go through and the other is absorbed, its energy dissipated.

When these two problems of human interference and celestial interference are fully solved, universal wireless will be practically perfect, and its further development will probably consist chiefly in its application to a world of practical uses which any reader who has followed the foregoing pages can readily imagine for himself.

One of the most important practical refinements in the instruments used in wireless is the development of the receiving antenna. These used to be great umbrellas of wires, stretching from high points to the ground. In their new forms some of them take the shape of, and are smaller in size than, a rolling pin or a cane. Thus in a very short time it will be possible for a man to carry a receiving antenna in the form of a hollow cane with a little storage battery inside, and to carry the other mechanism for hearing in a small case in his pocket. At any time or place he can connect his cane with his pocket device, swing the cane around until he gets the direction of the sending station and without further ado listen to whatever is being broadcasted by universal wireless.

Similar refinements in the sending apparatus promise the ultimate elimination of the large and costly system of towers

and antennæ now required, and the substitution probably of a wire-wound cylinder, six inches in diameter and six or eight feet long, which will do the same work and just as effectively, at an inconsiderable fraction of the expense.

The great pioneers in wireless are few in number and are all still living. Marconi first demonstrated the possibility of communication by electromagnetic waves without the use of wires. Dr. Lee DeForest, an American, has made the most important contribution to the progress of the art. His invention of the so-called three-electrode vacuum-tube, which looks like an ordinary incandescent light bulb with the addition of a small metal plate and a tiny grid between the filament and the plate, marked an epoch in wireless. This ridiculously simple little device has made possible three revolutionary improvements in wireless. In the first place, it made possible the generation of electromagnetic waves in a very simple manner. Secondly, its efficiency as a detector of incoming electromagnetic waves is vastly greater than that of any other device. Thirdly, it has the property of amplifying these incoming impulses and re-transmitting them with renewed vigor, if desired. By its use it is now possible to talk by ordinary telephone from New York to Chicago, then to have the voice there leap from the wire into the ether and travel as wireless to Denver and there return to a wire and proceed unweakened to San Francisco and there again leave it and travel as wireless to a vessel in mid-Pacific. This device is useful not only in wireless, but its property of amplifying the ether waves has made possible transcontinental telephony by wire.

The third great invention in wireless is Fessenden's invention of the *beat* method (technically called heterodyne) of receiving wireless waves. It is this method which was mentioned above as being the device for mixing inaudible incoming waves with locally produced waves of slightly shorter length, the difference being perceptible to us in terms of sound. Fessenden is also an American.

The fourth revolutionary invention in wireless is the work of General Squier, now Chief Signal Officer in the United States Army. This is "wired-wireless," or "line radio," which has been fully described above.

Strangely enough, however, the thousands of unknown amateurs are probably the most fruitful sources of minor but invaluable improvements in the practical use of wireless. Even school boys have contributed greatly to the progress of the art on its practical side. They are all enthusiasts; and, paradoxically enough, their success in adding to wireless knowledge is a direct product of their ignorance of science. The highly trained scientist knows so many things that "cannot be done" according to the principles of electromagnetism, that he simply does not attempt these things. But it has happened time and again that some enthusiastic amateur, not knowing that a thing theoretically could not be done, has tried it and done it. For example, a few weeks ago it was considered theoretically impossible to communicate more than 500 miles with sending apparatus limited, as all amateur apparatus is limited, to small power, and to wave lengths of not more than 1000 feet. Nevertheless, amateurs who did not know that this inhibition existed, recently carried on a series of authentic tests and actually communicated from New Jersey to Scotland with waves of that length, the power used being only a few watts. This news had scarcely been received and verified by the scientists before they learned that similar communication was being successfully carried on between stations in New York and Southern California. It is unlikely that any revolutionary invention will come out of the amateur field, because such inventions do require familiarity with highly specialized scientific conceptions that are quite beyond their reach. But, on the other hand, it is more than likely that the major share of the improvements in existing instruments, and especially improvements in the operation of them, will come from these enthusiasts who put in all their spare time tinkering with their equipment and trying experiments with it.

In all the foregoing we have dealt with things that either have already been achieved or are so near to accomplishment that it is quite safe to predict their early realization. It may be less practical, but perhaps not less interesting, to consider for a moment some of the more speculative ideas that spring from what is already known and what has already been accomplished in this field. Consider this speculative idea, for example: It is known that the electromagnetic waves in wireless travel at exactly the speed of light, and that, once set in motion, they proceed without pause or diminution endlessly through infinite space. It follows then that when Mary Garden sings Carmen in the Chicago Opera House and her voice is broadcasted, not only do the farmers' wives in remotest Illinois hear her voice within a tiny fraction of a second, but that the electromagnetic waves which make this possible arrive at the sun eight minutes later. Twenty-seven minutes later they arrive at Jupiter, and if there were people like us living there, equipped with sufficiently sensitive apparatus, they would hear her voice with equal distinctness and pleasure. Nor do the waves stop there. Onward forever they proceed through the infinite ether, so that perhaps 100 million years from now they will reach the uttermost star visible to our most powerful telescope. But when they have arrived there, their journey is only begun. Literally till the infinitude of time they pursue their onward march, so that it becomes literally true that Mary Garden's voice is now immortal, for an ineradicable record of it has been traced upon the invisible ether and will continue there till the end of time.

Another speculation: If all matter (substance) is electromagnetic in fact and if, as seems likely, motion of whatever sort sets up electromagnetic disturbances, it would follow that the operation of the human mind in the act of thinking would set up ether waves. Some scientists do indeed regard this as highly probable. If that be so, may it not be that these waves are sometimes received by other minds which happen at the moment to be in a peculiarly receptive condition? If this does occur, it

offers a rational explanation of the familiar phenomenon of thought transference. It does not happen often because, with so many electromagnetic waves of all sorts traversing the ether at once, the probability of such emanations encountering "interference" amounts almost to a certainty. Nevertheless, it is easily conceivable that by accident it occasionally happens that the waves are not interfered with, and that at the same time a receptive mind may be attuned to receive just those waves and to understand what they mean. The foregoing is not asserted as a fact — it is simply put down as a speculation which has engaged the interest and the tentative belief of some students of the subject. If its truth should some day be verified, it is conceivable, though extremely unlikely, that mankind might learn to control its mental processes in such a way that two men, the world's width apart, might agree to communicate consciously by thought transference, and succeed.

Consider the theory of thought as capable of setting up electromagnetic waves. If this theory be true, a man's thoughts, like Mary Garden's voice, are then immortal. Their emanation in the form of waves would be projected upon the infinite ether and travel there ceaselessly to the remotest ends of time. Thus immortality — not the commonly accepted immortality of the individual personality, which is the sum of all of one person's experience of life, but immortality of a curiously segregated and disconnected character — would be a fact. The ether would contain an immortal portrait of the man, but it would be a portrait painted upon the ether like the succeeding rings of ripples on still water's surface where a stone has fallen, dispersing in ever widening circles and made up of the series of his thoughts and emotions in the order in which they occurred in his brain. And if, further, the Einstein theory of relativity is correct, it might even be that these records ultimately would describe a circle and return to the point of their origin, resulting in the reincarnation of the person from whom they first proceeded and requiring him to live over again exactly the life he had lived before.

IV. EDUCATION AND ETHICS

THE NEW EDUCATION: AN INTERPRETATION[1]

WALTER BARNES

The four elements and the three achievements of the new education are succinctly stated by Professor Barnes, and his exposition ought to arouse spirited discussion. Perhaps his article is more an enumeration than an interpretation, more an analysis than a synthesis; but it could hardly have been otherwise within the limits of a presidential address. Can you think of any other element or achievement that should be added? Might he not have mentioned the education of illiterate adults, the realization that no sane man or woman, however old, is to be classed as permanently illiterate, the overthrow of the tradition that the illiterate adult cannot be taught to read or write as easily as the child? This has been demonstrated on so wide a scale that it deserves, I think, the name of achievement rather than of theory. As a corollary we have learned anew that illiterate adults are not uneducated. The discipline of life has given them an education far beyond that of the child. The child has more knowledge but they more wisdom. Professor Barnes mentions "apperception." No better definition of its content and method was ever given than is summarized in Emerson's lines:

> "Tell men what they knew before;
> Paint the prospect from their door."

WHAT essentially is the new education? I give you an interpretation, my personal view, a survey from my angle of vision. In the first place, it is one movement, not many; it has unity, it hangs together. As we analyze it, we shall see that it has different parts; but these parts supplement and corroborate one another. You may emphasize one part more than the others, you may work in one department, but you must have a pervading sense of the unity of the whole movement.

[1] An address delivered at the annual meeting of the West Virginia State Education Association. Printed in *The Educational Review*, Garden City, New York, September, 1922, and reproduced here by permission of the publishers, Doubleday, Page and Company.

I distinguish seven factors or elements in the new education. The first is the new psychology. This new psychology is founded not upon theories, not upon *a priori* reasoning, not even upon philosophy. It is a science, dependent for its conclusions upon patiently acquired scientific data, upon scrupulous scientific observation and experiment. It employs a scientific method; it possesses scientific tools and apparatus; it speaks a scientific language. It insists upon head-work, not guess-work; upon evidence, not analogy; upon demonstrable fact and proof, not tradition; upon discovery, not revelation. Beginning not very many years ago, with suspicions of the old "faculty" psychology and with surmises and faint glimpses of the truth, it has struggled up to an honorable place among the sciences of today. It has been militant because it had to fight each step of its way, in its effort to disrupt old beliefs and customs, to pull down old systems and structures. No doubt it has been bitter and violent, no doubt it has over-stated the facts, no doubt it had among its followers half-baked pseudo-scientists and unbalanced radicals. But this was in the earlier stages, when it must needs fight fire with fire. Like all the other sciences that deal with the common matters of everyday life, it has had to battle strenuously for existence.

Let me set forth as briefly as possible what I believe the new psychology has proved. It has proved the utter dependence of mind upon body, or, rather, the close-knit interdependence of mind and body. This carries with it certain implications of vast significance in education: that all knowledge, except that borne along on the stream of inherited instincts, must come in through the senses and bodily activities; that nothing is really learned till it is actuated; that inasmuch as we are animals first of all and all the time, education must concern itself with physical life, must carry on the mental and physical activities together on parallel and constantly correlated lines. All our learning must come, directly or indirectly, through the body. Our own actual corporeal experi-

ences, or the experiences of others metabolized into our own fiber, alone can touch us, modify us, educate us. This is the significant truth that the new psychology has proved.

The new psychology has proved that education consists solely in bringing out of a person what is in him, in him individually, as revealed by his instincts and interests, his temperamental, his elemental qualities. And thus it puts new emphasis upon the importance of each child's having a rich, varied sensory experience, before school and out of school and during school. To see, to hear, to smell, to handle, to act, to build up and tear down, to come in close, intimate touch with things, raw things, with scenes and persons and events, to feel the primal human emotions — this is the only material, the only stuff out of which education can be woven. And the new psychology has made clear to us by illuminating experiments how infinitely varied are the children of man. There are those who contend that a person can learn one subject in school about as well as another subject, and they point to similarity of grades and marks and to their own experience. Why, so long as all subjects are taught by the same methods and for the same purposes and those subjects studied only by those persons who naturally learn by those methods and are in accord with those purposes, there is, naturally, not much individual difference. But this means that all branches must be taught in the same way and to the same end, which is an absurdity, and that all those who cannot learn must be rigorously excluded, which is a tragedy. When boys and girls are given a chance to reveal themselves through their natural interests and proclivities and activities, then we have thorough demonstration of the rich variability of human nature.

Another of the epoch-making discoveries of the new psychology is that the mind, far from being separated into bundles of faculties, each one capable of being developed mechanically by special gymnastics, is a fluid, flexible unity, which can be nourished and strengthened only by genuine activities. The new psychology

has proved that we do not have a memory but kinds of memory, not reasoning but modes of reasoning, not imagination but types of imagination. It has shown that we cannot train the memory or the reasoning power or imagination by any general "discipline"; we can but train each type or mode, each with an appropriate and natural activity. Set the intellectual agencies, all of them, without regard to which is which, to work on a succession of genuine tasks and problems, of immediate importance, because of individual import, to the persons concerned, and you will train them to solve related problems. Engage the children in a great variety of these problems and activities and continue it long enough, and you will "train their minds," as we say — there is no other way to do it. The new psychology has proved this; it is no longer a mere notion, an academic theory. Doubtless there was exaggeration of the weakness of the "carrying-over" process, but the principal tenets of the new doctrine stand firm The way to learn to do a thing is to do it (under guidance, of course, if we are to make the learning economical) but to do it, not to prepare for doing it by doing something else, and that something else abstract, impersonal, and dull.

One other matter of fundamental importance given fresh emphasis by the new psychology is the law of apperception — which we hear so little about nowadays because we all accept it. There is no way of learning except by moving on to what we want and need to know or have from what we already know or have. But we must move on also to what we want or need to be from what we are; we must each move along his individual life-lines. Apperception is not an objective matter, not a general group activity; it is a subjective, personal process, involving our instincts, our interests, our sensory experiences, our deepest emotions. Each child is the center of his universe. Education, like charity, begins at home; each person can get in touch with his fellows only by following his own path to the great highroads.

Corollary to the new psychology, an outgrowth of the scientific spirit in education and the desire for efficiency, has developed a new plan of measurements. These measurements are of two kinds, though they shade into each other: measurements of intelligence and other mental qualities, and measurements of knowledge and proficiency in subjects and arts. It is not necessary to describe or explain them, but attention may be called at least to the fact that the attempt to measure and grade abilities and achievements by a rational, accurate, objective system is one of the most natural outgrowths of the new scientific spirit released through the new psychology. That the new plan is preferable to the old, chaotic, haphazard way of determining abilities and measuring educational products is obvious. By the old plan — if plan it may be called — all children were started in at the same time and under the same conditions, expected to continue at the same speed, pursue the same subjects, and emerge with the same benefits. The only way of determining rank and promotion was through formal class work and still more formal examinations, with the marks dependent upon the personal judgment of the teacher, which, of course, varied from day to day; and the only manner in which a superintendent or supervisor could tell what and how much work should be assigned for a certain grade, which teachers were really most efficient, and what textbooks and methods were superior was through his own observation and experience. The new system is immeasurably better than the old lack of system: that much is undeniable.

Certain criticisms of the new measurements are easily answered, but there are objections which cannot so readily be met. One is, that the measurements attempt to measure things which cannot be measured, measured objectively and scientifically. But no reputable test or scale attempts to measure these things, and no one claims that by determining a child's intelligence, you have defined his status for life. His intelligence is indeed fixed, and perhaps you have measured it; but you

have taken no reckoning of those other qualities and those innumerable circumstances which impinge upon life: his temperament, his industry, his ambitions, his health, his ability to make friends, the quality and the urgency of his emotions. The intelligence tests are but tests; they need to be supplemented, in the education of children, by as much common sense, as much thought and sympathy, and by as much fine teaching and training by parents and teachers as have always been necessary. Teaching is needed and testing is needed; but no matter how efficient the testing may become and how much it may assist in teaching, teaching is and will continue to be more important than testing.

Another offshoot of the new psychology is what I may call a new philosophy of education. Briefly stated, this is that education is not only or not primarily a preparation for life, it is life; or, if considered a preparation, it is preparation for life by means of participation in life. Biologically, a human being, like any other animal, is a finished product of nature only when he has come into possession of his powers, when he can fend for himself and can propagate and rear his offspring. Not by keeping our eyes eternally focused on what we want the child to become when he is a man shall we make a man of him; but by seeing to it that he gets the most out of his life when he is an infant, a boy, a youth, allowing his instincts and interests full play and giving them full work. And it is through his own activity that he grows, it is through his own doing that he learns.

This philosophy of education accords with common sense and with the new psychology. It takes full account of the sensory and motor nature of the child, of his instincts and interests as they come and go, of individual differences, of the manner in which his intellect and his emotions behave. It is the best philosophy of education, because it works best in education, because it fits in and joins on with the realities of life, because it utilizes to the full and at the moment they are richest and most significant all those interests and powers and desires which

nature has given us. A boy is not a little man, a girl is not a little woman, declares the new philosophy of education; they are what they are, and what they are is what the past, including both heredity and environment, has made them and what the present is making of them — and what they are making of the present. To be sure, they have reachings-up to maturity, but these too are a natural part and substance of what they are here and now, which we will recognize and use in their education.

The fourth element is the new sociology. This has its origin partly in the new psychology and philosophy, and partly in our ever-growing passion for democracy. For it has become more evident every year both that a democratic society is the only society which will satisfy the modern mind and that the only way in which we can make a democratic society practicable is by universal education. This means not only an education for all the children of all the people, but an education that will bring each person to a full realization of all his powers, enable each person to journey happily and prosperously to his appointed destination. Nothing short of a close approximation to this ideal will satisfy the new sociology. To that end we have enlarged and expanded our school system, to that end we have enriched our curriculum and made more effective and natural our methods of teaching — that any person and all persons may go to school at any time and may secure at school the training and education which each one needs to fit him for his particular interests and calling. Today, as never before, society realizes its obligations to all its members, realizes that to maintain a well-balanced, close-knit, interdependent society, each member of it must be prepared by education to take his full share, to do his full work, his own individual work, thereby making his individual contribution to the group of which he is a member. If one person, one farmer or carpenter or coal-miner or school teacher, fails to measure up to his possibilities, it is not he alone but all of us who suffer, it is society as a unit that is impaired.

And now having spoken of the new psychology, the new plan of measurements, the new philosophy, and the new sociology, I shall present some of their substantial achievements in education. These rank themselves under three heads: the new school system, the new curriculum, and the new methods of teaching.

Perhaps new school "system" is hardly the phrase, but I do not know what phrase is more accurate. Consider what has come to pass in our generation. We have made and enforced compulsory attendance laws and child labor laws, that each boy and girl may have freedom to go to school. We have built kindergartens and elementary schools everywhere, we have built high schools in every community, rural and urban, and we are setting out to build junior colleges in every large center, that each child may have a school near his home and may obtain a complete education. To accommodate our system to the need and nature of children, to hold them longer and serve them better, we have established junior high schools. We provide the schools, the teachers, the textbooks, and, if necessary, we transport the children back and forth. We construct larger and better and more expensive buildings, we install in them better equipment. We have longer terms of school. We insist that teachers be trained for teaching. We employ special supervisors and teachers, nurses, psychologists, and statisticians. Consider, too, what we have done and are doing in regard to special educational institutions: schools for the blind and deaf, for the crippled and the defective and the retarded, that each child may come into the fullest possible realization of his powers and become as useful and as happy as he can be. We have established art schools, music schools, trade schools, vocational schools of every kind, in recognition of the truth that to be of service to himself and others each person must be educated in his special interests and occupations. We have called into being part-time schools, alteration schools, continuation schools, short-term schools, and extension schools, in order that those

who are already engaged in work may learn how to do their work better, or, if they find themselves in the wrong vocation, may have an opportunity to shift to something else.

All this costs money, a great deal of money. And the money has been forthcoming because we have been convinced that it is not only the duty of society but indeed manifest wisdom to educate each person toward possession and utilization of his own individual powers. We have got the money not so much by increasing taxation as by the simple expedient of enlarging the unit of taxation, making it the state and to some extent the nation. Thus money has flowed from the rich communities to the poorer ones, often from the industrial centers to the rural sections, leveling up inequalities, making education truly democratic. And this is only just. Society as a whole must provide educational opportunities for each member and each group, else society as a whole is impaired and impoverished.

A still more remarkable achievement of the new education is the creation of a new school curriculum. Resulting directly from the new psychology and the new philosophy and urged on by the new sociology, our courses of study from the kindergarten up through the university have been so transformed that they are scarcely recognizable. The change, of course, is more marked in the upper reaches of the common schools, in the grammar grades and the high school. But the lower grades have felt the refreshing and enriching influence of the new ideas, and the universities, shadowed monasteries of conservatism as many of them are, are beginning to be opened up to the sun of the new day.

A high school or a college curriculum consisting of fixed and formal English, of cut-and-dried history, of remote and theoretical science, of inert mathematics, and of dead languages, never accomplished a small fraction of what it professed to accomplish, even when those who subjected themselves to it were of the type who might reasonably be expected to secure an education through it. It implied that all of these persons were so similar

that they needed the same education and that only those subjects offered were of value to professional people, and it required a lengthy apprenticeship and a very roundabout preparation for the technical study of a profession. Even in those days and for its professed purposes, it was a poor make-believe. In these days it is absurd, almost unbelievably absurd. For now we invite to our school all the children, all the wards of society, the myriad-minded mob, boys and girls with varying talents and needs and wishes, with divergent hopes and ambitions and purposes; and no curriculum designed only for the few will meet their needs. And furthermore we know that the only way to prepare for life is to engage in life under guidance. We know that only by following the channel of the children's interests can we conduct them to happiness and success.

The new curriculum, therefore, is made up of those subjects and activities which are of interest and thereby of value to children in that age and stage of development at which at any time they find themselves. Those subjects or parts of subjects which offer no convincing proof that they influence the present and current life of the children are dropped, to be replaced by those which do influence, immediately and directly. A few of the old-time subjects are retained, though considerably altered, as requirements for all, and many other subjects, enough to provide each child with the knowledge and the training he needs for his work, are added — to as great an extent, of course, as the money at our command will permit.

This is not to recommend a premature vocational curriculum, either in the high school or in the college or university. As much vital general education as is feasible must be insisted upon, but it must be vital. English will be retained; though, unless English teachers "liberalize" and "humanize" their subject, much of it will be cut off. Some history and science will be left, as much as has any significance for high school and college students. And we shall add the new liberal subjects: civics, sociology, economics, psychology, study of vocations, geography,

vital physical science, music, games, and dancing, all as humanistic as anyone could desire; then we shall include those practical subjects and arts which everyone should have some knowledge of and mastery of: arithmetic and a few useful algebraic and geometric operations, hygiene and sanitation, home-making, gardening, and other manual activities of various kinds.

Paralleling closely the development of the new curriculum have sprung up the new methods of teaching. Speaking accurately, there are no methods of teaching: there are only methods of learning — which is to say, we teach only when the pupils learn. And our pupils learn in school just as they learn in life, except that we hope to make their learning in school more economical of time and energy, to direct it into profitable channels, to harness it up and organize it more efficiently. The old method of instruction, of telling, of lecturing, of pouring in, of textbook conning, the old method of fixing a course of study, then forcing the children to walk up and swallow it, the old method of teaching the subject rather than the children, these have no place in the modern school. We know that no person can teach another person, he can but bring about conditions under which the other person can learn, by which learning is made pleasant, stimulating, rapid, almost inevitable.

Hence we have what we call motivation. This consists in bringing about conditions and introducing subject matter or educational activity in such a way that the pupils are moved to learning and acting by their own desire, for the purpose of obtaining or attaining something they want or know they need at the time. Then there is what we call socialization, which consists essentially in bringing the class together into a compact, unified social group, similar to a natural social group outside of school, so that they pool their knowledge, their experience, their abilities, act and react upon one another, affect one another's opinions and conduct, learn from one another, and accomplish a group task, each individual, however, contributing what his special knowledge and powers enable him to contribute. We

have, too, the project method, when this socialized procedure is employed on a task or sequence of tasks of some magnitude, and results in a substantial, objective group result. It is the problem method when the knowledge to be gained or the work to be accomplished is shaped as a question to be answered, a way to be found, a problem to be solved, by means, of course, of organizing and applying the information and experience we already have. We recognize the sensory and motor nature of the children by use of objects and pictures, by dramatization, by field trips and laboratory activities. We bring the life, around-the-school into school by a continual calling upon experience and observation of life-around-the-school, and we take the school out into the community by testing and applying our ideas and conclusions to the facts and conditions of the community, the shuttle always weaving the two modes of life together.

This, then, is my analysis and my interpretation of the new education. It would be easy to make a synthesis, to show that all these seven elements are component parts of one organic whole, all movements in one great campaign. The new psychology, and its plan of measurements, the philosophy and sociology which animate education to-day, and the school system, curriculum, and methods that are their objective results, all stand out in bold contrast to those of an older day and generation. And it all stands — or falls — together. But it stands! I do not say it is without flaw. I know what the objectors say: that it is enfeebled by "soft pedagogy," that it is tainted by a narrow utilitarianism. And I concede that here are points of danger. Doubtless we have yet far to go before we have worked out an educational philosophy and method that are completely sound and satisfying. But we have made remarkable progress. Never in the history of the world since the first school was established have we had a theory and art of teaching, a system of education, as effective, as nearly perfect, as that founded and fostered by the new education.

AIMS IN AMERICAN EDUCATION[1]

Charles E. Hughes

Self-discipline rather than the softer thing known as self-expression is the central note in Secretary Hughes's thoughtful address, and self-discipline means not merely self-education but self-education through difficult studies, difficult tasks, difficult achievements. Even your specialty, the study which you like best and in which you are most proficient, should have its difficulties; otherwise, though there may be instruction, there will not be discipline. The old question of the relative allotments of the scientific and the classical in your chosen course gives place here to the more urgent necessity of studying something that will add increased bulge and sinewy hardness to your mental muscles. The sentence that will linger longest with me is: "My mother's insistence on the daily exercises in mental arithmetic has been worth more to me than all the delightful dallyings with intellectual pleasures I have ever had." Is the content or spirit of this address at variance with that of the preceding selection?

IT is idle for those who are distressed by some of the tendencies of our time to indulge the notion that there will be a diminution of popular control or increase of respect for mere tradition or authority. The will of the people will be expressed and slight hindrances will be interposed to the satisfaction of their desires. As the restraints we believe to be important to our security and progress must be self-imposed, there is no reason why we should entertain the delusion that democracy will confer blessings except in so far as it represents the rule of an intelligent and cultured people.

We cannot fail to be gratified by the evidence on every hand of an increased demand for educational opportunity, and it is most encouraging to observe the extraordinary efforts that are being made, especially in the field of higher education, to provide

[1] An address delivered at the meeting of the National Educational Association, July 4, 1922, at Boston, Massachusetts. Reproduced by permission.

new facilities. Public funds are available to an unprecedented extent, while the outpourings of private benevolence have gone beyond anything that we have hitherto deemed to be possible. But it is also apparent that there is much confusion with respect to standards and aims and that there will be little gain in considering the mechanism of education until we have re-examined the more fundamental needs.

It is not likely that there will be lack of opportunity for vocational education, — for the sort of training which will fit men and women to earn a living. The exigencies of our complex life are too apparent and the rewards too obvious to admit of neglect; and we shall have whatever vocational or technical schools are required. But democracy cannot live on bread alone. It is not enough that one shall be able to earn a living, or a good living. This is the foundation but not the structure. What is needed is to have life more abundantly.

From the standpoint of the individual the exclusively materialistic view is inadmissible, for the individual life should be enriched with the ampler resources of a wider culture. What is most important, however, in view of our social and civic needs, is that the door of hope should be kept open by maintaining the opportunities and standards of general education, — thus giving to those who start amid the direst necessities and with the most slender advantages the chance to rise. This is of especial importance to our working people, who are not to be viewed as mere economic units but as our co-laborers in the great enterprise of human progress. The American ideal — and it must be maintained if we are to mitigate disappointment and unrest — is the ideal of equal educational opportunity, not merely for the purpose of enabling one to know how to earn a living, and to fit into an economic status more or less fixed, but of giving play to talent and aspiration and to the development of mental and spiritual powers.

It is impossible to provide a system of general education and ignore the need of discipline. The sentimentalists are just as

dangerous as the materialists. No one will dispute the importance of making study interesting, of recognizing the individual bent or special gifts. But the primary lesson for the citizens of democracy is self-control, and this is achieved only through self-discipline. As I look back upon my own experience I find that the best lessons of life were the hardest. Even along the line of special aptitude it is the severe mental exercise, the overcoming of real obstacles, that counts. My mother's insistence on the daily exercises in mental arithmetic has been worth more to me than all the delightful dallyings with intellectual pleasures I have ever had. Life is not a pastime and democracy is not a holiday excursion. It needs men trained to think, whose mental muscles are hard with toil, who know how to analyze and discriminate, who stand on the firm foundation of conviction which is made possible only by training in the processes of reason. The sentimentalists must not be allowed to ruin us by dissipating the energy that should be harnessed for our varied needs.

When we consider the true object of education, to give the training which will enable one to make the most — that is the best — of oneself, we must realize that the foundation should be laid in a few studies of the highest value, in self-discipline, and that there should be supplied every incentive to attain that mental and spiritual culture which connotes, not merely knowledge and skill, but character. This means self-denial, hard work, the inspiration of teachers with vision, and an appreciation of the privileges and obligations of citizenship in democracy.

In elementary schools, it means that sort of training which insists, at whatever cost, on the mastery by the student of the subject before him, on accuracy — the lack of which, I regret to say, is now conspicuous in students of all grades — the correct use of our language, and the acquisition of that modicum of information which everyone should possess.

In the secondary schools (our high schools and academies) it means that we should stop scattering. There is at present

a bewildering and unsuccessful attempt at comprehensiveness. It fails of its purpose in giving neither adequate information nor discipline. It asks too much of the student, and too little. I believe that we need to have a few fundamental, substantial studies which are thoroughly mastered. I am one of those who believe in the classical and mathematical training, and I do not think that we have found any satisfactory substitute for it. But the important point is the insistence upon concentration and thoroughness. The function of the secondary school is not to teach everything but really to teach something, to lay the basis for the subsequent, and more definitely specialized, intellectual endeavor.

I think, also, that we have done too much to encourage intellectual vagrancy in college. Of course there should be opportunity to select courses having in view definite scholastic aims, but we have gone so far that a "college education," outside of technical schools, may mean little or nothing. It is a time for reconstruction and for the establishment of definite requirements by which there will be secured better mental discipline, more accurate information, and appropriate attention to the things of deepest value which make for the enrichment of the whole life of the student.

We have given too scant attention to the demands of training for citizenship. This implies adequate knowledge of our institutions, of their development and actual working. It means more than this in a world of new intimacies and complexities. It means adequate knowledge of other peoples, and for this purpose there is nothing to take the place of the humanities, of the study of literature and history. When I speak of the study of history I do not mean a superficial review, but the earnest endeavor to understand the life of peoples, their problems and aspirations. And at this time it is not simply or chiefly the history of a distant past that it is most important to know; it is recent history, with sufficient acquaintance with the past to understand the extraordinary happenings and developments

which have taken place in our own time, so that through a just and clear discernment our young men and women may properly relate themselves to the duties and opportunities of their generation.

We must not forget the many schools of experience, in one or more of which every American must take his course, but what we have regarded as the American character, that which we delight to praise as the dominant American opinion because of its clear, practical, and intelligent view of affairs, has resulted from the inter-action of the influences of the colleges and universities on the one hand and of these schools of experience on the other. We cannot afford to do without either. And the most pressing need of our day is attention to the organization of American education.

EDUCATION AS A POSSIBLE CURE FOR CROWD-THINKING [1]

EVERETT DEAN MARTIN

In the Foreword to his book Mr. Martin says that the reader "may feel that the solution to which I have come — namely, a new educational method — is too vague." It is. In fact there are other essays in our collection which seem to me to suggest a better remedy for the ills of crowd-mindedness than the remedy proffered by Mr. Martin. His pages, however, will amply repay a close reading. The great author on the subject of crowd-phenomena is, of course, Gustave Le Bon, whose book, *Psychologie des foules* (1895), translated as *The Crowd, a Study of the Popular Mind*, first brought the subject prominently into the foreground. Le Bon showed that the crowd-mind is essentially different from the individual minds that compose it and that an element of the unconscious enters frequently into crowd-moods and crowd-deeds. "The crowd, however," says Le Bon, "may be better or worse than the individual. All depends on the nature of the suggestion to which the crowd is exposed. . . . Doubtless a crowd is often criminal, but also it is often heroic." In Mr. Martin's ten chapters I find no admission of the heroic.

WE have seen that Democracy in and of itself is no more sure a guarantee of liberty than other forms of government. This does not necessarily mean that we have been forced by our psychological study into an argument against the idea of democracy as such. In fact, it cannot be denied that this form of human association may have decided advantages, both practical and spiritual, if we set about in the right way to realize them. It does not follow that, because the franchise is exercised by all, democracy must necessarily be an orgy of mob rule. If, under our modern political arrangements, it has been shown that the crowd presumes to regulate acts and thought processes

[1] From *The Behavior of Crowds*, 1920, Chapter X. Used by permission of the publishers, Harper & Brothers.

hitherto considered purely personal matters, it is also true that the dominance of any particular crowd has, in the long run, been rendered less absolute and secure by the more openly expressed hostility of rival crowds. But crowd-behavior has been known in all historic periods. Democracy cannot be said to have caused it. It may be a mere accident of history that the present development of crowd-mindedness has come along with that of democratic institutions. Democracy has indeed given new kinds of crowds their hope of dominance. It has therefore been made into a cult for the self-justification of various modern crowds.

The formula for realizing a more free and humane common life will not be found in any of the proffered cure-alls and propagandas which to-day deafen our ears with their din. Neither are we now in such possession of the best obtainable social order that one would wish to preserve the *status quo* against all change, which would mean, in other words, the survival of the present ruling crowds. Many existing facts belie the platitudes which these crowds speak in their defense, just as they lay bare the hidden meaning of the magic remedies which are proposed by counter-crowds. There is no single formula for social redemption, and the man who has come to himself will refuse to invest his faith in any such thing — which does not mean, however, that he will refuse to consider favorably the practical possibilities of any proposed plan for improving social conditions.

The first and greatest effort must be to *free democracy from crowd-mindedness, by liberating our own thinking*. The way out of this complex of crowd compulsions is the solitary part of self-analysis and intellectual courage. It is the way of Socrates, and Protagoras, of Peter Abelard, and Erasmus, and Montaigne, of Cervantes and Samuel Butler, of Goethe and Emerson, of Whitman and William James.

Just here I know that certain conservatives will heartily agree with me. "That is it," they will say; "begin with the individual." Yes, but which individual shall we begin with?

Most of those who speak thus mean, begin with some other individual. Evangelize the heathen, uplift the poor, Americanize the Bolshevists, do something to some one which will make him like ourselves; in other words, bring him into our crowd. The individual with whom I would begin is myself. Somehow or other if I am to have individuality at all it will be by virtue of being an individual, a single, "separate person." And that is a dangerous and at present a more or less lonely thing to do. But the problem is really one of practical psychology. We must come out of the crowd-self, just as, before the neurotic may be normal, he must get over his neurosis. To do that he must trace his malady back to its source in the unconscious, and learn the meaning of his conscious behavior as it is related to his unconscious desires. Then he must do a difficult thing — he must *accept the fact of himself at its real worth.*

It is much the same with our crowd-mindedness. If psycho-analysis has therapeutic value by the mere fact of revealing to the neurotic the hidden meaning of his neurosis, then it would seem that an analysis of crowd-behavior such as we have tried to make should be of some help in breaking the hold of the crowd upon our spirits, and thus freeing democracy to some extent from quackery.

To see behind the shibboleths and dogmas of crowd-thinking the "cussedness" — that is, the primitive side — of human nature at work, is a great moral gain. At least the "cussedness" cannot deceive us any more. We have won our greatest victory over it when we drag it out into the light. We can at least wrestle with it consciously, and maybe, by directing it to desirable ends, it will cease to be so "cussed," and become a useful servant. No such good can come to us so long as this side of our nature is allowed its way only on condition that it paint its face and we encourage it to talk piously of things which it really does not mean. Disillusionment may be painful both to the neurotic and to the crowd-man, but the gain is worth the shock to our pride. The ego, when better understood, becomes at

once more highly personalized because more conscious of itself, and more truly social because better adjusted to the demands of others. It is this socialized and conscious selfhood which is both the aim and the hope of true democracy.

Such analysis may possibly give us the gift to see ourselves as others do not see us, as we have not wished them to see us, and finally enable us to see ourselves and others and to be seen by them as we really are.

We shall be free when we cease pampering ourselves, stop lying to ourselves and to one another, and give up the crowd-mummery in which we indulge because it happens to flatter our hidden weaknesses! In the end we shall only begin to solve the social problem when we can cease together taking refuge from reality in systems made up of general ideas that we should be using as tools in meeting the tasks from which as crowd-men and neurotics people run away; when we discontinue making use of commonly accepted principles and ideals as defense formations for shameful things in which we can indulge ourselves with a clear conscience only by all doing them together.

There must be an increase in the number of unambitious men, men who can rise above vulgar dilemmas and are deaf to crowd propaganda, men capable of philosophical tolerance, critical doubt and inquiry, genuine companionship, and voluntary co-operation in the achievement of common ends, free spirits who can smile in the face of the mob, who know the mob and are not to be taken in by it.

All this sounds much like the old gospel of conviction of sin and repentance; perhaps it is just that. We must think differently, change our minds. Again and again people have tried the wide way and the broad gate, the crowd-road to human happiness, only to find that it led to destruction in a *cul-de-sac*. Now let us try the other road, "the strait and narrow path." The crowd-path leads neither to self-mastery nor social blessedness. People in crowds are not thinking together; they are not thinking at all, save as a paranoiac thinks. They are not

working together; they are *only sticking together*. We have leaned on one another till we have all run and fused into a common mass. The democratic crowd to-day, with its sweet optimism, its warm "brotherly love," is a sticky, gooey mass which one can hardly touch and come back to himself clean. By dissolving everything in "one great union" people who cannot climb alone expect to ooze into the co-operative commonwealth or kingdom of heaven. I am sick of this oozing democracy. There must be something crystalline and insoluble left in democratic America. Somewhere there must be people with sharp edges that cut when they are pressed too hard, people who are still solid, who have impenetrable depths in them and hard facets which reflect the sunlight. They are the hope of democracy, these infusible ones.

To change the figure, may their tribe increase. And this is the business of every educator who is not content to be a faker. What we need is not only more education, but a different kind of education. There is more hope in an illiterate community where people hate lying than in a high-school educated nation which reads nothing but trash and is fed up on advertising, newspapers, popular fiction, and propaganda.

In the foregoing chapter, reference was made to our traditional educational systems. The subject is so closely related to the mental habits of democracy that it would be difficult to overemphasize its importance for our study. Traditional educational methods have more often given encouragement to crowd-thinking than to independence of judgment. Thinking has been divorced from doing. Knowledge, instead of being regarded as the foresight of ends to be reached and the conscious direction of activity toward such ends, has been more commonly regarded as the copying of isolated things to be learned. The act of learning has been treated as if it were the passive reception of information imposed from without. The subject to be learned has been sequestered and set apart from experience as a whole, with the result that ideas easily come to be regarded as things

in themselves. Systems of thought are built up with little or no sense of their connection with everyday problems. Thus our present-day education prepares in advance both the ready-made logical systems in which the crowd-mind takes refuge from the concretely real and the disposition to accept truth second-hand upon the authority of another, which in the crowd-man becomes the spirit of conformity.

Even science, taught in this spirit, may be destructive of intellectual freedom. Professor Dewey says [1] that while science has done much to modify men's thoughts, still

> It must be admitted that to a considerable extent the progress thus procured has been only technical; it has provided more efficient means for satisfying pre-existent desires rather than modified the quality of human purposes. There is, for example, no modern civilization which is the equal of Greek culture in all respects. Science is still too recent to have been absorbed into imaginative and emotional disposition. Men move more swiftly and surely to the realization of their ends, but their ends too largely remain what they were prior to scientific enlightenment. This fact places upon education the responsibility of using science in a way to modify the habitual attitude of imagination and feeling, not leave it just an extension of our physical arms and legs. . . .
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> The problem of an educational use of science is, then, to create an intelligence pregnant with belief in the possibility of the direction of human affairs by itself. The method of science ingrained through education in habit means emancipation from rule of thumb and from the routine generated by rule of thumb procedure. . . .
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> That science may be taught as a set of formal and technical exercises is only too true. This happens whenever information about the world is made an end in itself. The failure of such instruction to procure culture is not, however, evidence of the antithesis of natural knowledge to humanistic concern, but evidence of a wrong educational attitude.

The new kind of education, the education which is to liberate the mind, will make much of scientific methods. But let us notice

[1] This and the succeeding quotation are from Professor Dewey's *Democracy and Education* (1916). (C. A. S.)

what it is to set a mind free. Mind does not exist in a vacuum, nor in a world of "pure ideas." The free mind is the functioning mind, the mind which is not inhibited in its work by any conflict within itself. Thought is not made free by the mere substitution of naturalistic for theological dogma. It is possible to make a cult of science itself. Crowd-propaganda is often full of pseudo-scientific jargon of this sort. Specialization in technical training may produce merely a high-class trained-animal man, of the purely reflex type, who simply performs a prescribed trick which he has learned, whenever an expected motorcue appears. In the presence of the unexpected such a person may be as helpless as any other animal. It is possible to train circus dogs, horses, and even horned toads, to behave in this same way. Much so-called scientific training in our schools to-day is of this sort. It results not in freedom, but in what Bergson would call the triumph of mechanism over freedom.

Science, to be a means of freedom — that is, science as culture — may not be pursued as pure theorizing apart from practical application. Neither may a calculating utilitarianism gain freedom to us by ignoring, in the application of scientific knowledge to given ends, a consideration of the ends themselves and their value for enriching human experience. It is human interest which gives scientific knowledge any meaning. Science must be taught in the humanist spirit. It may not ignore this quality of human interest which exists in all knowledge. To do so is to cut off our relations with reality. And the result may become a negation of personality similar to that with which the crowd compensates itself for its unconscious ego-mania.

The reference just made to Humanism leads us next to a consideration of the humanities. It has long been the habit of traditional education to oppose to the teaching of science the teaching of the classic languages and the arts, as if there were two irreconcilable principles involved here. Dewey says that

> Humanistic studies when set in opposition to study of nature are hampered. They tend to reduce themselves to exclusively literary

and linguistic studies, which in turn tend to shrink to "the classics," to languages no longer spoken. . . . It would be hard to find anything in history more ironical than the educational practices which have identified the "humanities" exclusively with a knowledge of Greek and Latin. Greek and Roman art and institutions made such important contributions to our civilization that there should always be the amplest opportunities for making their acquaintance. But to regard them as *par excellence* the humane studies involves a deliberate neglect of the possibilities of the subject-matter which is accessible in education to the masses, and tends to cultivate a narrow snobbery — that of a learned class whose insignia are the accidents of exclusive opportunity. Knowledge is humanistic in quality not because it is *about* human products in the past, but because of what it *does* in liberating human intelligence and human sympathy. Any subject-matter which accomplishes this result is humane and any subject matter which does not accomplish it is not even educational.

The point is that it is precisely what a correct knowledge of ancient civilization through a study of the classics *does* that our traditional educators most dread. William James once said that the good which came from such study was the ability to "know a good man when we see him." The student would thus become more capable of discriminating appreciation. He would grow to be a judge of values. He would acquire sharp likes and dislikes and thus set up his own standards of judgment. He would become an independent thinker and therefore an enemy of crowds. Scholars of the Renaissance knew this well, and that is why in their revolt against the crowd-mindedness of their day they made use of the *litterae humaniores* to smash to pieces the whole dogmatic system of the Middle Ages.

With the picture of ancient life before him the student could not help becoming more cosmopolitan in spirit. Here he got a glimpse of a manner of living in which the controlling ideas and fixations of his contemporary crowds were frankly challenged. Here were witnesses to values contrary to those in which his crowd had sought to bring him up in a docile spirit. Inevitably his thinking would wander into what his crowd considered forbidden paths. One cannot begin to know the ancients

as they really were without receiving a tremendous intellectual stimulus. After becoming acquainted with the intellectual freedom and courage and love of life which are almost everywhere manifest in the literature of the ancients, something happens to a man. He becomes acquainted with himself as a valuing animal. Few things are better calculated to make free spirits than these very classics, once the student "catches on."

But that is just the trouble; from the Renaissance till now, the crowd-mind, whether interested politically, morally, or religiously; whether Catholic, or Protestant, or merely Rationalist, has done its level best to keep the student from "catching on." Educational tradition, which is for the most part only systematized crowd-thinking, has perverted the classics into instruments for producing spiritual results of the very opposite nature from the message which these literatures contain. Latin and Greek are taught for *purposes of discipline.* The task of learning them has been made as difficult and as uninteresting as possible, with the idea of forcing the student to do something he dislikes, of whipping his spirit into line and rendering him subservient to intellectual authority. Thus, while keeping up the external appearance of culture, the effect is to make the whole thing so meaningless and unpleasant that the student will never have the interest to try to find out what it is all about.

I have said that the sciences and classics should be approached in the "humanistic" spirit. The humanist method must be extended to the whole subject-matter of education, even to a revaluation of knowing itself. I should not say *even*, but *primarily.* It is impossible here to enter into an extended discussion of the humanist theories of knowledge as contrasted with the traditional or "intellectualist" theories. But since we have seen that the conscious thinking of the crowd-mind consists in the main of abstract and dogmatic logical systems, similar to the "rationalizations" of the paranoiac, it is important to note the bearing of humanism upon these logical systems wherever they are found.

A number of years ago, while discussing certain phases of this subject with one of the physicians in charge of a large hospital for the insane, the significance of education for healthy mental life was brought out with great emphasis. It was at the time when psychiatrists were just beginning to make use of analytical psychology in the treatment of mental and nervous disorders.

"The trouble with a great many of our patients," said my friend, "is the fact that they have been wrongly educated."

"Do you mean," I said, "that they have not received proper moral instruction?"

"Yes, but by the proper moral instruction I do not mean quite the same thing that most people mean by that. It all depends on the way in which the instruction is given. Many of these patients are the mental slaves of convention. They have been terrified by it; its weight crushes them; when they discover that their own impulses or behavior are in conflict with what they regard as absolute standards, they cannot bear the shock. They do not know how to use morality; they simply condemn themselves; they seek reconciliation by all sorts of crazy ideas which develop into psychoneurosis. And the only hope there is of cure for them is re-education. The physician, when it is not too late, often to do any good has to become an educator."

The practice of psychoanalysis as a therapeutic method is really hardly anything more than re-education. The patient must first be led to face the fact of himself as he really is; then he must be taught to revalue conventional ideas in such a way that he can use these ideas as instruments with which he may adjust himself in the various relations of life. This process of education, in a word, is humanistic. It is pragmatic; the patient is taught that his thinking is a way of functioning; that ideas are instruments, ways of acting. He learns to value these tendencies to act and to find himself through the mastery of his own thinking.

Now we have seen that the neurosis is but one path of escape from this conflict of self with the imperatives and abstract ideas through which social control is exercised. The second way is to deny, unconsciously, the true meaning of these ideas, and this,

as we have seen, is crowd-thinking. Here, as in the other case, the education which is needed is that which acquaints the subject with the functional nature of his own thinking, which directs his attention to results, which dissolves the fictions into which the unconscious takes refuge, by showing that systems of ideas have no other reality than what they do and no other meaning than the difference which their being true makes in actual experience somewhere.

We have previously noted the connection between the intellectualist philosophies with their closed systems of ideas, their absolutists, and the conscious thinking of crowds. The crowd finds these systems ready-made and merely backs into them and hides itself like a hermit crab in a deserted seashell. It follows that the humanist, however social he may be, cannot be a crowd-man. He, too, will have his ideals, but they are not made-in-advance goods which all must accept; they are good only as they may be made good in real experience, true only when verified in fact. To such a mind there is no unctuousness, by which ideas may be fastened upon others without their assent. Nothing is regarded as so final and settled that the spirit of inquiry should be discouraged from efforts to modify and improve it.

Generalizations, such as justice, truth, liberty, and all other intellectualist- and crowd-abstractions, become to the humanist not transcendental things in themselves, but descriptions of certain qualities of behavior, actual or possible, existing only where they are experienced and in definite situations. He will not be swept into a howling mob by these big words; he will stop to see what particular things are they which in a given instance are to be called just, what particular hypothesis is it which it is sought to verify and thus add to the established body of truth, whose liberty is demanded and what, to be definite, is it proposed that he shall do with the greater opportunity for action. Let the crowd yell itself hoarse, chanting its abstract nouns made out of adjectives, the humanist will know that these

are but words and that the realities which they point to, if they have any meaning at all, are what "they are known as."

This humanist doctrine of the concreteness of the real is important. It is a reaffirmation of the reality of human experience. William James, who called himself a "radical empiricist," made much of this point. Experience may not be ruled out for the sake of an *a priori* notion of what this world ought to be. As James used to say, we shall never know what this world really is or is to become until the last man's vote is in and counted. Here, of course, is an emphasis upon the significance of unique personality which no crowd will grant. Crowds will admit personality as an abstract principle, but not as an active will having something of its own to say about the ultimate outcome of things.

Another important point in which humanism corrects crowd-thinking is the fact that it regards intellect as an instrument of acting, and not as a mere copyist of realities earthly or supermundane. Dewey says:[1]

If it be true that the self or subject of experience is part and parcel of the course of events, it follows that the self becomes a knower. It becomes a mind in virtue of a distinctive way of partaking in the course of events. The significant distinction is no longer between a knower *and* the world, it is between different ways of being in and of the movement of things; between a physical way and a purposive way. . . .

As a matter of fact the pragmatic theory of intelligence means that the function of mind is to project new and more complex ends to free experience from routine and caprice. Not the use of thought to accomplish purposes already given either in the mechanism of the body or in that of the existent state of society, but the use of intelligence to liberate and liberalize action, is the pragmatic lesson. . . . Intelligence as intelligence is inherently forward looking; only by ignoring its primary function does it become a means for an end already given. The latter is servile, even when the end is labeled moral, religious, esthetic. But action directed to ends to which the agent has not previously been attached inevitably carries with it a

[1] In *Creative Intelligence* (1917).

quickened and enlarged spirit. A pragmatic intelligence is a creative intelligence, not a routine mechanic.

Hence humanism breaks down the conformist spirit of crowds. From the simplest to the most complex, ideas are regarded as primarily motor, or, rather, as guides to our bodily movements among other things in our environment. James says that the stream of life which runs in at our eyes and ears is meant to run out at our lips, our feet, and our fingertips. Bergson says that ideas are like snapshots of a man running. However closely they are taken together, the movement always occurs between them. They cannot, therefore, give us reality, or the movement of life as such, but only cross-sections of it, which serve as guides in directing the conscious activity of life upon matter. According to James again, there are no permanently existing ideas, or impersonal ones; each idea is an individual activity, known only in the thinking, and is always thought *for a purpose*. As all thinking is purposive, and therefore partial, emphasizing just those aspects of things which are useful for our present problem, it follows that the sum total of partial views cannot give us the whole of it. Existence as a whole cannot be reduced to any logical system. The One and the Absolute are therefore meaningless and are only logical fictions, useful, says James, by way of allowing us a sort of temporary irresponsibility, or "moral holiday."

From all this follows the humanist view of Truth. Truth is nothing complete and existing in itself independent of human purpose. The word is a noun made out of an adjective, as I have said. An idea becomes true, says James, when it fits into the totality of our experience; truth is what we say about an idea when it works. It must be made true, by ourselves — that is, verified. Truth is therefore of human origin, frankly, man-made. To Schiller[1] it is the same as the good; it is the attainment of satisfactory relations within experience. Or, to

[1] The reference is to F. C. S. Schiller, professor of philosophy in Corpus Christi College, Oxford, author of *Studies in Humanism*, etc. (C. A. S.)

quote the famous humanist creed of Protagoras, as Schiller is so fond of doing, "Man is the measure of all things." The meaning of the word is precisely, for all purposes, its meaning for us. Its worth, both logical and moral, is not something given, but just what we through our activity are able to assign to it.

The humanist is thus thrown upon his own responsibility in the midst of concrete realities of which he as a knowing, willing being is one. His task is to make such modifications within his environment, physical and social, as will make his own activity and that of others with him richer and more satisfactory in the future.

The question arises — it is a question commonly put by crowd-minded people and by intellectual philosophers; Plato asks it of the Protagoreans — how, if the individual man is the measure of all things, is there to be any common measure? How any agreement? May not a thing be good and true for one and not for another? How, then, shall there be any getting together without an outside authority and an absolute standard? The answer, as Schiller and James showed, is obvious; life is a matter of adjustment. We each constitute a part of the other's environment. At certain points our desires conflict, our valuations are different, and yet our experience at these points overlaps, as it were. It is to our common advantage to have agreement at these points. Out of our habitual adjustments to one another, a body of mutual understanding and agreement grows up which constitutes the intellectual and moral order of life. But this order, necessary as it is, is still in the making. It is not something given; it is not a copy of something transcendent, impersonal, and final which crowds may write upon their banners and use to gain uniform submission for anything which they may be able to express in terms which are general and abstract. This order of life is purely practical; it exists for us, not we for it, and because we have agreed that certain things shall be right and true, it does not follow that righteousness

and truth are fixed and final and must be worshiped as pure ideas in such a way that the mere repetition of these words paralyzes our cerebral hemispheres.

Doubtless one of the greatest aids of the humanist way of thinking in bringing the individual to self-consciousness is the way in which it orients us in the world of present-day events. It inspires one to achieve a working harmony, not a fictitious haven of rest for the mind interested only in its relations to its own ideas. The unity which life demands of us is not that of a perfect rational system. It is rather the unity of a healthy organism all the parts of which can work together.

Cut up as we are into what Emerson called "fragments of men," I think we are particularly susceptible to crowd-thinking because we are so disintegrated. Thought and behavior must always be more or less automatic and compulsory where there is no conscious co-ordination of the several parts of it. It is partly because we are the heirs of such a patchwork of civilization that few people today are able to think their lives through. There can be little organic unity in the heterogeneous and unrelated aggregation of half-baked information, warring interests, and irreconcilable systems of valuation which are piled together in the modern man's thinking.

Life may not be reduced to a logical unity, but it is an organic whole for each of us, and we do not reach that organic unity by adding mutually exclusive partial views of it together.

Something happens to one who grasps the meaning of humanism; he becomes self-conscious in a new way. His psychic life becomes a fascinating adventure in a real world. He finds that his choices are real events. He is "set intellectually on fire," as one of our educators has correctly defined education. As Jung would doubtless say, he has "extroverted" himself; his libido, which in the crowd seeks to enhance the ego feeling by means of the mechanism which we have described, now is drawn out and attached to the outer world through the intellectual channel. Selfhood is realized in the satisfactoriness of the

results which one is able to achieve in the very fulness of his activity and the richness of his interests.

Such a free spirit needs no crowds to keep up his faith, and he is truly social, for he approaches his social relationships with intelligent discrimination and judgments of worth which are his own. He contributes to the social, not a copy or an imitation, not a childish wish-fancy furtively disguised, but a psychic reality and a new creative energy. It is only in the fellowship of such spirits, whatever political or economic forms their association may take, that we may expect to see the Republic of the Free.

TRUTH AND IMMORTALITY[1]

Charles Fletcher Dole

This admirably written essay does more than make reasonable the belief that "the hope of immortality, so far from being excluded from the realm of truth and reality, is involved in the essential structure of this realm." It presents truth itself in a new light, showing that it belongs to the realm of the invisible but none the less real, that there is no truth "except within this region of invisible realities," that truth is "that which fits the facts," that the thought of God fits the facts, and that the hope of immortality passes in just a few paces behind the thought of God. "The notion of God," says William James, in *Philosophical Conceptions and Practical Results*, 1898, "however inferior it may be in clearness to those mathematical notions so current in mechanical philosophy, has at least this practical superiority over them, that it guarantees an ideal order that shall be permanently preserved. A world with a God in it to say the last word may indeed burn up or freeze, but we then think of Him as still mindful of the old ideals and sure to bring them elsewhere to fruition; so that, where He is, tragedy is only provisional and partial, and shipwreck and dissolution not the absolutely final things. This need of an eternal moral order is one of the deepest needs of our breast. And those poets, like Dante and Wordsworth, who live on the conviction of such an order, owe to that fact the extraordinary tonic and consoling power of their verse." But Browning should not have been omitted. I have taken the liberty of indicating by Roman figures the four stages of the argument.

I

ONE everywhere finds people who have given up the hope of immortality or else regard it with extreme doubt. Forms of belief with which it has been associated have proved unthinkable to them. Worse yet, to hope for immortality seems not to be loyal to truth. "We want reality," they say. "We propose to

[1] Reprinted by permission from the *Harvard Theological Review*, April, 1909.

face the facts; we demand honest thinking. We have no use for dreams, however pleasant; we wish only truth." Mr. Huxley's famous letter to his friend Charles Kingsley expresses this attitude. Here is a man who, in the greatest of sorrows, feels obliged to put away comfort and hope in obedience to the demand of truth. It is not possible to divide his mind into exclusive compartments, and to indulge an ancient religious emotion on one side of himself, while on the other side he remains the conscientious student of science. He must keep his integrity at any cost to his feelings. No one can help admiring this type of mind. A multitude of people who have nothing like Mr. Huxley's rigor of conscience are immensely moved by the attitude of such men as he. If he could see no truth in immortality and had to remain an agnostic about it, why should we not be agnostics also?

I believe that Mr. Huxley was right in his insistence upon truth and conscience. I believe also that he was mistaken as to the relation between truth and the hope of immortality. I shall try to show in this paper that the hope of immortality, so far from being excluded from the realm of truth and reality, is involved in the essential structure of this realm. I shall have occasion to point out considerations to which I see no evidence that Mr. Huxley (and I use his name as the type of a considerable class) ever paid attention. The fact is, that the thinking men of the last century suffered an immense reaction in the tide of the new thoughts that came in with the scientific period of development. The first net impression was the sense of a loss of the fabric of ancient traditions and religions. It was not easy immediately to adjust one's eyes to the new light and to estimate what kind of a universe had been brought to view. I cannot doubt that if such minds as Mr. Huxley had only gone on to urge their splendid courage and loyalty a few steps farther, they would have come to the same constructive conclusions which their somewhat cautious negative work has vastly helped us of a later generation to reach.

II

Let us, however, put aside the subject of immortality for a while, and first ask the straight question: What is truth? Or, what constitutes reality? As with most ultimate questions, this is not easy precisely to say. The ultimate things appear always to be larger than our definitions. In a general and quite undogmatic sense we may say that truth is that which fits into its place or order. The untrue is that which does not fit, or match. We are using here a parable taken from outward things, but our thinking is none the worse because it falls into this form of illustration. Does not all thinking proceed by figures and symbols?

We make a simple statement: The earth is round. This is true, so far as the description "round" fits the shape of the earth. We know that it is not exactly true. Why is it not quite true? Because we have an idea of perfect roundness into which the earth, as it is, does not fit. We describe an occurrence, an accident perhaps, which we have witnessed. Our account may possibly express our view of the facts. Yet we can almost never make our description tell the exact story of what happened. Our senses are imperfect instruments of observation; our memories may play us false; our language is only a makeshift, and never quite conveys even our imperfect impressions of an event. Neither do our words — a system of makeshift symbols — always mean the same thing to another as they mean to us. No two pairs of eyes perhaps witness exactly the same occurrence. The question already begins to arise: Why, since the truth is so elusive, should we be so strenuous to insist upon it?

Our idea of reality is involved with our notion of truth. We hold that, behind impressions and sensations and the words that describe our feelings about things, there is some substance (call it matter or spirit as you please) which, so far as our description of it is exact, corresponds to, or matches with, the description. We do not pretend that we know or can know this substance,

as it is, but we think or assume that we know it at least in the form of its relations to us, and that its relations, as we discover them, translate the reality on the whole fairly well, as if by picture language, for all practical purposes.

We assume, too, or surmise (may we dare to say that we know?) that everything in this realm of reality that lies just behind all phenomena is related or matched together with everything else. To know the truth would be to know how things fit or are related together. To know all about a grain of sand would thus be to know all about the world. At any rate the phenomena — the picture language with which our minds are impressed through our eyes and ears and nerves of sense — come to us in the most elaborate network of relations, sometimes of mere juxtaposition, sometimes in relations of what we call cause and effect, always in a certain succession in time, always also suggestive of a unity, or order, or harmony, to which, if we knew enough, all would be found to belong. In other words, we surmise that truth, if we could get at it, would be the complete description of the order and unity of the world in and through all its parts and its motions.

We are now sailing audaciously over great depths in thought. If any one cares to object and question: How dare you surmise and assume so much? How dare you speak of fitnesses and order and relations of unity? we have to reply that we cannot help making these bold assumptions if we are going to think at all, or to investigate, or even to live sanely. Our interest and impulse to observe, and still more to try to order our observations into the form of science, spring from our conviction, or faith, that there is order and significance and unity to be discovered — in other words, that this is not chaos in which we live, but a universe. This is a faith; it certainly is not "solid fact" or knowledge. But the very idea of truth is bound up with the faith. If there were no reality corresponding to our view of things, if things did not fit together so as to spell out into intelligible meanings, if the net impression of the world was only an ash

heap and not a universe, what possible sense would there be in urging the necessity of truth? Truth is a postulate of faith, albeit an intellectual and not a supernatural kind of faith.

We know more about our own minds than we know of anything outside of us. Our minds impose certain forms of thinking upon us. Our minds instinctively work on the lines of order. They tend to expect relations of fitness and harmony. They are prompted by all kinds of stimuli to set up standards and ideals. They act under certain universal categories to inquire, Where? When? Why? To use a figure of speech, we may say that they behave like a kaleidoscope, which, turn it as you will, imposes color and order on the material within it. So it is the nature of intelligence to reflect everything which falls upon its mirror in forms of order. The mind seems to be made to construct, that is, to fit its material together, as a poet or architect does. The intelligence looks for and expects significance and unity. Even before it gets demonstration, it tends to proceed on its faith that its world is reasonable, or, at least, that there is a standard of reason and fitness into which, if things do not match, they are futile. Yes. Even when the doubting mind in its pessimist mood pronounces the world an illusion, or when the agnostic mind halts in doubt whether the universe means anything to man beyond his burial ground, this very pronouncement of desperation proceeds on the marvelous conception of a possible world of order and beauty with which, as a standard, the actual world is tried and found wanting.

Thus the most negative "truth" gets its meaning out of the depths of an intelligence that cannot help thinking in terms of reason and unity. Why tell the dismal truth, some one asks, that all things are vanity? Because the mind conceives the idea of a real world which puts a vain world to shame. It is the faith in at least the possibility of a real world that gives character to criticism, blasphemy, and denial.

What we call "reality," at every point, when we try to approach it, proves to be beyond anything that we distinctly

know or can define. Our thought of it arises, indeed, out of the region of our senses and by the aid of our instruments of research. It begins with "solid facts" (which are not solid at all, but merely our consciousness of relations in phenomena) and passes over at once into a realm, absolutely necessary to our thinking and living, and yet always beyond the touch of our senses. We have so many things, a, b, c, etc., given us as our working material, and presently we find x, y, z, into which the simple deliverances of our senses have been irresistibly transformed. The realm of what we call known values in things is not so real or necessary to us as is this realm of thoughts, of order, of fitnesses, and unity, with which alone truth is concerned. Truth is thus always $a + x$ or $b + z$; that is, the thing we get by our senses plus what our minds make of it by the act of the faith of reason, in trying to fit it as well as we can into a place in our realm of reality.

See how true this is in the very beginnings of our thought of the visible world. We call a stone hard and rough. This is the a and b of our knowledge. But we go a step further, and every atom of the stone is in motion. These atoms are unknown creations, x and y. We try to catch the atoms and weigh them and tell in how large platoons they march together. Presently we are not contemplating atoms at all, in the sense of hard bits of stuff. We are in the presence of infinitesimal tornadoes of force. Whatever now we decide to call this substance of the rock, whether matter, or atoms, or centers of force, or spirit, it is the name for our faith in an almighty and wonderful reality rather than an exact description of a solid fact that we know all about. Our conclusion — that is, the truth about matter — is the best makeshift or working theory that we can reach to fit together our experiences of what matter does for us. Truth challenges our modesty as much as the accuracy of our observation and description.

Take another simple statement of fact. We say that a certain line drawn on the paper is not straight. How do we know this? No one of us has ever seen a perfect line; yet we carry in our

minds the idea of straightness, or of circularity, which has only been suggested to us, but never realized. In the realm of our thought, the idea of the straight line or the perfect circle is essential. It is more real, though invisible, than any line that we see. We are so made that, while intelligence survives, this idea will live with us when all visible lines are expunged. Truth in lines and forms is measured by this ideal and most actual standard. However this standard may have grown out of our experience, it always transcends experience. It is indeed a necessity of our thought.

We catch sight now of a group of standards and ideals, all different from the actual "facts" of life, related to the facts, suggested perhaps by the facts, but always above the facts, and quite as essential to our practical use of the facts as the yardstick or the standard pound is essential in buying and selling. Every utility or convenience, a comfortable dwelling, a hygienic system of plumbing, a proper suit of clothes or pair of shoes, presupposes an ideal, invisible standard of thoroughness and excellence of workmanship. We say that the suit fits; we say that the foundation wall is true. We proceed at every practical issue by ideal standards which no work of man ever completely reached. The ideal of what a house or a ship should be is more real than the actual construction. Moreover, we believe that, if we knew more, we should see even a nobler ideal of fitness and truth than that by which we now measure our workmanship. Our ideal is like the asymptote, always approximating, but never quite touching, the invisible ultimate ideals toward which our faith, guided by each new access of experience, climbs.

We are introduced immediately into the realm of beauty. To the eyes of the artist or poet there is nothing so actual as the vision of beautiful objects that the visible universe only suggests, but never quite realizes, or can realize, in material form. Our true humanity has not begun till we love these visions of beauty and strive to keep their company. Thus, there is nothing in the world more wonderful and mysterious than the facts, the forms,

and the power of music. It arises out of noises and sound waves, but it consists in harmonies which ally it to the ideal kingdom of mathematics. Its delight is in the fact that it fits and satisfies our ears. It demands truth or fidelity in the musician; it depends upon the attunement and the perfect time of his instrument. The standard is always beyond his best effort. This standard, which no man ever reaches, is more real than any of his work.

Why must the artist or the musician obey the law of this quite ideal vision or standard? Why must the violinist play up to a degree of perfection that no one can reach? Why must the painter follow his vision, though he may never be thanked or rewarded, and though the work of the "pot-boiler" may bring him cheap fame and pay? The fact is that man, at his best, belongs to an ideal world, which, once being entered upon, becomes more real than the solid ground under his feet. There is no truth, except within this region of invisible realities.

All the moralities now face us with their commanding presences. "Duty, stern daughter of the voice of God," is here. Conscience sets up its imperative, the strange word "ought." We can get along quite well for a little way with a superficial explanation of morality. We may say that it is merely customary conduct, imitating the traditions and usages of a tribe or a family. We may say that it arises out of social expediency. All this is true. The point which we urge is that all morality, however simply it arises, moves up into the realm of ideal values. In other words, truth in morals is more than the mere fitness of an action to a custom or tradition or an act of legislation; it is the effort to fit a standard or ideal that no words, least of all the terms of an enactment, can define. Take Mr. Haeckel's insistence upon the scientist's duty to say what he thinks. You cannot measure this duty in terms of expediency, any more than you can rate a beautiful painting in so many dollars. You cannot describe how far the scientist must go in his telling the truth, any more than you can say how far the musician shall go in his

effort after perfection of tone and harmony. You cannot prove that it will do Mr. Haeckel any material good to tell the truth, or even that his truth will do the world any good. Yet we all agree with Mr. Haeckel that he must tell the truth, even if the whole world holds up its hands in horror at him. This idea of an absolute or infinite duty to truth is in another realm from that of the "solid facts" of the man on the street. It belongs in the realm of the ideal and invisible, and what, for want of any better term, we call the spiritual. But the man on the street applauds it, and believes in it, and owns that it is more real and permanent than the stones under his feet. Yes, it is a part of his being.[1]

Consider, again, the ideal of wedded love. There is nothing that we behold more real and yet more wonderful. It has its rise on the animal side of us. It is related to the bodily senses and to passion. It has a strange, gross, sensual history of ages behind it. It hardly yet more fairly emerges into the higher consciousness of the average man. The woman is still a chattel or plaything in the eyes of multitudes of brutish men. Nevertheless, here stands the ideal of true marriage and a love mutual, loyal, devoted, constant, undying, which no two lovers ever succeeded altogether in compassing, yet without which real love hardly exists. This love already orders thousands of homes. It commands the consciences of a host of people who only feebly live up to its splendid "ought." It brings joy and satisfaction wherever men and women obey it. Under its beneficent rule the passions and senses themselves are at their highest perfection of use, and children are born under auspices most favorable for their health and happiness. The word "home" gets all its wealth of significance from this ideal reality of love.

What, now, is truth in the marriage relation? It does not merely mean to hold to a verbal promise or to obey the laws of the state. It means nothing less than fitness of act and thought, and of temper also, to an ideal standard beyond and above all

[1] The lack of clear recognition of the fundamental idea of truth in Mr. William James's *Pragmatism* is perhaps the chief fault in his treatment.

words. Once seeing this ideal, we become base and unworthy to fall away from it. Who in England had a loftier sense of this reality than Mr. Huxley had? What a world of ethical reality he lived in and belonged to!

Consider a moment the almost new sense of humane social relations that slowly tends to prevail among men. You can always make out a case for the grim rule of selfishness, more or less enlightened. You can say that the law of life is the survival of the fittest; you can translate human realities into animal, military, and commercial terms. You can say, "Every man for himself," and "Every man has his price." Why is it that no man can ever be content in saying such things? No man who is a man really believes that these things are quite true. What, then, do we all, at our best, hold to be true of social relations? We believe in an unwritten law, quite ideal, beyond the range of all human rewards or penalties. This law bids us each and all to share our good things with one another; it bids us be ready to suffer and die for the common good — not merely for the nation, but for humanity, for those whom we have never seen, for those unborn. It bids us let our own selfish will go, in the name of a universal good will. It sets up martyrs rather than kings, Jesus rather than Caesar, Lincoln and not Napoleon, for the admiration of the world. There is no true man who does not, at his best, bow to this kind of ideal. Here is a touch of the infinite in man. There is no finite range to the bounds of his duty.

There is a philosophy that undertakes to explain everything in terms of mechanics. Whatever a man does, or thinks, or feels is registered in the changes of motion in nerve cells. First comes the change in a cell, as the man's senses are moved from without and then, as if pulled by a wire, thought and consciousness follow. No one doubts the fact of this registry of deeds and thoughts. Does it explain anything? Does it not rather leave a world of mystery still to be explained? For consciousness is infinitely more wonderful than motion or mechanics, which in no way ex-

plain consciousness. The great overpowering fact of life is not the mechanical motion in a man's brain, but the vast range of his consciousness. His life, however related to the brain cells, is not real life at all till it rises into consciousness. All reality, in fact, lies in the field of consciousness, without which we could not even know anything about the mechanics of motion or the elementary differences between greater and less, higher and lower, better and worse.

Moreover, so far as consciousness tells any truth, it tells us of moral and spiritual sequences that daily alter the flow of our lives, and in the aggregate make and alter the meaning of history. The story of a hero, a bit of a psalm, "a passage from Euripides,"[1] strikes our consciousness, and we become, at least for the moment, changed men in our conduct. The alteration of conduct, itself touching material facts, perhaps costing hard-earned money, or risking labor and life, is a spiritual or humane or social change in us. Its value consists in ideal terms, such as happiness, contentment, satisfaction.

We have used the word "happiness." What is this thing that everyone wants, that no one can exactly define, that begins in the plane of creature comforts, and rises into all manner of ideal relations? Our thought of what truth is helps us to answer this question. Truth is fitness, harmony, the unison of relations. The happy life, then, is the life in which all the parts fit and match and make unity. The body is well and serves the man; the mind is sane, the conscience is enlightened and prompt to

[1] This quotation, used also by Dr. Slosson in a preceding selection, has reference probably to a line in *Bishop Blougram's Apology* by Browning:

> "Just when we are safest, there's a sunset-touch,
> A fancy from a flower-bell, some one's death,
> A chorus-ending from Euripides, —
> And that's enough for fifty hopes and fears
> As old and new at once as nature's self,
> To rap and knock and enter in our soul,
> Take hands and dance there, a fantastic ring,
> Round the ancient idol, on his base again, —
> The grand Perhaps!" (C. A. S.)

act, the man is full of good will, expressing itself in kindly words and generous deeds. In short, the happy life conforms to, and corresponds with, an ideal beyond and above itself, never yet exactly seen, but the most real furniture that exists in every mature man's consciousness. The perfect truth of manhood is more than the man reaches, yet the reality of the man himself consists in his reaching toward this truth and trying to fit himself to it. His highest satisfaction lies in this effort. In this type of effort all the experiences of his life, even his failures and sorrows, tend to blend and harmonize into the unity of a real person. Consciousness tells us nothing more sure than this, and the more surely, the more often we have made the endeavor. We are happy, we reach approximate unity, in and through every moment of hearty good will. To be true to a man's standard of manhood is the essence of the happy life.

Here again, as before, truth is both a and x. It is that which fits facts which we have experienced, and it is also an item of faith or venture; it is that which fits into an ideal beyond actual experience. This transcendental element of truth, this venture from the known towards the higher and unknown, is precisely what gives truth its character of reality.

Another idea has been, and is still, immensely important as a factor in the highest human activity. It is the idea of progress. It is related intimately to the great scientific thought of development and evolution. Men think that the world is better than it once was, and they believe or hope that it will grow better. This is not an unpractical thought. It adds value, worth, and motive force to action. It is a spur to morality and the noblest forms of devotion. The world and human life are worth more in a world that grows better than in a world that has stopped growing and may even be on the decline. Though I ought to be just, floating on a raft and waiting to be annihilated, yet I can have no enthusiasm for justice in such a condition. Give me the hope that my justice may bring rescue from the raft, even though to save others at my own loss, and my whole soul rises to do justice.

So men are stirred to activity in the hope of human progress, not for their own sake, but for generations to come. This hope of progress moreover is illimitable. Draw a line anywhere and put an end to it; translate the efforts of men into any final form of death, however many thousands of years away, and the heart goes out of their work. There is an infinite element in the thought. It seems to point to something beyond the terms of mortal life. It is not *a*, however multiplied, but *a plus x*. The unknown part of it makes it true.

We have already suggested the bold but quite necessary venture of thought that we make in speaking of a world-order, or "universe." We thereby express our faith that all things fit together and make one world. Thus all the sciences are one science. Thus all processes are a part of a universal order. This is faith or trust quite as much as knowledge. But, as Mr. Tyndall has happily shown, science proceeds by leaps of inspired imagination, and arrives at its conclusions in advance of its ammunition trains and baggage wagons. Thus faith proceeds in the face of superficial difficulties. At first blush no one sees a universe, but rather the theater of conflicting powers. The savage's gods are in conflict. Yet we hold, for substance of truth, that all forces are one. Doubt this, and the universe itself begins to dissolve, and truth to disintegrate.

The mightiest of all generalization follows, inextricably involved throughout with all that we have said. It is the thought of God. The word or name is of little moment. We take such words as we have at hand — only symbols at best for a conception which no words can do more than suggest. Our thought of God is only the extension and perfecting of our vision of a world-order or universe. It is equally necessary; it grows out of the other; it is born of and arises out of our science and experience. It seems compelled upon us by our thought, unless we stop thinking altogether.

Our thought of God is the expression of our sense of the necessary unity of all the values, ideals, and standards which give

meaning to life. Order beauty, intelligence, goodness, truth, love, are so many names of God. They all seem to go together. The realm of beauty is not alien to the realm of righteousness, but one with it. The realm of things — atoms, forces, motions — is not alien to the realm of consciousness, thought, order, ideals, justice, goodness, but subsidiary to it and one with it.

This carries us further. The thought of God means that the world outside and within, phenomena and consciousness also, is significant. It is an intelligible world — intelligence appealing to, and reflected upon, intelligence. This is the idea that men have expressed in the thought of a purposeful world. They have meant to express the conviction that no blind fate, but an all-inspiring reason, ruled the universe. They meant a conviction that the universe is good, not evil — good in its whirling forces, good on the side of its omnipresent beauty, good in the working of its supreme intelligence. They meant that even seeming evil will be found, when once we know enough, to fall under the compelling law of good.

This is bold to think, but necessary if we think at all. We may not say that we know God instinctively. But we are compelled by the quality and framework of our intelligence to think in the terms that sooner or later signify God. The thought of God, in the ultimate analysis, is imposed on our thinking, first, as crudely suggested by the facts of life; then, as a form of intellectual faith; then, next, as required to meet the demands of that ideal realm of ethics and truth to which as men we belong. World forces running to evil, a universal intelligence without purpose or meaning, consciousness everywhere yet void of reality, beauty everywhere expressing nothing real behind it, morality, virtue, conscience, and duty in us pressing us to be willing to die for a principle or an ideal, and yet nothing moral in the universe to match with and correspond to this universal pressure; love in us rising to a sense of infinite devotion, and no infinite love above or beyond us — these things do not fit together, are not intelligible, do not therefore make truth. Our thought of God

is our way of affirming that the universe is real, is one, is beautiful, is good, is enduring.

This faith in the truth of the universe, that is, in God, is akin to the faith that we have in ourselves. We are a mystery and enigma to ourselves. Where are we? Who are we? What are the bounds of our personality? How can we be described or defined? And yet we believe in ourselves, the invisible persons, inhabiting space, using atoms and forces, and dwelling in consciousness. We believe in ourselves, the microscosms, much as we believe in God as the universal order. We are what we are, and real persons, by virtue of thought, beauty, good will, unified together and entering into a vast conscious or vital order of goodness.

We deny God, and we presently cut at the roots of our faith in ourselves. What is real, if the universe is not real? What is good, if the life out of which we spring and of which man at his best is the highest and most illustrative fruitage that we know, is not good? What is worth while — science, or justice, or love, much less food and comfort — unless the standards hold good by which we set values? Now God is our name for the standards that give life its meaning.

III

We have taken a very long circle to reach the idea of immortality. But here at last it stands, as inevitable as any of the other items of reality which go to constitute life. Truth, we see, is that which fits and makes harmony and unity. It is whatever is necessary to make the order of thought complete. It is whatever belongs to the realm of reality. Truth is not merely what we see embodied, but beyond our immediate sight — what our faith in the ultimate reality foresees by anticipation. This fact has held good at every step which we have taken. Truth was always more than we could define or demonstrate. It was also what our intelligence demanded in order to fit things together and make sense of them.

It need not disturb us in the least to be told how the hope of immortality may have arisen. Grant that it had its origin in material sensations, in the visions of savages, in the repeating of ghost stories. What human thought, art, or science did not thus spring out of the earth, and take material shape to clothe itself? The indisputable fact remains that there is an immaterial, and yet real, order of life, which characterizes man as human. There is a hierarchy of values, leading up to the True, the Good, the Beautiful. We cannot throw them aside or contemn them, and keep our humanity. We cannot belittle truth or reason and logic — the architect's plan of the Cologne Cathedral, the builder of the Brooklyn Bridge, the painter of the Dresden Madonna, the exiles for conscience' sake who founded America, the integrity of honest fathers, the love of our mothers, the death on the Cross. "Here are the infinite values," say all of us, or else we cease to be men.

We belong to a kingdom of values, an order of good, a universe. Grant this. What of it? We cannot think then that a man dies like a fly, and that is the end of him. We cannot think that the sweet mothers, and the brave, true-hearted men whom we have known, are of no more use in the order of the universe than the whirling dust in the streets. We cannot think that the life of this planet, with its gigantic cost in blood and sorrow and tears, with its glorious victories of truth, freedom, justice, and love, will all be measured up, in a few thousands of years, in the mute story of the moon — a dead world without a conscious intelligence to shed a tear over it. This is to pronounce the doom of the universe, to break the order and beauty, to bring intelligence to confusion, to deny serious values, and to dethrone reality.

The intellect in us, the sense of right, the instinct for order, the love of beauty and goodness — all that makes us worthy as men — the reality in us reacts against an unreal world. The hope of immortality is our sense that the world may be trusted, that the real values abide, that the sum of all life is not death, but life yet more noble.

This is not a strange and unscientific statement. It is quite like the statement of our senses touching the straightness of a line or the beauty of a face. We know it, but we cannot prove it to a blind man. The standard of our judgment is in our own nature. The one thing is true or fits, and the opposite does not fit or correspond. We cannot help trusting this judgment. It is all that we have to trust. Moreover, in this instance, as with the judgment of the line or of a righteous act, there tends to be a great and growing consensus of similar judgment. The same mind everywhere tends to see something real in the hope of immortality.

Another harmony now appears. We have seen that a man has a certain integrity as a person. At his best, all his powers working in unison, he is at the acme of efficiency and happiness. Three great spiritual elements go to make such a man. One is faith, or trust, for example, in the validity of law, in the essential righteousness of the world, in the humanity of one's fellow-men — in a word, in a good God. Another element of the complete life is love, or good will. The man at his best pours out, or expresses, his good will in all his acts and words, in his face and gestures. Again, the man needs hope in order to be at his best. He will work best, he will best keep his health, he will do most good to his fellows, he will be most truly a man with hope in his eyes.

We do not say what the object of his hope must be. It surely need not be selfish or personal. But it must be worthy of his manhood and fit the terms of manhood. We will not insist that his hope shall rest on the idea of immortality. But it must rest on reality. It needs to go up into the ideal realm of values, where the idea of the infinite and the immortal belongs. The man cannot be satisfied for long with any hope that is sentenced to ultimate death.

Now we hold that whatever is essential to the best and most harmonious life of a man, without which he is reduced in his manhood, deserves to be trusted as true or real. The immense

presumption is in its favor. If hope is one element of life, then there is that which corresponds to hope. The hope is entitled to "the benefit of the doubt." If a grand hope is needful to a noble life, then we hold that whatever substance corresponds to the hope will be noble also. True, this is faith again; but the same kind of faith which we have found to be inseparable from all valid thinking.

We are often asked if we can believe in personal immortality. The truth is that in the highest region of thought all terms and definitions are inadequate. We felt this even in our glimpse at the mystery of substance, or matter. We use the terms *atoms* and *wave motions* and *vortices*, not as sufficient to express the reality, but as the best modes of imaging to ourselves the nature of the reality in which, in some sense, we firmly believe. Substance, we say, seems to behave like groupings of orderly atoms, or like whirling forces. It behaves as if waves traversed it. So we say with the use of the term "personal immortality." This is the best form of thought we know to express our sense of the abiding reality of a noble life. Thus *In Memoriam* rises, in the face of all doubt, to the conviction that the loved friend can never die. As we see no other way to conceive of substance except under the figure of some form which we know, so we see no possible way to conserve immortal values in persons except what we name personal immortality. As substance may prove to be more valid and wonderful than any of our figures of speech, so immortality may prove to be richer and more satisfying than our name for it suggests. We cannot believe it to be less than our name for it. Meanwhile we have to go on using the words that serve to convey the utmost positive sense of reality. That they are popular words does not hurt their value, but rather enhances it. Why should not the popular instinct go in the direction of the best constructive and philosophical thought? Here is another fitness or harmony such as we find everywhere in our world. What kind of philosophy — that is, love of truth — would it be that proved to serve no end except to destroy man's

sense of worth and reality! This would be, in the name of truth, to deny the existence of truth.

We have proceeded very much as men do in building a structure, for example, an archway. We have used the best material. We have set the base of our structure into the concrete matter of all sorts of facts of life. We have laid logic and reason for foundation stones. We have built the values of order, beauty, justice, truth, humanity, and love into our work. We have found a place for every noble experience of sympathy, of sorrow, of victory, for every aspiration, for every mighty standard. All the high things that make life worth living are in our structure. The name of the structure is the universal life; it means the integrity of man and the reality of God.

There is just one stone which we need to make the arch complete. It is the keystone of the work. It is small, compared with the massive foundation; one might possibly think that the columns would stand apart by themselves. They would stand for a while if no great stress were put on the work. But our sense of form and perfection, that is, our sense of truth or fitness, calls for the keystone in order to join the piers and springers together. Our sense of necessity also and our knowledge of the action of forces call for the keystone. Our arch will never be safe till we have put that one binding stone into place.

So we judge of the hope of immortality. It belongs with and fits into a structure; it is that without which you can never make the beauty or unity last, without which also the structure tends to fall apart. The arch is not yet *true* till every stone fits into place. Put the hope of immortality into the crown of the values of life, and they cohere, and all of them take on new significance. Each stone built into the structure is worth more than it is worth by itself in the field. Each stone is worth still more when the structure is finished. Refuse your keystone the place for which it seems to be fitted exactly, and you have put every precious value at risk. You are not so sure of a good God any longer. Human life is no longer so significant as it was before. You have

lost worth out of love and friendship, and leveled them toward the dust. You have reduced patriotism and philanthropy to finite values, each with its price. You have taken buoyant joy and enthusiasm out of all mature men's life, and threatened them with an earlier old age. You have shaken the bases of morality and put righteousness into terms of comfort and policy. You have bidden the artist, the poet, and the prophet laugh at their visions and doubt their validity. You have distinctly shaken man's faith in logic and reason, and brought all intellectual processes into discredit. For all that logic is for is to bind things into coherence and unity. All values, in fact, belong in the ideal realm; they go together and make a unity, or else they fall together.

Fall together? No! No man can make the great values fall, or take them apart, or hurt one of them. A man can hurt and mar his own life by his distrust, but he can mar no reality. No man's doubt can make justice, beauty, truth, love, less than real. These things are ingrained in our nature. We need only to trust them. They constitute an infinite order. They validate themselves the more we throw our weight upon them. The hope of immortality is simply the keystone, which always stands fast, beyond any man's doubt, at the crown of the structure. It fits its companion values, and they clasp it with their arms into a serene integrity. They bid us trust our lives upon the archway, which every value in the universe has joined to construct. We did not build the beautiful structure: we only found it.

What is excellent,
As God lives, is permanent.

IV

I have wished to make it plain that the hope of immortality is not merely the concern of sentimentalists, ready to hug a pleasant delusion, much less of egoists, eagerly grasping after every straw of selfish comfort for themselves: it is the serious con-

cern of all men who have other values at heart besides pleasures and money; of all who care for law and order, for true homes, for just government, and friendly society among men; of all who love their fellows and struggle for human progress, having faith that such struggle is worth while; of all who love beauty, and find a noble worth in art and music; of all who think sanely, and have any sort of faith in a good universe — the poets, the artists, the thinkers, the statesmen, the multitude also of modest and high-minded men and women whose religion consists in acts of faith, hope, and love. The companionship of such persons, the memory of such persons, their faith and their deeds, bring you into, and leave you in, an attitude of hope. This world would not be a quite true world with the hope of immortality left out. This world needs nothing less than the hope of immortality in order to complete its integrity.

COLLEGES AND RELIGION[1]

An Instructor

If we mistake not, the problem raised by "An Instructor" is one to which the colleges and universities, big and little, will be compelled to give much more earnest and prolonged consideration than they have given it in the past. "Has the college itself a responsibility for the religious life and training of its students?" Not many college presidents or faculties will say "No" to that question. There was never a time when denominational differences were less divisive or when there was more unity of conviction in regard to both the rightness and the necessity of developing the religious incentive in the transition period from youth to manhood. There may be differences of opinion in regard to Instructor's two conclusions but not in the matter of his main contention. Every reader will concede also, I think, the tact, frankness, and earnestness with which a thorny problem has been presented. It would be well to review the essays in this volume that discuss social ills and their remedies and see if Instructor does not offer a cure rather than a poultice.

IT is a doleful truth that most of our problems become boresome before they are solved. And many a problem has seemed incapable of solution for the simple reason that for years it was never really faced. Both of which observations, I believe, apply to the subject of colleges and religion. If the colleges are to retain their importance, says Mr. E. S. Martin in a recent number of *Harper's Magazine*, they must be able to impart . . . spiritual leading to minds that are fit to receive it. If they don't, he continues, they fail in their most vital office, in the use that most of them were originally founded to serve. If they fail in that, they lose their leadership, which will go to men of faith, as it always does. So Mr. Martin reaches the conclusion that what the colleges need is what all the world needs — religion.

[1] From *Scribner's Magazine*, May, 1922, by permission.

As a college instructor, I agree with Mr. Martin that our colleges need religion. The question remains, How are they to get it and of what sort is it to be?

When I was in college, the Reverend William A. Sunday paid us one of his famous flying visits. We crowded to see and hear him, of course. We gave him a voluminous vocal welcome, and he came back an hundredfold. At the conclusion of his discourse we were invited to hit the trail. And, as was natural, since to most of us that operation denoted stepping up front, grasping Billy firmly by the hand, and getting a close-up of his physiognomy, we freely participated. Press reports of his service at our college were despatched all over the country. Many telegrams were said to have been sent to the folks at home telling of their boys' having got religion. Some really did. The bulk of us, however, considered Mr. Sunday's visit as an unusual diversion in the midst of a bleak February's bareness, and let it go at that.

Then, I remember, too, that we were subjected to so-called weekly periods of special meetings. Some noted divine, who particularly understood the student mind and psychology, held forth on the need of religion in our lives. A few of these men made favorable and sometimes lasting impressions on a number of us. But usually we were aroused for the time — it being the thing to attend the meetings, for lo! even members of the football team were discovered on the front benches — and then we sank back into our wonted ways.

The last word in college evangelism is to have two or three speakers, each possessed of a particular forte. Thus a cumulative effect — so termed — is reached at the end of the period of special meetings, and each group in college has heard an appeal specially adapted to it. Again, it has been my observation that after a week or two the great majority lapse back into the old familiar paths.

One is reminded a bit by all of this — though, of course, the analogy is not perfect — of crossing to France in 1918 with some troops of color. When all was peaceful the "galloping

dominoes," jumped merrily on deck, and games of chance were general. But whenever the guns barked at submarines, usually supposititious, the brethren gathered below for a season of fervent and audible prayer. When the guns were silent again, the click of the dice and the cries of coaxing were heard once more.

Now don't mistake me. I am not opposed to Mr. Sunday, nor to any other of the very earnest and devoted religious leaders who hold special services in our colleges. They have a real mission — to stir us in religious matters. I am only giving voice to doubts of long standing as to the permanent effects of such methods, taken by themselves. And I wish also to record my present fears that our college authorities are prone to let the religious obligation be so discharged and argue to themselves that their duty lies entirely outside of that field.

Is this true? Or has the college itself a responsibility for the religious life and training of its students? And if so, how is that obligation to be met?

Mr. Martin is unquestionably correct when he affirms that most of our American colleges were founded for the purpose of imparting spiritual leadership. To demonstrate this truth, we have only to turn to the classes that graduated a generation or so ago and adduce their testimony. In these latter days, somehow, that emphasis has dropped out. And not only is there a manifest lack of interest in the subject of religion on the part of the individual members of the faculty, but in some of our colleges a single course even, in the history or literature or philosophy of the Bible, in recent years, has been omitted.

It is true that such courses are fertile fields of controversy; that many colleges have become involved in acrimonious disputes over the teachings of some of their professors of Bible. So some authorities have taken the attitude that it is far better to allow this field to lie fallow. Fallow fields, however, usually grow weeds. And, although weeds are excellent fertilizer when ploughed under on the farm, they are not great thought-producers in the realm of the mind. In religious matters, as in every

other field of human endeavor, a neutral or negative position can be assumed only with extreme peril. So it would seem that to offer no instruction in religious subjects, especially in the Christian philosophy and ethic, simply because it may lead to controversy, is to premise a logic which, carried to its conclusion, would afford sufficient reason for omitting instruction in every other field.

American colleges were originally started as Christian institutions. The time has come for them to reaffirm their faith. A definite stand for or against Christianity must be elected. No negative or neutral position will suffice. For so surely as any college attempts to occupy middle ground, just as inevitably will positive anti-Christian teaching and ideals creep in. If you doubt this, look around you.

The great void in the world is the lack of standards: standards in business, in politics, in international relations — in fact, in every walk and avocation of life. Nowhere is this truth more manifest than in our colleges. What standards exist in educational theory, in teaching, in research, in scholarship, in advancement of professors, save the most artificial and superficial? Above all else, where are the standards of lofty moral ideals and leadership to which the colleges throughout their departments once pointed their undergraduates?

The Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations are performing valuable services in our institutions. But if the philosophy and ethic of Christianity are not presented on a basis of intellectual parity with the non-Christian systems of thought with which every student of philosophy is brought into contact, all the organized and unorganized, paid and volunteer, work of a religious nature operating on our campuses lacks the solid foundation which the superstructure calls for.

The chapel services, both Sunday and daily, are pressing problems in many places. The complaint is made that the students are unresponsive to the eloquent appeals to which they listen Sunday after Sunday. And why not? If we do not

care enough to raise the philosophy of life of the Great Teacher to the intellectual level of other systems of thought, if we fail to consider it worth our while, at least to offer instruction in Christian ethics, how, I ask, can a student's mind be prepared for the truth preached from the college pulpit on Sunday? It would seem palpable that it is futile to appeal to young people to rise above the materialism of the day and follow the teachings of the Master, when no really adequate instruction in Christian fundamentals is afforded.

So we reach our first conclusion that if religion is to become vital in our colleges, the colleges must imprint their official stamp of approval by offering adequate and attractive courses in the Christian philosophy and ethic. We are not advocating — far from it — that religion be forced on the students. We are simply arguing that it is as reasonable as it is vital that in our colleges, which for years have been denominated Christian, real instruction in the Christian philosophy should be offered in the curriculum.

Perhaps some may feel that because of personal religious convictions I am trying to inject into the curriculum something which is out of place. They may believe that colleges should be impartial on every subject, — should simply present the facts. Individuals, however, grow from boyhood into manhood while in college. They thus develop whether the college takes cognizance of the process or not. It is inevitable. Life is difficult then. Inspiration, purpose, direction, and incentive — are they not needed? Is it unbefitting the college to give some hints on the subject? If we do differentiate between incentives, then surely history must teach what incentives there have been. And are we unwilling to say, courageously perhaps, that for our students we are satisfied with nothing short of the highest and noblest springs of human thought and action? If we affirm this as our faith, then it would seem that we have justified not only the teaching of the history and philosophy of Christianity, but also the holding up of Christianity as the nearest approach to,

in fact as the consummation of, the finest and truest of life's aspirations. Surely, no one honestly disbelieves in the moral virtues of the Christian teaching. Those virtues, reinforced by the vision and power of practice, are the only corner-stones upon which we can build the character of our young men. If this be so, then we should demonstrate as best we can the "Why," and afford the opportunity of self-development along sound moral paths. The world needs equipped scholars and trained men. Yes. But it demands something more. It must have men of character.

But what benefit, one may ask, will accrue, numberless courses of this kind being offered, if the students do not elect them? Here is a most significant fact. You will find the students themselves anxious that such instruction be given. I base this statement on inquiries which have been made among students, and also upon suggestions emanating from the students themselves.

To offer courses in religion is but the initial step in a programme of a revitalization of religious interest and life in our colleges. To impart true spiritual leadership, the whole curriculum should be permeated with religious teaching and ideals.

I know a professor of English, a teacher and scholar. He is not limited, however, by the bounds of English literature; for it is his belief that literature includes life, and that life is encompassed by religion. The students of this professor are one in their admiration and respect. And they all come forth from his course with new ideals and convictions.

I remember talking one night last winter with a student. He told me that when he got his discharge from the army and returned to college, he had made up his mind to loaf. He succeeded all too well and had narrowly escaped becoming a complete failure. In his senior year, he said, he got into the course of the professor I have just mentioned. First, he became interested in the subject. Then he began to feel uncomfortable and dissatisfied with himself. The upshot of it was that before the end

of the first term his whole attitude and purpose had undergone a complete revolution. At the time I refer to he was seeking advice as to the most useful investment of his life. And all because of one professor whose subject was English. Conducting a class so as to effect such a change in a student's life must be close to religious teaching.

My friend, the professor, is, however, somewhat of an exception. Those of you who know intimately the daily life of our colleges must have discovered the great dearth of moral and religious influence on the part of the faculties. This is evidenced not only in the conduct of their courses, but also in the lack of faculty attendance at chapel and other religious services. When a speaker for daily chapel is sought, or when the Y. M. C. A. appeals for teachers for Bible-study classes, the paucity of available candidates from the faculty is another unmistakable sign. So true is this that, instead of those who do not participate being remarked, it is those who do take part who are considered quite out of the ordinary. When you ask the students who of the faculty have been of the greatest influence and help, you will discover they are usually the same few teachers who have identified themselves with the religious life of the college. "It is not the exclusive province of religious teachers to teach religion," says Mr. Martin. "It is the province of all teachers, and a teacher who cannot do it is by so much less qualified for his job."

Religion is more than a matter of instruction — it is a part of life and of everyday life. You remember the Master once said: "I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly." Where we seek to impart life, we must have examples. The naturalness, attractiveness, and power of Christianity can be seen most clearly in the lives of men. Thus, the religious life of our colleges will become firmly established only when we have numbers of teachers who are, in every sense of the word, men themselves — sympathetic, desirous of helping and guiding their students, understanding and loving

youth. When faculties are crowded with such men intent upon inculcating in those under them the highest ideals, then, and not till then, will we begin to approach a solution of our problem.

American colleges must soon decide whether they also are to forsake the fountain of "living waters," and hew them out cisterns, "broken cisterns that can hold no water." It is my conviction that the world — at least the educational world — is waiting to-day for the emergence of some institution possessing the courage and initiative to revert to the strong, simple, productive standards of former days. Such an one assuredly would be the leader in a new day.

But I was saying that teachers should be possessed of moral and religious leadership. A teacher, one says, who is not only a scholar but a man interested in the general well-being of his charges. Is he not rare? Is it reasonable to suppose that we can collect faculties composed chiefly of such men? I counter: Was it not true that in former days teaching was considered a calling, a vocation on a plane with the highest altruistic endeavors? Was not a teacher held an exceptional person, one who, by his personality and character, his broad humanity and deep interest in men, as well as by his learning and attainments, was a veritable leader and maker of men?

The question, then, to-day is this: Are we to return to our old ideas and conceptions of what constitutes a teacher, or are we satisfied to lessen inevitably and immeasurably the enriching influences with which young lives are to be brought into contact? Must we not conclude that the real problem of the religious life of our undergraduates lies in the character of the men who compose our faculties?

FEAR AND THE LIFE-PRINCIPLE[1]

Basil King

This brave and inspiriting essay is a fine corollary from Browning's

"Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
Be our joys three parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe!"

But it is more than this. It is an interpretation of evolution in terms of personal encouragement and practical helpfulness. Evolution became to Mr. King not merely a philosophy but a resource. All living things seemed to say to him, "We turned our stumbling-blocks into stepping-stones. Why can't you?" And he did.

I

WHEN I say that during most of my conscious life I have been a prey to fears I take it for granted that I am expressing the case of the majority of people. I cannot remember the time when a dread of one kind or another was not in the air. In childhood it was the fear of going to bed, of that mysterious time when regular life was still going on downstairs, while I was buried alive under sheets and blankets. Later it was the fear of school, the first contact of the tender little soul with life's crudeness. Later still there was the experience which all of us know of waking in the morning with a feeling of dismay at what we have to do on getting up; the obvious duties in which perhaps we have grown stale; the things we have neglected; those in which we have made mistakes; those as to which we have wilfully done wrong; those which weary or bore

[1] From *The Conquest of Fear*, 1921, Chapter I, by permission of the publishers, Doubleday, Page and Company.

or annoy or discourage us. Sometimes there are more serious things still: bereavements, or frightfully adverse conditions, or hardships we never expected brought on us by someone else. It is unnecessary to catalogue these situations, since we all at times in our lives have to face them daily. Fear dogs one of us in one way and another in another, but everyone in some way.

Look at the people you run up against in the course of a few hours. Everyone is living or working in fear. The mother is afraid for her children. The father is afraid for his business. The clerk is afraid for his job. The worker is afraid of his boss or his competitor. There is hardly a man who is not afraid that some other man will do him a bad turn. There is hardly a woman who is not afraid that things she craves may be denied her, or that what she loves may be snatched away. There is not a home or an office or a factory or a school or a church in which some hang-dog apprehension is not eating at the hearts of the men, women, and children who go in and out. I am ready to guess that all the miseries wrought by sin and sickness put together would not equal those we bring on ourselves by the means which perhaps we do least to counteract. We are not sick but all the time all of us — or practically all of us — are afraid of someone or something. If, therefore, one has the feeblest contribution to make to the defeat of such a foe it becomes difficult to withhold it.

II

But even with a view to conquering fear I should not presume to offer to others ideas worked out purely for myself had I not been so invited. I do not affirm that I have conquered fear, but only that in self-defence I have been obliged to do something in that direction. I take it for granted that what goes in that direction will go all the way if pursued with perseverance and good will. Having thus made some simple experiments — chiefly mental — with what to me are effective

results, I can hardly refuse to tell what they have been when others are so good as to ask me.

And in making this attempt I must write from my own experience. No other method would be worth while. The mere exposition of a thesis would have little or no value. It is a case in which nothing can be helpful to others which has not been demonstrated for oneself, even though the demonstration be but partial.

In writing from my own experience I must ask the reader's pardon if I seem egoistic or autobiographical. Without taking oneself too smugly or too seriously one finds it the only way of reproducing the thing that has happened in one's own life and which one actually knows.

And when I speak above of ideas worked out purely for myself I do not, of course, mean that these ideas are original with me. All I have done has been to put ideas through the mill of my own mind, co-ordinating them to suit my own needs. The ideas themselves come from many sources. Some of these sources are so deep in the past that I could no longer trace them; some are so recent that I know the day and hour when they revealed themselves, like brooks in the way. It would be possible to say to the reader, "I owe this to such and such a teaching, and that to such and such a man," only that references of the kind would be tedious. I fall back on what Emerson says:

> "Thought is the property of him who can entertain it; and of him who can adequately place it. A certain awkwardness marks the use of borrowed thoughts; but, as soon as we have learned what to do with them, they become our own. Thus all originality is relative."

The thoughts that I shall express are my own to the extent that I have lived them — or tried to live them — though the wind that bloweth where it listeth may have brought them to my mind.

Nor do I think for a moment that what I have found helpful to me must of necessity be helpful to everyone. It may be

helpful to someone. That is the limit of my hope. It is simple fact that no one can greatly help anyone else. The utmost we can do is to throw out an idea here and there which another may seize, and by which he may help himself. Borrowed help has the awkwardness which Emerson attributes to borrowed thoughts. It is only when a concept has lain for a time in a man's being, germinated there, and sprung into active life, that it is of much use to him; but by that time it has become his own. The kingdom of heaven must begin within oneself or we shall probably not find it anywhere.

These pages will contain, then, no recipe for the conquest of fear; they will offer, with much misgiving and diffidence, no more than the record of what one individual has done toward conquering it. This record is presented merely for what it is worth. It may be worth nothing. On the other hand, someone may find it worth something, and in that case all that the writer hopes for will be attained.

III

As a matter of fact, in my own case the reaction against fear was from the beginning more or less instinctive. With the first exercise of the reasoning faculty I tried to argue against the emotion. I remember that as a little boy I was afraid of a certain dog that barked at me when I went to a certain house to which I was sent perhaps two or three times a week. The house had a driveway, and from the minute of passing the entrance my knees trembled under me. But even then, I recall, it seemed to me that this terror was an incongruous thing in life, that it had no rightful place there, and that, if the world was what my elders told me it was, there must be in it a law of peace and harmony which as yet I hadn't arrived at. I cannot say that when the dog barked this reasoning did more than nerve me to drag my quaking limbs up to the doorstep, whence my enemy, a Skye terrier, invariably took flight.

During a somewhat stormy childhood and boyhood, in which there was a good deal of emotional stress, I never got beyond this point. Specific troubles were not few, and by the time I reached early manhood a habit of looking for them had been established. "What's it going to be now?" became a formula of anticipation before every new event. New events presented themselves most frequently as menaces. Hopes rarely loomed up without accompanying probabilities of disappointment. One adopted the plan of "expecting disappointment" as a means of cheating the "jinx." I am not painting my early life as any darker than most lives. It was, I fancy, as bright as the average life of youth.

IV

But, contrary to what is generally held, I venture to think that youth is not a specially happy period. Because young people rarely voice their troubles we are likely to think them serene and unafraid. That has not been my experience either with them or of them. While it is true that cares of a certain type increase with age, the knowledge of how to deal with them increases, or ought to increase, in the same progression. With no practical experience to support them, the young are up against the unknown and problematical — occupation, marriage, sexual urge, life in general — around which clings that terror of the dark which frightened them in childhood. Home training, school training, college training, religious training, social influences of every kind, throw the emphasis on dangers rather than on securities, so that the young life emerges into a haunted world. Some are reckless of these dangers, some grow hardened to them, some enjoy the tussle with them, some turn their minds away from them, while others, chiefly the imaginative or the intellectual, shrink from them with the discomfort which, as years go on, becomes worry, anxiety, foreboding, or any other of the many forms of care.

V

My own life followed what I assume to be the usual course, though in saying this I am anxious not to give an exaggerated impression. It was the usual course, not an unusual one. "There's always something" came to be a common mental phrase, and the something was, as a rule, not cheering. Neither, as a rule, was it terrible. It was just *something* — a sense of the carking hanging over life, and now and then turning to a real mischance or a heartache.

It strikes me as strange, on looking back, that so little attempt was made to combat fear by religion. In fact, as far as I know, little attempt was made to combat fear in any way. One's attention was not called to it otherwise than as a wholly inevitable state. You were born subject to fear as you were born subject to death, and that was an end of it.

Brought up in an atmosphere in which religion was our main pre-occupation, I cannot recall ever hearing it appealed to as a counter-agent to this most persistent enemy of man. In dealing with your daily dreads you simply counted God out. Either He had nothing to do with them or He brought them upon you. In any case His intervention on your behalf was not supposed to be in this world, and to look for rewards from Him here and now was considered a form of impiety. You were to be willing to serve God for naught; after which unexpected favors might be accorded you, but you were to hope for nothing as a right. I do not say that this is what I was taught; it was what I understood; but to the best of my memory it was the general understanding round about me. In my fight against fear, in as far as I made one, God was for many years of no help to me, or of no help of which I was aware. I shall return to the point later in telling how I came to "discover God" for myself, but not quite the same God, or not quite the same concept of God, which my youthful mind had supposed to be the only one.

VI

At the same time it was to a small detail in my religious training — or to be more exact in the explanation of the Bible given me as a boy — that I harked back when it became plain to me that either I must conquer fear or fear must conquer me. Having fallen into my mind like a seed, it lay for well on to thirty years with no sign of germination, till that "need," of which I shall have more to say presently, called it into life.

Let me state in a few words how the need made itself pressing. It was, as life goes, a tolerably dark hour. I was on the borderland between young manhood and early middle age. For some years I had been losing my sight, on top of which came one of those troubles with the thyroid gland which medical science still finds obscure. For reasons which I need not go into I was spending an autumn at Versailles in France, unoccupied and alone.

If you know Versailles you know that it combines all that civilization has to offer of beauty, magnificence, and mournfulness. A day's visit from Paris will give you an inkling of this, but only an inkling. To get it all you must live there, to be interpenetrated by its glory of decay. It is always the autumn of the spirit at Versailles, even in summer, even in spring; but in the autumn of the year the autumnal emotion of the soul is poignant beyond expression. Sad gardens stretch into sad parks, sad parks into storied and haunting forests. Long avenues lead to forgotten châteaux mellowing into ruin. Ghostly white statues astonish you far in the depths of woods where the wild things are now the most frequent visitors. A Temple of Love — pillared, Corinthian, lovely — lost in a glade to which lovers have probably not come in a hundred years — will remind you that there were once happy people where now the friendliest sound is that of the wood-chopper's axe or the horn of some far-away hunt. All the old tales of passion, ambition, feud, hatred, violence, lust, and intrigue are softened

here to an aching sense of pity. At night you will hear the castle clock, which is said never once to have failed to strike the hour since Louis the Fourteenth put it in its place, tolling away your life as it has tolled away epochs.

Amid these surroundings a man ill, lonely, threatened with blindness, can easily feel what I may call the spiritual challenge of the ages. He must either be strong and rule; or he must be weak and go down. He must get the dominion over circumstance, or circumstance must get the dominion over him. To be merely knocked about by fate and submit to it, even in the case of seemingly inevitable physical infirmity, began to strike me as unworthy of a man.

It is one thing, however, to feel the impulse to get up and do something, and another to see what you can get up and do. For a time the spectre of fear had me in its power. The physical facts couldn't be denied, and beyond the physical facts I could discern nothing. It was conceivable that one might react against a mental condition; but to react against a mysterious malady coupled with possibly approaching blindness was hardly to be thought of. When one added one's incapacity to work and earn a living, with all that that implies, it seemed as if it would take the faith that moves mountains to throw off the weight oppressing me. It is true that to move mountains you only need faith as a grain of mustard seed, but as far as one can judge not many of us have that much.

It was then that my mind went back all of a sudden to the kernel planted so many years before, in my island home, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. If I become prolix over this it is only that I want to show how often it happens to parents, teachers, and others who deal with children, to throw out a thought which after lying dormant for years will become a factor in the life. Had it not been for the few words spoken then I should not, as far as I can see, now have such mastery over self as I have since attained — not very much — but I should not be writing these lines.

VII

My boyhood was placed in the times when Darwin's *Origin of Species* and *Descent of Man* had thrown the scientific and religious worlds into convulsion. The struggle between the old ideas and the new calls for no more than a reference here; but the teacher to whom I owe most was one who, while valuing the old, saw only an enrichment in the new, explaining the Bible in that spirit. So it happened that he spoke one day of the extraordinary ingenuity of the life-principle, which somehow came to the earth, in adapting itself to perpetually new conditions.

Nothing defeated it. For millions of years it was threatened by climatic changes, by the lack of food, by the ferocity of fellow-creatures. Heat, cold, flood, drought, earthquake, and volcanic eruption were forever against it. Struggling from stage to stage upward from the slime a new danger was always to it a new incentive to finding a new resource.

Pursued through the water it sought the land. Pursued on the land it sought the air. Pursued in the air it developed fleetness of wing, and in fleetness of wing a capacity for soaring, circling, balancing, dipping, and swinging on itself of which the grace must not blind us to the marvelous power of invention.

In other words, the impulses leading to the origin of species proclaim a resourcefulness on the part of what we call life which we have every reason to think inexhaustible. Whatever the Fount of Being from which the life-principle first came into the waters of our earth there is no question but that with it came a conquest-principle as well. Had it been possible to exterminate the life-principle it would never have gone further than the age which saw the extinction of the great reptiles. The great reptiles went, but the life-principle stayed, with the ability to assume, within our limited observation, all the forms between the bacillus and the elephant, while as to what lies beyond our observation the possibilities are infinite.

Long before it works up to man we see this amazing force stemming an uncountable number of attacks, and meeting ruinous conditions with daring contrivances. For one kind of danger it develops a shell, for another a sting, for another a poison, for another a protective coloration. To breathe in the sea it puts forth gills, and makes lungs for itself when stranded on the land. In glacial cold it finds the means of growing fur; when heat and cold assail it by turns it packs itself with feathers; when climates become temperate it produces hair. For the creature which keeps to the water it webs the foot; for that which takes to the trees it makes the toes prehensile; for the one which learns to stand erect and run along the ground it flattens the sole, making it steady and supporting. To resist, to survive, to win through, is the end to which the life-principle sets itself with such singleness of aim as to unfold a wealth of potentiality astounding to us in looking backward.

VIII

This was the idea which came back to me that autumn at Versailles, and from which in the course of time I drew my conclusions.

Briefly, those conclusions were to the effect that as individuals we need difficulties to overcome, and that fear is a stimulus to overcoming them. Otherwise expressed, fear loses much of its fearfulness when we see it as the summons to putting forth new energies. Unless we were conscious of the energies such a call would not reach us. The creatures preceding man could have felt no misgiving, since they lacked the imagination essential to a dread. Such fear as they were equal to must have seized them in paroxysms of terror when calamities threatened to overwhelm them. If they made good their escape no trace of the fear remained behind, the brain having little or no power of retention. We may take it for granted that the pterodactyl and the trachodon had none of the foreboding based on experience which destroys the peace of man.

Fear, as we understand it, was in itself a signal of advance. It could only have begun with the exercise of reason. Arrived at the rudiments of memory the creature must have been able to perceive, however dimly, that the thing which had happened might happen again. Adding the first stirrings of imagination he must have constructed possible events in which the danger would come from the same causes as before. With the faculties to remember, to reason, and to imagine all at work we reach the first stages of man.

Man was born into fear in that he was born into a world of which most of the energies were set against him. He was a lone thing fighting his own battle. The instinct for association which made the mammals different from other animals didn't help him much, since association did not bring mutual help as a matter of course, and never has done so. A man could count on no one but himself. Not only were prodigious natural forces always menacing him with destruction; not only was the beast his enemy and he the enemy of the beast; but his hand was against his fellow-man and his fellow-man's hand against him. This mutual hostility followed men in their first groupings into communities, and only to a degree have we lived it down in the twentieth century.

Perhaps this conviction that a man's strength lay in standing single-handed against circumstance was the first small discovery I made in my own fight with fear. Looking back on the developments which had brought man into the world I saw a marvelous power of getting round difficulties when you couldn't cut through them. Just as a river which cannot flow over a rock can glide about its feet and turn it into a picturesque promontory, so I recognized in myself an inborn human faculty for "sidestepping" that which blocked my way, when I couldn't break it down.

I left Versailles with just that much to the good — a perception that the ages had bequeathed me a store of abilities which I was allowing to lie latent. Moving into Paris, to more cheerful surroundings, I took up again the writing of the book I had

abandoned more than a year previously. After long seclusion I began to see a few people, finding them responsive and welcoming. My object in stating these unimportant details is merely to show that in proportion as I ceased to show fear the life-principle hastened to my aid. Little by little I came to the belief that the world about me was a system of co-operative friendliness, and that it was my part to use it in that way.

IX

To use it in that way was not easy. I was so accustomed to the thought of Nature as a complex of self-seeking cruelties, the strong preying on the weak, and the weak defenceless, that the mere idea of its containing a ruling co-operative principle seemed at times far-fetched. To the common opinion of the day, my own included, the conception of a universe that would come to a man's aid the minute a man came to his own was too much like a fairy tale. It may indeed be a fairy tale. All I know is that in my own case it is the way in which it seems to have worked. I think I have caught a glimpse of a constructive use for that which I had previously thought of as only destructive and terrible.

This is what I mean. The life-principle having, through unknown millions of years, developed the conquest-principle by meeting difficulties and overcoming them, the difficulties had a value. To man, especially, the menace of Nature, the ferocity of the beast, and the enmity of his fellow-man furnished the incentive to his upward climb. Had all been easy he would have stayed where he was. He would never have called mental powers to his physical aid, nor appealed to spiritual faculties when the mental fell short of his requirements. Spurred on by a necessity which grew more urgent in proportion as the life-principle widened its scope, the conquest-principle became an impulse which would brook no denying. Man grew by it; but the fact remains that he would not have grown had there been nothing for him to struggle with.

To me it seems basic to the getting rid of fear to know that our trials, of whatever nature, are not motiveless. In our present stage of development we could hardly do without them. So often looking like mere ugly excrescences on life they are in reality the branches by which we catch on and climb. They are not obstacles to happiness for the reason that the only satisfying happiness we are equal to as yet is that of wrestling with the difficult and overcoming it. Every call of duty has its place in this ideal, every irksome job, every wearisome responsibility. The fact that we are not always aware of it in no way annuls the other fact that it is so. Boredom, monotony, drudgery, bereavement, loneliness, all the clamor of unsatisfied ambitions and aching sensibilities, have their share in this divine yearning of the spirit to grasp what as yet is beyond its reach. All of that hacking of the man to fit the job rather than the shaping of the job to fit the man, which is, I imagine, the source of most of the discontent on earth, has its place here, as well as the hundreds of things we shouldn't do if we were not compelled to. Whatever summons us to conflict summons us to life, and life, as we learn from a glance at the past, never shirks the challenge.

It never shirks the challenge, and, what is more, it never fails to find the expedient by which the new demand is to be satisfied. To the conquest of fear that plank must be foundational. As far as we can learn there never was an emergency yet which the life-principle was not equipped to meet. When all existing methods had been used up it invented new ones; when seemingly at the end of its new resources it was only beginning to go on again.

X

The deduction I make is this, that a law which was operative on such a scale before man had come into the world at all must be still more effective now that we can help to carry it out. The life-principle is not less ingenious than it ever was, while the

conquest-principle must have widely expanded. It is an axiom in all progress that the more we conquer the more easily we conquer. We form a habit of conquering as insistent as any other habit. Victory becomes, to some degree, a state of mind.

Knowing ourselves superior to the anxieties, troubles, and worries which obsess us, we *are* superior. It is a question of attitude in confronting them. It is more mental than it is material. To be in harmony with the life-principle and the conquest-principle is to be in harmony with power; and to be in harmony with power is to be strong as a matter of course.

The individual is thus at liberty to say: "The force which never failed before is not likely to fail in my case. The fertility of resource which circumvented every kind of obstacle to make me what I am — a vertebrate, breathing, walking, thinking entity, capable of some creative expression of my own — will probably not fall short now that I have immediate use for it. Of what I get from the past, prehistoric and historic, perhaps the most subtle distillation is the fact that so far is the life-principle from balking at need, need is essential to its activity. Where there is no need it seems to be quiescent; where there is something to be met, contended with, and overcome, it is furiously 'on the job.' That life-principle is my principle. It is the seed from which I spring. It is my blood, my breath, my brain. I cannot cut myself off from it; it cannot cut itself off from me. Having formed the mastodon to meet one set of needs and the butterfly to meet another, it will form something to meet mine, even if something altogether new. The new — or what seems new to me — is apparently the medium in which it is most at home. It repeats itself never — not in two rose-buds, not in two snowflakes. Who am I that I should be overlooked by it, or miss being made the expression of its infinite energies?"

XI

What this reasoning did for me from the start was to give me a new attitude toward the multifold activity we call life. I saw it as containing a principle that would work with me if I could work with it. My working with it was the main point, since *it* was working with me always. Exactly what that principle was I could not at the time have said; I merely recognized it as being there.

The method of working with it was simple in idea, however difficult in practice. It was a question of my own orientation. I had to get mentally into harmony with the people and conditions I found about me. I was not to distrust them; still less was I to run away from them. I was to make a parable of my childish experience with the Skye terrier, assuming that life was organized to do me good. I remembered how many times the Bible begins some bit of pleading or injunction with the words, "Fear not." Other similar appeals came back to me. "Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong! fear not."[1] "Quit yourselves like men; be strong."[2] "O man, greatly beloved, fear not! Peace be unto thee! Be strong, yea, be strong!"[3] When, at some occasional test, dismay or self-pity took hold of me I formed a habit of saying to myself, in our expressive American idiom: "This is your special stunt. It's up to you to do this thing just as if you had all the facilities. Go at it boldly, and you'll find unexpected forces closing round you and coming to your aid."

Which is just what I did find. To an amazing degree people were friendly, while conditions became easier. Fear diminished because I had fewer things to be afraid of. Having fewer things to be afraid of my mind was clearer for work. Work becoming not only more of a resource but more remunerative as well, all life grew brighter. Fear was not overcome; I had only made a more or less hesitating stand against it; but even from doing that I got positive results.

[1] The Book of Isaiah. [2] First Book of Samuel. [3] Book of Daniel.

V. LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

THE GENERAL CHARACTER OF AMERICAN ENGLISH[1]

H. L. Mencken

In this interesting and laudably documented selection Mr. Mencken makes out a clear case for Americans as more resourceful and less conservative than Englishmen in coining new words. But there is another side to the question. In syntax, in all the varied machinery of tense, mood, and case, in the varied grammatical framework of sentence and paragraph, investigation fails to reveal any general line of demarcation between the best writers of America and those of England. The structural standards of the two are the same. In an article on "The American Language," published in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* (January, 1908) and reproduced in *American Sketches*, Mr. Charles W. Whibley, an English critic not over-zealous in praise of things American, concedes that the masters of American literature have preserved faithfully the traditions of English structure: "The best of them have written an English as pure as devout respect for tradition can make it." Americans take all manner of liberties with the dictionary but surpass Englishmen, I think, in their regard for the *dicta* of the grammarian.

THE characters chiefly noted in American speech by all who have discussed it are, first, its general uniformity throughout the country, so that dialects, properly speaking, are confined to recent immigrants, to the native whites of a few isolated areas, and to the negroes of the South; and, secondly, its impatient disregard of rule and precedent, and hence its large capacity (distinctly greater than that of the English of England) for taking in new words and phrases and for manufacturing new locutions out of its own materials. The first of these characters

[1] Reprinted from *The American Language*, revised edition, 1921, by permission of and special arrangement with Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., authorized publishers.

has struck every observer, native and foreign. In place of the local dialects of other countries we have a general *Volkssprache* for the whole nation, and if it is conditioned at all it is only by minor differences in pronunciation and by the linguistic struggles of various groups of newcomers. "The speech of the United States," says Gilbert M. Tucker, "is quite unlike that of Great Britain in the important particular that here we have no dialects."[1] "We all," said Mr. Taft during his presidency, "speak the same language and have the same ideas." "Manners, morals, and political views," said the New York *World*, commenting upon this dictum, "have all undergone a standardization which is one of the remarkable aspects of American evolution. Perhaps it is in the uniformity of language that this development has been most noteworthy. Outside of the Tennessee mountains and the back country of New England there is no true dialect."[2] "While we have or have had single counties as large as Great Britain," says another American observer, "and in some of our states England could be lost, there is practically no difference between the American spoken in our 4,039,000 square miles of territory, except as spoken by foreigners. We, assembled here, would be perfectly understood by delegates from Texas, Maine, Minnesota, Louisiana, or Alaska, from whatever walk of life they might come. We can go to any of the 75,000 post-offices in this country and be entirely sure we will be understood, whether we want to buy a stamp or borrow a match."[3] "From Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon," agrees an English critic, "no trace of a distinct dialect is to be found. The man from Maine, even though he may be of inferior education and limited capacity, can completely understand the man from Oregon."[4]

[1] "American English," *North American Review*, January, 1883.

[2] October 1, 1909.

[3] J. F. Healy, general manager of the Davis Colliery Co. at Elkins, West Virginia, in a speech before the West Virginia Coal Mining Institute, at Wheeling, December, 1910; reprinted as *The American Language;* Pittsburgh, 1911.

[4] *Westminster Review*, July, 1888, p. 35.

No other country can show such linguistic solidarity, nor any approach to it — not even Canada, for there a large part of the population resists learning English altogether. The Little Russian of the Ukraine is unintelligible to the citizen of Petrograd; the Northern Italian can scarcely follow a conversation in Sicilian; the Low German from Hamburg is a foreigner in Munich; the Breton flounders in Gascony. Even in the United Kingdom there are wide divergences.[1] "When we remember," says the *New International Encyclopaedia*,[2] "that the dialects of the countries (*sic*) in England have marked differences — so marked, indeed, that it may be doubted whether a Lancashire miner and a Lincolnshire farmer could understand each other — we may well be proud that our vast country has, strictly speaking, only one language." This uniformity was noted by the earliest observers; Pickering called attention to it in the preface to his *Vocabulary* and ascribed it, no doubt accurately, to the restlessness of the Americans, their inheritance of the immigrant spirit, "the frequent removals of people from one part of our country to another." It is especially marked in vocabulary and grammatical forms — the foundation stones of a living speech. There may be slight differences in pronunciation and intonation — a Southern softness, a Yankee drawl, a Western burr — but in the words they use and the way they use them, all Americans, even the least tutored, follow the same line. One observes, of course, a polite speech and a common speech. But the common speech is everywhere the same, and its uniform vagaries take the place of the dialectic variations of other lands. A Boston street-car conductor could go to work in Chicago or San Francisco without running the slightest risk of misunderstanding his new fares. Once he had picked up half a dozen localisms, he would be, to all linguistic intents and purposes, fully naturalized.

[1] W. W. Skeat distinguishes no less than nine dialects in Scotland, three in Ireland, and thirty in England and Wales. *Vide*, *English Dialects from the Eighth Century to the Present Day;* Cambridge, 1911, p. 107 ff.

[2] *Art.* "Americanisms," 2d ed.

Of the intrinsic differences that separate American from English the chief have their roots in the obvious disparity between the environment and traditions of the American people since the seventeenth century and those of the English. The latter have lived under a relatively stable social order, and it has impressed upon their souls their characteristic respect for what is customary and of good report. Until the Great War brought chaos to most of their institutions, their whole lives were regulated, perhaps more than those of any other people save the Spaniards, by a regard for precedent. The Americans, though partly of the same blood, have felt no such restraint, and acquired no such habit of conformity. On the contrary, they have plunged to the other extreme, for the conditions of life in their new country have put a high value upon the precisely opposite qualities of curiosity and daring, and so they have acquired that character of restlessness, that impatience of forms, that disdain of the dead hand, which now broadly marks them. From the first, says a recent literary historian, they have been "less phlegmatic, less conservative than the English. There were climatic influences, it may be; there was surely a spirit of intensity everywhere that made for short effort."[1] Thus, in the arts, and thus in business, in politics, in daily intercourse, in habits of mind and speech. The American is not, in truth, lacking in a capacity for discipline; he has it highly developed; he submits to leadership readily, and even to tyranny. But, by a curious twist, it is not the leadership that is old and decorous that fetches him, but the leadership that is new and extravagant. He will resist dictation out of the past, but he will follow a new messiah with almost Russian willingness, and into the wildest vagaries of economics, religion, morals, and speech. A new fallacy in politics spreads faster in the United States than anywhere else on earth, and so does a new fashion in hats, or a new revelation of God, or a new

[1] F. L. Pattee: *A History of American Literature Since 1870;* New York, 1916. See also *The American Novel*, by Carl Van Doren; New York, 1921.

means of killing time, or a new shibboleth, or metaphor, or piece of slang.

Thus the American, on his linguistic side, likes to make his language as he goes along, and not all the hard work of his grammar teachers can hold the business back. A novelty loses nothing by the fact that it is a novelty; it rather gains something, and particularly if it meets the national fancy for the terse, the vivid, and, above all, the bold and imaginative. The characteristic American habit of reducing complex concepts to the starkest abbreviations was already noticeable in colonial times, and such highly typical Americanisms as *O.K.*, *N.G.*, and *P.D.Q.*, have been traced back to the first days of the republic. Nor are the influences that shaped these early tendencies invisible today, for the country is still in process of growth, and no settled social order has yet descended upon it. Institution-making is yet going on, and so is language-making. In so modest an operation as that which has evolved *bunco* from *buncombe* and *bunk* from *bunco* there is evidence of a phenomenon which the philologist recognizes as belonging to the most youthful and lusty stages of speech. The American vulgate is not only constantly making new words, it is also deducing roots from them, and so giving proof, as Professor Sayce says, that "the creative powers of language are even now not extinct."

But of more importance than its sheer inventions, if only because much more numerous, are its extensions of the vocabulary, both absolutely and in ready workableness, by the devices of rhetoric. The American, from the beginning, has been the most ardent of recorded rhetoricians. His politics bristles with pungent epithets; his whole history has been bedizened with tall talk; his fundamental institutions rest as much upon brilliant phrases as upon logical ideas. And in small things as in large he exercises continually an incomparable capacity for projecting hidden and often fantastic relationships into arresting parts of speech. Such a term as *rubber-neck* is almost a complete treatise on American psychology; it reveals the

national habit of mind more clearly than any labored inquiry could ever reveal it. It has in it precisely the boldness and contempt for ordered forms that are so characteristically American, and it has too the grotesque humor of the country, and the delight in devastating opprobriums, and the acute feeling for the succinct and savory. The same qualities are in *rough-house*, *water-wagon*, *near-silk*, *has-been*, *lame-duck* and a thousand other such racy substantives, and in all the great stock of native verbs and adjectives. There is, indeed, but a shadowy boundary in these new coinages between the various parts of speech. *Corral*, borrowed from the Spanish, immediately becomes a verb and the father of an adjective. *Bust*, carved out of *burst*, erects itself into a noun. *Bum*, coming by way of an earlier *bummer* from the German *bummler*, becomes noun, adjective, verb, and adverb. Verbs are fashioned out of substantives by the simple process of prefixing the preposition: *to engineer*, *to chink*, *to stump*, *to hog*. Others grow out of an intermediate adjective, as *to boom*. Others are made by torturing nouns with harsh affixes, as *to burglarize* and *to itemize*, or by groping for the root, as *to resurrect* and *to jell*. Yet others are changed from intransitive to transitive: a sleeping-car *sleeps* thirty passengers. So with the adjectives. They are made of substantives unchanged: *codfish*, *jitney*. Or by bold combinations: *down-and-out*, *up-state*, *flat-footed*. Or by shading down suffixes to a barbaric simplicity: *scary*, *classy*, *tasty*. Or by working over adverbs until they tremble on the brink between adverb and adjective: *right* and *near* are examples.

All of these processes, of course, are also to be observed in the English of England; in the days of its great Elizabethan growth they were in the lustiest possible being. They are, indeed, common to all languages; they keep language alive. But if you will put the English of today beside the American of today you will see at once how much more forcibly they are in operation in the latter than in the former. The standard southern dialect of English has been arrested in its growth by

its purists and grammarians. It shows no living change in structure and syntax since the days of Anne, and very little modification in either pronunciation or vocabulary. Its tendency is to conserve that which is established; to say the new thing, as nearly as possible, in the old way; to combat all that expansive gusto which made for its pliancy and resilience in the days of Shakespeare. In place of the old loose-footedness there is set up a preciosity which, in one direction, takes the form of unyielding affectations in the spoken language, and in another form shows itself in the heavy Johnsonese of current English writing — the Jargon denounced by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch in his Cambridge lectures. This "infirmity of speech" Quiller-Couch finds "in parliamentary debates and in the newspapers"; . . . "it has become the medium through which Boards of Government, County Councils, Syndicates, Committees, Commercial Firms, express the processes as well as the conclusions of their thought, and so voice the reason of their being." Distinct from journalese, the two yet overlap, "and have a knack of assimilating each other's vices." [1]

American, despite the gallant efforts of the professors, has so far escaped any such suffocating formalization. We, too, of course, have our occasional practitioners of the authentic English Jargon; in the late Grover Cleveland we produced an acknowledged master of it. But in the main our faults in writing lie in precisely the opposite direction. That is to say, we incline toward a directness of statement which, at its greatest, lacks restraint and urbanity altogether, and toward a hospitality which often admits novelties for the mere sake of their novelty, and is quite uncritical of the difference between a genuine improve-

[1] *Cf.* the chapter, "Interlude: On Jargon," in Quiller-Couch's *On the Art of Writing;* New York, 1916. Curiously enough, large parts of the learned critic's book are written in the very Jargon he attacks. See also ch. vi. of *Growth and Structure of the English Language,* by O. Jespersen, 3d ed. rev.; Leipzig, 1919, especially pp. 143 *ff.* See also "Official English," in *English,* March, 1919, p. 7; April, p. 45 and August, p. 135, and "The Decay of Syntax," in the London *Times Literary Supplement,* May 8, 1919, p. 1.

ment in succinctness and clarity, and mere extravagant raciness. "The tendency," says one English observer, "is . . . to consider the speech of any man, as any man himself, as good as any other."[1] "All beauty and distinction," says another,[2] "are ruthlessly sacrificed to force." "The Americans, in a kind of artistic exuberance," says a third,[3] "are not afraid to use words as we sometimes are in England." Moreover, this strong revolt against conventional bonds is by no means confined to the folk-speech, nor even to the loose conversational English of the upper classes; it also gets into more studied discourse, both spoken and written. I glance through the speeches of Dr. Woodrow Wilson, surely a conscientious purist and Anglomaniac if we have ever had one, and find, in a few moments, half a dozen locutions that an Englishman in like position would never dream of using, among them *we must get a move on*,[4] *hog* as a verb,[5] *gum-shoe* as an adjective with verbal overtones,[6] *onery* in place of *ordinary*,[7] and *that is going some*.[8] I turn to

[1] Alexander Francis: *Americans: an Impression;* New York, 1900.

[2] G. Lowes Dickinson, in the *English Review*, quoted by *Current Literature*, April, 1910.

[3] Frank Dilnot: *The New America;* New York, 1919, p. 25. The same author describes two tendencies in America, one toward the reinvigoration of English, the other toward its dilution and corruption. He regards the language as far more vivid and effective than the English of England. "Show me the alert Englishman," he says, "who will not find a stimulation in those nuggety word-groupings which are the commonplaces in good American conversation. They are like flashes of crystal. They come from all kinds of people — who are brilliantly innocent of enriching the language . . . The written word in America follows generally along the lines of the spoken word . . . In writing as well as in speech there is a widespread range of what to an Englishman is looseness, occasionally slovenliness. . . . The American tongue, written or spoken, with its alteration from the English of England, is a potent and penetrating instrument, rich in new vibrations, full of joy as well as shocks for the unsuspecting visitor."

[4] Speech before the Chamber of Commerce Convention, Washington, February 9, 1916.

[5] Speech at workingman's dinner, New York, September 4, 1912.

[6] *Wit and Wisdom of Woodrow Wilson*, compiled by Richard Linthicum; New York, 1916, p. 54.

[7] Speech at Ridgewood, N. J., April 22, 1910.

[8] *Wit and Wisdom . . .*, p. 56.

Dr. John Dewey, surely a most respectable pedagogue, and find him using *dope* for *opium*.[1]

From the earliest days, indeed, English critics have found this gipsy tendency in our most careful writing. They denounced it in Marshall, Cooper, Mark Twain, Poe, Lossing, Lowell, and Holmes, and even in Hawthorne and Thoreau; and it was no less academic a work than W. C. Brownell's *French Traits* which brought forth, in a London literary journal, the dictum that "the language most depressing to the cultured Englishman is the language of the cultured American." Even "educated American English," agrees the chief of modern English grammarians, "is now almost entirely independent of British influence, and differs from it considerably, though as yet not enough to make the two dialects — American English and British English — mutually unintelligible."[2] Surely no English of position equal to Dr. Wilson's or Dr. Dewey's would venture upon such locutions as *dope* and *to hog*. One might conceivably think of George Saintsbury doing it — but Saintsbury is a privileged iconoclast. Gilbert Murray would blush to death if merely accused of it falsely. When, on August 2, 1914, Sir Edward Grey ventured modestly to speak of "pressing the button in the interest of peace," the *New Age* denounced him for indulging in vulgarism, and, as one English correspondent writes to me, various other Britons saw in the locution "a sign of the impending fall of the Empire."

American thus shows its character in a constant experimentation, a wide hospitality to novelty, a steady reaching out for new and vivid forms. No other tongue of modern times admits foreign words and phrases more readily; none is more careless of precedents; none shows a greater fecundity and originality of fancy. It is producing new words every day,

[1] *New Republic*, December 24, 1919, p. 116, col. 1.

[2] Henry Sweet: *A New English Grammar, Logical and Historical*, two parts; Oxford, 1900–1903, Part 1, p. 224.

by trope, by agglutination, by the shedding of inflections, by the merging of parts of speech, and by sheer brilliance of imagination. It is full of what Bret Harte called the "sabre-cuts of Saxon"; it meets Montaigne's ideal of "a succulent and nervous speech, short and compact, not as much delicated and combed out as vehement and brusque, rather arbitrary than monotonous, not pedantic but soldierly, as Suetonius called Caesar's Latin." One pictures the common materials of English dumped into a pot, exotic flavorings added, and the bubblings assiduously and expectantly skimmed. What is old and respected is already in decay the moment it comes into contact with what is new and vivid. "When we Americans are through with the English language," says Mr. Dooley, "it will look as if it had been run over by a musical comedy." Let American confront a novel problem alongside English, and immediately its superior imaginativeness and resourcefulness become obvious. *Movie* is better than *cinema:* and the English begin to admit the fact by adopting the word; it is not only better American, it is better English. *Bill-board* is better than *hoarding*. *Office-holder* is more honest, more picturesque, more thoroughly Anglo-Saxon than *public-servant*. *Stem-winder* somehow has more life in it, more fancy and vividness, than the literal *keyless-watch*. Turn to the terminology of railroading (itself, by the way, an Americanism): its creation fell upon the two peoples equally, but they tackled the job independently. The English, seeking a figure to denominate the wedge-shaped fender in front of a locomotive, called it a *plough:* the Americans, characteristically, gave it the far more pungent name of *cow-catcher*. So with the casting where two rails join. The English called it a *crossing-plate*. The Americans, more responsive to the suggestion in its shape, called it a *frog*.

This boldness of conceit, of course, makes for vulgarity. Unrestrained by any critical sense — and the critical sense of the professors counts for little, for they cry wolf too often — it

flowers in such barbaric inventions as *tasty*, *alright*, *go-getter*, *he-man*, *go-aheadativeness*, *tony*, *semi-occasional*, *to fellowship*, and *to doxologize*. Let it be admitted: American is not infrequently vulgar; the Americans, too, are vulgar (Bayard Taylor called them "Anglo-Saxons relapsed into semi-barbarism"); America itself is unutterably vulgar. But vulgarity, after all, means no more than a yielding to natural impulses in the face of conventional inhibitions, and that yielding to natural impulses is at the heart of all healthy language-making. The history of English, like the history of American and of every other living tongue, is a history of vulgarisms that, by their accurate meeting of real needs, have forced their way into sound usage, and even into the lifeless catalogues of the grammarians. The colonial pedants denounced *to advocate* as bitterly as they ever denounced *to compromit* or *to happify*, and all the English authorities gave them aid, but it forced itself into the American language despite them, and today it is even accepted as English and has got into the *Concise Oxford Dictionary*. *To donate*, so late as 1870, was dismissed by Richard Grant White as ignorant and abominable and to this day the more careful English will have none of it, but there is not an American dictionary that doesn't accept it, and surely no American writer would hesitate to use it.[1] *Reliable*, *gubernatorial*, *standpoint*, and *scientist* have survived opposition of equal ferocity. The last-named was coined by William Whewell, an Englishman, in 1840, but was first adopted in America. Despite the fact that Fitzedward Hall and other eminent philologists used it and defended it, it aroused almost incredible opposition in England. So recently as 1890 it was denounced by the London *Daily News* as "an ignoble Americanism," and according to William Archer it was

[1] Despite this fact an academic and ineffective opposition to it still goes on. On the Style Sheet of the *Century Magazine* it is listed among the "words and phrases to be avoided." It was prohibited by the famous Index Expurgatorius prepared by William Cullen Bryant for the New York *Evening Post*, and his prohibition is still theoretically in force, but the word is now actually permitted by the *Post*. The Chicago *Daily News* Style Book, dated July 1, 1908, also bans it.

finally accepted by the English only "at the point of the bayonet."[1]

The purist performs a useful office in enforcing a certain logical regularity upon the process, and in our own case the omnipresent example of the greater conservatism of the English corrects our native tendency to go too fast, but the process itself is as inexorable in its workings as the precession of the equinoxes, and if we yield to it more eagerly than the English, it is only a proof, perhaps, that the future of what was once the Anglo-Saxon tongue lies on this side of the water. "The story of English grammar," says Murison, "is a story of simplification, of dispensing with grammatical forms."[2] And of the most copious and persistent enlargement of vocabulary and mutation of idiom ever recorded, perhaps, by descriptive philology. English now has the brakes on, but American continues to leap in the dark, and the prodigality of its movement is all the indication that is needed of its intrinsic health, its capacity to meet the ever-changing needs of a restless and emotional people, constantly fluent in racial composition, and disdainful of tradition.

> "Language," says Sayce, "is no artificial product, contained in books and dictionaries and governed by the strict rules of impersonal grammarians. It is the living expression of the mind and spirit of a people, ever changing and shifting, whose sole standard of correctness is custom and the common usage of the community. . . . The first lesson to be learned is that there is no intrinsic right or wrong in the use of language, no fixed rules such as are the delight of the teacher of Latin prose. What is right now will be wrong hereafter, what language rejected yesterday she accepts today."[3]

[1] *Scientist* is now in the *Concise Oxford Dictionary* and in *Cassell's*. So are *reliable*, *standpoint*, and *gubernatorial*. But the *Century Magazine* still bans *standpoint* and the *Evening Post* (at least in theory) bans both *standpoint* and *reliable*. The Chicago *Daily News* accepts *standpoint*, but bans *reliable* and *gubernatorial*. All of these words, of course, are now almost as good as *ox* or *and*.

[2] "Changes in the Language Since Shakespeare's Time," in *Cambridge History of English Literature*, Vol. XIV, p. 491. See also Jespersen, *op. cit.*

[3] *Introduction to the Science of Language*, Vol. II, pp. 333–334.

THE DECAY OF SYNTAX[1]

R. W. CHAPMAN

The danger to a language does not lie in new words whether foreign-born or native. Every growing language requires an oversupply of words from which to choose. If it needs these words in its daily business, it will have them, and no purist can say nay; if it does not need them, they will remain in the linguistic Ellis Island, and no Commissioner of Immigration can secure admission for them. Most philologians, however, continue to diagnose the status of a language by the sole test of new words. Far more important is the machinery of language, which we call syntax. Are the sections of the sentence properly joined? Are the common-sense principles of concord observed? Are the links and hinges working noiselessly? Is the subjunctive used when the indicative is powerless to convey the desired *nuance?* Do the sentences move jerkily, gawkily, slouchily, or have they a natural gait? Do they keep step with their comrades in the paragraph? Does the verb forget the number of its subject when other words are thrust between? Does the pronoun admit the impeachment of the preposition that "out of sight is out of mind"? These are the questions that syntax asks, and the health of a language is to be judged by the answers. A surplusage of unabsorbed words never results in anything more serious than a slight cutaneous eruption but a decadent syntax is a kind of articular rheumatism. Mr. Chapman does not confine himself to the syntactic implications of his subject, nor do we agree with him that "Lamb and his contemporaries" impaired the syntax of English. They released it from a too restrictive formalism. But *The Decay of Syntax* marks a stimulating approach to an old subject and sounds a caution that may help you as a writer and give you widened range as a critic of style.

THE morbid state of modern English prose is generally recognized by competent judges.

"Mr. Bevan was right," says Professor Phillimore in the preface to his translation of Propertius, "when he argued that the present

[1] "This essay," writes the author, "is in part a rehandling of a theme first developed in a series of articles published in the *Oxford University Magazine* under

state of the language is peculiarly favorable to translators. The incipient senile ataxy of English restores us something of the receptiveness which in the Elizabethans was an effect of juvenal elasticity."

If this judgment is true, it is apparent that any beauty in modern English prose can be only the beauty of decay; and the supposed imbecility of modern English can be only one symptom of a deep-seated national corruption. More sanguine censors of modern tendencies may hope that the maladies under which most modern writing labors are due to temporary causes, to preoccupation and negligence which may in time be cured.

An examination of everyday speech will perhaps suggest that it is our written rather than our colloquial English that betrays the languor of senility. The spoken English of all classes is now commonly most invertebrate and flaccid when it relies upon a literary tradition to which it owes no more than a formal allegiance; and most virile when it trusts its native wit and coins phrases from the accidents of daily life or borrows them from foreign experience. The modern Englishman in his talk pays little regard to propriety of diction; he is ignorant of etymology and careless of euphony; but he has a keen sense of the picturesque, and a significant interest in phonetics. The inherited modes of expression have ceased to interest him; and accordingly the ordinary journalistic English, which is almost purely traditional, is not merely decadent; it is formless, incurious, and lifeless. Soldiers' letters, which are a kind of journalism, are one-half formulary. "I take great pleasure in writing these few lines in answer to your welcome letter." The remainder is mainly an echo of the popular newspapers; only an insignificant fraction reflects the writer's natural and nervous speech.

the title of *Jargon*, and written in collaboration with Mr. G. S. Gordon, then of Magdalen College, subsequently Professor and Captain Gordon. I owe to my friend some of the choicest flowers in the garland." The essay was printed in the *Times Literary Supplement*, London, May 8, 1919, and in *The Portrait of a Scholar*, Oxford University Press, 1920. It is reproduced here by permission of the author and the *Times*.

The decline of literary English is not recent; it has been going on for more than a century. Written English reached its highest general level in the latter part of the eighteenth century. That age, like the Augustan age of Rome, which also reached a high level of literary form, was an age in which it seemed to the orthodox majority that human discovery and development had gone nearly as far as they were likely to go; that the great discoveries had been made, and the fundamental doctrines of science and religion established. It remained only to elaborate details, to put the coping-stone on the wall of knowledge. Men were thus at liberty to study the vehicle of accepted truth, and to add elegance to knowledge which no longer needed support. Johnson once believed it possible, by judicious selection from the works of approved writers, to standardize an English vocabulary which would need no innovation, and would allow expression to any ideas that might require it.

What is called the Romantic Revival was, as it affected English prose style, not a revival but a revolt. The poets, indeed, by drawing on the past and the present, were able to enrich the poetic vocabulary and to burst the narrow metrical banks in which poetry had been condemned to flow. But the prose revolutionists of the early nineteenth century were rather iconoclasts than builders. The revolt was a real revolt. In the half-century which followed the death of Johnson old idols had been shattered, and men's minds were seething with new ideas. But the instrument of language is a thing in its nature traditional. It is easily damaged, and painfully mended. Lamb and his contemporaries did much to impair its structure, and what they destroyed they did not rebuild. Their writing, great and vital as it is, was therefore in its formal aspect rather decadent than renascent. The most popular qualities of their style, its delicate allusiveness and wealth of reminiscence, are characteristic of a silver age.

The formlessness which is incipient in the essayists of the early nineteenth century was rapidly aggravated. The results may

be studied in the writings of some of the most popular of the Victorian novelists. What has been admired or derided as the style of Charles Dickens does not deserve to be called a style. It is a mere collection of indifferent tricks. Anthony Trollope, who is free from mannerism, is entirely without style. His writing is not offensive, and at its best it has an attractive simplicity; but at its worst it might almost be called illiterate. It is perhaps significant that these two writers are supreme masters of dialogue. Trollope's own writing is nothing; when he makes his people talk he is inspired.

Poetry is a form highly artificial and conventional: colloquial speech is the child of circumstances constantly in flux. Both therefore vary widely from age to age, alike in vocabulary and in arrangement. But most descriptive and deliberative prose deals far more with the permanent than with the shifting elements of life and language; and as it is not necessary, neither is it desirable that it should suffer rapid changes. The vocabulary and structure of English prose as they were used by Swift, Addison, Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, and as they were in the main preserved by many of the best writers among the historians and essayists of the nineteenth century, are sufficiently rich and elastic to afford ample room for that expression of individual genius which is style. There is no question of seeking to perpetuate an outworn fashion, but of eradicating certain innovations which can be shown to be definitely vicious. The most serious and orderly prose, the prose of narration, criticism, and argument, of historians, statesmen, and lawyers, is naturally and rightly conservative. It would be easy to show that modern prose of this kind is, in fact, composed of the same materials as the prose of Dryden. Very little has been added to the vocabulary of deliberation and reflection, because there was little to add. The words are the same; but they are used with less accuracy and arranged with less care.

Misapprehension may, perhaps, be most conveniently avoided by naming some of the best living writers of English prose,

having regard to their manner only. Such an illustrative list — for it need be nothing more — might include Mr. Robert Bridges, Sir Walter Raleigh, Mr. Hilaire Belloc (when he chooses), Mr. E. V. Lucas, and Mr. John Masefield. All these writers have clearly formed their style by the study of seventeenth and eighteenth-century models: and as prose style must be formed upon models, their prose is good because their models are good. But they are in no way archaistic; they abstain from no modernism that really aids their expression. They are not travelling by post-chaise because they think railways vulgar. They have merely adopted the structure of the best English prose, and have found it adequate to the most exacting demands of their twentieth-century fancy and invention.

It will be said of the examples quoted below that it is improper to compare the great artists of the past with the journeymen of the present, or to expect the hasty writer of a paragraph to write like Burke. The answer is that the prose of Burke's humbler contemporaries is in its simple elements not very different from his, and that the prose of the modern journalist only exaggerates faults which are to be found in the writing of most modern historians and men of letters. The journeyman of 1780 studied good models, and wrote with some care. Today even the High Priests are not always orthodox; and professors whose business is literary criticism permit themselves to write in a manner which nullifies their authority. This is a painful subject, and quotation would be invidious; but it would be easy to cite from the writings of eminent critics paragraphs written with a contempt of linguistic decency which it should be their business to castigate in the essays of their pupils.

The most serious vices of modern prose are indifference to the etymology and proper meaning of words; neglect of order and rhythm; impatience of anything that can be called inversion; love of periphrastic prepositions; a tendency to prefer the abstract to the concrete and to use nouns instead of verbs; and an indolent acquiescence in worn-out phrases. The first fault,

which is obviously connected with the decline of classical knowledge, is seen in *transpire* meaning *happen;* in *constitutes a leading feature;* in *somewhat unique;* in the slang use of *incidentally;* in *the individual in question*, meaning *this person;* and in a hundred laxities in the application and combination of words, less flagrant than these notorious solecisms, and therefore more insidious; as *ascertain* for *find out*, *anticipate* for *expect* or *foresee.* An example of this kind of deterioration is supplied by a curious use of the word *emphatically* to mean something like *undoubtedly* or *unmistakably.* "The stories," says one journalist, "are emphatically of the ghostly order." "The situation," says another, "is emphatically central." This is of course impossible; emphasis may be predicated of an assertion, not of the fact asserted.

Many such abuses of language have been recently the subject of lively discussion in *The Times Literary Supplement.* But these, since they are at once more generally recognized and more easily rectified, are less dangerous than the general paralysis of structure which deforms almost all modern writing, and to which even critical ears have grown indifferent. The order of the eighteenth-century sentence was no doubt too formal and its rhythm too regular. Thus it was held inadmissible to close a sentence on an insignificant word. One of the few rules of composition that still command assent forbids a sentence to end with a preposition. But in general the modern sentence has neither rhythm nor structure; it goes on till it drops. The practice of dictation to a stenographer may have something to do with this. Dictation abhors second thoughts and erasures, and a first draft looks more plausible when neatly typewritten than it does in manuscript.

The sequence of words has become fixed, and any variation is now resented. This is perhaps partly due to the vicious habit of reading by the eye. The result is often to increase the number of words necessary to lucidity, and, in particular, periphrastic formulas are employed which have no relation to the architecture of the sentence. Johnson could write "But of the works of

Shakespeare the condition has been far different"; and "the explanations transcribed from others, if I do not subjoin any other interpretation, I suppose commonly to be right." In modern writing these sentences would almost certainly begin "But in the case of Shakespeare" and "With regard to the explanations." This is pardonable in extemporary speech; a man says "With regard to Shakespeare" when he knows he has something to say about Shakespeare but has not quite made up his mind what it is to be; but it cannot be called composition. The fact is that *in the case of* and *with regard to* have no definite meaning at all; they are mere labels, like the "Reference so-and-so" of commercial or military correspondence. These phrases are defended as being necessary, or as being convenient, or as avoiding obscurity. Necessary they are not; for English prose did without them for centuries. Convenient they doubtless are; for it is always easier to say in twenty words what should be said in ten. Lucidity may sometimes be gained: "Jones's nose was red" may be less clear than "In the case of Jones (as distinguished from Smith's) his nose was red" or "Jones was red as to his nose"; but at what a cost! Far more often these formulas conceal ambiguity or looseness of thinking. "Shirt-sleeves will be worn in all cases" was the order of an angry Staff officer who had met a man wearing a coat contrary to regulations and was determined that the practice should cease. But neither he nor any one else knew what was meant.

Once phrases such as these are by any pretext introduced, they are welcomed by that pleonasm which is the original sin of language, and used for their own sweet sakes. "In numerous instances," writes Cobbett, "the farmers have ceased to farm for themselves." It is not clear even from the context whether Cobbett meant "in many districts" or simply "many farmers"; he must have meant one or the other. The proper word for a passage in a book is *place;* critics speak of "a place in Aristotle's *Poetics*." But this use is obsolescent even in the language of criticism. I have examined a valuable recent work on a great

poet, and have failed to find it. Numberless places in the poet's works are quoted or referred to, but they are all *cases* or *instances*. The proper use of the word *case* is seen in "a case of conscience" or *The Case is Alter'd;* lines of poetry are not cases. The inroads of this disease are remarkable; *case* is employed not only to avoid some trifling difficulty of construction, but where there is no apparent motive. It is possible to find newspaper paragraphs in which every other sentence furnishes a *case* or an *instance*. "Fifteen men were wounded, but none died," becomes "but in no case were the injuries mortal." "Most of the wounds were caused by machine-gun bullets, very few by shell-fire," becomes "The wounds were in most cases caused, &c.; in very few instances were they due, &c." The proper use of "that is not the case" may be seen from a use which is now growing obsolete, "that is not my case." (We now say, "With me the case is different.") "That is not the case" should not mean merely "that is not so"; and "It is not the case that Napoleon died of a broken heart" is inaccurate: no case has been stated.

It should not be supposed that too great stress is laid on these words. *Case* and *instance* are the commonest and the most dangerous of a number of parasitic growths which are the dry rot of syntax. It seems worth while to examine the use of these particles in some detail, even at the risk of a tedious multiplication of examples. Accumulation of evidence imposes conviction; and the following quotations, most of which are drawn from respectable sources, should dissipate any notion that the fictitious specimens given above are exaggerated.

The least unnatural use of *case* is to indicate emphasis or to escape a difficulty of arrangement. "In the case of cigars sold singly they were made smaller." "In the case of my old school-fellows a smaller proportion would seem to have become famous than in the case of my contemporaries at Oxford." Here *in the case of* marks an antithesis which the eighteenth century would have conveyed by inversion: "of my old school-fellows fewer have become famous than of my contemporaries at Oxford":

but *than of* has, it seems, become obscure, and it is hardly found in modern English, which substitutes *than in the case of* or *than is the case with.* Even "where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise" has been thought to require elucidation: an eminent grammarian explains that "*where = in cases where.*" Even commoner than this, and less explicable, is the substitution of, *e.g.*, *books in many cases* for *many books.* "Individual land-owners, who in many cases will have to pay" (that is *many of whom*) is one of five exactly similar phrases in a single article by Mr. Harold Cox. A shipwreck produced these narratives: "The occupants of the frail crafts were in the majority of cases only partially clad." "Women were in many instances the only occupants of the boats." "The survivors were in many cases so exhausted." In the description of a thunderstorm it was stated that "in two instances buildings were struck."

Case and *instance* are often used as dummies instead of other nouns. A learned journal, reviewing a book on screens, complained that "there are four cases in which good old screenwork is still to be found in Middlesex churches, and not one of these instances is so much as named" by the authors. Thus *case* means *church:* but it means also a parliamentary division: for we find that "a survey of their holdings in the expiring Parliament shows their tenure to be precarious in more than a score of instances, extending from Scotland to Devonshire." It is so easy to translate these sentences into English that it is difficult to understand why the average writer finds it more natural, as he plainly does, to deal in counters than in coin. It is easier to see why counters are used when their presence betrays that the writer has not taken pains to express his meaning, or has, perhaps, no meaning to express. "As regards enemy aliens, in no instance was a case of danger suggested by any witness" (Mr. Justice —— quoted by the *Star*). "In some instances names of the localities mentioned in the text are not given in the maps." This probably means "some place-names": but it might mean that some (not all) of the maps were defective.

Finally, apologists for modern syntax are invited to consider how much meaning they could extract from the following sentence, if it were in a language not their own. The writer wishes to convey that when Sainte-Beuve in his *Causeries* wrote two essays on the same topic, the second is not a mere rehash of the first. He expresses his meaning thus: "In the cases above noted, when two or more handlings of the same subject by the author exist, the comparison of the two usually suffices to show how little vamping there is in the case of the latter."

A recognized symptom of the decay of a language is the confusion of prepositions. This has long been apparent in English: yet though people vex themselves over such an isolated anomaly as *different to*, the indiscriminate use of the composite propositions *as to* and *in the case of* is hardly noticed. The examples quoted are from the novels of Trollope, who makes *as to* do duty for *of*, *about*, *on*, *for*, and *to;* "proper notions as to (*of*) a woman's duty": "sarcastic as to (*about*) his hunting": "said a good word as to (*for*) Dingles, and bantered himself as to (*on*) his own want of skill": "a great impropriety, as to (*to*) which neither could be got to assent." When this is done by a famous writer, we cannot be surprised if military authority ordains that "strict attention will be paid as to saluting," and a Government official calls for "a full explanation of the circumstances as to why."

Most redundant expressions have their origin in some attempt to cope with a real difficulty of construction. Many adjectives and adjectival expressions have in English no corresponding abstract noun. A writer describing a motoring accident wishes to convey that a by-road was hidden and to attribute the collision to that circumstance; and, having committed himself to a certain form by writing "There can be no doubt that the accident was caused," cannot proceed "by the hiddenness of the by-road," and is driven to periphrasis. He may write "by the by-road's being hidden"; but the gerund is an awkward tool, and in many contexts is impossible. Otherwise he has his choice

of "the fact that" and "the hidden character." There are, of course, better ways out; but the difficulty is real, and the journalist must get out quickly. Having found the subterfuge useful, he uses it again when he has no need of it; and so we find a whisky commended "on account of its light character, purity, and age." Still commoner is the purely otiose use of *nature*, *character*, &c., in such phrases as "foundations of a circular character." The motive is, perhaps, an indistinct aspiration after emphasis or balance; but again the periphrasis is so attractive that it is used when no motive can be assigned. "The book is of a most interesting nature"; "the weather is expected to be of a less windy character"; "unemployment of a chronic character"; "a *mésalliance* of a pronounced order"; "hats of the cartwheel persuasion." Verbiage of this kind is not only bad in itself; its effect is to empty words of their proper meaning. A word which means everything means nothing; and as *character* is degenerating into a suffix "He is a man of bad character" begins to sound archaic.

The vices here illustrated are typical of many more, and most of them are comprehended when it is said that modern writing is abstract when it should be concrete. The simplest statements are involved in a cloud of abstraction; not because journalists are philosophers, but because the abuse of abstract terms has become an almost universal habit. The origin of the evil is obscure, but it may be suspected that a principal cause is cowardice. A man who is uncertain of his facts will write without a twinge of conscience such a sentence as this: "The percentage of mortality due to measles is often exaggerated." If he had said that *fewer people die of measles than is supposed*, he might have asked himself if he were sure it was true. It is certain that abstract writing is the convenient and natural refuge of confused thinking. Every man who understands the art of writing, and has tried to write well, is aware that the process of composition is commonly not the simple transference of thought into language, but the laborious attempt to work into a coherent

shape ideas which have been in his mind but which have still to be clarified and arranged; and the temptation to gloss over weak places by deliberate ambiguity is often unmistakable. A writer with an inaccurate mind is doubtless unconscious of this, and is the more likely to fall into the trap.

The habit of verbosity reacts strongly upon the intelligence. The modern reader, whose eye is accustomed to gallop over columns of flaccid print, reads Bacon's *Essays* at the same pace and with the same attention, and is surprised to find them obscure. A man of intelligence, not addicted to literature, picked up a volume of Johnson's *Rambler*, and after a few minutes was heard to exclaim, "This is very odd stuff: I have to read it three times before I can understand it." Yet has the *Rambler* been called platitudinous! The ear, and even the mind, are now so corrupted that abstract jargon is not only more palatable, but even more easily digested, than clean and terse English. A specimen of local history, intended for children and prepared by a master of simple concrete prose, was unanimously rejected by a committee of elementary schoolmasters as being "more suitable for secondary schools."

It is needless to multiply illustrations, however entertaining, of a jargon which infects every newspaper paragraph. But it does not seem to be generally grasped that this habit of abstract expression is the gravest of all diseases of language. Most essays in admonition are directed against the corruption of single words or against such venial inelegancies as the split infinitive. When a wider generalization is advanced, it usually dissuades us from indulgence in Latinisms and polysyllables. It is true that big words should be avoided where little words will serve, and that words of Latin origin are often to be avoided as cumbrous or as unfamiliar. But it is incomparably more important to resist the invasion of parasitic circumlocutions and abstractions, which are far worse than inelegant. The man who writes "instances of premature mortality are more frequent in the case of men than in the case of women," when he means

that *more men die young than women*, sins against the light. Such writing is vicious not because it is pompous but because it is dishonest. It uses unnecessary and obscure abstractions to misstate the fact, and is a cause, as well as an effect, of inaccurate and insincere thinking. Yet we find a critic complaining that "the effort of some writers to attract their readers by writing as they talk furthers the degeneracy of the written language." *O si sic omnes!* The English we speak is often inaccurate and ungrammatical, and disfigured by the unintelligent use of slang; but it is at least straightforward, and gets to its meaning by the shortest road.

A PREFACE TO THE PROFESSION OF JOURNALISM [1]

(BEING AN ANSWER TO A LETTER FROM A COLLEGE STUDENT, ASKING ADVICE AS TO TAKING UP WRITING AS A CAREER)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

This genial bit of advice is meant not so much for journalists as for writers in general, or for those who hope to graduate from journalism into literature. But "Close, constant, vivid, and compassionate gazing at the ways of mankind is the laboratory manual of literature," — that sentence covers both fields of effort. The *littérateur*, however, has more freedom and a wider arena. Maupassant, speaking for the novelist, said: "The public is composed of numerous groups who cry to us: 'Console me,' 'Entertain me,' 'Make me sad,' 'Make me sympathetic,' 'Make me dream,' 'Make me laugh,' 'Make me shudder,' 'Make me weep,' 'Make me think.' Some rare spirits alone request of the artist: 'Make me something beautiful in the form which suits you best according to your temperament.'" Arthur Brisbane, speaking for the editorial writer, says: "An editorial can do four important things: Teach, attack, defend, praise. Teaching is the most important and the most difficult."

YOUR inquiry is congenial, and I feel guilty of selfishness in answering it in this way. But he must be a poor workman, whether artisan or artist, who does not welcome an excuse now and then for shutting out the fascinating and maddening complexity of this shining world to concentrate his random wits on some honest and self-stimulating expression of his purpose.

There are exceptions to every rule; but writing, if undertaken as a trade, is subject to the conditions of all other trades. The apprentice must begin with task-work; he must please his employers before he can earn the right to please

[1] From *Plum Pudding*, 1921, with the permission of the publishers, Doubleday, Page and Company.

himself. Not only that, he must have ingenuity and patience enough to learn *how* editors are pleased; but he will be startled, I think, if he studies their needs, to see how eager they are to meet him half way. This necessary docility is in the long run a wholesome physic, because, if our apprentice has any gallantry of spirit, it will arouse in him an exhilarating irritation, that indignation which is said to be the forerunner of creation. It will mean, probably, a period — perhaps short, perhaps long, perhaps permanent — of rather meagre and stinted acquaintance with the genial luxuries and amenities of life; but (such is the optimism of memory) a period that he will always look back upon as the happiest of all. It is well for our apprentice if, in this season, he has a taste for cheap tobacco and a tactful technique in borrowing money.

The deliberate embrace of literature as a career involves very real dangers. I mean dangers to the spirit over and above those of the right-hand trouser pocket. For, let it be honestly stated, the business of writing is solidly founded on a monstrous and perilous egotism. Himself, his temperament, his powers of observation and comment, his emotions and sensibilities and ambitions and idiocies — these are the only monoply the writer has. This is his only capital, and with glorious and shameless confidence he proposes to market it. Let him make the best of it. Continually stooping over the muddy flux of his racing mind, searching a momentary flash of clearness in which he can find mirrored some delicate beauty or truth, he tosses between the alternatives of self-grandeur and self-disgust. It is a painful matter, this endless self-scrutiny. We are all familiar with the addled ego of literature — the writer whom constant self-communion has made vulgar, acid, querulous, and vain. And yet it is remarkable that of so many who meddle with the combustible passions of their own minds so few are blown up. The discipline of living is a fine cooling-jacket for the engine.

It is essential for our apprentice to remember that, though he begin with the vilest hack-work — writing scoffing paragraphs,

or advertising pamphlets, or free-lance snippets for the papers — that even in hack-work quality shows itself to those competent to judge; and he need not always subdue his gold to the lead in which he works. Moreover, conscience and instinct are surprisingly true and sane. If he follows the suggestions of his own inward, he will generally be right. Moreover again, no one can help him as much as he can help himself. There is no job in the writing world that he cannot have if he really wants it. Writing about something he intimately knows is a sound principle. Hugh Walpole, that greatly gifted novelist, taught school after leaving Cambridge, and very sensibly began by writing about school-teaching. If you care to see how well he did it, read *The Gods and Mr. Perrin.* I would propose this test to the would-be writer: Does he feel, honestly, that he could write as convincingly about his own tract of life (whatever it may be) as Walpole wrote about that boys' school? If so, he has a true vocation for literature.

The first and most necessary equipment of any writer, be he reporter, advertising copy-man, poet, or historian, is swift, lively, accurate observation. And since consciousness is a rapid, shallow river which we can only rarely dam up deep enough to go swimming and take our ease, it is his positive need (unless he is a genius who can afford to let drift away much of his only source of gold) to keep a note-book handy for the sieving and skimming of this running stream. Samuel Butler has good advice on this topic. Of ideas, he says, you must throw salt on their tails or they fly away and you never see their bright plumage again. Poems, stories, epigrams, all the happiest freaks of the mind, flit by on wings and at haphazard instants. They must be caught in air. In this respect one thinks American writers ought to have an advantage over English, for American trousers are made with hip-pockets, in which a small note-book may so comfortably caress the natural curvature of man.

Fancy is engendered in the eyes, said Shakespeare, and is with gazing fed. By fancy he meant (I suppose) love; but imagination is also so engendered. Close, constant, vivid, and compassionate gazing at the ways of mankind is the laboratory manual of literature. But for most of us we may gaze until our eyeballs twitch with weariness; unless we seize and hold the flying picture in some steadfast memorandum, the greater part of our experience dissolves away with time. If a man has thought sufficiently about the arduous and variously rewarded profession of literature to propose seriously to follow it for a living, he will already have said these things to himself, with more force and pungency. He may have satisfied himself that he has a necessary desire for "self-expression," which is a parlous state indeed, and the cause of much literary villainy. The truly great writer is more likely to write in the hope of expressing the hearts of others than his own. And there are other desires, too, most legitimate, that he may feel. An English humorist said recently in the preface to his book: "I wrote these stories to satisfy an inward craving — not for artistic expression, but for food and drink." But I cannot conscientiously advise any man to turn to writing merely as a means of earning his victual unless he should, by some cheerful casualty, stumble upon a trick of the You-know-me-Alfred sort, what one might call the Attabuoyant style. If all you want is a suggestion as to some honest way of growing rich, the doughnut industry is not yet overcrowded; and people will stand in line to pay twenty-two cents for a dab of ice-cream smeared with a trickle of syrup.

To the man who approaches writing with some decent tincture of idealism it is well to say that he proposes to use as a trade what is, at its best and happiest, an art and a recreation. He proposes to sell his mental reactions to the helpless public, and he proposes not only to enjoy himself by so doing, but to be handsomely recompensed withal. He cannot complain that in days when both honesty and delicacy of mind are none too common we ask him to bring to his task the humility of the

tradesman, the joy of the sportsman, the conscience of the artist.

And if he does so, he will be in a condition to profit by these fine words of George Santayana, said of the poet, but applicable to workers in every branch of literature:

> He labors with his nameless burden of perception, and wastes himself in aimless impulses of emotion and reverie, until finally the method of some art offers a vent to his inspiration, or to such part of it as can survive the test of time and the discipline of expression. . . . Wealth of sensation and freedom of fancy, which make an extraordinary ferment in his ignorant heart, presently bubble over into some kind of utterance.

THE MENACE TO JOURNALISM[1]

ROSCOE C. E. BROWN

The first paragraph is a condensed summary of the entire article. Note also the accuracy and originality of the fungus simile. Professor Brown's protest is not against propaganda but against propaganda disguised as news. It's a question not of contents but of labels. The menace reminds one of the organized applause that used to be given by coached *claqueurs* at the French theaters. A spirited rejoinder to this article was made in *The North American Review* of February, 1922. "Good news," it was said, "is often retiring and conceals itself. The function of the real publicity man is to give it wings. The news prepared by the modern publicity man is the news of construction. It has been sought out from a mass of data or other information in which it is so deeply imbedded that it could never be found by the hurried reporter seeking the news that shrieks aloud to be told." Professor Brown replied: "The publicity expert may, indeed, have an enduring place. He may tell corporations how to conduct themselves so as to deserve public confidence; he may help their managers to speak so as to catch the public ear; but he should never be permitted to put his story, written from the point of view of a private interest, into a newspaper in the guise of its report as an independent instrument of public intelligence. When that is permitted the newspaper surrenders itself to propaganda and invites loss of faith."

A NEW journalism is abroad in the land. To the reading public it is often indistinguishable from the old journalism. Like some of the parasitic fungi, whose spores penetrating the cells of their host change its substance to their own tissues, but in turn shape themselves into the outward form of the original plant, the new journalism has fastened upon the old, used it for its own purposes, and masked itself in the appearance of the independent and self-determining press. This parasite is propaganda. Its instrument of infection is the press agent. Its result is an organ of public opinion more or less completely,

[1] From *The North American Review*, November, 1921, by permission.

according to the extent of the process, transformed from an unbiased, or at least autonomous, expression to a suggested and not disinterested utterance.

Twenty-five years ago, the press agent was known to newspaper men as the genial distributor of circus tickets, and as the facile chronicler of the wonders of the jungle and the romances of the fat woman. He kept reporters apprized in gorgeous fashion of the coming of new plays and took a kindly interest in recovering actresses' lost jewels. For the rest, he left the reporters to go their way unaided to get their news as best they could, and to present it with that approximation to truth that comes from the detached appraisement of conflicting statements and dug-out facts. He was the scarcely recognized poor-relation of the journalist.

To-day the press agent belongs to a numerous, well recognized, and well paid profession. His handsomely furnished office is next door to that of the president of the great corporation; he is the consultant of the organizers of great philanthropies, the mouth-piece of political leaders, the window-dresser of government departments. He lays upon the desks of the leading newspapers every day enough copy to fill their pages, news, editorial and advertising, twice over. And he succeeds in getting enough of this printed to earn his salary to the satisfaction of his employer, to establish his own importance in the eyes of publicity seekers, and to color effectually the picture of American life and its supposedly spontaneous movements presented to the American people.

The press agent commands a higher salary, strictly measured by his success in circulating propaganda disguised as news, than he could obtain in the direct service of a newspaper. Consequently trained writers that are ready to forego the journalist's ideal and give their pens to the service not of society but of a patron's ends tend in increasing numbers to forsake the editorial room for the publicity office, to the impoverishment of newspaper staffs. Their systematic and extensive preparation of

pre-digested news is in turn changing the conditions of news gathering. They stand guard at many sources of news, fending off the too keen inquirer and leaving the newspaper the choice of letting itself be spoon-fed or going empty. The inevitable result must be the decay of reporting in its more difficult and for public purposes most important aspects, the growth of a race of mere retailers of ready-made intelligence, and the turning of the newspapers more and more to distribution, less of news than of what somebody wishes to be considered news.

The war gave a great impetus to propaganda. Surrender to it by the newspapers was a form of patriotic service. Mr. Creel's mental treatment, his suggestions of what the American people, to help win the war, should believe about fights with submarines or building airplanes, were faithfully transmitted to them by a mobilized press. For that the press need not apologize. Even public opinion must goosestep in a military movement, though it may know it is being fooled. The creation of a certain state of mind was as necessary as the equipping of an army, and the newspapers did their part to create it, without inquiring too curiously behind official statements. Nevertheless this meant an adjournment of the free play of public opinion, and unfortunately it has not reconvened. Semi-official propaganda claimed succession to the privileges of the official propaganda, and too often obtained it. Organized movements of every sort, religious, political, philanthropic, selfish, realized as never before the potentialities of the press agent, and found the newspapers habituated to unbelievable hospitality and frequently, it might seem, to unbelievable innocence. For to an extent never before seen, at least since the dark era of the party newspaper dependent on politicians in the first third of the nineteenth century, the American press is taking things at second hand and allowing artificially stimulated sentiment to appear as the expression of natural public opinion.

Yet the war did not give birth to the era of the publicity agent. His sway began when some of the railroads and other large

corporations awoke to the fact that unpopularity did not pay. Alexander J. Cassatt, if not the discoverer of this truth, was one of the earliest of the railroad executives to realize the consequences of the hostile feeling that was growing up against corporations. He not only tried to persuade his fellow railroad presidents to meet half way the demands for regulation, but also sought to put their aims and methods in a favorable light before the people. One of his earliest approaches was to a newspaper writer of distinction, who declined what seemed to him a princely salary, not because he did not sympathize with Mr. Cassatt's wish for better understanding between business and the public, but because, for himself, he would have no client but the public. Writers were found, however, who undertook to give newspapers information about corporation doings, and the old habits of silence gave way to positive volubility — in one tone. The newspapers welcomed this hospitality and were in turn hospitable; but before they realized it they had opened the gate to a wooden horse. They allowed the press agent to gain control of whole fields of news. Whereas the reporter formerly could gain access to corporation heads, make his own inquiries, and ask questions that gave him insight even if unanswered, now these men will rarely see reporters and screen themselves behind prepared statements. In a business crisis or industrial dispute — for the labor unions have not been slow to adopt the new method — it is almost impossible to bring a joined issue before the court of public opinion, because statements that are not responsive are frequently all that can be obtained.

In the lobby of the National Press Club in Washington, according to the *Editor and Publisher*, there is a table much like a free-lunch counter. On it are displayed every day the mimeographed copies of the hand-out articles, official and unofficial, that the press agents hope will prove bait for the correspondents. With a paste-pot and a little rewriting a brave show of covering the Capital can be made. If that were all, it would not much matter. The conscientious and enterprising correspondent

would show the difference between news and propaganda. But unfortunately the persons for whom the press agents work have learned that, if they stand on propaganda statements alone, and make no other, the newspapers will take them; and so they have shut the door on the independent investigator. Moreover, the press agents are clever enough to dress up for their own purposes matter that has real news interest, or seems to an editor to have when he sees it in a rival paper; and so the reporter, by the pressure of external circumstance and to meet the short-sighted demands of his own office, is driven to be the mere mouthpiece of biased statement. This has gone so far that Mr. Frank I. Cobb of the *New York World*, a practical editor by no means inclined to quixotic standards, declares that the newspapers are not meeting major problems and are not driving at the heart of things, but are "skimming the surface, and it is only now and then that a reporter gets under the skin of these great events."

Another sort of propaganda, not new but growing, is that which seeks free advertising. Sometimes it is plain puffery for commercial purposes. As often it is extensive free publicity for enterprises, good, bad and indifferent, from an Interchurch World Movement to the creation of a personality for a nonentity with political or social ambition. Against the advertising space-grafter the American Newspaper Publishers Association has been for some time making a campaign. The legitimate advertising men have found themselves more than once about to close a large contract when a press agent stepped in and persuaded the would-be advertiser that for a small sum advertising could be dressed up as news and circulated free to the limit of his desires. A few months ago a highly colored story of the escape of a Turkish heiress from Constantinople filled columns of space in American newspapers, only to prove a piece of publicity for a motion picture. No paper that had not blunted its news instincts by the habitual acceptance of press agent concoctions could have failed to scent a selfish purpose in such

a tale. When a leading automobile company, after the annual shows in New York and Chicago, publicly boasts that "more than twenty thousand dollars' worth of free publicity in the news columns of the New York and Chicago newspapers was the proud record obtained" by its advertising division during the shows, it is no wonder that the publishers are aghast at their own fatuity in letting columns of advertising disguised as "human interest" stories pass their desks. When a publicity agent undertakes to raise a $10,000 charity fund on a $2,500 commission, and does it with the aid of $26,000 worth of free reading matter, the newspapers may well ask themselves who are really supporting the philanthropies.

Sometimes, it is true, the editor grows suspicious that he is being used; but then the propagandist is ready for him. No more revealing exhibition of his methods of creating a false appearance of spontaneous public sentiment can be found than appears in a letter of the National One Cent Postage Association that fell into the hands of the American Newspaper Publishers Association shortly before the war. It read:

> In conjunction with the prosecution of our campaign for one cent letter postage, we find we secure invaluable assistance from the newspapers by their publishing articles in regard to one cent letter postage.
>
> We also find that if we send these articles direct they are often disregarded, while if we secure some of our friends to send the articles to them, the newspapers use them very promptly.
>
> Because of this fact, we are asking the assistance of friends of the movement to secure publicity for our work. I am taking the liberty of enclosing herewith an article which I have had prepared, and in which I have had your name inserted, and would appreciate it very much if you would place this in the hands of one of your local newspapers.
>
> Call up the city editor of your best paper, and the one most likely to use the article, and tell him to send a reporter around to your office, that you have a newspaper story for him. Don't tell him what the story is about, but simply request that the reporter call and see you. When the reporter does come tell him that to save him the trouble

you have written the story out yourself. Then hand him the enclosed interview.

He will be glad to get it in this shape, and will doubtless use it in about the same manner in which it is written. This will advertise our movement wonderfully in your territory and should prove of great assistance to us in the creation of public sentiment in favor of one cent letter postage.

Surely, the editor needs to be as wise as the serpent and as cynical as Satan, if he is going to safeguard himself against propaganda and make his columns a chronicle of real happenings and a reflector of authentic, un-"accelerated" thought.

Shortly before the war, Mr. Cobb has said, the newspapers of New York took a census of the press agents who were regularly employed and regularly accredited, and found that there were about 12,000 of them. There are doubtless many more to-day, and they have, as he pointed out, seized control of many of the direct channels of news of business, social, and political activity, and closed them, except as information is filtered through themselves. Great firms and corporations carry on publicity as a profession, and for a fee will contract to put upon the map of popular thought anything from a railroad rate campaign or a political program to a prayer-meeting or a charity fund. The *Editor and Publisher* reports that in one day last year 189,350 words of "publicity matter" were received by the *Washington Herald*, which equals 24 newspaper pages. It came from religious and "uplift" organizations, political parties, government departments, and commercial and miscellaneous sources of every sort. This was an average day, and that paper was not exceptionally favored by the press agents. How much of this was used does not appear, but a great mass of such material is regularly used or it would not be prepared in ever increasing volume. The skilled newspaper reader can detect it in almost every paper he sees. Already the ulterior purpose behind what appears to be innocent news is frequently questioned. If the general body of readers shall be driven to share that

suspicion, to look upon the newspaper record of life as artificial, and cease to find in it the mirror of their own thought and action, the old journalism will be dead and the new journalism will be bankrupt.

From one point of view all this is highly flattering to the press. It is a tribute to its power. When bank and factory, church and college, official and reformer, all systematically scheme to make the press present their interest and their version of news, not as their own, but as its own, they acknowledge in act what they so often deny in speech, that the voice of the newspaper is really the voice of the community talking to itself.

No longer can even the greatest take the attitude of the Duke of Wellington, who, when the editor of a leading London journal asked permission to view the coronation procession of William IV from the roof of Apsley House, answered that it was of no possible interest to the Duke whether the editor saw the procession or not. The propagandist has this excuse for fastening himself as a parasite on the newspapers: It is almost his only chance to reach the ear of power. When Bolingbroke employed Nicholas Amhurst as his press agent for warfare on Walpole, he had to reach only a handful of men, who made the public opinion of England, and a small edition of a tiny sheet answered his purpose. Hamilton put the *Federalist* into the mind of America through a little paper of possibly 1,500 circulation. Anybody with the aid of a hand press could then publish a newspaper on substantially equal terms with anybody else. But all that is changed. Not only has the cost of producing anything that can possibly hold its place as a newspaper become enormous, but in a democratic society the public to be reached is so vast that nothing but the great established machinery of publicity is adequate to the task. The existing journals have a practical monopoly of public attention, and only through them can it be effectively arrested.

Of course it is easy and is much the fashion to lay the blame for the sway of propaganda upon some mysterious "system," to

complain that some malevolent and super-intelligent group of men are with a common purpose seeking to control the press. But that is mere witch-hunting. It gets nowhere. The simple fact is that all movements dependent on mass sentiment must be organized. Propaganda is as old as society. Only it has come to a new intensity, dangerous to the public and to the press itself because of its parasitic nature. It has taken a leaf out of the book of business efficiency. No "system," no group, has deliberately set out to poison public opinion. The world in general, which means a great number of individuals, each seeking his own ends, has discovered the value of publicity in a democracy and has sought it with the practicality characteristic of the age. Everybody desiring access to the public mind has adopted the ideas of a commercial civilization to obtain it. The same business method inspires the bank's press agent and its cashier. The publicity bureau of a political party or a college endowment committee studies the psychology of the sales manager, adopts his slang, and starts out to "sell" an idea to the community. And it was not long ago that a great body of religious leaders also became enamored of business efficiency and dreamed that with a large bank account, a huge office force, expert administration, and unlimited drafts on newspaper publicity, they could "sell" to the world the Sermon on the Mount, if not the Apostles' Creed.

Undoubtedly a great deal of the mass of "publicity matter" that is offered by parties in interest to the newspapers and accepted by them has news value, and deals with worthy enterprises entitled to notice. But that does not make the prevailing habit of opening newspaper columns to press agents' productions less dangerous. Indeed it makes it more dangerous. Propaganda must have news value, real or apparent, to gain publication and then win attention. Its news value, disguising its insidious purpose, is the tool needed to break into the public mind. And the insidious purpose is always there. Great corporations and organizers of campaigns do not pay large

salaries to able men just to save the newspapers the expense of getting their own news, benevolent as their professions of "saving the reporter trouble" may seem. What they want is free advertising, otherwise "publicity," for some scheme or opinion of their own, and the press agent's offering, either by distortion, suppression, unwarranted emphasis, or sheer invention, achieves not a judicial summing up of the facts, but an attorney's special plea for his client.

The press agent will say, perhaps with some truth, though probably no editor will admit it, that the newspaper has made him a necessity by failure of enterprise, by neglect to exploit really important matters outside of the day's concrete happenings, by an unfair attitude toward business enterprises, and by teaching public speakers that, no matter how much worth while what they have to say may be, it will receive scant attention unless it is handed out in typewritten slips. However that may be, the newspaper certainly opened the door, taught the fabricators of propaganda their trade, fell into the habit of taking things at second hand, and are now in danger of being overwhelmed by the flood.

What is the remedy? Nothing but the absolute refusal to recognize the press agent, or to publish news that is not prepared by the editorial staff itself and its disinterested agents. Some of the leading publicity men themselves admit the present abuses and advise editors to verify more carefully press-agent offerings, and to exclude concealed advertising, or whatever seems to be unduly colored. But that does not go to the root of the evil. In many cases, especially with matter coming from a distance, verification is impossible, and the protection of advertising space against grafters, commercial or philanthropic, is not the chief concern of the public. If the newspapers want to give away thousands of dollars every week in free advertising, that is mainly their affair; though the community does have a right to read news as news and advertisements as advertisements, and not be fooled into reading one for the other.

But nothing short of a rule: Exclude all "publicity," will shut up the propaganda bureaus, stop the deluge of tainted news, and once more open the closed doors to the disinterested reporter.

The essence of the mischief in propaganda is not its falsity in any particular case, but its origin. The essence of journalism is its autonomous expression of itself as an interpreter of society. The editor who is entitled to confidence, and who alone in the long run will get it, is he whose every utterance is his own. Neither the accuracy of a journal's news nor the justness of its opinions is half as important to society as certainty that whatever it publishes is the result of its own independent outlook on the world in the capacity of a public watchman. That is its profession; that is its trust.

Unless the American press rescues itself from this growing tendency to be the mouthpiece of extra-sanctum preparations of news and "accelerations" of sentiment, and by its own self-contained enterprise seeks out everything that is important for men to know and presents it as appraised and interpreted disinterestedly by itself, it will cease to be the Fourth Estate. Its claim to that distinction and influence rests on its performance of a public function, and it will not endure the abdication of trusteeship and the loaning of the instruments of current intelligence to the irresponsible agents of propaganda.

THE NEW AMERICAN POETRY [1]

CONRAD AIKEN

When the history of the new movement in American poetry comes to be written a special chapter should be devoted to the excellent critical articles that it has called forth. Whether written for or against, these critiques have released an energy and acuteness of thought upon the nature of poetry that no other decade in our history has witnessed. Not infrequently these prose appraisals have proved, to me at least, more interesting, more suggestive, more dynamogenic (as James would say) than the poetry appraised. They have compelled us to ask again and to think through such questions as, — What is poetry? How much may you take from it and still leave it poetry? Are prose and verse but "one instrument graduated?" Which is the more distinctive of *vers libre*, its form or its content? Is it only "spaced prose"? Are the old meters and rhythms, the old line lengths and stanza patterns, losing their appeal or are they part and parcel of our feeling for harmony? Do not the exigencies of form stimulate rather than repress poetic thought? — If these questions have not been solved, they have at least been brought nearer solution by such elaborate discussions as Miss Amy Lowell's *Tendencies in Modern American Poetry* (1917), Dr. W. M. Patterson's *Rhythm of Prose* (1919), Mr. J. L. Lowes's *Convention and Revolt in Poetry* (1919), Mr. Conrad Aiken's *Scepticisms* (1919), and by such briefer treatments as are found in the Introduction to *The New Poetry: An Anthology* (1917) by Miss Harriet Monroe, "Vers Libre" by Mr. Mathurin M. Dondo (in *Publications of the Modern Language Association of America*, June, 1919), the Introduction to *The New Era in American Poetry* (1919) by Mr. Louis Untermeyer, the same author's Preface to *Modern American Poetry* (1921), the fifteen introductory essays prefixed to the separate sections of *New Voices* (1921) by Mrs. Marguerite Wilkinson, and the chapter on "Free Verse" in *An Introduction to Poetry* (1922) by Jay B. Hubbell and John O. Beaty. Mr. Aiken does not here consider these fundamental questions, but his discussion is none the less quickening in its wide quest of origins, in its fine groupings of the new school, and in its heartening conclusion that, in spite of defects all too evident, "American poetry is at the moment extraordinarily healthy."

[1] From *Civilization in the United States*, 1922, by permission of the publishers, Harcourt, Brace and Company.

THERE are many fashions, among contemporary critics, of regarding American poetry, each of them perhaps of equal helpfulness, since each is one facet of an imaginable whole. There is the view of Mr. John Middleton Murry, an English critic, that it depends perhaps a shade too much on narrative or dramatic interest, on *bizarrerie* (if I may very freely elaborate his notion) or, in general, on a kind of sensationalism, a use of superficially intriguing elements which are not specifically the right — or at all events the best — elements of poetry. There is the view of Mr. Louis Untermeyer, one of the ablest of our own critics and also one of the most versatile of our parodists and poets, that our contemporary poetry is good in measure as it comes in the direct line from Whitman: good, that is to say, when it is the voice of the poet who accepts, accepts joyously and largely, even loosely, this new world environment, these new customs, social and industrial, above all, it may be, the new sense of freedom which he might, if pressed, trace back to Karl Marx on one hand and Sigmund Freud on the other. There is again the view of Miss Amy Lowell that our poetry is good, or tends to be, precisely in proportion as it represents an outgrowing, by the poet, of his acute awareness of a social or ethical "here and now," and the attainment of a relatively pure preoccupation with beauty — the sense of freedom here exercising itself principally, if not altogether, with regard to literary tradition, especially the English: once more, I dilate the view to make it the more broadly representative. And there is, finally, the view of the conservative, by no means silent even in this era, that what is good in contemporary American poetry is what is for the moment least conspicuous — the traditional, seen as it appears inevitably in America to be seen, as something graceful, sentimental, rightly ethical, gently idealistic.

What will be fairly obvious is that if we follow a little way any particular one of these critics, we shall find him attempting to urge our poetry in a particular direction, a direction which he prefers to any other direction, and analyzing its origins

in such a way, if he analyzes at all, as to make plausible its (postulated) growth in that direction. This is the natural, even perhaps the best thing, for a participant critic to do — it contributes, certainly, an interest and an energy. But if in some freak of disinterestedness, we wish if for only a moment to see American poetry with no concern save that of inordinate and intelligent curiosity, then it is to all of these views that we must turn, rather than to any one, and to the obverse of each, as well as to the face. For if one thing is apparent to-day in a study of American letters, it is that we must heroically resist any temptation to simplify, to look in only one direction for origins or in only one direction for growth. Despite our national motto, American civilization is not so much one in many as many in one. We have not, as England has and as France has, a single literary heart; our literary capitals and countries are many, each with its own vigorous people, its own self-interest, its own virtues and provincialisms. We may attribute this to the mere matter of our size, and the consequent geographical sequestration of this or that group — that is no doubt a factor, but of equal importance is the fact that in a new country, of rapid and chaotic material growth, we must inevitably have, according to the locality, marked variations in the rapidity of growth of the vague thing we call civilization. Chicago is younger than Boston, older than San Francisco. And what applies to the large unit applies also to the small — if the country in general has not yet reached anything remotely like a cultural homogeneity (as far, that is, as we ever in viewing a great nation expect such a thing) neither has any section of it, nor any city of it. It is no longer possible, if indeed it ever was, to regard a section like New England, for example, as a definite environmental factor, say "y," and to conclude, as some critics are so fond of doing, that any poet who matures there will inevitably be representable as "yp." This is among the commonest and falsest of false simplifications. Our critics, frantically determined to find an American poetry that is

autochthonous, will see rocky pastures, mountains, and birches in the poetry of a New Englander, or skyscrapers in the poetry of a New Yorker, or stockyards in the poetry of a Chicagoan, as easily as a conjurer takes a rabbit from a hat.

What refuge we have from a critical basis so naïve is in assuming from the outset, toward contemporary American poetry, an attitude guardedly pluralistic — we begin by observing merely that American poetry is certainly, at the moment, if quantitative production and public interest are any measure, extraordinarily healthy and vigorous. We are accustomed to hearing it called a renaissance. The term is admissible if we carefully exclude, in using it, any implication of a revival of classicism. What we mean by it is simply that the moment is one of quite remarkable energy, productiveness, range, color, and anarchy. What we do not mean by it is that we can trace with accuracy where this outburst comes from. The origins of the thing are obscure. It was audible in 1914 — Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson and Mr. Ezra Pound were audible before that; it burst into full chorus in 1915; and ever since there has been, with an occasional dying fall, a lusty corybantic cacophony. Just where this amazing procession started nobody clearly knows. Mr. Untermeyer would have us believe that Walt Whitman was, as it were, the organizer of it, Miss Monroe tries to persuade us that it was *Poetry: a Magazine of Verse.* But the facts, I think, wave aside either postulate. If one thing is remarkable it is that in this spate of poetry the influence of Walt Whitman — an influence, one would suppose, as toxic for the young as Swinburne — is so inconsiderable: if another is even more remarkable, it is that in all this chorus one so seldom hears a voice of which any previous American voice was the clear prototype. We have had, of course, our voices — of the sort, I mean, rich enough in character to make imitation an easy and tempting thing. Longfellow, Lowell, Bryant, Sill, Lanier, are not in this regard considerable, — but what of Poe, whose influence we have seen in French poetry on Baudelaire,

and in contemporary English poetry on Mr. Walter de la Mare? No trace of him is discoverable, unless perhaps we find the ghostliest of his shadows now and then across the work of Mr. John Gould Fletcher, or Mr. Maxwell Bodenheim, or Mr. Wallace Stevens, a shadow cast, in all these cases, amid much else, from a technical and coloristic standpoint, which would have filled Poe with alarm. And there is another American poet, perhaps as great as Poe, perhaps greater (as he in turn is perhaps greater than Whitman — as poet, though not as personality) — Emily Dickinson. Of that quietist and mystic, who walked with tranquillity midway between Blake and Emerson, making of her wilful imperfections a kind of perfectionism, why do we hear so little? Do we catch now and again the fleetingest glimpse of her in the early work of Mr. Robert Frost? If so, it is certainly nowhere else. Yet it would be hard to prove that she has no right to a place with Poe and Whitman, or indeed among the best poets in the language.

But nowhere in America can we find, for contemporary poetry, any clear precursive signal. Little as it may comfort our fuglemen of the autochthonous, we must, I think, look to Europe for its origins. This is not, as some imagine, a disgrace — it would be a melancholy thing, of course, if we merely imitated the European, without alteration. But Browning would hardly recognize himself, even if he cared to, in the *Domesday Book* of Mr. Edgar Lee Masters, Mallarmé and Rimbaud would find Mr. Fletcher a mirror with an odd trick of distortion, Laforgue would have to look twice at Mr. T. S. Eliot's *Prufrock* (for all its Hamletism), M. Paul Fort would scarcely feel at home in Miss Amy Lowell's *Can Grande's Castle*, Mr. Thomas Hardy and the ghost of Tennyson would not quarrel much for the possession of Mr. Robinson's work, nor Mr. Chesterton and the author of *The Ingoldsby Legends* for the lively sonorities of Mr. Vachel Lindsay. In such cases we have not so much "influence" as fertilization. It is something of Mr. Masters that *The Ring and the Book* reveals to Mr. Masters: something of Miss Lowell to which M. Paul Fort offers her the key. Was it a calamity for Baude-

laire that he lived only by a transfusion of blood from an American? Is Becquer the less Becquer or Spanish for having fed upon the *Buch der Lieder?* . . . Culture is bartered, nowadays, at open frontiers, and if to-day a new theme, chord, or color-scheme is French, German, or American, to-morrow it is international.

If we differ in this respect from any other country it is only that we are freer to exploit, really exhaust, the new, because we hold, less than any other, to any classical traditions: for traditions our poets seldom look back further than the 19th century. We have the courage, often indistinguishable from folly, of our lack of convictions. Thus it comes about that as America is the melting-pot for races, so she is in a fair way to become a melting-pot for cultures: we have the energy, the curiosity, the intelligence, above all the lack of affiliations with the past, which admirably adapt us to a task — so precisely demanding complete self-surrender — of æsthetic experiment. Ignorance has some compensations — I mean, of course, a partial ignorance. If Mr. Lindsay had been brought up exclusively on Aristotle, Plato, Æschylus, and Euripides, and had been taken out of the shadow of the church by Voltaire and Darwin, perhaps he would not have been so "free" to experiment with the "higher vaudeville." It will be observed that this is an odd kind of "freedom," for it amounts in some ways to little more than the "freedom" of the prison. For if too severe a training in the classics unfits one somewhat for bold experiment, too little of it is as likely, on the other hand, to leave one with an æsthetic perceptiveness, a sensibility, in short, relatively rudimentary.

This, then, is something of the cultural *mise en scène* for our contemporary poetry. We have repeated waves of European suggestion breaking Westward over our continent, foaming rather more in Chicago than in New York; and we have our lusty young company of swimmers, confident that they are strong enough to ride these waves farther than any one in Europe rode them and with a more native grace. What is most con-

spicuously American in most of these swimmers is the fact that they rely not so much on skill and long training as on sheer energy, vitality, and confidence. They rely, indeed, in most cases, on a kind of exuberance or superabundance. Do we not feel this in the work of Mr. Edgar Lee Masters — does he not try, in these many full books of his, where the good is so inextricably enmeshed with the bad, simply to beat us down as under a cataract? *Domesday Book* is, rather, an avalanche. He never knows what to exclude, where to stop. Miss Lowell, Mr. Fletcher, Mr. Carl Sandburg, and Mr. Lindsay are not far behind him, either — they are all copious. I do not mean to imply that this is a bad thing, at the moment — at the moment I am not sure that this sheer exuberance is not, for us, the very *best* thing. Energy is the first requisite of a "renaissance," and supplies its material, or, in another light, its richness of color. Not the beginning, but the end, of a renaissance is in refinement; and I think we are certainly within bounds in postulating that the last five years have given us at the least a superb beginning, and enough more than that, perhaps, to make one wonder whether we have not already cast Poe and Whitman, Sidney Lanier, and Emily Dickinson, our strange little quartette, into a shadow.

All that our wonder can hope for is at best a very speculative answer. If parallels were not so dangerous, we might look with encouragement at that spangled rhetorical torrent which we call Elizabethan literature. Ben Jonson did not consider Shakespeare much of an artist, nor did Milton, and classicists ever since have followed them in that opinion. If one can be the greatest of poets and yet not much of an artist, we may here keep clear of the quarrel: what we get at is the fact that Shakespeare and the other Elizabethans participated in a literary movement which, like ours, began in energy, violence, and extravagance, was at its best excessively rhetorical and given to unpruned copiousness, and perished as it refined. Will a future generation see us in a somewhat similar light — will it like us for our vitality, for the reckless adventurousness of

our literature, our extravagances, and forgive us, if it does not precisely enjoy as something with a foreign flavor, our artistic innocence? That is conceivable, certainly. Yet the view *is* speculative and we dare not take it too seriously. For if we have kept hopefully and intelligently abreast of the contemporary we have kept, none the less, our own very sufficient aloofness, our own tactilism and awareness, in the light of which we are bound to have our own scepticisms and self-distrust. I do not mean that we would perhaps prefer something more classical or severe than *Spoon River Anthology* or *The Congo* or the color symphonies of Mr. Fletcher, merely on the ground that it is the intrinsically classical and severe which we most desire. What we seem to see in contemporary American poetry is a transition from the more to the less exuberant, from the less to the more severe; and what we most *desire* to see is the attainment of *that point*, in this transition, which will give us our parallel to the Shakespearean, if we may hope for anything even approximately so high; a point of equipoise.

This hope gives us a convenient vantage from which to survey the situation, if we also keep in mind our perception of American cultural heterogeneity and the rashness of any attempt to generalize about it. The most exact but least diverting method would be the merely enumerative, the mere roll-call which would put before us Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson and Mr. Ezra Pound as the two of our poets whose public literary activities extend farthest back, and after them the group who made themselves known in the interval between 1914 and 1920: Mr. Robert Frost, Mr. Fletcher, Mr. Masters, Mr. Sandburg, Miss Lowell, Mr. Lindsay, Mr. Alfred Kreymborg, Mr. Maxwell Bodenheim, Mr. Wallace Stevens, "H. D.,"[1] Mr. T. S. Eliot and Miss Sara Teasdale. These poets, with few exceptions, have little enough in common — nothing, perhaps, save the

[1] The signature of Hilda Doolittle. She was born September 10, 1886, at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, and in 1913 married Richard Aldington, an Englishman. They are among the best poets of the imagist school. (C. A. S.)

fact that they were all a good deal actuated at the outset by a disgust with the dead level of sentimentality and prettiness and moralism to which American poetry had fallen between 1890 and 1910. From that point they diverge like so many radii. One cannot say, as Miss Lowell has tried to persuade us, that they have all followed one radius, and that the differences between them are occasioned by the fact that some have gone farther than others. We may, for convenience, classify them, if we do not attach too much importance to the bounds of our classes. We may say that Mr. Robinson, Mr. Frost, and Mr. Masters bring back to our poetry a strong sense of reality; that Mr. Fletcher, Mr. Pound, Miss Lowell, "H. D.," and Mr. Bodenheim bring to it a sharpened consciousness of color; that Mr. Eliot, Mr. Kreymborg, and Mr. Stevens bring to it a refinement of psychological subtlety; Mr. Sandburg, a grim sense of social responsibility; Mr. Lindsay, a rhythmic abandon mixed with evangelism; Miss Teasdale, a grace. The range here indicated is extraordinary. The existence side by side in one generation and in one country of such poets as Mr. Masters and Mr. Fletcher, or Mr. Eliot and Miss Lowell, is anomalous. Clearly we are past that time when a nation will have at a given moment a single direct literary current. There is as yet no sign that to any one of these groups will fall anything like undivided sway. Mr. Frost's *North of Boston* and Mr. Fletcher's *Irradiations* came out in the same year; *Spoon River Anthology* and the first *Imagist Anthology;* Mr. Robinson's *Lancelot* and Mr. Bodenheim's *Advice.* And what gulfs even between members of any one of our arbitrary "classes"! Mr. Frost's actualism is seldom far from the dramatic or lyric, that of Mr. Masters seldom far from the physiological. Mr. Masters is bitter-minded, tediously explanatory, and his passionate enquiries fall upon life like so many heavy blows; his delvings appear morbid as well as searching. Mr. Frost is gentle, whether in irony, humor, or sense of pain: if it is the pathos of decay which most moves him, he sees it, none

the less, at dewfall and moonrise, in a dark tree, a birdsong. The inflections of the human voice, as he hears them, are as tender as in the hearing of Mr. Masters they are harsh. And can Mr. Robinson be thought a commensal of either? His again is a prolonged enquiry into the why of human behavior, but how bared of color, how muffled with reserves and dimmed with reticence! Here, indeed, is a step toward romanticism. For Mr. Robinson, though a realist in the sense that his preoccupation is with motive, turns down the light in the presence of his protagonist that in the gloom he may take on the air of something larger and more mysterious than the garishly actual. Gleams convey the dimensions — hints suggest a depth. We are not always too precisely aware of what is going on in this twilight of uncertainties, but Mr. Robinson seems to whisper that the implications are tremendous. Not least, moreover, of these implications are the moral — the mirror that Mr. Robinson holds up to nature gives us back the true, no doubt, but increasingly in his later work (as in *Merlin* and *Lancelot*, particularly the latter) with a slight trick of refraction that makes of the true the exemplary.

We cross a chasm, from these sombre psycho-realists, to the colorists. To these, one finds, what is human in behavior or motive is of importance only in so far as it affords color or offers possibilities of pattern. Mr. Fletcher is the most brilliant of this group, and the most "uncontrolled": his colorism, at its best, is a pure, an astonishingly absolute thing. The "human" element he wisely leaves alone — it baffles and escapes him. One is aware that this kaleidoscopic whirl of color is "wrung out" of Mr. Fletcher, that it conveys what is for him an intense personal drama, but this does not make his work "human." The note of "personal drama" is more complete in the poetry of "H. D.," but this too is, in the last analysis, a nearly pure colorism, as static and fragmentary, however, as Mr. Fletcher's is dynamic. Mr. Bodenheim is more detached, cooler, has a more conscious eye for correspondences between color and mood:

perhaps we should call him a symbolist. Even here, however, the "human," the whim of tenderness, the psychological gleam, are swerved so that they may fall into a fantastic design. Miss Lowell, finally, more conscious, deliberate, and energetic than any of these, brilliantly versatile, utterly detached, while she "sees" more of the objective world (and has farther-ranging interests), sees it more completely than any of them simply as raw color or incipient pattern. If the literary pulse is here often feverishly high, the empathic and sympathetic temperature is as often absolute zero.

Mr. Pound shares with Miss Lowell this immersion in the "literary" — he is intensely aware of the literary past, rifles it for odds and ends of color, atmosphere, and attitude, is perpetually adding bright new bits, from such sources, to his Joseph's coat: but if a traditionalist in this, a curio-hunter, he is an experimentalist in prosody; he has come far from the sentimental literary affectedness of his early work and at his best has written lyrics of a singular beauty and transparent clarity. The psychological factor has from time to time intrigued him, moreover, and we see him as a kind of link between the colorists and such poets as Mr. T. S. Eliot, Mr. Alfred Kreymborg, and Mr. Wallace Stevens. These poets are alike in achieving, by a kind of alchemy, the lyric in terms of the analytic: introspection is made to shine, to the subtly seen is given a delicate air of false simplicity. Mr. Stevens is closest to the colorists. His drift has been away from the analytic and towards the mere capture of a "tone." Mr. Kreymborg is a melodist and a mathematician. He takes a pleasure in making of his poems and plays charming diagrams of the emotions. Mr. Eliot has more of an eye for the sharp dramatic gesture, more of an ear for the trenchant dramatic phrase—he looks now at Laforgue, now at John Webster. His technical skill is remarkable, his perception of effect is precise, his range narrow, perhaps increasingly narrow.

Even so rapid and superficial a survey cannot but impress us with the essential anarchy of this poetic community. Law-

lessness has seemed at times to be the prevailing note; no poetic principle has remained unchallenged, and we have only to look in the less prosperous suburbs and corners of this city to see to what lengths the bolder rebels, whether of the "Others" group or elsewhere, have gone. Ugliness and shapelessness have had their adherents among those whom æsthetic fatigue had rendered momentarily insensitive to the well-shaped; the fragmentary has had its adherents among those whom cynicism had rendered incapable of any service, too prolonged, to one idea. But the fetichists of the ugly and the fragmentary have exerted, none the less, a wholesome and fructifying influence. Whatever we feel about the ephemerality of the specifically ugly or fragmentary, we cannot escape a feeling that these, almost as importantly as the new realism or the new colorism, have enlarged what we might term the general "poetic consciousness" of the time. If there was a moment when the vogue of the disordered seemed to threaten, or predict, a widespread rapid poetic decadence, that moment is safely past. The tendency is now in the other direction, and not the least interesting sign is the fact that many of the former apostles of the disordered are to-day experimenting with the things they yesterday despised — rhyme, metre, and the architecture of theme.

We have our affections, in all this, for the fragmentary and ugly as for the abrupt small hideousness — oddly akin to virility — of gargoyles. We have our affections, too, for the rawest of our very raw realisms — for the maddest of our colorisms, the most idiosyncratic subtleties of our first introspectionists. Do we hesitate a little to ask something more of any of the poets whom we thus desigate? What we fear is that in attempting to give us our something more, they will give us something less. What we want more of, what we see our contemporary poets as for the most part sadly deficient in, is "art." What we are afraid they will lose, if we urge them in this direction, is their young sharp brilliance. Urge them, however, we must. What our poets need most to learn is that poetry is not merely

a matter of outpouring, of confession. It must be serious: it must be, if simple in appearance, none the less highly wrought: it must be packed. It must be beautifully elaborate rather than elaborately beautiful. It must be detached from dogma — we must keep it away from the all too prevalent lecture platform.

What we should like to see, in short, is a fusion, of the extraordinary range of poetic virtues with which our contemporary poets confront us, into one poetic consciousness. Do we cavil too much in assuming that no one of our poets offers us quite enough? Should we rather take comfort in the hope that many of their individual "personalities" are vivid enough to offset their one-sidedness, and in that way to have a considerable guarantee of survival? We have mentioned that possibility before, and certainly it cannot be flatly dismissed. But I think it cannot be contested that many of these poets already feel, themselves, a sharper responsibility, a need for a greater comprehensiveness, for a finer and richer tactile equipment, a steadier view of what it is that constitutes beauty of form. They are immeasurably distant from any dry, cold perfectionism, however; and if we cheer them in taking the path that leads thither, it is in the hope of seeing them reach the half-way house rather than the summit. For to go all the way is to arrive exhausted; to go half way is to arrive with vigor. . . . That, however, is to interpose our own view and to lose our detachment. We return to a reiteration of our conclusion that American poetry is at the moment extraordinarily healthy. Its virtues are the virtues of all good poetry, and they are sufficient to persuade us that the future of English poetry lies as much in America as in England. Its faults are the faults of a culture that is immature. But again, we reiterate that we have here many cultures, and if some are immature, some are not. Let those who are too prone to diagnose us culturally from *Spoon River Anthology* or *Smoke and Steel* keep in mind also Mr. Robinson's *Merlin* and Mr. Frost's *North of Boston;* Mr. Fletcher's *Goblins and Pagodas* and Miss Lowell's *Can Grande's Castle.*

THE FALLACY OF FREE VERSE[1]

THEODORE MAYNARD

Is *vers libre* on the wane? It seems to be, though it will certainly leave behind it a deepened poetic consciousness and a more determined scrutiny of the relation of poetic technique to thought content. It may also be followed by a revival of interest in the older masters, English and American, whom the *vers librists* seemed for the moment to be displacing. A few years ago Mr. Louis Untermeyer, a champion of the new freedom achieved by the *vers librists,* asked: "From what has the American poet been set free?" He answered: "From a vague eloquence, from a preoccupation with a poetic past, from the repeating of echoes and glib superficials. He has been transferred to a moving world from a lifeless and literary storehouse — from an old attic of dusty mythological statues, *genre* paintings, and embroidered mottoes." But Mr. Untermeyer now thinks that verse may be too free, too soft, too yielding; that poets prefer a resisting form. "Even the boy," he reminds us, "likes to cut into wood rather than wax; the sculptor chooses stone instead of putty." He admits that the new verse is losing its vogue. Writing in *The Nation,* New York, of June 7, 1922, he continues: "There are many explanations for the recent spectacular decline in the stock of *vers libre.* To some of its most ardent supporters it seems a *volte face* that smacks of betrayal, a retrograde movement for which there is no excuse but the age of the turn-coats who have reached the senility of the thirties. To others — and particularly those less concerned in the manufacture of this erstwhile commodity — it appears to be a natural progression, a return, after a period of liberal promiscuity, to poetic first principles." It is to "poetic first principles" that Professor Maynard points us in his exposition of the fallacy of free verse.

IN view of the fact that Miss Harriet Monroe (who seems to be not only editor of *Poetry* but of poetry) has announced that the discussion of free verse is now closed, I feel a little

[1] From *The Yale Review,* January, 1922. To be republished in *Our Best Poets* by Theodore Maynard (Henry Holt and Company). Reprinted, after slight revision by Professor Maynard, with permission.

diffident about forcibly reopening it. My apology is that most attacks upon free verse, like most defenses, have been unintelligent; and that mine, I venture with all due modesty to believe, will be intelligent.

The whole controversy, intelligent or not, has become so confused in its issues, so much entangled with personal ambitions and prejudices, that it is difficult as well as dangerous to make any attempt to reduce the matter to orderly arrangement. It can only be done by painfully clearing, at each step, the ground of its cumbering misconceptions.

To be fair to the *vers librists* we should not take the wild eccentricities of the notoriety-seekers among them as typical of the movement. It would, I think, be just to draw unfavorable conclusions from the prevalence of eccentricity among even the staider innovators who, like Miss Amy Lowell, have protested against the "nefarious persons who endeavor to keep themselves before the public by means of a more or less clever charlatanism." But it would not be just to hold Miss Lowell and her co-workers guilty of crimes that, in intention at least, they do not commit. This is an easy, often-used, and discreditable method for bringing free verse into contempt. I disdain to employ it.

Moreover, there is much to be said for the widely diffused notion that free verse is a better mode for expressing the emotions of our age than traditional metrical forms. I think it quite probable myself: so much the worse for the age!

A paradoxical circumstance about modernism, however, is that it is never modernism: it is invariably futurism. And the central doctrine of futurism is that we are all poor fools — which also is a highly tenable proposition. For the modernist is continually making violent efforts to be revolutionary, although he carries in his breast the exasperating knowledge that he must in due course appear a reactionary to his children. He is obliged, in short, to begin as a young freak merely to end up as an old fogy.

Any philosophy behind futurism is a philosophy of negation which doubts, without daring to deny, the validity of reason and the existence of all absolutes. Truth has fallen into the hands of the pragmatists; goodness into the hands of the psychoanalysts; and beauty — well, the natural result of the age's deliquescence is free verse. The one thing certain is that nothing is certain. We have fallen into the abyss of hopeless skepticism. The very title of the most characteristic of Miss Lowell's books, *Pictures of the Floating World*, is significant and appropriate.

Mr. Santayana's genius for profound criticism has noted this state of affairs and has drawn from it the correct conclusions. "The interest abroad," he says, to summarize him, "in the condition of flux, in the process of becoming rather than in what has or will result, is the unmistakable mark of the barbarian." In saying so he touches the root of modern æsthetic experimentalism.

The artist is no longer concerned with the impossible but happy task of capturing absolute beauty: he does not believe in an absolute beauty. Consequently, he is thrown back upon himself, and must use as the material of his art not reality but his personal reactions to the unsubstantial phenomena of appearances. He gives up in despair the ancient ambitions of his craft and confines himself to the narrowing circle of his own ego. It is a terrible fate; but one that has, at present, the delusive attraction of novelty. The poet is spurred on by the craving to be "original"; and as he has nothing to reflect in the distorted mirrors of his fantastic art but his reactions, he is compelled to be as idiosyncratic as possible in order to justify himself.

It is frequently asserted that free verse is lacking in form. That is an ignorant contention and one easily demolished by the exponents of modernism. The point at issue is not whether free verse has form but whether it has poetic form; whether it is a satisfactory medium for poetry. Its advocates maintain that they are able to get out of it effects of which other literary

modes are incapable. They say, with a great show of reasonableness:

> Stick to your traditional forms, if they are adapted to what you are trying to do. Free verse is adapted to what *we* are trying to do. We have not only the right to use it, but — since an artist must work in his medium — no right to use anything else.

It may be so. It would be partially proved to be so if the *vers librists* were able to produce any example of pure poetry that could not have been written in any other way. But one does not feel the inevitability in even *Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking* as one feels it in the case of the *Ode to a Nightingale.* For free verse is always more or less of a *tour de force.* It has form, but unnatural form.

The mere technique of free verse is a feat. "H. D." achieves it within a small compass; few others do. Most of the so-called free verse poets write either dithyrambic prose, whose cadences they emphasize by a typographical device, or else metres mingled and broken in such a way as to be unrecognized as metres.

Far from traditional poetry concentrating on form, it is free verse that does so. The one mode accepts a convention (not perhaps, as a rule, realizing that it is more than a convention) and is in consequence at liberty to forget form. But not for an instant is free verse able to possess the carelessness of freedom. Its refusal of limitation binds it, of necessity, in the strictest of limits.

Indeed, in the latest developments of technique we have what is equivalent to an abandonment of the earlier free verse position. Imagism removes the discussion outside of the question of form to that of method; and "polyphonic prose" is nothing more than a synthesis of every conceivable method, ranging from bald statement to frank doggerel — a haggis pie into which innumerable ingredients are thrown at hazard.

Imagism brings together, with an indulgent catholicism, those who use metre with a brilliant exactness, those who use only

cadence, and those who use both. But they are to a man sticklers for form. And in the tenets agreed upon among them and published in their first anthology, free verse is fought for merely as a principle of liberty. The sole rule that distinguishes them from other schools is that of the presentation of images. As Miss Lowell, their spokesman, puts it, throwing Aristotle overboard, "Imagism is presentation not representation."

No other of their six rules can be caviled at by the most conservative. Poets have never abandoned the principle of using always the exact and not the nearly exact word, though they have not always been successful in finding it. (Neither are the Imagists.) Poetic diction has practically disappeared as good usage. Every poet of consequence has invented some new rhythms. Most poets have felt free in the choice of subject. Concentration is no new poetic ambition. And poetry that is "clear and hard, never blurred nor indefinite," existed before the Imagist manifesto appeared.

Nevertheless, a restatement of these hoary precepts is to be welcomed. Like all precepts they are frequently forgotten in practice; and to do the Imagists justice they have made an attempt to carry out their rules with meticulous conscientiousness.

Moreover, their central idea — that of rendering particulars exactly without vague generalities — is valuable when not pushed too far. But the Imagists *have* pushed their doctrine too far. They are like that group of painters whose fad it was to paint sand with real sand; hair with real hair. Like them this group of poets is out for "presentation not representation." They will describe sand with words that are as sandy as possible; hair with words that are as hairy as possible. It is onomatopœia ceasing to be a casual trick and stiffening into a habit with the likelihood of freezing into a ritual.

One must, nevertheless, recognize that at the bottom of Imagism lies a hunger for actuality, for close contact. This, like the other fine elements in the movement, is not novel.

"It is an odd jealousy," said Emerson, "but the poet finds himself not near enough to his object. The pine-tree, the river, the bank of flowers before him, does not seem to be nature. Nature is still elsewhere." The Imagists would accept the first but not the second part of the dictum. Their hands must touch the wood of chairs, the skin of flowers — and reproduce in words the sensations of their curious fingers. So far so good. But their eyes must be pressed against the object of their love — and they will be too close to it to see it. They forget that "Nature is still elsewhere," that beyond the material substance is a mysterious essence — the beauty which should be the object of their search — and the closest scrutiny fails to yield the results that they had expected.

Along with this, as a corollary, goes a desire to strip life to the bare bones, which now and then achieves an austere economy of speech that is, in itself, wholly admirable. But while the Imagists are refining down their material from all alloy, making it ready for use, they generally do not remember that they have to go on and use it. The process is doubtless one that is necessary to poetry. But it is a preliminary process. And the Imagists usually stop there. As Miss Lowell herself states —

> We will scatter little words
> Upon the paper,
> Like seeds about to be planted.

Unfortunately the Imagists omit to plant them.

Wakefulness, for example, is full of the material of poetry carefully prepared for use. The preliminary process is complete. (As a matter of fact all the process should be put into operation simultaneously, and the poet refine, design, and build with the same hand at the same moment. Still, one may be glad of an embryo for purposes of biological data.) A poem and a good poem is ready to be made — but where is the poem?

> Jolt of market carts;
> Steady drip of horses' hoofs on hard pavement;
> A black sky lacquered over with blueness,

And the lights of Battersea Bridge
Pricking pale in the dawn.
The beautiful hours are passing
And still you sleep!
Tired heart of my joy,
Incurved upon your dreams,
Will the day come before you have opened to me?

If any one doubts my assertion that this is not a poem, let him read another suggested by it, Wordsworth's sonnet on Westminster Bridge. I am sure that my point will then be clear, and will be accepted by the reader.

The majority of free verse poets, however, do not follow the Imagist example in this matter. I wish they did. Much more common faults are vast prolixity and an utterly unselective dealing with life in raw slabs.

We could not take three more representative examples of the various brands of free verse than that written by Edgar Lee Masters, Carl Sandburg, and Amy Lowell, who among them cover nearly the whole field and will provide more than enough illustrations for our purpose. Their methods differ widely, as do the subject matter and the temperament of each. To classify them roughly, let us say that Masters is a free verse poet by accident; Sandburg by fate; Amy Lowell by choice; Sandburg by natural bent; Amy Lowell by cleverness; Masters by shrewdness helped out by luck.

Edgar Lee Masters, who, oddly, is one of the most famous free verse poets, once told me that he did not call himself a free verse poet at all. It is quite true that the larger part of his work is composed in formal metres. He has an ambition to be known as a poet pure and simple; and he plods along writing bad blank verse and feeble lyrics which would never attract attention were it not for the *éclat* of the *Spoon River Anthology*. Apart from the fine *Silence* (in free verse as it happens) included in *Song and Satires*, none of the other poems in this volume is worth a straw.

The *Domesday Book*, despite its glaring faults, has power. It is in many ways a remarkable performance. But out of its twelve thousand lines hardly twelve possess any distinction.

> An inquisition taken for the people
> Of the State of Illinois here in Le Roy,
> County aforesaid, on the 7th of August,
> Anno Domini, nineteen hundred nineteen,
> Before me, William Merival, coroner.

That passage has no more and no less reason for being written in blank verse than the rest of a volume which may be magnificent but which is not poetry.

Even the *Spoon River Anthology* has no technical subtlety. Mr. Masters, with rare candor, has explained that he picked up his hint from the Greek Anthology. He does not hesitate to go to the length of turning one of Meleager's epigrams into verse before our eyes as an object lesson to explain his own literary method. This is certainly a striking illustration of what typographical arrangement will do:

> The holy night and thou, O Lamp, we took as witness of our vows; and before thee we swore, he that he would love me always and I that I would never leave him. We swore, and thou wert witness of our double promise. But now he says that our vows were written on the running waters. And thou, O Lamp, thou seest him in the arms of another.

This becomes:

The holy night and thou,
O Lamp,
We took as witness of our vows;
And before thee we swore,
He that he would love me always
And I that I would never leave him.
We swore,
And thou wert witness of our double promise.
But now he says that our vows were written on the running waters.
And thou, O Lamp,
Thou seest him in the arms of another.

Reading this Miss Harriet Monroe declares, with a toss of her head, that Mr. Masters has more of the authentic classic note than Tennyson, Browning, and Arnold combined! But the indication of where we are to breathe cannot make anything except prose out of a prose passage. This is still truer of the *Spoon River Anthology*, for which it served as a model but to which it did not impart its beauty. We may grant, however, that, though Mr. Masters defaced his book with a morbid pre-occupation with satyriasis and nymphomania, he produced a highly interesting collection of thumb-nail sketches and deserved his triumph.

To an English reader, and I suppose to many American readers as well, Mr. Carl Sandburg's three volumes, on first acquaintance, must appear to be a chaos of cacophony. The poet is at no trouble to placate his audience. He throws words as he might throw bricks at your head.

And yet, amid all this welter of verbiage, a beauty is to be discerned — a beauty often smothered by ugly jargon, but still beauty. To cite Whitman's superb phrase, one hears "a horn sounding through the tangle of the forest and the dying echoes."

A great deal of Sandburg's success is, I suspect, due to the fact that he is supposed to write "American." He does, but not nearly so often as is generally supposed. He does get, however, a considerable amount of publicity because of a tendency current in some quarters to connect free verse with "hundred-per-cent Americanism" — a tendency that can do no good either to free verse or Americanism. For metrical experiments are by no means peculiar to America. And Robert Frost and Edwin Arlington Robinson are, to say the least, as rooted in the national soil and as informed with the national spirit as Carl Sandburg. Chicago is not the world. It is not even the whole of the United States. And when Mr. Sandburg defends Chicago by bellowing: "Come and show me another city with head lifted singing so proud to be alive and coarse and strong and

cunning!" I feel like saying, with cold contempt, that if Chicago is what he says it is — which I have reason to doubt — then he ought not to be proud of Chicago. He speaks with the brutal violence of the barbarian.

Now, the barbarian, I hasten to add, may possess many splendid qualities which civilized men are inclined, during periods of decay, to neglect. But to exalt the barbarian at the expense of the civilized man is cosmic treason. And Mr. Sandburg, I regret to say, is guilty of that crime. He has many finer elements in him — tenderness, humor, gaiety; but to me he is the barbarian.

There are signs, nevertheless, that Mr. Sandburg is mellowing. The crudity of his adolescence is gradually wearing off; and as a consequence his verse is growing more delicate and nearer to the Imagist ideal. In *Smoke and Steel* he is under the disadvantage of being less sure of himself than he was in *Chicago Poems;* but, on the other hand, he was a little too sure of himself in the earlier book. He will acquire poise in time.

Probably the best way of illustrating Carl Sandburg is to set out his poem *Good Night*, and let it make its own vivid contrast with a poem bearing a similar title by Walter de la Mare, recently published in the anthology *The Enchanted Years:*

Many ways to spell good night.
Fireworks at a pier on the Fourth of July spell it with red wheels and
  yellow spokes.
They fizz in the air, touch the water and quit.
Rockets make a trajectory of gold and blue and then go out.
Railroad trains at night spell with a smokestack mushrooming a white
  pillar.
Steamboats turn a curve in the Mississippi crying in a baritone that
  crosses lowland cottonfields to a razor-back hill.
It is easy to spell good night.
 Many ways to spell good night.

Now for Mr. de la Mare's poem, *Goodbye:*

The last of last words spoken is, Goodbye —
The last dismantled flower in the weed-grown hedge,

The last thin rumor of a feeble bell far ringing,
The last blind rat to spurn the mildewed rye;

A hardening darkness glasses the haunted eye,
Shines into nothing the Watchman's burnt-out candle,
Wreathes into scentless nothing the wasting incense,
The last of last words spoken is, Goodbye.

Love of its muted music breathes no sign,
Thought in her ivory tower gropes in her spinning,
Toss on in vain the whispering trees of Eden,
Last, of all last words spoken, is, Goodbye.

This is one of those few cases in which two poems can be fairly compared. They are equal in theme, in length, and in mood — but how unlike each other they are! Mr. Sandburg has all the originality of detail and of manner; Mr. de la Mare has all the originality of effect.

Good Night, though characteristic, is not the best of Sandburg's poems. There are other pieces which would supply more vivid examples of single points, and one poem (which, though I cannot quote it here, I must in justice mention), *Flash Crimson* from *Smoke and Steel*, where all of Carl Sandburg's admirable qualities are gathered together, and the ultimate word he has to say — courage.

Miss Amy Lowell is much the most completely equipped and, therefore, the most satisfactory example of a *vers librist* to be found. For Masters writes free verse without finesse, and Sandburg without any clear understanding of his own purpose. Amy Lowell possesses both: she is dexterous and doctrinaire. Moreover, though "H. D." excels all the members of her group in exquisite restraint, Amy Lowell excels "H. D." in power and the width of her sweep. And though no one could accuse of mystical humility the author of a book on American poetry written in order to justify her private poetics, Miss Lowell is at least free of the fantastic egotism of Ezra Pound and the callow pedantry of John Gould Fletcher. In addition there is no

"hundred-per-cent Americanism" nonsense about her—a Lowell does not need it. She is cosmopolitan, complicated, clever, and self-conscious. All her books have prefatory explanations; and all the poems in them are obviously written to sustain a thesis.

If Miss Lowell were unable to indicate successful instances of regular verse in her later volumes, the early work of *A Dome of Many-Colored Glass* would incline the critic to conclude that she went in for revolution because she was a failure as a conservative.

When, however, *Men, Women and Ghosts* appeared, it became demonstrated beyond question that Miss Lowell is not merely an important free verse poet, but an important poet. Indeed, the finest things in the second book are cast in a strict mold—*Patterns* and *Pickthorne Manor* being written in odic form, the latter actually in elaborately constructed stanzas; and *The Cremona Violin* in the Chaucerian style affected by Mr. Masefield.

The Cremona Violin becomes a literary curiosity by being broken by brief interludes of *vers libre*. They are intended to represent—perhaps I should say "present"—the notes of a violin. If they are read critically they will look more like the notes the poet put down, meaning but omitting to polish in stanzas. This is a thing we come upon frequently, not only in Miss Lowell but in the other poets of her school: the jottings for incomplete poetry or the jottings for incomplete prose allowed to appear before the public as finished articles. How admirably this might have been worked into a descriptive essay:

> Leaves fall,
> Brown leaves,
> Yellow leaves streaked with brown.
> They fall,
> Flutter,
> Fall again.
> The brown leaves,

And the streaked yellow leaves,
Loosen on their branches
And drift slowly downwards.
One,
One, two, three,
One, two, five.
All Venice is a falling of Autumn leaves —
Brown,
And yellow streaked with brown.

Almost invariably the free verse poem that is successful in making its desired effect is very short and suggestive of a translation. Miss Lowell, for her part, has studied to acquire the tang of *hokku*. She will be as delicate, as deliberate, and as limited as the art of Japan — but it is an art remote from us, one alien to the texture of our souls. Whether the *vers librist* translates from the Japanese, like Miss Lowell; or from the Chinese, like Mr. Pound; or from the Greek, like Mr. Aldington, he betrays a natural bent towards translation. And this, I think, is because his original work suggests a flower plucked from the grave of a dead language.

This tendency has made Miss Lowell grow more and more metallic. Whole pages in *Legends* are covered with plates of foil. All her prints might be called, as she calls some of them, *Lacquer Prints*. Her handling of lifeless substances is significant. Where Shakespeare heard the lark singing at heaven's gate, she sees that

A golden weather-cock flashes smartly,
His open beak "Cock-a-doodle-dooing"
Straight at the ear of Heaven.

In the final analysis it will be discovered that what is wrong with the *vers librists* is not so much their technique as their conception of poetry. It would not matter even that they rebelled against one kind of vicious virtuosity to bring in another kind equally vicious, if their fundamental understanding of art were sound.

The Imagist itch to "present" instead of represent, and the "advanced" attitude towards the limitations of metre reveal a false view of the nature of poetry. I have already tried to show that metre is much more than a convention; that though it is not the soul of verse there can be no verse without it — for it is the body which contains the soul. And hence to speak of bad poetry (as I, in this essay, for convenience, have done) is a contradiction in terms. Bad poetry is an impossibility: it is either poetry, and therefore good, or non-existent. Poetry is nothing less than perfect speech — and how rare that is! It is unique among the arts in that it cannot be tolerated unless it attains excellence.

The poet accordingly lays upon himself the most heart-breaking of labors — and the happiest. He is on fire with desire. He is tormented with frustration. Beauty is a constant lure — and forever eludes him. Thrice blest is he who once in a lifetime is able to consummate in himself the marriage of the genius of mortal language with the divine Logos!

The *vers librists*, so far from being daring innovators, are really shirkers of their vocation. They take the safe middle course, in which they will neither fail so badly as those who aspire to the highest nor succeed so well as those who attain the highest. They renounce the hope of perfection.

And yet they have performed an exceedingly useful service to literature — one for which we should be grateful: they have carried out the dead. The vogue of the loose and the sentimental and the decorative is over. The world may learn from the *vers librists'* fantasticality, sometimes, and from their frigidity, always, salutary lessons in technique. They are the schoolmasters — should I not add "and schoolmarms"? — to bring us back to poetry.

POETRY IN A COMMERCIAL AGE [1]

FRED N. SCOTT

The fundamental thought of this essay is presented in a novel way. There are two kinds of nourishment, material and spiritual. They are not isolated or antagonistic but coördinate and complementary. We have heard much about the disastrous result that follows when the material crowds out the spiritual, when commerce throttles poetry. This essay opens with the tables turned: poetry domineers over industrialism, and the result is equally disastrous. The whole is a legitimate expansion of Browning's protest in a stanza of *Rabbi Ben Ezra,* commerce being the "flesh," poetry the "soul":

"Let us not always say,
'Spite of this flesh to-day
I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole!'
As the bird wings and sings,
Let us cry, 'All good things
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh helps soul!'"

WE can perhaps appreciate the value of poetry in a commercial age by turning the question about and asking what is the value of commerce in an age of poetry. Imagine if you can a country in which poetry is the major interest. The greater part of the population, we may suppose, is engaged for ten hours a day in the composition of verse. There are whole villages, towns, and even cities where very little else is done. There are famous or notorious captains of poetry who organize this activity and control the output. There are great poetic unions, embracing millions of verse-makers, which endeavor to curb the rapacity of the captains, to reduce the number of hours of mental labor, and to restrict the right to make poetry to the members of the union. There are periodic strikes when

[1] From *The English Journal*, Chicago, December, 1921, by permission.

thousands of poets and versifiers refuse to make verses and try by reason or by force to prevent others from doing so.

In these literary centers there are many grades of verse-makers, from the unskilled day-laborer who supplies the patent-medicine almanacs and the monthly magazines, to the skilled artificer who turns out only one polished line in a day or a week. But in the large verse-factories the labor is highly specialized. Of thousands of men sitting at long rows of desks, one set of several hundreds will do nothing all day long except find rhymes in a rhyming dictionary. Another set will turn out metaphors, so many to the minute. Still another will gauge the lines when they are written, count the feet, and throw out superfluous words or insert words when they are necessary to the scansion.

And up and down among them will go specialists in poetic organization, who will measure the output of each man, and reducing his production to a curve, will cut out all lost motions, wastes, and inefficiencies.

And now into this great poetic republic comes a mild-voiced student of commerce and begins to put questions. "Why," he asks of a foreman, "don't you pay some attention to material industries and to commerce?" The foreman blinks at him a moment in surprise, and then says, "Why, we do." "I don't see any evidence of it," replies the visitor. "These men are all engaged in making poetry and apparently the rest of the people are engaged in reading it." "That is true," replies the foreman, "but you are in the wrong department. If you want material productions you must go to the little shanty around the corner, where they keep all that any man can possibly desire." "I have just been there," says the visitor, "and it was closed." "Ah, to be sure," replies the foreman. "It's open only on Fridays, from two to six." "And this being Friday —" insinuates the visitor. "Yes, yes," interrupts the foreman, "but this is a holiday for those people, and on holidays all of the workmen come over here and help us out on our rush orders." "Well," pursues the visitor, "you can't go on like this. You're starving

yourselves. Look at that row of epic poets yonder. See how gaunt and hungry they look. I'll wager they haven't had a square meal in six months. Half of them are on the verge of collapse. Then see what rags they are wearing and how they shiver with cold in this ruinous old building. Man, they are dying by inches." "It may be so," replies the foreman, "but what's the odds if they turn out first-class poetry?" "That's just the point," rejoins the investigator. "How can they produce first-class poetry if they are underfed, badly clothed, exposed to the elements, and depressed by these wretched material surroundings? And whence are they to draw their inspiration? Poetry should deal with life; and the poetic impulse should spring from the vitality of the poet. But if society and the individual are both half-dead, where are the material and the impulse for poetry to come from? Set your poets to living, to working, to doing business with their fellow-men. Then they will have something vital to fill their verses with." "Well, I'll think about it," says the foreman. "Perhaps we can work in a few minutes of vocational study in the night school for apprentices. But it mustn't be allowed to interfere with the preparation for their life-work. It's poetry that keeps this nation going and if you distract the minds of the laboring men from their main business with talk about trade and bookkeeping and machinery and the food-supply, you will overthrow the foundations of organized society."

I might carry this imaginary conversation farther, but perhaps I have gone far enough to suggest by implication some of the important relations of poetry to a commercial age. I have tried, at any rate, to suggest that there are two kinds of nourishment or sustenance which are necessary to human life and progress. One of these is material, the other is spiritual. The first includes all things that are necessary to the life of the body. It embraces food and shelter and fire and clothing and means of transportation and protection. It embraces the manufacture, distribution, buying, and selling of goods, and all of the machinery of

exchange. Its importance and value to civilization are immense. Without it, in its simplest form, man could not exist, and without its more elaborate organization, corporate life would be impossible.

The second or spiritual kind of nourishment is supplied by religion, art, philosophy, and literature, but more particularly by that division of literature which we term poetry. Its importance for the well-being and progress of mankind is not less great than that of food and shelter. When it is absent, man rapidly goes back to the dirt from which he has sprung. Poetry lifts him above his sordid wants, humanizes him, opens his heart to all the skyey influences. Like philosophy it bakes no bread, but it can give God, freedom, and immortality.

Although these two great feeders of human life are seemingly at opposite poles of experience, yet, as I have tried to suggest in the dialogue, we must not think of them as isolated one from the other or as hostile. They are co-ordinate in different spheres, and any system of education which seeks to establish the complete ascendancy of one over the other or to dispense with either, is dangerous and should be put under surveillance.

The gravest charge that has been brought against the present drift toward vocational study is that, by overemphasis of the material phase of life, it tends to cut the pupil off from his proper share in things of the spirit. It gives him power of one kind at the expense of power of another and of a higher kind. It enables him to live, but it withholds from him that which makes life worth living. It provides his daily bread, but it makes the bread bitter in his mouth.

That this charge is true in some measure, or at least that there is danger of going too fast and too far in this direction will be conceded, I believe, by even the most ardent vocationists. A young and impressionable pupil cannot give his soul and body exclusively to the pursuit of purely practical ends without dulling his senses to the inward vision. It has been proved by experience that the enjoyment of the finer things of life is an acquired skill.

It comes by long practice and it disappears when we cease to practice it. A young man who throughout the whole course of his mental development should hold consistently to the vocational point of view and the vocational program and should occupy himself solely with vocational pursuits would at maturity be a lamentable spectacle. He would be like that "coarse-meated" person discovered by Professor Starbuck in his investigation of the psychology of religion and embalmed in Professor James's *Varieties of Religious Experience:*

Q.: What does religion mean to you?
A.: It means nothing; and it seems, so far as I can observe, useless to others.
Q.: What comes before your mind corresponding to the words God, Heaven, Angels, etc.?
A.: Nothing whatsoever. I am a man without a religion. These words mean so much mythic bosh.

We need not hope for sensitiveness to poetry in this type of man. In Professor James's words: "His contentment with the finite encases him like a lobster-shell and shields him from all morbid repining at his distance from the Infinite."

But it is not necessary to disparage the practical or business training demanded by a commercial age in order to justify the claims of that training of the imagination and the emotions which comes from the study of poetry. Let us concede at once that both kinds of training, in due measure, are imperative in education and mutually helpful. On the one hand we can then consistently maintain that the ends which the study of poetry seeks are indispensable to industrial success. Thus, an industrial activity which is not the outgrowth of a sensitive intelligence, which lacks imaginative insight, which is not stimulated and sustained by right feeling, which is not guided by an intimate knowledge of human nature and by a broad sympathy with mankind, is a dismal failure, no matter how many million tons of steel or gallons of oil it may turn out in the course of a year.

But it is just as true on the other hand that material activities are essential to the production of the highest type of poetry. A poetry which does not spring out of the preoccupation of the age, that is, out of its prevailing interests and pursuits, and which does not under one guise or another body forth the comedy and tragedy of daily life, which is not in some sense the cry of the people for bread and work and play, is not genuine poetry at all. It is nothing but a chimera bellowing rhythmically in a social vacuum.

If the relation of poetry and the commercial spirit is such as I have indicated, and if this is indeed a commercial age, let us ask next what are the spiritual needs which poetry is adapted to supply. Of these the first and perhaps the most important is the need of regulated emotion. I take this idea from a book by the late Mr. H. R. Haweis, entitled *My Musical Memories*, where the thought is applied most ingeniously to music:

> What is the ruin of art? Ill-regulated emotion.
> What is the ruin of life? Again, ill-regulated emotion.
> What mars happiness? What destroys manliness? What sullies womanhood? What checks enterprise? What spoils success? Constantly the same — ill-regulated emotion. The tongue is a fire; an uncontrolled and passionate outburst swallows up many virtues and blots out weeks of kindness. . . . .
> . . . . Music disciplines and controls emotion.
> That is the explanation of the art of music, as distinguished from the mere power of the musical sound. You can rouse with a stroke; but to guide, to moderate, to control, to raise and depress, to combine, to work out a definite scheme involving appropriate relations and proportions of force, and various mobility — for this you require the subtle machinery of an art; and the direct machinery for stirring up and regulating emotion is the wonderful vibratory mechanism created by the art of music.

What the author says of unregulated emotion is especially true of a commercial age. Industry at its lower levels, while it trains the muscles and tends to settled habits of the body, usually leaves the emotions undisciplined and uncontrolled. For this neglect a penalty must be paid. When the barriers of steady employment and routine break down, as in strikes or hard times, the

emotions of millions of workingmen are set at liberty to run wild, or worse, to run in the channels prepared for them by designing men. It is of the utmost importance, then, that these emotions should be disciplined, and for this purpose poetry, if it could in some way be brought home to the common people, seems to be even more effective than music, great as the effect of music in this regard undoubtedly is. Poetry has the advantage, first, that more persons can appreciate it, and, second, that the emotional appeal is bound up with a definite thought-content that tends to make its effects more steadfast and enduring.

A second need which poetry can supply is that of a true estimate and evaluation of the world in which we live. In a commercial age this is especially desirable, for the thrust and vibration characteristic of such an age tends to blur the picture of one's fellow-beings in the mass, which is the basis of the social sense, and to throw things out of their due proportions. In such an age men mistake the small for the great, the evil for the good, the temporary for the abiding.

For these distortions poetry is the great corrective. The virtue of good poetry, as Sir Philip Sidney affirmed, is that it cannot lie. It knows not how to deceive, to falsify, to play tricks. "In poetry," says Matthew Arnold, "which is thought and art in one, it is the glory, the eternal honor, that charlatanism shall find no entrance; that this noble sphere be kept inviolate and inviolable."

It may sound absurd to say we can gain a truer picture of the relations of capital and labor from Shakespeare than from Karl Marx exclusively. But it ought to be so and it is so. For my part if I had to make the choice I would rather intrust the solution of this problem to one who had been brought up on the great poets than to one who had been trained only in the fields of business and economics. I think he might do better. He couldn't do much worse.

Passing to another phase of the subject, let us ask: Is there a kind of poetry that is especially suited to a commercial age?

Some of the modern poets seem to think so. At any rate they have striven to poetize in one way or another the characteristic features and agencies of industrial life. In these attempts two different methods may be distinguished. One method is by the aid of imagery and poetic diction to throw a romantic glamor over the dull gray facts of machinery and trade: the other is to present with intense vividness and uncompromising realism the harsh, unlovely aspects of toil and of the domestic life of the masses. The first method is illustrated by two recent poems, one a sonnet by Percy MacKaye entitled *The Automobile*, the other a poem by Chester Firkins published under the title *On a Subway Express*. I quote the first entire, and four stanzas from the second:

THE AUTOMOBILE

Fluid the world flowed under us: the hills
  Billow on billow of umbrageous green
  Heaved us, aghast, to fresh horizons, seen
One rapturous instant, blind with flash of rills
And silver-rising storms and dewy stills
  Of dripping boulders, till the dim ravine
  Drowned us again in leafage, whose serene
Coverts grew loud with our tumultuous wills.

Then all of Nature's old amazement seemed
  Sudden to ask us: "Is this also Man?
  This plunging, volant, land-amphibian
What Plato mused and Paracelsus dreamed?
  Reply!" And piercing us with ancient scan,
The shrill, primeval hawk gazed down — and screamed.

ON A SUBWAY EXPRESS

I, who have lost the stars, the sod,
For chilling pave and cheerless light,
Have made my meeting-place with God
A new and nether Night —

Have found a fane where thunder fills
Loud caverns, tremulous; — and these
Atone me for my reverend hills
And moonlit silences.

. . . .

Speed! Speed! until the quivering rails
Flash silver where the headlight gleams,
As when on lakes the Moon impales
The waves upon its beams.

. . . .

You that 'neath country skies can pray,
Scoff not at me — the city clod; —
My only respite of the Day
Is this wild ride — with God.

Of the second type, I will give a single instance:

HALSTED STREET CAR

Come, you cartoonists,
Hang on a strap with me here
At seven o'clock in the morning
On a Halsted Street car.
  Take your pencils
  And draw these faces.
Try with your pencils for these crooked faces,
That pig-sticker in one corner — his mouth.
That overall factory girl — her loose cheeks.
  Find for your pencils
  A way to mark your memory
  Of tired empty faces.
  After their night's sleep,
  In the moist dawn
  And cool daybreak,
    Faces
  Tired of wishes,
  Empty of dreams.

In these very commendable pieces of verse the all too obvious purpose is to coat a new subject with old poetic varnish or an old subject with new varnish. Not in such a way, I venture to affirm, can the age of automobiles or of subways be adequately pictured in poetry. The new subject must mold its own form, devise its own diction. What these will be no one can tell until they come.

My own view is that although modern themes must be adequately treated by contemporary poets if poetry is to thrive, nevertheless the effectiveness of the poetry read, its impact upon the reader when it once gets to him, depends very little on its age or its subject. Genuine poetry is like fine gold. It passes current in all markets. Every nation, to be sure, and every time must have its own coinage; but the coin which outlived Tiberius will still buy food — if somewhat less than in the time of that emperor. The poetry which is of most worth in a commercial age is that which, drawn from any source, ancient or modern, brings home to men the truth and beauty of the life which now is. I am not sure that anybody has ever done it better than Homer.

But in any case we must not fall into the common fallacy that poetry can be taught as a thing apart from life. No doubt it is pleasant to retire into the study, draw the curtains, and, burying one's self in another world, forget for a time the existence of this one. Such a withdrawal has its charms and its uses. But that is not the chief function of poetry. I am reminded in this connection of a poem which appeared in a Berlin paper at the beginning of the war, under the title *Und draussen ist Krieg*. Each stanza dwelt upon the preoccupations which please when amid the comforts of home life and peace, but closed with the line *Und draussen ist Krieg:* "And outside is the war." So with our reading of poetry. We may for a time be lulled into unconsciousness of our surroundings, but after all, *Draussen ist Krieg*. The old, bitter, endless warfare of humanity, the tragedy of life and death, goes on. There is no escape. Sooner or later we must confront it. Any reading or study of poetry which does not prepare us to

face the truth, which does not give us stay and comfort and courage amid the realities of our daily lives is a delusion and a waste of time.

However far afield the reading and study of poetry may carry us, however far it may lead us into the past or into the future, ultimately it should return us to ourselves. It should say to us in its still small voice: "You thought you were in an alien country, amid unfamiliar scenes, hearkening to a foreign tongue. But it is not so. Lo! this is your own native land, these are your fellows, this is your language. Yours, too, is this joy, this sorrow, this pathos, this terror. I do but reveal yourself to yourself, for in all ages and in all climes man is one and the same."

In conclusion I may dwell for a moment on the teaching aspect of the subject.

The chief problem in using poetry as a means of education is how to make the reading and appreciation of it a genuine imaginative and emotional experience. As bread will not nourish the body unless it is eaten, so poetry will not nourish the soul unless it is absorbed and incorporated. And this is especially true of an age preoccupied with material interests. It is hard, says an English philosopher, to thread a needle in the midst of a street brawl. It is almost as difficult to secure a hearing for poetry in a civilization mainly concerned with the making of money and the subduing of the forces of nature to the will of man. And yet an ingenious and resourceful teacher will find out the way. I was impressed by this in a recent visit to a foreign school. While I was waiting at the Hague in 1914 for a steamship that had been taken into a British harbor to be searched for contraband, I seized the opportunity to see something of the Dutch schools. In one of the classes that I visited a teacher was reading to his class an old Dutch poem in the narrative form. It was not a poem of the highest genius, it was in an archaic language, and outside was the war, so full of interest that I could hardly abstract my thoughts from it for an instant. Nevertheless under

the handling of this teacher the poem became fascinating. While he read the lines the class sat motionless with eyes glued upon the instructor. I myself forgot the war and its uncertainties. The successive scenes passed before my vision like a moving-picture. The characters moved and spoke. The sun shone, the wind blew, the birds sang. One could almost hear the grass grow. I have now the most vivid impression of the passages that the teacher read and commented on. How was it done? The secret of it, as I try to analyze it now, was what may be called suggestive gesture. There was no elocution, no acting, the teacher sat quietly at his desk. Yet at every point when there was opportunity a slight movement of the hands, a shrug of the shoulders, a look, a pose, brought out with startling suggestiveness some phase in the progress of the story. Just enough of the gesture was given to set the imagination going. The hearer supplied the rest. I remember in particular that one passage told how a dwarf gathered up some gold, put it in a knap-sack, threw the sack over his back, adjusted it to his shoulder, and walked away with it. For the time being the instructor was the dwarf. He passed his fingers through his long beard, he looked askance at the gold, he gathered up the pieces and put them in the sack. He threw the jingling burden over his shoulder and twisted this way and that until the load settled into place. And yet the reader hardly moved his hands an inch. It was a wonderful piece of work. Such reading as that, guided as it was in this case by intelligence, appreciation, and unbounded enthusiasm, makes of poetry not merely an amusement or a thrill but a vital experience. It etches the lines in, so that they cannot thereafter be erased. Before such an appeal even the most hardened and indifferent must thaw out. When poetry can be made thus moving and intimate in every classroom where it is taught, we need not fear for the survival and influence of the poetic spirit in any age, commercial or other.

THE NATIONAL GENIUS [1]

STUART P. SHERMAN

A good introduction to this and the following selection is found in an excerpt from old John Winthrop. In 1645 he wrote: "There is a twofold liberty, natural . . . and civil or federal. The first is common to man with beasts and other creatures. By this, man, as he stands in relation to man simply, hath liberty to do what he lists; it is a liberty to evil as well as to good. This liberty is incompatible and inconsistent with authority. . . . The other kind of liberty I call civil or federal; it may also be termed moral. . . . This liberty is the proper end and object of authority, and cannot subsist without it; and it is a liberty to that only which is good, just, and honest. This liberty you are to stand for, with the hazard (not only of your goods, but) of your lives, if need be." The man who believes that art in America should have nothing to do with "truth, morals, and democracy" is claiming for the artist the "liberty to do what he lists." You cannot be a great American artist, however, unless you reproduce in some form of beauty the essential and representative traits of your country. Ours is often called a citizen literature because it has stood consistently for "truth, morals, and democracy." To make it stand for licence is to impress upon it a quality and spirit not only un-American but anti-American and therefore inartistic.

SOME people have one hobby and some another. Mine is studying the utterances of the Intelligentsia — a word by which those who think that they exhibit the latest aspect of mind designate themselves. I like to hear what our "young people" say, and to read what they write; for, though they are not meek, they will, at least in a temporal sense, inherit the earth — and one is always interested in heirs. So much depends upon them.

Not long ago, progressive thinkers organized a public dinner in order to consult together for the welfare of the Republic.

[1] From *The Atlantic Monthly*, January, 1921, by permission.

The marks of a progressive thinker are profound pessimism with regard to the past and infinite hope with regard to the future. Such a thinker was the toastmaster. Now, a thoughtful and progressive pessimist is a joy forever. He says for the rest of us those bitter things about history and society which we all feel at times, but hesitate to utter, not being so certain that we possess the antidote. I had long surmised that this was not the best possible of worlds, whether one considered it in its present drunken and reeling state or whether one peered backward, through stratum after stratum of wrecked enterprises, into its iniquitous and catastrophic antiquity. Accordingly, I felt a kind of rich, tragic satisfaction when this toastmaster, in a ten-minute introduction, reviewed the entire history of the world from the time of the Cave Man to the time of the Treaty of Versailles, and concluded with a delightfully cheerful smile: —

"Up to date civilization has been a failure. Life is tolerable only as a preparation for a state which neither we nor our sons shall enter. We shall all die in the desert," he continued, as the gloom thickened to emit the perorational flash; "but let us die like Moses, with a look into the Promised Land."

Then he began to call upon his associates in the organization of progress.

Nine tenths of the speakers were, as is customary on such occasions, of the sort that editors include when they arrange a series of articles called *Builders of Contemporary Civilization.* They were the men who get cathedrals begun, and make universities expand, legislatures vote, armies fight, money circulate, commodities exchange, and grass grow two blades for one. They spoke in a businesslike way of eliminating waste and introducing efficiency, of tapping unused resources here, of speeding up production there, of facilitating communications somewhere else. Except for the speeches of the bishop and the university president, the discourses had to my ear a somewhat mechanical twang. Yet one could not but approve and feel braced by the leading idea running through them all, which was to extend the control

of man over nature and the control of a creative reason over man. All the speakers — engineer, banker, and farmer, no less than clergyman and educator — seemed to have their eyes fixed on some standard, which some internal passion for improvement urged them to approximate, or to attain. I couldn't help thinking how Franklin would have applauded the spirit of his posterity.

When, as I thought, the programme was completed, they had substituted for the present machinery of society a new outfit of the 1950 model, or perhaps of a still later date. The country, under intensive cultivation, looked like a Chinese garden. The roads, even in the spring of the year, were not merely navigable, but Fordable. Something had happened to the great smoke-producing cities; so that Chicago, for instance, shone like a jewel in clear air and sunlight. High in the heavens, innumerable merchant vessels, guarded by aërial dreadnaughts, were passing in continuous flight across the Gulf to South America. Production had been so enormously increased by the increased expertness, health, and sobriety of the producers, that a man could go to market with only a handful of silver in his pocket and return with bread and butter enough for himself and his wife, and perhaps a couple of biscuits for his dog. Every one of the teeming population, alow and aloft, male and female, was at work in uniform, a rifle and a wireless field-telephone within easy reach; for every one was both an expert workman and a soldier. But no one was fighting. Under the shield of that profound "preparedness," the land enjoyed uninterrupted peace and prosperity.

Perhaps I dreamed some of this. The speeches were long. When I returned to a condition of critical consciousness, the toastmaster was introducing the last speaker as follows:

We have now provided for all matters of first-rate importance. But we have with us one of the literary leaders of the younger generation. I am going to call upon him to say a word for the way the man of the new Republic will express himself after he has been fed and

clothed and housed. I shall ask him to sketch a place in our program of democratic progress for art, music, literature, and the like — in short, for the superfluous things.

That phrase, "the superfluous things," rang in my ear like a gong: not because it was new, but because it was old; because it struck a nerve sensitive from repeated striking; because it really summed up the values of art for this representative group of builders; because it linked itself up with a series of popularly contrasted terms — practical and liberal studies, business English and literary English, useful and ornamental arts, valuable and graceful accomplishments, necessaries and luxuries of life, chemists and professors of English, and so on *ad infinitum*. I myself was a professor of superfluous things, and, therefore, a superfluous professor. As I turned this uncomfortable thought over in my mind, it occurred to me that things are superfluous only with reference to particular ends; and that, in a comprehensive plan of preparation for a satisfactory national life, we might be compelled to revise the epithets conventionally applied to the arts which express our craving for beauty, harmony, happiness.

Before I had gone far in this train of thought, the literary artist was addressing the business men. His discourse was so remarkable, and yet so representative of our most conspicuous group of "young people," that I reproduce the substance of it here.

The young men of my generation [he began] propose the emancipation of the arts in America. Before our time, such third-rate talents as the country produced were infected, by our institutions, and by the multitude, with a sense of their Messianic mission. Dominated by the twin incubi of Puritanism and Democracy, they servilely associated themselves with political, moral, and social programmes, and made beauty a prostitute to utility. Our generation of artists has seen through all the solemn humbug of your plans for the "welfare of the Republic." With a clearer-eyed pessimism than that of our toastmaster, we have not merely envisaged the failure of civilization in the past: we have also foreseen its failure in the future.

We have talked with wiser counselors than those pious Philistines, our naïve Revolutionary Fathers. George Moore, our great con-

temporary, tells us that "Humanity is a pig-sty, where liars, hypocrites, and the obscene in spirit congregate: and it has been so since the great Jew conceived it, and it will be so till the end." Leopardi, who in certain respects was our pioneer, declares that "all things else being vain, disgust of life represents all that is substantial and real in the life of man." Theodore Dreiser, our profound philosophical novelist, views the matter, however, with a bit of creative hopefulness. Though God, as he has assured us, cares nothing for the pure in heart, yet God does offer a "universe-eating career to the giant," recking not how the life-force manifests itself, "so long as it achieves avid, forceful, artistic expression." From serving the middle-class American, Flaubert frees us, saying, "Hatred of the bourgeois is the beginning of virtue." Mr. Spingarn, our learned theorist, brushes away the critical cobwebs of antique poetic doctrine, and gives us a clean æsthetic basis, by his revelation that "beauty aims neither at morals nor at truth"; and that "it is not the purpose of poetry to further the cause of democracy, or any other practical 'cause', any more than it is the purpose of bridge-building to further the cause of Esperanto." We have had to import our philosophy in fragments from beyond the borders of Anglo-Saxonia, from Ireland, Germany, France, and Italy; and we have had to call in the quick Semitic intelligence to piece it together. But here it is; and you will recognize that it liberates us from Puritanism and from Democracy. It emancipates us from you!

You ask me, perhaps [continued the young representative of American letters] what we intend to do with this new freedom, which, as Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn truly says, is our "central passion." Well, we intend *to let ourselves out.* If you press me as to what I mean by that, I can refer you to the new psychology. This invaluable science, developed by great German investigators, has recently announced, as you possibly know, an epoch-making discovery — namely, that most of the evil in the world is due to self-control. To modern inquiry, it appears that what all the moralists, especially in Anglo-Saxon countries, have tried to curb or to suppress is precisely what they should have striven to release. If you wish corroboration, let me quote the words of our talented English colleague, Mr. W. L. George, the novelist, who says, "I suspect that it does a people no good if its preoccupations find no outlet."

In passing I will remark that Mr. George, being an Englishman, shows a certain taint of inherited English Puritanism in defending letting people out *in order to do them good.* From the point of view

of the new philosophy, letting one's self out completely and perfectly is art, which has no purpose and therefore requires no defense.

But to return: what are the preoccupations of the ordinary man? Once more Mr. George shall answer for us. "A large proportion of his thoughts run on sex if he is a live man." French literature proves the point abundantly; American literature, as yet, very imperfectly and scantily. Consequently, a young American desiring to enlarge his sex-consciousness must import his fiction from overseas. But our own Mr. Cabell has also begun to prove the point as well as a foreigner. His release of the suppressed life is very precious. If he were encouraged, instead of being nipped by the frost of a Puritanical censorship; if a taste were developed to support him, he might do for us what George Moore is trying, subterraneously, to do for England.

Our own Mr. Dreiser has been so preoccupied with this subject that he has been obliged to neglect a little his logic and his grammar. His thinking, however, runs none the less surefootedly to the conclusion reached by Mr. George. What does that remorseless artist-thinker, Mr. Dreiser, say? He says: "It is the desire to enthrone and enhance, by every possible detail of ornamentation, comfort, and color, — love, sensual gratification, — that man in the main moves, and by that alone." We do not maintain that Mr. Dreiser is a flawless writer. But if, at your leisure, you will study that sentence from his latest and ripest book, till you discover its subject, predicate, and object, and can bridge its anacoluthon, and reconcile "in the main" with "by that alone," then you will be in a position to grasp our leading idea for the future of the arts in America.

When the young man resumed his seat, there was a ripple of applause among the ladies, one of whom told me later that she thought the speaker's voice "delicious" and his eyes "soulful." But I noticed that the bishop was purple with suppressed wrath; that the university president had withdrawn; while the other builders of civilization, notably the business men, were nodding with a kind of patient and puzzled resignation.

In my neighborhood there was a quick little buzz of questions: "Will you tell me what all that has to do with a programme of democratic progress?" — "What is George Moore trying subterraneously to do for England? Is he interested in the collieries? I

thought he was a novelist." — "He has downright insulted them," said my neighbor on the right, "don't you think?"

"Why, no," I replied, "not exactly. He was asked to speak on the superfluous things; and he has really demonstrated that they are superfluous. After this, don't you see, the builders of civilization can go on with their work and not worry about the arts. He has told them that beauty is not for them; and they will swiftly conclude that they are not for beauty. I think he has very honestly expressed what our radical young people are thinking. They are in revolt. They wish by all means to widen the traditional breach between the artist and the Puritan."

"What do you mean by Puritan?" inquired my friend, as we made our way out of the hall together.

He is a simple-hearted old gentleman who doesn't follow the new literature, but still reads Hawthorne and George Eliot.

"It isn't," I explained, "what I mean by Puritan that signifies. It is what the young people mean. A Puritan for them is any man who believes it possible to distinguish between good and evil, and who also believes that, having made the distinction, his welfare depends upon his furthering the one and curbing the other."

"But," cried the old gentleman in some heat, "in that sense, we are all Puritans. That isn't theological Puritanism. That is scarcely even moral Puritanism. It's just — it's just ordinary horse sense. In that sense, for God's sake, who isn't a Puritan?"

I recalled an old case that I thought would illustrate the present situation. "There was Judge Keeling," I said, "in Charles the Second's time. Judge Keeling put Bunyan in jail for failing to use the Book of Common Prayer, and similar misdemeanors. In the reign of the same Defender of the Faith, two merry wits and poets of his court became flown with wine and, stripping themselves naked, ran through the streets, giving a healthy outlet to their suppressed selves in songs of a certain sort. The constable, an ordinary English Puritan, so far misunderstood the spiritual autonomy which the artist should enjoy, that he arrested the two liberators of art. When, however, the news reached Judge Keeling, he released the young men and laid the constable by the heels; which, as Pepys, — himself a patron of the arts, yet a bit of a Puritan, — as Pepys remarked, was a 'horrid shame.' Now Judge Keeling, I think our own young people would admit, was not a Puritan, even in the latest sense of the term."

"But those Restoration fellows," replied my friend, — "Keeling and the wits and the rest of them, — they were opposing the sense

of the whole English nation. They made no headway. No one took them seriously. They all disappeared like gnats in a snowstorm. When the central current of English life had done its scouring work, people thought of your two poets as mere stable-boys of the Restoration. Surely you don't think our democratic young people are so silly as to imitate them? We have no merry monarch to reward them. What do they gain by setting themselves against the common sense?"

"Notoriety," I said, "which is as sweet under a republican as under a monarchical form of government. I used to think that to insult the common sense and always to be speaking contemptuously of the 'bourgeoisie,' implied sycophancy, either to a corrupt and degenerate aristocracy, or to a peculiarly arrogant and atheistical lowest class. But our 'democratic young people,' as you call them, preserve and foster this artistic snobbishness as a form of self-expression.

"When Mr. Dreiser declares that God cares nothing for the Ten Commandments or for the pure in heart, he really means that inanimate nature cares nothing for them, and that the animal kingdom and he and the heroes of his books follow nature. But he denies a faith which in some fifty millions of native Americans survives the decay of dogma, and somehow, in attenuated form, keeps the country from going wholly to the dogs. For, of course, if it were demonstrable that God had abandoned a charge so important, plain men of sense would quietly assume responsibility and 'carry on' in his stead."

"I quite agree with you," said the old gentleman; "but as I am not acquainted with the author you mention and am just completing my third reading of *Middlemarch*, I will turn in here. Good-night."

I went on down the street, resuming, unaccompanied, the more difficult part of my meditation on the place of the fine arts in a programme of democratic progress, and internally debating with the young man who had caused such a sensation at dinner. Having made this general acknowledgment of his inspiration, I shall not attempt to reproduce our dialogue; for I found that he simply repeated the main points of his speech, and interrupted my comment upon it.

When Mr. Spingarn declares that beauty is not concerned with truth or morals or democracy, he makes a philosophical distinction which I have no doubt that Charles the Second would have understood, approved, and could, at need, have illustrated. But he says what the American schoolboy knows to be false to

the history of beauty in this country. By divorcing, in his super-subtle Italian fashion, form from substance, he has separated beauty from her traditional associates in American letters, and so has left her open to seduction.

Beauty, whether we like it or not, has a heart full of service. Emancipated, she will still be seeking some vital activity. You have heard how the new writers propose to employ her new leisure: in extending the ordinary man's preoccupation with sex. We don't, you will observe, by the emancipation of the arts from service to truth, morals, and democracy — we don't obtain a "disinterested" beauty. We obtain merely a beauty with different interests — serving "sensual gratification" and propagating the curiously related doctrine that God cares nothing for the Ten Commandments or for the pure in heart.

We arrive finally at some such comprehensive formulation of relationships as this: It is the main function of art to deny what it is the main function of truth, morals, and democracy to affirm. Our speaker for the younger generation has made all this so clear that I suspect the bishop is going home resolved to take music out of his churches. The university president is perhaps deciding to replace his professor of Italian painting by a professor of soil-fertility. As for the captains of industry, they can hardly be blamed if they mutter among themselves "May the devil fly away with the fine arts! Let's get back to business."

It is to be hoped, nevertheless, that the devil will not fly away with the fine arts or the fine artists, or with our freshly foot-loose and wandering beauty; for the builders of civilization have need of them. If the young people were not misled by more or less alien-spirited guides, the national genius itself would lead them into a larger life.

When our forefathers, whom it is now customary to speak of as "grim," outlined their programme for a new republic, though they had many more immediately pressing matters on their minds, they included among objects to be safeguarded, indeed, among the inalienable rights of mankind, "the pursuit of happi-

ness." It appears that they, like ourselves, had some dim idea that the ultimate end of their preparation was, not to fight the English or the savages or the wilderness, but to enjoy, they or their posterity, some hitherto unexperienced felicity. That, at heart, was what sustained them under the burdens and heats of a pioneering civilization, through those years when they dispensed with such ingredients of happiness as musical comedy and moving pictures, and when the most notable piece of imagist verse was Franklin's proverb, "It is hard for an empty sack to stand upright" — a one-line poem of humor, morality, insight, and imagination all compact.

We, too, entertain, we ordinary puritanical Americans, some shadowy notions of a time to come, when, at more frequent intervals than now, men shall draw in a delighted breath and cry: "Oh, that this moment might endure forever!" We believe in this far-off time, because, at least once or twice in a lifetime, each of us experiences such a moment, or, feeling the wind of its retreating wing, knows that it has just gone by. It may have been in some magical sunset, or at the sound of a solemn music, or in the sudden apprehension of a long-sought truth, or at the thrill and tightening of resolution in some crisis, or in the presence of some fair marble image of a thought that keeps its beauty and serenity while we fret and fade. It may even have been at some vision, seen in the multitude of business, of a new republic revealed to the traveling imagination, like a shining city set on a hill in the flash of a midnight storm. Till life itself yields such moments less charily, it is incumbent upon the artist to send them as often as he can.

There came among us in war-time an English poet whose face was as sad as his who from the Judecca[1] climbed to see

[1] The Judecca, named after Judas, was the fourth division of the lake Cocytus into which were thrust all traitors to their benefactors. From it Dante climbed with Virgil (*Inferno* XXXIV, 131–132),

> "Till on our view the beautiful lights of Heaven
> Dawned through a circular opening of the cave."

(C. A. S.)

again *delle cose belle che porta il ciel.* He had been where his countrymen, fighting with incredible heroism, had suffered one of the most heart-breaking and bloody defeats in English history. His memory was seared with remembrance of the filth, waste, wounds, and screaming lunacy of the battle-front to which he was about to return. When someone asked him to write his name in a volume of his poems, he inscribed below it this line of his own verse: —

> The days that make us happy make us wise.

Why these days? Because in them we learn the final object of all our preparation. These days serve us as measures of the success of our civilization.

The ultimate reason for including the "superfluous things" — art, music, literature — in a plan of national preparation is that, rightly used, they are both causes and consequences of happiness. They are the seed and the fruit of that fine and gracious and finished national life toward which we aspire. When the body is fed and sheltered, there remain to be satisfied — as what Puritan does not know? — the inarticulate hungers of the heart, to which all the arts are merely some of the ministers. Other ministers are religion, morality, patriotism, science, truth. It is only by harmonious coöperation that they can ever hope to satisfy the whole heart, the modern heart, with its ever-widening range of wakened hungers. It is certainly not by banishing or ignoring the austerer ministers, and making poetry, painting, and music perform a Franco-Turkish dance of invitation — it is not thus that the artist should expect to satisfy a heart as religious, as moral, and as democratic as the American heart is, by its bitterest critics, declared to be.

"Art is expression," says the learned theorist of the young people, "and poets succeed or fail by their success or failure in completely expressing themselves." Let us concede that the poet who expresses completely what is in him by a hymn to the devil is as perfect an artist as a poet who expresses what is in him by the Iliad. Then let us remark that the poet who hymns the

devil, the devil is likely to fly away with. And let us add as rapidly as possible a little series of neglected truisms. An artist is a man living in society. A great artist is a great man living in a great society. When a great artist expresses himself completely, it is found invariably that he has expressed, not merely himself, but also the dominant thought and feeling of the men with whom he lives. Mr. Spingarn, indeed, indirectly admits the point when he says: "If the ideals they [the poets] express are not the ideals we admire most, we must blame, not the poets, but ourselves; in the world where morals count, *we have failed to give them the proper materials out of which to rear a nobler edifice.*" (Italics mine.) This seems to mean that society is responsible for the artist, even if the artist is not responsible to society. Society gives him, as a man, what, as an artist, he expresses.

I have perhaps hinted here and elsewhere my suspicion that Mr. Dreiser, a capital illustrative example, is not a great novelist, because, though living in a great society, he does not express or represent its human characteristics, but confines himself to an exhibition of the habits and traits of animals. Is it that we have not given him materials to rear a nobler edifice? That which we — that is, society — can give to a novelist is the moulding and formative influence of the national temper and character. What have we given to Mr. Dreiser? What, in short, are the dominant traits of the national genius? I am delighted to discover in Mr. Dreiser's latest book that he himself knows pretty well what the national genius is, how it has manifested itself in religion and politics, and how it is nourished and sustained by ancient traditions and strong racial proclivities. I like to agree with our young people when I can. When I find one of them testifying, contrary to their custom, that America does now possess a powerful national culture, I like to applaud his discernment. It is a pleasure to make amends for my disparagement of Mr. Dreiser as a novelist, by illustrating his critical ability with these words of his on the national genius: —

> No country in the world (at least, none that I know anything about) has such a peculiar, such a seemingly fierce determination to make the Ten Commandments work. It would be amusing, if it were not pitiful, their faith in these binding religious ideals. I have never been able to make up my mind whether this springs from the zealotry of the Puritans who landed at Plymouth Rock, or whether it is rooted in the soil . . . or whether it is a product of the Federal Constitution, compounded by such idealists as Paine and Jefferson and Franklin and the more or less religious and political dreamers of the pre-constitutional days. *Certain it is that no such profound moral idealism animated the French in Canada, the Dutch in New York, the Swedes in New Jersey, or the mixed French and English in the extreme South and New Orleans.* (Italics mine.)

I know how differently our young people feel; but, to my thinking, a national genius animated by an incomparably profound moral idealism does not seem such a contemptible moulding and formative influence for an artist to undergo. English-speaking poets, from Spenser to Walt Whitman, have grown great under the influence of such an environing spirit. At any rate, if the great artist, in expressing himself, expresses also the society of which he is a part, it should seem to follow, like a conclusion in geometry, that a great American artist must express the "profound moral idealism" of America. To rail against it, to lead an insurrection against it, is to repeat the folly of the Restoration wits. If in this connection one may use a bit of the American language, it is to "buck" the national genius; and this is an enterprise comparable with bucking a stone wall. On the other hand to acknowledge the leadership of the national genius, to subject one's self to its influence, to serve it according to one's talents, to find beautiful and potent forms to express its working — this is to ally one's self with the general creative effort of the country in all fields of activity; this is to be in a benign conspiracy with one's time and place, and to be upborne by the central stream of tendency.

There is small place for Bohemia in democratic art. I sometimes wonder with what spiritual refugees, under what rafters, those poets and novelists live who are so anxious to secede from

the major effort of their countrymen. For their own sakes one wishes that they might cultivate acquaintance with our eminent "builders of civilization." The good that I should expect from this contact is a vision of the national life, a sense of the national will, which are usually possessed in some degree by these Americans, whatever their æsthetic deficiencies, who bear the burden of the state, or are widely conversant with its business, or preside over its religious, moral, or educational undertakings. I do not intend in the least to suggest that the artist should become propagandist or reformer, or that he should go to the bishop or the statesman for a commission, though I believe that Leonardo and Michael Angelo did some very tolerable things under direct inspiration of that nature. What one feels is rather that intercourse with such men might finally create in our artistic secessionists a consciousness of the ignobility of their aims. For in America it will be found more and more that the artist who does not in some fashion concern himself with truth, morals, and democracy, is unimportant, is ignoble.

In an unfinished world, where religion has become so largely a matter of traditional sentiments and observances, poetry has a work to do, poetry of any high seriousness. Our critics and poets of vision have long since recognized what that work is. "I said to Bryant and to these young people," wrote Emerson in his journal many years ago, "that the high poetry of the world from the beginning has been ethical, and it is the tendency of the ripe modern mind to produce it." "I hate literature," said Whitman, perhaps over-emphatically expressing the traditional American disdain for art in its merely decorative and recreative aspects. "Literature is big only in one way, when used as an aid in the growth of the humanities." Our young people, of course, will exclaim that these are typical utterances of our New England Puritanism, fatal to the arts; but, as a matter of fact, this Puritanism is of a sort that the New Englanders shared with Plato and Aristotle, who have not been fatal to the arts. When Emerson said, "Honor every truth by use," he

expressed, I think, what Socrates would have approved, and at the same time he spoke in fullest accord with the national genius, ever driving at practice, ever pressing toward the fulfillment of its vision.

Why should a spokesman for *belles-lettres*, bred in the national tradition, hesitate to go before a group of "practical" men and talk to them, unashamed, of the "utilities" of artistic expression? He may borrow a figure from the economist, and declare that the poet "socializes" the spiritual wealth of the country. Art is rooted in social instinct, in a desire to communicate goods to others, to share one's private experience and anticipations. It is the spontaneous overflow of thoughts and feelings which one cannot consume alone. "Full of the common joy," says Donne, "I uttered some." This is your true and unassailable communism. When Saint-Gaudens, having conceived his heroic and inspiring image of Colonel Shaw leading his colored troops, sets it up on Boston Common, it becomes common property; and the loafer in the park, the student, the hurrying merchant, the newsboy, are equal sharers in its commemoration and inspiration. A village poet with an ethical bent makes this thought sing: —

> When duty whispers low, "Thou must,"
> The youth replies, "I can," —

and he has slipped a spiritual gold-piece into the palm of each of his fellow countrymen. This is wealth really distributed. It would be of advantage to both bards and business men if some spiritual economist would remind them more frequently that the wealth of a community is in proportion to the number of such ideas that it has in common.

Among builders of American civilization, many means are now discussed for awakening national pride and attaching the affections of the people to the state; conspicuous among them are, or were, Liberty Bonds, nationalization of the railroads, and universal military service. Robert Burns and Sir Walter did the work more simply and cheaply for Scotland. It has never been hard

for the native-born American to hold America "first" in political affairs, but musicians as such, painters as such, men of letters as such, cannot, without straining the meaning of the word, hold her first till her national genius expresses itself as adequately, as nobly, in music, painting, and literature, as it has, on the whole, in the great political crises. Irving, at the beginning of the last century, worked with a clear understanding of our deficiencies when he wrote his *Rip Van Winkle* and other legends of the Hudson Valley, with the avowed purpose "to clothe home scenes and places and familiar names with those imaginative and whimsical associations so seldom met with in our new country, but which live like charms and spells about the cities of the Old World, binding the heart of the native inhabitant to his home."

You may persuade all men to buy Liberty Bonds or to invest in the stock of nationalized railroads, or you may legislate them into the army; but you cannot dragoon them into crying, "O beautiful, my country!" That is the work of the poets, who have entwined their loyalty with their heart-strings. That is the work of the artists, who have made their Americanism vital, devout, affectionate. "How can our love increase," asks Thoreau, "unless our loveliness increases also?" A good question for "Americanizers" to meditate upon. It would benefit both public men and artists if someone reminded them more frequently that one of the really important tasks of national preparation is to draw out and express in forms of appealing beauty, audible as poetry or music, visible as painting or sculpture, the purpose and meaning of this vast half-articulate land, so that our hosts of new and unlearned citizens may come to understand her as they understand the divine compassion — by often kneeling before some shrine of the Virgin.

When art becomes thus informed with the larger life of the country, it vitalizes and gives permanency to the national ideals. It transmits the hope and courage and aspiration of one generation to the next, with the emotional glow and color undiminished and unimpaired. If we receive and cherish the tradition, our

imaginative experience transcends the span of our natural lives. We live in the presence, as Burke declared, of our "canonized" forefathers and in a kind of reverent apprehension of our posterity, happily conscious of a noble and distinguished national thought and feeling, "above the vulgar practice of the hour."

Precisely because Lincoln had communed so intimately with the national genius and obeyed so devoutly its promptings, America ceases, in some passages of his letters and speeches, to be a body politic and becomes a living soul. Who was it wrote that letter to Mrs. Bixby on the loss of her five sons in battle?

> I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

The words are thrilling still with the pathos and splendor of patriotic death. They seem charged with the tears and valor of the whole Civil War. To speak like that of death is to unfold the meaning of the Latin verse: *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.* It is to hallow the altar on which the sacrifice is made. One can hardly read the letter through with dry eyes; and yet reading it makes one very happy. It makes one happy because it renders one in imagination a sharer of that splendid sacrifice, that solemn pride, that divine consolation. It makes one happy because it uplifts the heart and purges it of private interests, and admits one into the higher, and more spacious, and grander life of the nation. For my purposes I am not writing an anticlimax when I say that it makes one happy because it is the perfect expression of a deep, grave, and noble emotion, which is the supreme triumph of the expressive arts. It is the work of a great artist. Was it Lincoln? Or was it the America of our dreams? It was the voice of the true emancipator of our art, who will always understand that his task is not to set Beauty and Puritanism at loggerheads, but to make Puritanism beautiful.

ART AND DECENCY[1]

Grant Showerman

One of the most effective appeals that I ever heard made against hazing was based not so much on the view that hazing is wrong or immoral as that it is puerile and common. The students were told that society is coming more and more to regard hazing as belonging with ill-bred speech, loud neckties, and even eating with the knife. The appeal was made with tact and understanding, the students seeming to feel that their sense of honor had been invoked because nothing was said about academic authority, legislative enactment, the Ten Commandments, or the Golden Rule. In much the same way Professor Showerman bases his argument against a too liberal literature of sex, not on the implications of Americanism or of Puritanism or even of morality, but on our innate and instinctive feeling for common decency. That at least is older than Americanism, Puritanism, or the Ten Commandments. Do not these, in fact, find in our ineradicable sense of decency something of their origin and still more of their continuing appeal? Another interpretation of Americanism, wholly in accord with that given in these two selections, is made by Dr. Henry van Dyke. "These temperamental traits," he writes in *The Spirit of America*, 1910, "are the very things which are most distinctive in literature. They give it color and flavor. They are the things which touch it with personality. In American literature, if you look at it broadly, I think you will find four of these traits most clearly revealed, — a strong religious feeling, a sincere love of nature, a vivid sense of humor, and a deep sentiment of humanity." See also *The American Mind*, 1912, by Bliss Perry, and *The American Spirit in Education* (*Chronicles of America Series*, vol. 33), 1921, by Edwin E. Slosson.

WHENEVER, either by literal representation or by adroit indirection, an art reproduces the fleshly facts of human life, it is likely to offend the moralist. There is, however, a difference in this respect between sculpture and painting on the one hand, and letters on the other. The art of letters is by nature more prone to offend.

To be sure, we have had gusty protests against the nude in picture or statue: when Exposition decorators, for example,

[1] From *The Yale Review*, January, 1922, by permission.

have made liberal use of the antique, or a young artist fresh from the Academy has plied brush or chisel with eye single to the glory of the human form, and their creations have suddenly burst upon the vision of a public hitherto ignorant of either the substance or the theory of art; but the shock has been for the time only, and due, not to anything culpable in art, but to unfamiliarity on the part of the beholder. There may be those who never recover from the shock, and who maintain a hostility because they are incapable of understanding; but they are not numerous. The quarrel between the moralist and the graphic and plastic arts is not of a really active nature. The statue and the painting remain, for the most part, in the comparative seclusion of gallery and museum, seen only by such as have the will to see because they have eyes to see.

Again, painting and sculpture are, one may say, inherently idealistic. Beauty, not fact, is their first desire; the higher truth is their aim, not mere reality; their essence is not of the body, but of the soul. The realism of Roman sculpture is only somewhat less idealistic than Greek idealism. The Dutch painter differs from the Italian more in subject than in spirit. There have been paintings and sculpture of the grosser type, but real obscenity has remained in the privacy of studio or *atelier*, out of the way of offending, except as leering guide and custodian have made use of its supposed attractions to stimulate the good will of their prospects.

In the case of letters, we are on somewhat different ground. Letters are not an affair of gallery and cabinet. Literature is portable and mailable. The painting and the statue must be sought out by the public; the public itself is sought out by the printed page. There are few who can model or draw, but everybody can read and talk, and everybody, after some fashion, can write. Of all the arts, the most universal is the art of letters.

And not only is the art of letters more universal than other arts; it also enjoys a greater freedom than they and, conse-

quently, a greater effectiveness. The sculptor may model the nude surface and the languishing eye, and the painter in his picture by employment of color may add to these something of the warmth of passion, but both are limited as well by the nature of their media, which confine them to momentary representation, as by the sentiment of an easily aroused public; any painting or any statue which in the matter of certain functions or passions should descend to mere physiology or anatomy, would meet with immediate condemnation. Literature is neither so hampered by technique nor so restrained by morals. It is true, of course, that literature, unlike painting and sculpture, cannot set before its public the tangible or visible image of what it wishes to impress upon the imagination, and that, in so far, it is less effective; but, because its capacity for suggestion is greater, and because suggestion is always the complement of the object, act, or emotion set forth in the page, the art of letters is far more the mistress of its medium. The page, the paragraph, the sentence, at the same time with the distinct outlining of the image, may so employ the phrase, the word, the exclamation point, the dash, the dots of suspension, as to portray the culmination of impulse in the passion, and the consequence of passion in the act. It may do this, which amounts to the concrete and the visible, and it may still, by the use of the *Honi soit*, deny either the effect or the intention of impropriety.

To be accurate, however, it should be said that the offender of this sort does not always, or even often, plead the *Honi soit*. At least the thoroughly modern "sex novelist," who is the most frequently under discussion, is willing that the public, as it reads, should see and think and feel whatever nature prompts. Nor does he stop there; he claims the right to represent baldly and unmistakably whatever he conceives his artistic purpose to call for. Or, he will put it not only as a right but as a duty; the ground of both duty and right being the very simple one that it is the truth which he is setting forth. For him there is

no limit to art but the limit of truthfulness. Not only should art say truth, but say all the truth; or at least, in the case of the novel, a very great deal more than is usually said.

The claim of literature is thus, in the mouths of the free-thinking and free-spoken, that whatever is, is matter for art. This is a claim which neither sculpture nor painting has ever advanced, and which, if they should advance it, would instantly and overwhelmingly be denied.

The ground on which the claim would be denied, and the ground on which the crude realism of the "advanced" novelist is usually criticised, is the ground of morals. The too frequent sight, or the too free discussion, or the too vivid imagination of certain elemental emotions and acts makes for the hurt of our common life.

But the argument on moral grounds does not impress the sex novelist. Why single out sex? he asks. Is the representation of arson or of burglary also culpable? Is the depiction of a drunkard or a spendthrift an immorality?

We do not single out sex, replies the critic. If the act of the thief or the sot is so represented as to seem excusable, or approvable, or attractive, the result is immoral; for in such case the artist becomes the teacher, and is, in so far as his influence counts, a minister to the spirit of immorality. In other words, he is anti-social. The effect is the same when he portrays with approval the excesses of love.

But, says the artist, suppose he neither approves nor disapproves? Suppose he merely represents the facts of nature?

The supposition is hardly possible, the moralist might answer. The artist will find it difficult not to approve or to condemn what he represents. Art is in essence a matter of the emotions, and therefore in essence sympathetic. If the artist essays the depiction of carnal impulse at all, in the nature of the case it will be with approval. And besides, it takes two to make a picture or a statue or a poem or a novel. There are spectator and reader, as well as creator. The artist may be morally

neutral, but his art may none the less be immoral in effect. Art is a social thing. What leaves the artist's hand is not really finished until the eye of his neighbor sees and interprets.

But the mutual attraction of man and woman, after all, is not in the same category with sottishness and theft, protests the novelist. Back of sex lies a passion as broad and as deep as humanity. It belongs to your nature and mine; it is fundamental; and it is not in itself immoral. Nature is neither moral nor immoral; it is biological fact.

Love may indeed be universal, concedes the moralist, and it may not be immoral; but back also of burglary, drunkenness, and arson are the universal passions of acquisitiveness, thirst, and revenge.

And yet these are not passions either of the same degree or of the same quality as the attraction of sex for sex, persists the artist. Love *is* different. Love is not only a passion inseparable from the life of any human being, but it is the most irresistible of all passions. Furthermore, it is unlike all others in being the social passion; and it is the only passion on which hangs the existence of the race. Any art which does not take account of it is not a reflection, but a falsification, of life. "If the novelist," says Mr. W. L. George, complaining, under the title *Publisher and Policeman*, of the compulsory lopsidedness of fiction — "if the novelist were to develop his characters evenly, the three-hundred-page novel might extend to five hundred; the additional two hundred pages would be made up entirely of the sex preoccupations of the characters, their adventures and attempts at satisfaction.

Having thus proved that the amatory emotion really is different from the passion for ownership or the craving of palatal stimulation or the impulse to destructiveness, the novelist lights his pipe and turns his back on moralist and argument. I have presented his reasoning in the usual form: a plea for artistic sincerity. It all amounts to this, that he wishes to express himself, and resents being in any way estopped. No one should

be unaware, however, that there may be sincerity which has nothing to do with good art or good taste; or forget that the plea for sincerity may be advanced not only by author and critic inspired by a genuine interest in art, but by those whose interest lies in quite other things: in the success of a friend or ally, for example, in the justification of a movement, in the validation or destruction of a social condition or theory, in the stimulation of the public appetite, or in mere notoriety.

The moralist, of course, is as sure as ever that unrestrained representation is not right.

But the dispute is, after all, not one to be settled only, or even ultimately, on the ground of morality; though, by saying this, I do not wish to enrol myself with those exaggerators who will have it that morality has absolutely nothing to do with art. The artistic impulse is indeed primary and essential in art, and there may be examples of art whose origin and whose effect are alike unconnected with morals; but only those obsessed by theory will maintain that art as an energy is not implicated with morality, and that it shall not be amenable, like other energies that go to make up the complexity of human life, to moral restraint: that is, to the code of behavior which has come to serve for the convenience and the protection of civilized beings.

We shall do better to regard realism in the portrayal of sex as an offense not so much against morals as against decency. The *essence* of the sex novelist's offense lies not in the illegality or in the immorality of the matter he represents, but in its ugliness. There are things in the world which are inherently ugly and, by consequence, inherently offensive. They have always been so regarded, and, so long as men are in possession of the senses by which they are apprehended, they will be so regarded. They are in themselves neither immoral nor indecent; they are among the necessities which have been laid by nature upon man. They become indecent only, but surely, when they are obtruded upon the perceptions of other men. We have agreed not only

to keep these facts out of the reach of the senses, but not to speak of them, or otherwise to represent them to the imagination. This means that they are not proper material for conversation, and that they are not proper material for art. Against some of them we have the written law, against others the unwritten.

If we transgress the written law, we are guilty not only of indecency but of misdemeanor, or of immorality in the strict and legal sense; if we transgress the unwritten law, we are still guilty of indecency, but of immorality only in the broad sense. If we resort to the plea that we have made no breach in the law of the land, we are none the less under condemnation for breach of the law of taste. We are *not* to tell *all* the truth. If this means the falsification of life, it is at worst a conventional falsification that carries no actual deceit. There may be, as Mr. George laments, no completely sincere writing; but there is likewise no completely sincere conversation, and no completely sincere dressing; nor is civilization itself, judged as an expression of nature in the ordinary sense, completely sincere. For all this let us be duly and devoutly thankful. The muzzling of art is painful to think of, but we are not left without comfort; we are not obliged to read those other two hundred pages, or to listen to those unexpressed sentiments. We already know as much of them as is either pleasurable or profitable for us to know. It may be called an outrage upon personal liberty and a crime against aesthetic sincerity when "a minority of one in a nation of fifty millions is hampered in the expression of his feelings"; but what of the forty-nine millions and odd who are asked to listen?

But the matter is not perfectly simple. We live in a world of artificialities and inconsistencies, or, at least, what seem so; we are parts of the great social machine. In civilized countries we have the institution of marriage to mark the line between indulgence which is within the law and moral, and indulgence which is without the law and immoral. To some minds it seems unjust that the law of the land should approve of those only who wed with the ring, and that the law of taste should follow.

Here again, it is not really artifice which is responsible, but nature. The experience of the race has demonstrated that, if we are to live hygienically and in peace, there must be a curb on the gratification of sex emotion; just as it has demonstrated the same principle in the domain of other passions and appetites. If we do not devise means to protect ourselves against the exaggerations of natural impulse, the result, both for individual and society, will be suffering; and it is therefore natural for us to devise the means. The artificial institution of marriage is grounded really in nature.

The legal aspect of love is thus determined ultimately by nature. The same will be true of its aesthetic aspect. Whether the work of art represent licit love or illicit love, the guiding principle will still be decency, and its ground will still be in nature. What is indecent to the sight or to the imagination in the representation of unlegalized love will also be indecent if lawful love is the theme. That the representation of illicit love will fall under double condemnation as both indecent and immoral will render it guiltier in degree, but the offense will not be different in principle or in kind.

There is one further complication. There is the less gross love without the ring which is not indecent, but only illegal, and is therefore an offense against morality without being an offense against decency in the usual sense. Is the sympathetic representation of this love to be condoned?

There is a physical indecency, and there is a spiritual indecency. We are compounded of two opposing natures; this is the essence of being human rather than brute. We exist as brutes by virtue of mere physical functions; we exist as effective members of civilized society by reason of our domination of the body. Civilized man is the only creature whose necessary state is war upon himself. It is a daily warfare whose high purpose is the welfare of his fellows, and the demand upon him for gallantry and generosity is unceasing. The man who cannot endure the test of fire, whose courage fails before the assaults

of the grosser self that is his fiercest enemy, who crumbles and submits to his captor's bonds, is a craven and a traitor of the spirit. He will not dominate himself for the common good; he will not submit to discipline in the face of the foe. He is not a real soldier. He is not a free man, and slavery is degradation and ugliness in any free man's sight. The conduct of such a man is spiritually indecent. Logically, the art that bodies it forth is likewise an offender against the decency of the spirit.

The appeal against a too liberal literature of sex, then, whether it be the verse of ancient Ovid or the prose of the most recent champion of truthfulness and sincerity, is not grounded ultimately in Americanism, or in Puritanism, or even in morality, but in decency; which is to say, in nature as she is seen to operate in civilized society. The handiwork of nature is manifest with quite as much reality in civilized human institutions as in uncivilized human passions.

I have reached my conclusion. Now I should like to add a few words by way of discussion.

If in this essay I have made use of no specific examples, it has not been because I have not had them in mind. I have not failed to think of the D'Annunzios, and to remember that genius in expression is in varying degree a compensation for unworthiness of matter. This, however, does not alter my conviction that such a novel as *Il Piacere* is an ugliness, an indecency, and a treason, inexcusable whether as morals, or as art, or as mere manners. I have not failed to recall plump Jack, larding "the lean earth as he walks along," and larding with equal richness our mother tongue, and to reflect that the incongruous spectacle here presented of the spirit of man, the paragon of animals, kept in bondage by a mountain of sinful Adam's flesh, is genius's way of idealizing this old child of indecency into partial presentability. I have not forgotten Chaucer and Boccaccio, and the indulgences claimed by the fine art of story-telling, but I have also not forgotten they are indulgences. I have not forgotten Rodin and the fact that idealism may glorify

the flesh, as realism may brutalize it; or that Rodin was sex realist, if at all, only in the private nooks of his *atelier*. I have been unmindful of none of these, but I have also not been blinded by examples of humorously or idealistically or otherwise artistically managed grossness to the essential sin against art in the presentation of unbecoming fact. I remark, too, for the sake of clarity, that the frankness of the art which exaggeration, humor, or idealism lifts out of the atmosphere of actual life is not the same as the frankness of the naturalistic novel and drama of to-day, which have all the effect of familiar conversation on forbidden themes.

It was not the purpose of my essay, however, to discuss individual examples or to propose definite laws, but to establish a principle. Principle is not law, but the basis for law. Principle declares the existence and the nature of the indecent and the immoral; the law prescribes what shall be its identification and treatment. If I am dealing with law at all, it is not the law of the statute-book, but the law of taste.

But is the law of taste any less uncertain than the law of the courts? Who is to say when an impression on the olfactory ceases to be a perfume and becomes a scent, ceases to be a scent and becomes an odor, ceases to be an odor and becomes rank enough to be called a smell to heaven? Who shall determine at what point the use of the beauty-box parts company with innocent impulse to self-ornamentation, or the linked-sweetness of the "movie" kiss becomes too long-drawn-out for decency? Who shall say what is the precise moment when rumoriferous mastication becomes horrible suggestion of the trough? Can decency be defined? Is there, after all, a law of taste?

There is, and there is not. If we mean exact prescription, there is not. If we mean that there is a general territory which has always been and is still recognized by the high average of cultivated people as ground that should not be trodden, there is law. You accept the judgment of these persons in the matter of sex — a judgment which is not without its debt to the general

public, and which, as we have seen, is founded upon nature — and you are within the law. You refuse to accept it, and you are without the law. The dividing line is not always distinct and it sometimes shifts, but in the main it is quite visible and fairly constant.

This is, to be sure, not entirely satisfactory to those who will have everything in absolute black and white; but it is the best we have been able to do. It is what we do in other matters in which we recognize a governorship of taste; in manners, for example, or in apparel.

Of course, you may rebel. You may declare that, where so much is uncertain, all is uncertain, and that your own opinion for the moment is as valid as the opinion of cultivated men and women for all time since Adam. You may, for example, affirm that the use of facial daub by our young women is entirely proper, and in one breath defy the long line of those who have represented their times in saying it was not, beginning with the gentleman in Xenophon's *Economics* who so suavely convinced his young wife of her error, continuing with Martial, who satirized it, and the Greek Anthology, which epigrammatized it, and Tertullian and the Christian Fathers, who anathematized it, and Pandolfini, the Renaissance author of *Del Governo della Famiglia*, who again condemned it, and the solicitous newspaper of 1918 which advised American girls not to use cosmetics when they visited the encampments, in order to guard against being mistaken for prostitutes, and the Aztec mother, who agreed with all the others in declaring it a mark of the evil life, and the American Indians, who expressed themselves indirectly by their use of daub on men's faces to make them horrible to their enemies. You may deny the competence of time and criticism in all other matters regarding taste as well as this, and continue to assert that whatever is true, whatever is sincere, that is, whatever a novelist feels like writing, is decent. Nobody can prevent you. But it sounds a great deal as if one should also say that whatever any human being feels like *doing*, is decent.

VI. SOCIAL AND NATIONAL PROBLEMS

THE WAR AS AN INTELLECTUAL UPHEAVAL[1]

ALFRED ZIMMERN

Strategic changes, economic changes, political changes, and the promise of a deeper spiritual life — these are the angles from which Professor Zimmern reviews "the biggest upheaval that has ever taken place in human history in so short a space of time." Remember that the captions or headings under which an author presents his exposition stand for divisions of his discussion, not of his subject. The War is not cut up into four parts. It remains one and indivisible; it functions in Professor Zimmern's mind as a whole. The strategic changes, for example, mean all the complex activities of the War interpreted in terms of strategy; and so for the other headings. Each is the interpretation of the same totality but from a different angle. Keep this distinction in mind when other findings are compared with Professor Zimmern's. Thus Professor Carlton J. H. Hayes, in his *Brief History of the Great War*, 1920, finds the significance of the World War in ten "landmarks" of the New Era:

1. *Nationalism.* "The Great War marked the all but universal triumph of the principle of nationalism, the doctrine that people who speak the same language and have the same historic traditions shall live together under a common polity of their own making."

2. *Change in Relative Importance of States.* "As an outcome of the Great War there was, on the one hand, a considerable increase in the number of small independent states in the world and, on the other, a reduction in the number of the Great Powers."

3. *Imperialism.* "Superficially, at any rate, the Great War gave zest and zeal to the game of capitalistic imperialism. As nationalism was the

[1] Lecture delivered, by the Wilson Professor of International Politics in the University College of Wales, at the Johns Hopkins University, December 19, 1921, on the George Huntington Williams Memorial Lectureship Foundation. Reprinted from the *Johns Hopkins Alumni Magazine*, March, 1922, by permission.

goal of the smaller states, so imperialistic gains seemed to be the stakes of most of the Great Powers."

4. *Republicanism.* "The Great War was as advantageous to republicanism throughout the world as it was disastrous to monarchy."

5. *Political Democracy.* "Within most of the belligerent countries radical political reforms of a democratic nature were fostered and hastened by the war."

6. *Temporary Impatience with Popular Government.* "Though the outcome of the Great War was distinctly favorable to the cause of republicanism and of political democracy, temporarily at least there was not unnatural impatience with popular government."

7. *Habit of Resorting to Force.* "Men who had been taught by the most practical examples and experiences that force was the righteous arbiter in the gravest of all international questions were dangerously but naturally inclined to resort to a forceful and illegal settlement of domestic differences."

8. *Social Tendencies.* "In Russia, the Bolshevist Socialists in attempting to carry the teachings of Marx into practice, profoundly modified the historic traditions of their party and succeeded in alienating not only the mass of non-Socialists throughout the world but the majority of Socialists in foreign countries and a large number of Russian Socialists."

9. *Science and Education.* "The Great War gave an impetus to certain applications of experimental science. . . . To the thousands of young men of every nation who participated in the Great War and survived it the experiences in camp and on the field possessed undoubted educational value."

10. *Religion.* "The Great War produced no spectacular religious 're-vival,' as had been predicted. It did promote, however, closer coöperation than ever before obtained among Catholics, Protestants, Jews, and even Mohammedans."

THE general subject of this course of lectures is "Problems of International Adjustment." I intend to speak today about the most difficult of all the adjustments that we have to make — the adjustment of our minds to the new external situation created by the war. The war is the biggest upheaval that has ever taken place in human history in so short a space of time. It has affected more individual lives and strained the social fabric more severely than any previous series of events; it has left us with a changed world in which pre-war landmarks have disappeared. And as men's minds always tend to move more slowly in the modern world than external circumstances,

it is a primary duty for all of us to try to take our bearings as best we can in the new situation.

I wish to speak, therefore, not as an Englishman, or from our national point of view, but as an European, and, if I may say so, as a philosopher. I will divide what I have to say into four parts, dealing first with the strategic, then with the economic and the political changes brought about by the war, and finally devoting a few words to deeper considerations.

When the historian of the future sums up the strategy of the war, I think he will probably do so in a single phrase — the war was a siege of Europe. It was a contest like the Peloponnesian War in ancient Greece, between sea power and land power. Sea power was in a position to cut off the land power intrenched from the occupied area of France to Mesopotamia — one of the greatest land empires in human history — from the indispensable raw material without which modern industrial life and modern warfare cannot be carried on. It was said of the Crimean War that the victorious generals were named "January" and "February." The determining forces in this war were named "Cotton," "Wool," "Rubber," "Jute," "Copra," "Manganese," and a number of lesser mineral and vegetable products which you can identify by reference to any manual of economic geography. The modern world, insofar as it has become industrial, is an interdependent world, and the Germans realized too late, after Britain entered the war, that their power was inexorably limited by their inability to replenish their supplies of these necessary materials, drawn from the overseas world. You can read of this realization, and of the desperate attempts made to avert the inevitable collapse, in the three-volume history of the war by Herr Helfferich, the ablest civilian mind on the German side, and in a pamphlet in which Dr. Walter Rathenau, another far-sighted economic thinker, describes his efforts to organize the Raw Materials Department of the German War Office, established within five days after the British declaration of war. The meaning of the blockade, apparent to

these men in August, 1914, was later brought home to every individual citizen and housekeeper in Germany; and this is the reason why, whatever may be said about a possible Russo-German combination, Germany is bound to gravitate towards a Westward orientation. She will never risk a conflict with sea power again. The long struggle between the Easterners and the Westerners, between the advocates of Berlin-Bagdad and the advocates of overseas trading, has ended in a decisive victory for the latter.

What is the moral to be drawn from this experience for our post-war world? It is that sea power has now demonstrably become what Mahan in his writings predicted that it would be, or rather declared that it was, an offensive instrumentality. Before the war we regarded sea power as something operating on the water, and serving mainly for defense, or for occasional bombardments of coast towns. It was because sea power seemed so inoffensive, so much less damaging and provocative than the big apparatus of Prussian militarism, that the world regarded it with toleration. Britain was supreme at sea from the Battle of Trafalgar down to the American naval program of 1916, but as Britain did not abuse her sea power there seemed no particular danger in her predominance. But the revelation of what sea power really means, of its tremendous offensive potentialities, makes it increasingly difficult in the post-war world to justify naval predominance by any one power, be it Britain, America, or some other nation. The realization of this has caused a revolution, not yet always fully analyzed, in our strategic thinking. The Germans, when they realized what sea power meant, cast about for remedies against what they called "Navalism," and propounded a theory of "Balance of Power at Sea." They were thinking characteristically in European terms, and it was not unnatural for Europeans to think of transferring to the ocean the system of uneasy equipoise by which Europe has been saved on four occasions, largely through Britain, from falling under the domination of any one military power. But

America, who has been saved from our European rivalries and ambitions, who can contrast her Canadian frontier with the intrenched and fortified boundaries of potentially hostile European states, has found a better solution than balance; she has put forward through the mouth of Mr. Hughes a product of *coöperation.*

For what is the logic of Mr. Hughes' naval proposal? It is that we should cease to think of navies as instruments of aggression or of competition, and learn to think of them as part of a coöperative agency for performing certain world services at sea. Mr. Hughes' proposals force us for the first time to ask ourselves the question: "What are navies for?"; and he answers it by suggesting that navies exist, firstly, for local defense; and secondly, for world service; and that naval power ought to be rationed out to each state in proportion to the extent of the local area to be defended, and of the world service to be undertaken. It is on some such unspoken calculation as this that the naval ratio agreed upon by the three naval powers has been drawn up.

Let us pursue this thought a little further. The moment navies are regarded as no longer competitive, but coöperative, logic leads irresistibly on to the idea of mutual guarantees of defense. Let me take a wholly non-contentious example — the navies of the Baltic. Let us assume Mr. Hughes rationing out to Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and Finland the size of their fleets. What are we to reply to Norway if she complains that with her fleet thus rationed, at the dictates of a superior authority, she would be unable to face the combined attack by two or three of her neighbors? The answer can only be that, as she has been deprived by superior authority of her powers of self-defense, that same authority must in justice afford her a guarantee of security. Transfer the same situation to the Mediterranean, and you have the logic of one of the difficulties which the Washington Conference is at present endeavoring to overcome. The coöperative principle has been adopted for the Pacific, and it has been accompanied by the guarantee

embodied in the new four-power treaty. The competitive principle still holds good in post-war Europe, where bitterness and hope of revenge are still active, and where no guarantees of security have been given either by Britain or America. The European waters — the Mediterranean — form an intermediate region between the competitive and coöperative areas, for which no solution has yet been found. Let us hope that the logic of coöperation will prevail.

But a further thought suggests itself. If coöperation is established by navies, what are we to say of those materials which are indispensable to naval power, in particular, of the oil, that much contested fuel, without which the British and American navies, as they have now been fitted out, cannot be propelled? I know little in detail of the controversies surrounding this question except that they seem to have belied the old proverb about pouring oil on troubled waters. But it seems to me that if we would avert what is likely to be the greatest danger to the peace of the world of the coming generation, a conflict not over territorial boundaries, but over key commodities, we must accustom our minds to the thought of world control in some shape or other over materials indispensable to the life of civilization, and likely, if left free to the competition of private enterprise, to become the breeders of war. I will not attempt either to schedule these key commodities, or to suggest a means for controlling or conserving them. I would only throw out in passing the thought that without some such control, private interests, who were not inactive even in war time, may some day involve the world, even your country and my country, in serious conflict.

I pass to the economic situation. Europe, as you know, is distressed and impoverished, and its impoverishment is reacting upon employment, both in Britain and America. What is the cause of this impoverishment? You will be told that it is the treaty of Versailles. This is only to a very small extent the case. The real cause of the impoverishment of Europe is

to be found in the character of the war, in the fact that the war was a siege. The war denuded Europe of its industrial raw material, of a large part of its productive power. There are, or were in 1914 — I am quoting the figures of Mr. Hoover — a hundred million more people than could be supported out of the natural resources of the continent. How did these people live? By producing manufactured articles and exporting them in exchange for raw materials and foodstuffs. During the siege, those imports and exports came to an end, and the central problem at the close of the war, as could easily be foreseen, and was foreseen, was the problem of the restocking of the blockaded area, of providing the peoples of Europe, irrespective of nationality, with the means of resuming their productive activities.

It was the cardinal blunder of the peace settlement that it did not face this over-riding economic need, and take steps to deal with it. The means for doing so were in existence. They were provided by the blockade machinery itself. The blockade began as a means for keeping things out of Germany and the enemy countries, but it was very soon discovered that to allow free imports into the neutral countries adjacent to Germany, into Holland, Norway, Sweden, and Switzerland, was equivalent to letting the goods go into Germany. There was, therefore, developed, as the war went on, an increasingly elaborate system of rationing the neutral countries, and this system was brought to such a pitch of perfection that a friend of mine sitting in an office in London had to decide so minute a question as to whether or not King Constantine, then living at Lucerne, could import a suit of clothes made from a London tailor, or must be compelled to wear clothes made in Switzerland. There was no insuperable difficulty in extending this system of rationing and control to the blockaded area, and plans had as a matter of fact been worked out for that purpose. They were not put into execution, and that for two reasons, which I am bound to mention. The first was the British General Election of No-

vember and December, 1918, in the course of which the British Premier was led into advocating policies wholly inconsistent with any ameliorating activities — an election which will remain a grave slur upon our British record, and was the immediate cause of the atmosphere at Paris which rendered a clean settlement impossible. The second was President Wilson's message to Congress of December 2, 1918, which advocated the cessation of all control over commerce and industry, and made it impossible for the American representatives on the inter-allied economic frontiers in Europe to continue their activities.

Looking back upon the months between the armistice and the final signing of the peace, there were, I think, three grave mistakes, which aggravated the economic situation, already so grave owing to the character of the war.

The first was the omission of the Allied statesmen to take any active measures to deal with the economic condition of Europe. While they sat in Paris, drawing up the covenant and arranging territorial questions, the armies of what had been the Central Empires were being demobilized into countries which had little employment for industrial workers. No less than twelve governments, most of them working with improvised staffs, were attempting to deal with a desperate situation, and the hopes and aspirations held out to simple minds for the post-war world were being dissipated in disillusionment before the grim facts of the economic situation. It was not until February, 1919, that an economic organization — the Supreme Economic Council — was at length constituted, but with powers very much more limited than had been proposed by the Allied experts in November. In practice it became a purely relief organization, and although its work was necessary and carried on by a devoted staff, it helped to plunge Central Europe into that morass of charity and philanthropy and consequent pauperization which has proved such a deterrent to private enterprise and investment, and from which all parts of the continent are still suffering at the present day.

The second mistake was the long delay in concluding peace. The Germans made a bad blunder in asking for an armistice instead of negotiating directly for peace, a blunder due to the insistence of Marshal Ludendorf, who, desiring to save the reputation of his army, persuaded the German Chancellor to act against his own better judgment. The Allies made an equal blunder in deciding to conclude peace in one volume with each of the belligerents separately rather than to follow the procedure of 1814 and 1871, and make a preliminary peace with each before working out the details in a new series of documents at a separate session. The result of this mistake in procedure has been that the European Allies were not at peace with Germany, or free to trade with her without restriction, until January, 1920, while the American peace only dates from November, 1921, and the Allies are not at peace with Turkey yet. All the trouble in Mesopotamia, Asia Minor, and Syria is due to that single mistake in procedure. The Turks were allowed to forget that they had been defeated.

The third mistake brings me to the Treaty itself, so often regarded as the sole cause of the trouble. The Treaty is open to attack in two aspects.

In the first place, it left unsettled questions which it was vital to settle quickly. Almost any settlement of the Upper Silesian question would have been better than to have left it open for over two years. And the failure to fix the definite sum payable by Germany until May, 1921, has been an important cause in delaying Germany's recuperation, for she was put in the position of fearing that the better she ordered her finances the higher the bill would be put. But there are also definite violations of right in the Treaty — violations of the pre-armistice agreement of November 4, 1918, when the Allies, with certain reservations, accepted the fourteen points as the basis of peace upon which the Germans laid down their arms. The chief of these violations is the addition of pensions and separation allowances to the German indemnity. The

formula agreed upon in the pre-armistice agreement was that the Germans should be liable only for compensation for damage done to the civilian population of the Allies and their property. It was the British who at the Peace Conference took the lead in trying to include war costs within the scope of this formula, and it was General Smuts who by a sophisticated memorandum unworthy of his reputation, finally persuaded President Wilson, against the representations of his advisers, to accede to the admission of pensions and separation allowances, thereby nearly trebling the total German liability. Had these items been omitted, there is every reason to believe that the total liability would have been well within Germany's ability to pay, and that Europe would have been spared much of the disastrous controversy and unsettlement of the last three years. The simplest and most honorable way out of this imbroglio is for Britain, who initiated the blunder, to declare openly that she renounces all benefits accruing to her under these clauses, and to ask to have the liability re-assessed upon that basis. This simple step would at once ease both the German and the French situation. For France, instead of receiving, as she does now, only fifty-two percent of the sums paid by Germany to Britain's twenty-two percent, would receive a very much higher proportion. The insertion of pensions was in fact simply a device to increase the proportion receivable by Britain and the Dominions, adopted at the cost of making the whole bill impossibly high. It is a policy unworthy of a Great Empire and should be revised.

What is the economic situation of Europe as a result of the character of the war and the nature of the settlement? Three features strike the eye.

Firstly, Europe, if I may coin a word, has been temporarily de-industrialized. Those of her industries which are dependent upon over-seas raw material have been at great difficulty in re-starting, and some of them have not been re-started at all. How can Polish textile manufacturers, for instance, buy raw material in America at the present state of the Polish exchange?

The result is that large populations in Europe have been reduced to unemployment and destitution, and that both Britain and America are feeling the loss of their producing power.

Secondly, there has been a change in the balance of power between the town and the country. If over-sea foodstuffs failed during the war, this naturally gave an advantage to producers of food within the blockaded area, and although every attempt was made to keep down food prices by fixing maxima, when the blockade grew severe and the well-to-do classes saw their children suffering, nothing could prevent illicit trading in milk, vegetables, bread, potatoes, and other necessaries of life. The result is that the rural population everywhere improved its economic situation. This is true not only of the blockaded area itself, but even of countries outside it, such as France and Ireland. Farmers paid off their mortgages and grew independent of town bankers, and the end of the war saw them in a position to form powerful political parties. Moreover, in many parts of Europe land-owning classes were displaced as a consequence of political revolution, and the working peasants came into their own. The result has been to give peasant parties a powerful position over a large part of the continent, at the expense of the town workmen and their movements which had occupied so large a place on the political stage during the generations preceding the war. It will be one of the ironies of history that at the moment when Lenin and Trotzky, with doctrines adjusted to the needs and aspirations of town workmen, were hoping to paint Europe red, Europe should as a matter of fact have been turning green. These powerful peasant populations are not socialistic, they are strong advocates of private property and conservatively minded, but they will develop progressive and idealistic movements of their own in the direction, it may be expected, of coöperation rather than nationalism or socialism. We shall see, in fact, a type of progressive movement already familiar from the examples of Denmark and Ireland. It will be interesting to watch the attitude

of the Roman Catholic Church, which has traditional authority among these populations, in this new situation.

A third phenomenon must be noted. There has been a revival of capitalism in Europe. In order to get its industries re-started, Europe has needed just that type of organizer or capitalistic entrepreneur, who was the *beau ideal* of the economic writers of the mid-nineteenth century. In fact, the classical economist and the familiar old law of supply and demand have come in better shape out of the war than the theories of the successive schools of reformers who had hoped to displace them. Men like Herr Stinnes and their like are more needed than ever in post-war Europe, and they will no doubt be well paid for their services. No doubt much of the capital to be thus supplied will come from foreign countries, especially from Britain and America. And there is a danger here of economic penetration by rival groups of concession hunters against which the new governments will need to take stringent precautions. Europe has in fact temporarily relapsed almost into the condition of a backward economic area in danger of exploitation from abroad, but her democratic governments are pulling themselves together and gathering strength both to become masters in their own house, and to deal by taxation and otherwise with their own capitalists and captains of industry. We may expect to see the gradual emergence of a new progressive party, not socialistic in character — the socialistic organizations are already slowly decomposing or changing their character — based on the cooperation of various parties in the productive process in the performance of national service. In other words, we shall go back two generations or more behind the doctrine of Marx and his followers to the school of Mazzini and the mid-nineteenth century Liberals and Nationalists.

It is on the political side that the war can show most positive achievements. Three great Empires — Germany, Austro-Hungary, and the Russian — have disappeared and in their place we have Europe divided far more satisfactorily according to the

desire of her peoples into a number of new States, including no less than seven new republics. The great need of the moment is not to criticise and seek to revise these new frontiers where they have not been drawn in the most scientific possible manner, but to help the new countries with their improvised administrations in settling down and entering into peaceful and permanent relations with their neighbors. It is common to hear complaints in America of the number of new frontiers and consequent custom houses which impede intercourse in the old continent. But you cannot at one and the same time have self-determination and avoid custom houses. Fiscal freedom, the power to order your own system of taxation, is an essential part of political freedom. It is idle to hope, as Mr. Keynes and other writers have suggested, that you can refuse to Poland and Czecho-Slovakia sovereign rights which the British Empire in the heyday of free trade was unable to refuse to Canada and the other self-governing Dominions. But if, for the period immediately after the attainment of their freedom, these new States, particularly in the Danube area, were intent on emphasizing their new frontiers and on deflecting old currents of trade into new channels, a contrary process has now already set in. Coöperation and mutual aid is becoming the order of the day. The Little Entente, composed of Czecho-Slovakia, Jugoslavia, and Roumania, and initiated by the wisest statesmen not only in East Europe but in all Europe, President Masaryk and Premier Beneš, has done much to stabilize the situation and to enable the new countries to stand on their own feet and escape from the tutelage of London and Paris; and the recent conference of the Succession States at Porto Rosa has carried the same process a stage further. Those who talk of Free Trade Unions forcibly imposed, are unduly hastening a natural process of consolidation. Let them be warned by Pitt's experience of the Union of Ireland or by that of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy itself. You cannot legislate for economic convenience when it runs counter to national feeling. Scotland

and England remain a fiscal unit because national sentiment and economic convenience coincide; but Vienna has been torn asunder from Prague and Dublin from Belfast, after over a century of close communication in either case, because men, even in the twentieth century, are not mere economic calculations, and ardently desired what was plainly contrary to their convenience, and, on a narrow view, to their interest. It is difficult for Americans, with their broad unimpeded range from the Atlantic to the Pacific, to understand this, but it is vitally necessary that they should.

Hasty critics are constantly demanding that the Treaties should be re-written. They do not realize that a cumbrous diplomatic process would be involved and that unsettlement would be thereby caused. The Treaties are far from perfect; but their principal defects, which lie, as Mr. Keynes has shown, in their economic clauses, can be corrected without formal revision, either by the renunciation by governments of unjust claims or through the instrumentality of bodies, such as the Reparations Commission, armed with powers by the Treaties themselves. Similar means exist, on the political side, in the powers entrusted to the League of Nations for the protection of national minorities. No re-drawing of the map, however perfect, will eliminate minorities. The wise course is to protect their rights. The League of Nations has set to work on this task, and it is beginning to wield a moral authority in Eastern Europe, which will grow in the course of years, especially if a financial leverage, through credit-schemes or otherwise, comes to be associated with it.

The League, in fact, is beginning to count in Europe. Its most important organ in my opinion is not the Council or the Court—although there is an American judge, or the Assembly, but the Secretariat. Here you have, for the first time in history, an international Civil Service, a body of men who are, and feel themselves to be, servants of humanity. Their work is not sensational, and neither is it controversial. It is for the

most part concerned with activities arising out of treaties concluded before 1914. For the Covenant centralized at Geneva most of the international bureaux existing previously to the war. There are also, of course, numerous duties, in Danzig, the Saar, etc., arising out of recent Treaties. It is in the Secretariat that America's abstention from the League is most felt; for administrative problems, questions such as health, transport, and so on, cannot be confined to one hemisphere, and, whatever may happen to the other organs of the League, no serious student of modern political problems can doubt that an international Civil Service, once created, has come to stay.

But "machinery is not enough." The world will not be saved by organization, whether located at Geneva or elsewhere. The change, if there is to be a change, must come from within; and there are signs that the lesson of the war is not unheeded. For the war is the greatest indictment which could conceivably be brought against our modern civilization. If, as all the further evidence confirms, Germany was its immediate instigator, the fact that it could happen at all, the moral atmosphere which made it possible, involve a criticism on our modern world as a whole. "War is war" was the motto of the militarism we have dethroned; but "business is business" is a watchword no more scrupulous or honorable. Wealth and power have been the gods of our industrial age, not of Germany only; and if the white race does not reverse its standards and attain to a measure of verity and harmony, its day of leadership will be over. No careful observer of present-day tendencies can doubt that the war has involved a loss of prestige and moral authority for the white peoples, irrespective of their share in the conflict, which it will take years to live down. Asia and Africa — not least Africa — have been watching the suicidal struggle, and we are already experiencing the first symptoms of their active comment.

Whither are we to look for a new movement of harmony and ennoblement? Whence will the new leadership spring? My faith is that it will be from Europe, from the war-scarred

continent, whose national life has been so much shaken by the war. Europe has over America one great, one inestimable advantage. We have come closer to the great realities of life. We have become, what you used to be, the pioneers in the great adventure of life and death. "Si jeunesse savait," says the old French proverb, "si vieillesse pouvait." The present generation of young Europeans, from Ireland to Russia, both *knows* and *can.* It has grown old in suffering and endurance; it is wise before its time. The fighting men, who waited upon death for months, often for years, are not yet in the seats of power. Survivals from the pre-war era still occupy the front benches. But in a few years their turn will come, and with it a new spirit, a bolder, cleaner outlook upon affairs. Suffering and sorrow make good men better and bad men worse, and I am optimist enough to believe that the former predominate. And common suffering faced, if by men in opposing trenches, in a common spirit of sacrifice is a better means of reconciliation, and a truer bond of unity, than the appeals of those who have missed the great uniting experience and passed the war-years "above the mêlée."

Europe is a debtor continent. We owe ten millions, even billions. You need not fear that we shall not repay you. It may be a generation before the effort and anguish and aspiration of the last years are transmuted into the true gold of spiritual achievement, for there is much to recall and to ponder. But just as the great upheaval of the break-up of the Middle Ages and the European revolution of the Napoleonic wars brought forth in due season fruits in abundance throughout the range of mankind's highest achievement, so my faith is that, after this, the greatest upheaval in its history, Europe, young Europe, will repay her creditors, not in dollars and cents only, but in the worthier and more enduring coinage of the spirit.

WHAT THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS HAS ACCOMPLISHED [1]

ARTHUR SWEETSER

Whatever you may think about the League of Nations you cannot ignore it without ignoring the greatest constructive agency that statesmanship has yet evolved. If you care nothing for the League of Nations but wish only to keep in touch with modern world history, you will find your course of study already charted for you in what the League has done and hopes to do. Its program will be your program. "The League of Nations," says Augustin Edwards, Chilean Minister to Great Britain and President of the Third Assembly of the League, "is not a superinstitution but a center where all good will and peaceful desires of all nations can converge." Lloyd George calls it "the only hope of future peace." Immediately after Mr. Sweetser's article was written the nineteenth meeting of the Council of the League opened in London on July 15, 1922, and closed on July 24. At this meeting the League not only approved and launched the long-delayed mandate system, "generally regarded as the most important thing it has done since its creation, excepting solely the establishment of The Hague World Tribunal," but took action on the reduction of armaments, the treatment of minorities, the deportations from Asia Minor, the traffic in women and children, the opium traffic, boundary disputes, frontier raids by bandits, epidemics, and the situation in the Eastern Mediterranean.

THE most ambitious and possibly the most romantic project cast up out of the wreckage of the World War was that for the establishment of a society of nations to perpetuate peace and to make the world a better place in which to live. The possibilities of a co-operative world movement of all nations, big and little, white, yellow, and brown, primitive and modern, are great; the difficulties staggering.

[1] This authoritative survey is a summary of a more detailed study which Mr. Sweetser, a member of the League Secretariat at Geneva, has prepared for the New York Council on Foreign Relations. Reprinted from the *New York Times Current History*, September, 1922, by permission.

The supreme task of modern statesmanship is to effect an understanding regarding the basis of international association. The question becomes more pressing with each steamer launched and each wireless aerial erected. The world is becoming smaller and smaller and its various parts more and more interdependent. Temporary questions, specific issues, and individual disputes may loom large on our daily horizon, but all these are only surface disturbances compared with the underlying issue of world co-operation.

Now that the Washington and Genoa conferences have come and gone, the former a brilliant success, the latter as yet a doubtful experiment, the problem of a permanent organic relationship between all nations presents itself with renewed vigor and in almost new form. The world can now take stock of actualities. It must be clear to every one that casual, isolated conferences are not sufficient, and that at least some loose continuing form of association is absolutely essential.

How far the existing League of Nations, which has been developing during the last two and a half years, fulfills that necessity is a question of prime importance. Very obviously, fifty-one nations would not have continued their loyalty to it if it had not had some value. Whether the existing League continues to grow until it finally eventuates into the universally desired co-operative world movement, or whether an attempt be made to substitute something quite different, depends largely on a close knowledge of what, in actual fact, the present League has done.

The worst enemies of the League could not have wished it a more difficult period in which to begin its work. On the one hand were the former allied powers, still hot with war emotions; on another the ex-enemy States, stung by defeat and humiliation; on a third, Great Russia, in its social cataclysm; again, the former neutral powers were timorous and distrustful; and, finally, the United States, freest of all from the ravages of war, was just settling into a paralyzing political turmoil. Never was

the spirit of good-will and conciliation so necessary; never was it more distant.

The formal birth of the League on Jan. 10, 1920, could not have been expected to stem the tide of war, hatred, selfishness, and supernationalism surging through the world. The actual entry into force of the League Covenant was only a promise, a ray of sunshine in a darkened sky. No one who knew human beings could expect that any magic key to sudden world quiescence had been found; but what they could and did hope was that political machinery was being constructed which would, at first slowly, but later at accelerated speed, serve as the means of improving international relations.

The League began modestly with thirteen members, all of them former allied powers which had ratified the Treaty of Versailles. Within a short time all the other signatories of that document had ratified except the United States and the Hedjaz; all the thirteen former neutral States, including Scandinavia, Holland, Switzerland, and Spain, had accepted the invitation to adhere; most of the new States born in the war, such as Lithuania, Albania, and the Baltic nations, had applied and been admitted; and two of the former enemy powers, Austria and Bulgaria, had been received back fully into the comity of nations. Now, when the rollcall for the annual Assembly is sounded, no less than fifty-one sovereign nations are free to answer as full members of the League, and it may not be long before Germany and the Irish Free State are added to the list. A visitor to the Assembly may, therefore, look down upon the largest world conference ever brought together, as at a meeting which last September was opened by a Chinese diplomat, presided over by the Foreign Minister of Holland, addressed by Europeans, South Americans, Australians, and natives of India; and where, in serious truth, a shock was given to Kipling's classic of a divided world: "Never the twain shall meet."

The outstanding fact about all this is that half a hundred nations have solemnly signed a short, simple agreement, first,

not to go to war without arbitration or conciliation, and, second, to work together for the general betterment of world relations. This means, in short, that for the first time in history the bulk of the world's population has recognized a common moral responsibility for the preservation of peace and has established an organization and a procedure to make that responsibility effective.

With this general statement, let me go straightway to specific cases. I will sweep aside all discussion of the organization and structure of the League, and all legalistic hair splitting over its covenant, in order to analyze it, phase by phase, and search out its spirit and whatever may be its promise.

Executing the Treaty

Turning first to its political significance, I may point out its first and immediate rôle as an ameliorator of the Peace Treaty. The world's need of a permanent international association became obvious during the first days of the Peace Conference. Very often the most fundamental principles or policies came into head-on collision, whence the only possible egress was continuing international control. Therefore the League was called upon as an impartial agency to watch over the execution of certain decisions made for the general good, as, for example, to prevent the former German and Turkish colonies from being seized as spoils of war; to protect the rights of large communities of alien minorities throughout Eastern Europe; and to safeguard the principle of nationality while giving France her coal reparations in the Saar Valley and Poland her access to the sea through Danzig.

At the very outset of the Peace Conference a desperate struggle developed over the disposition of the former Turkish and German colonies, representing vast territories in Africa, Asia Minor, and the Pacific. Were these territories, with their 13,000,000 helpless people, to be handed about among the victors as spoils of war, as had happened in all previous war settlements, or was a new and better principle to prevail? President Wilson, seizing

upon the proposal of Premier Smuts of South Africa, urged that they be mandated to certain more developed powers "as a sacred trust of civilization." The better principle at last won. Provisions were written into the covenant that these territories were not to be annexed as possessions by any nation, but were to be administered under the general supervision of the League in the interest, first, of the natives, and second, of the other nations of the world. The League's control began when it was called upon to decide whether the draft mandates were or were not in conformity with the principles accepted in the Covenant.

The mandates to Japan for the Pacific islands north of the Equator, to Australia and New Zealand for the islands south of the Equator, and to South Africa for former German Southwest Africa were confirmed by the League Council over a year ago and immediately entered into effect. After long negotiations the Japanese mandate has been formally approved by the United States through the Yap Treaty, made with Japan during the Washington conference, and quoting the League mandate in full. The first annual reports of the administration of these territories have been received by the League in order to allow examination as to whether the mandate obligations have been observed. Less fortunate have been the Central African and Asia Minor mandates. A year or more ago the League Council was half way through a sixty-page report looking to the confirmation of these mandates when Secretary of State Colby cabled a sudden sharp protest. The Council immediately postponed all action and invited America to discuss the question at its next meeting. Not even an answer, however, was received to this communication. The Council finally decided to ask some of its member States to attempt direct negotiations with America. These negotiations, after another long delay, now give some hope of issue.

The mandate principle is right and will eventually become operative. The safeguards written into the covenant and the

mandate terms, the continued watchfulness of the League, and the existence of an easily accessible means of protest will make it impossible for colonial horrors to continue unchallenged. The Permanent Mandates Commission of the League, which has already held several sessions, strengthens this hope, for its members are not Government officials bound by narrow instructions, but colonial experts serving internationally and composed of a majority of nationals of non-mandatory nations.

Protection of Minorities

Springing from the same impulse is the League's acceptance of the obligation to protect large racial and linguistic minorities who have been cut adrift from their own people in the patchwork of races that is Eastern Europe. The older nations were determined to prevent the new States from generating international ill-will out of the oppression of these minorities. Consequently a network of minority treaties was spun all the way from Finland in the North through Eastern Europe to Greece in the South. Any violation of these treaties may be referred by one of the main powers to the Council of the League. A detailed procedure has been worked out with the States controlling minorities.

Unquestionably the most difficult of all Peace Conference tasks entrusted to the League was the administration of the Saar Valley, where France's just claims for reparation for Germany's wanton destruction of French coal mines came into conflict with the principle of nationality. The best reparation that could be given was the ownership of the Saar coal mines, but as it was difficult to make that ownership effective while the territory continued under German authority, and as it seemed unwise to place its 600,000 inhabitants under French administration, it was decided to create an international control responsible to the Council of the League, this control to last for the fifteen years necessary for the reconstruction of the French mines, and to be terminated in 1935, when the inhabitants

should make known by plebiscite vote their final choice as to whether they would remain under League control or be united with Germany or France.

The League here had to deal with an inevitable and continuous conflict of interests. A governing commission, however, was appointed, consisting of a Frenchman, a Belgian, a Dane, a Saarois, and a Canadian (the latter a former Mayor of Winnipeg), and the complete powers of government were taken over. Constant as have been the difficulties, this control has differed from all previous international administrations, and has offered opportunity for righting any temporary troubles through the League Council's continuous supervision. Both the Saar inhabitants and the German Government have taken frequent advantage of this opportunity of having their protests heard, and as a result the administration has been brought by the governing commission closely into line with the desire of the inhabitants. The next step is the creation of a local assembly which will make the inhabitants even more vocal than they have hitherto been. It seems undoubted that the League can give as nearly satisfactory an administration as would be possible in any circumstances during the fifteen years before the final status of the territory is settled.

Another almost equally difficult problem, involving two fundamental principles in the Fourteen Points, arose as regards Poland. When that State had been reconstituted it was found that a nation of some 25,000,000 people had been set up without any means of access to the sea. Danzig was the only practicable route, but Danzig was overwhelmingly German in population. In order to recognize Poland's undoubted economic right without violating the nationality of the city, the compromise was hit upon of restoring Danzig to its old position of a free city, and extending to it the protection of the League of Nations. The labor involved in this fundamental realignment has been most arduous. The Council has considered Danzig problems in exhaustive detail at many sessions. As a result, a Constitution

has been put into operation; a Local Government created; a detailed economic agreement worked out with Poland; and the free State definitely and successfully launched.

Direct Intermediations

Hardly had the League been organized when Great Britain asked it to use its good offices in the Åland Islands dispute. Both Sweden and Finland accepted this mediation. It was a solemn moment when, at a special meeting of the League Council in London, first the Swedish and then the Finnish representative publicly pledged his nation to take no hostile step till the League's award had been given. A commission visited the islands (claimed by Sweden because their population was overwhelmingly Swedish, and by Finland because they had been for over a hundred years a part of the former Russian Duchy of Finland), and the Council followed the case step by step in meetings at Paris and Geneva, where the views of both nations and of the islanders were presented at length and usually in public. Finally came the award. Finland's demand for sovereignty was accepted, though detailed recommendations for the preservation of the Swedish national attachments were made. The award was freely accepted by both sides, and two neighboring nations who had been drifting into bitterness were restored to good will. The immediate result was the first regional diplomatic conference held under the League. As the Åland case affected all nations having interests in the Baltic a Ten-Power Conference was called at Geneva, where the original accord was amplified into a broad international agreement providing for the internationalization and demilitarization of the whole archipelago. The League was constituted arbiter in the execution of the terms.

The League had a far more dangerous problem to confront in the dispute between Poland and Lithuania over the possession of Vilna, and admittedly secured less satisfactory results. The World War had left these two new States angrily facing each

other over a wide stretch of territory claimed by both. Troops were on the march, skirmishes were frequent, and real war seemed imminent. Both nations, however, chose the wiser course of appealing to the League, and a temporary peace was assured, while a League commission endeavored to straighten out the tangle. Unfortunately, General Zeligowski, a high Polish officer, chose this very moment for a theatrical emulation of d'Annunzio's coup at Fiume, by marching into Vilna, which was always spoken of by the Lithuanians as their ancient capital. Under the old order, war would have been as inevitable as if the Mexicans had seized El Paso. But again there was another way out. Though the League did not have a single soldier at its back, it was once more called upon at the peak of the crisis, and succeeded at least in keeping the two nations from flying at each other's throat.

The League plan for a plebiscite based on Zeligowski's replacement by an international force encountered too many difficulties, and fell through, and direct negotiations were instituted by the League under the Presidency of Mr. Hymans, a high official of the League. Six weeks' labors proved that an agreement was impossible. Efforts of the Assembly to induce the two parties to accept Mr. Hymans's solution proved fruitless. The League accordingly found itself faced by the fact that it had exhausted all its efforts, and had no alternative but to return the dispute to direct negotiations, leaving the two parties responsible before the bar of world opinion. The conclusion seems to be that the League averted hostilities. Called in at a moment of supreme crisis, it held the reins tight during two dangerous years, laid the whole record bare in a way never before possible, and marshaled the forces of world public opinion in the interests of peace. It manoeuvred so as to leave the disputants in a position where it was almost morally impossible for them to resort to war. [The Vilna controversy has now been settled by the formal annexation of this district to Poland.]

The Upper Silesian Menace

No case more dramatic than that of Upper Silesia can be imagined. Overwhelmingly German at one end, Polish at the other, and hopelessly hybrid where the two nations cross, it contains one of the richest coal fields and one of the wealthiest industrial areas in all Europe. Its possession as between Germany and Poland represented a conflict which, though bitter enough in the days of the Paris Peace Conference, kept mounting to a point where a world conflagration was not impossible. While Germany and Poland were at white heat, and Korfanty was lighting the fires of insurrection in Upper Silesia itself, the Allied Supreme Council, on whose decision rested the fate of the province, found itself in a state of hopeless deadlock. Premier Lloyd George had taken one position, Premier Briand another, and no compromise, however artful, suggested by their Italian and other colleagues, could break it. Fiery speeches had been made on both sides; the Franco-British alliance, which had stood since the first German set foot on Belgian soil in 1914, seemed threatened, and the Chancelleries of Europe awaited with fear the first chance spark in Upper Silesia itself.

Then some one thought of the League. With a sigh of relief, the Allied Supreme Council, representing the most powerful military body in the world, admitted its own complete failure and turned the problem over to an organization which had at its disposal no power except that of moral force. The League set to work in the cooler atmosphere of Geneva. It was confronted by a terribly unwelcome task, which many people predicted would break it. It is not without interest that a Japanese presided over the Council meetings; that the preliminary frontier line was drawn by the Belgian, Spanish, Brazilian, and Chinese members of the Council, for the very reason that they had no part in the previous negotiations; and that the economic experts were two neutrals, a Czechoslovak and a Swiss. The frontier was made to follow the plebiscite as nearly

as possible, while the economic unity was maintained by a series of most detailed economic proposals. [The many difficult steps by which this settlement was reached were described in a previous issue of *Current History*. How much misery this simple combination might have saved if the Paris Peace Conference had applied it to other territorial adjustments!]

Even more dramatic was the Albanian dispute, in which the League first suggested the use of the economic boycott. The status of Albania is too complex to attempt to unravel here. In itself a primitive country, it was already an international storm centre long before the war. Left still chaotic by the Peace Conference, the first League Assembly admitted Albania to membership, and immediately brought pressure on the allied powers to determine its frontier and complete the steps promised for launching it as a fully independent State. Constant delays occurred, and equally constant frontier skirmishes, with the result that the League sent an investigating commission composed of a Finn, a Norwegian, and a Luxemburgian. At this moment came a bomb-shell. Mr. Lloyd George telegraphed the League that the "continued advance of Jugoslav forces into Albania being of a nature to disturb international peace, his Majesty's Government desires to call the attention of the Council thereto, and requests that you take immediate steps to summon a meeting of the Council to consider the situation, and to agree upon measures to be taken in the event of the Serb-Croat-Slovene Government refusing to execute their obligations under the covenant."

Within a week's time the notices had been sent out, and the interested nations assembled around the conference table. Again one's mind recurs to what such machinery might have meant in 1914. The London bankers became alarmed, Jugoslav exchange fell sharply, and a Jugoslav loan was held up. Though the representative of Jugoslavia protested that Jugoslav troops had entered Albania only in counter-attacks, he promised that they would be withdrawn and the frontier as laid down respected. The League commission then in Albania shortly reported that

the Jugoslav troops were back at their own frontier, that the neutral zone had been re-established, and that skirmishing had ceased. Friendly diplomatic relations were re-established through the League; later Albania asked the League to appoint financial advisers to help reform its administration.

Such, then, are the four intermediations so far undertaken by the League. Through them potential wars were averted.

Reducing Armaments

As regards the reduction of armaments, whose existence involved great expenditures and contained a psychological threat to world peace, the League has made some progress against great obstacles. Naval reduction was immediately debarred from League consideration when the political tension in America, the key country, made President Wilson refuse the invitation to co-operate with the League in this matter.

Similarly the reduction of land forces has been rendered most difficult because the confidence and good-will on which disarmament alone can rest have not yet been re-established. Yet the League has brought the need of reduction before world attention at conference after conference, beginning with the Brussels Financial Conference, running through two Assemblies, and coming to a head in a special and powerful disarmament commission. In the early work it was proposed that the nations agree at least not to increase their armament budgets for the next two years, that methods be evolved to limit the evils of the private manufacture of arms, and that the traffic in arms between nations be greatly limited. More recently a complete project for universal and simultaneous reduction has been proposed. When the moment is ripe, there is in the League the organization, information, personnel, and spirit to translate an international hope into a reality. Until that moment, dependent on the world's general political situation, no power can effect any betterment of the situation.

In close connection with the whole question of international peace stands the elimination of all secret treaties. A new procedure initiated by the League involves the registration of all international agreements, thus bringing into play the most vital principle of open diplomacy. In recognition of the fact that secret treaties were one of the most prolific causes of international suspicion and eventual war, the nations signing the covenant agreed that no treaty should have international validity unless registered and published by the League of Nations. In consequence of this agreement, a Treaty Registration Section was established at Geneva; this department has functioned actively. Already over 250 treaties have been received and registered, affecting practically every country in the world, and some twenty-four numbers of the Special Treaties Series, containing almost as many languages, have been published.

The World's First Tribunal

The settlement of disputes through the political bodies of the League was not sufficient. It was clear that there must also be a judicial branch where disputes of a purely legal nature might be settled without consideration of political interests. This need was clearly defined in Secretary Root's instructions to the American delegates to the Second Hague Conference in 1907 to attempt to create "a permanent tribunal composed of Judges who are judicial officers, and nothing else, who are paid adequate salaries, who have no other occupation, and who will devote their entire time to the trial and decision of international cases by judicial methods, and under a sense of judicial responsibility." But the Second Hague Conference failed to fulfill this desire. The creation of the League made it possible to break the deadlock created by mutual jealousies between the large and small States. It remained for Mr. Root, as a member of the League's Commission of Jurists, to suggest that the formula accepted in the general League structure be

carried over into the machinery for electing Judges to the court. In other words, the Assembly and the Council should have an equal voice in the election, voting simultaneously and from the same ballot, and with the understanding that any jurist chosen by both bodies should be declared elected. Thus the great powers would, through their control of the Council, have a veto on any unjustified claims of the smaller powers, while the smaller powers, by their control of the Assembly, would similarly have protection against the great powers.

This simple formula made possible what had previously been wholly impossible. The court project was approved consecutively by the Council, the Assembly, and the Parliaments of the various nations with a speed never before equaled for an international convention. In September, 1921, in a scene which will long be memorable, the eleven Judges and the four Deputy Judges were elected. During a whole day, the Assembly in public session and the Council in private session a mile away, voted from a list of eighty-nine candidates submitted by the existing Court of Arbitration. Five ballots were required to complete the Assembly's choice of eleven, and when comparison was made with the list chosen by the Council, nine names were found to be common to both, and were thus declared elected. By nightfall of the first day's balloting of the nations, every place was filled but that of the Fourth Deputy Judge, who was elected by a conference committee of the two houses several days later.

The preliminary session of the court was held at The Hague Peace Palace in February. The internal organization was agreed upon and the first business session fixed. Within twenty-seven months of its inception the court was in actual session — the quickest drafting, ratification, and execution of a peacetime international proposal that has ever taken place. This court is unprecedented in three ways. First, it is a permanent court in that it consists of eleven individuals elected for terms of nine years with salaries running from $6,000 to $24,000,

depending on the days of actual service, and is not, like the existing Hague Court of Arbitration, merely a panel of jurists from among whom litigant States may constitute a special court. Second, it is a court of law rather than a body entrusted with powers of negotiation, compromise, or even arbitration. Third, no less than eighteen nations have agreed to give it compulsory jurisdiction over all disputes that may arise between them, thus marking what may truly be claimed as the longest step ever taken for the peaceful settlement of international disputes.

League's Economic Service

Peace and arbitration, however, should not be a stopping point, but rather a new starting point of international co-operation. There must be an agency for the solving of problems of finance, economics, transit, and communications, all of increasing concern to international good-will. The League had no sooner been formally launched than a whole maze of such problems confronted it. The intolerable passport restrictions which grew out of the war in Europe were cleared away by an international conference held in Paris. Europe's disturbed finances were strengthened by the financial conference held under the auspices of the League at Brussels. Out of this month's intensive interchange of views originated the slogans, "balancing national budgets," "reducing armament costs," and "stopping the printing press." The Ter Meulen scheme for international credits, under which an importer in a low-exchange country is allowed to import raw materials by paying the exporter in Ter Meulen bonds issued by an international committee and guaranteed, first, by his own Government's judgment of his business stability, and, second, by that Government's hypothecation of its customs or other revenues, has already been taken advantage of by Czechoslovakia, which has contracted a $40,000,000 loan along these lines, with certain cases of dispute to be referred to the League Council for arbitration.

An immediate by-product of the continuing work of the Brussels conference and the Ter Meulen scheme was the handing over to the League of the whole desperate Austrian financial problem. In a twinkling, relatively speaking, Austria's position changed from that of a nation strangling to death in the reparations grip of its former enemies into that of an invalid State in the care of a group of experts representing a world organization of which she herself was a full member. The committee at once went to Vienna, secured the assent of the Austrian Government to a sweeping program of economy, reconvened in London to receive assurances of credit, not only from the allied countries, but also from the formal neutrals, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and Holland, and notified the Government that all that was now necessary was the final and official postponement of the war liens against Austria. A long delay occurred, mainly because of America's slowness in releasing her $24,000,000 grain credits, but the eventual passage of this bill by Congress makes it possible to put the League scheme into operation practically as drafted.

Only less important than the Brussels conference was the five weeks' meeting of forty nations at Barcelona, Spain, to work out a series of draft conventions which, when ratified by the various Parliaments, will sweep away many of the false restrictions imposed on trade during the war and open up international arteries of commerce to the equal use of all nations. The experts at Barcelona succeeded in working out a series of such agreements, doing away with many violations of the accepted minimum rights of transit, which had served not only to delay the world's reconstruction, but also to keep open the breach between the nations; within a short time these agreements will become a new international law of transit. Two detailed conventions, submitted to the participating nations in the form of draft treaties, laid down the general principle that transport originating in one State, and crossing a second State into a third, or transport making use of a through international

waterway, shall enjoy complete liberty, with equal treatment and with entire freedom from special customs duties, taxes, or vexations of any sort. Recommendations were also made for a new international law for railroad traffic and international ports. So thoroughly was the work done at Barcelona that when the Genoa conference took up the question of transit it urged the nations which had not already done so to ratify these conventions immediately. Like other League work, the Barcelona conference did not end when the President's gavel fell, but has continued through the Advisory and Technical Commission of Communications and Transit which it created to execute its work and to prepare for a new international conference two years hence.

Humanitarian Achievements

More and more the League of Nations is developing into an international repository for many different kinds of international activities which otherwise would be carried out most ineffectively and uneconomically, or perhaps not even attempted. As the nations have grown closer together in recent decades, international movements have sprung up, first in one line, then in another, with increasing frequency. Thus was launched at Paris in 1904 an international movement to suppress the white-slave traffic; thus in Rome in 1907 an international health office was created; thus was developed at The Hague in 1912 an international movement to suppress the opium traffic. Now the League has come to furnish, so to speak, a common roof under which these movements may dwell and share each other's strength. The first example of this co-ordination centred about the crusade against opium and other drugs. There is no need of enlarging on the horrors of an unregistered opium traffic. Those interested in ending the traffic secured the insertion in the covenant of a provision that henceforth the work should be centralized under the League. The result was immediate. A technical commission, composed largely of Far Eastern experts, and including a Japanese, a Chinese, a Siamese, an Indian, and

an American delegate, was appointed by the Council, and last spring made detailed recommendations which were immediately discussed and approved in the two world gatherings of the Council and the Assembly. A second meeting, based largely on information received from practically all the Governments of the world except the United States, has just carried the work still further and laid out a complete plan for the suppression of the traffic.

So also with the campaign against the international white-slave traffic. Here also international conventions had been drawn up in 1904 and 1910 providing for the return of foreign prostitutes and the control of ports of entry, but unfortunately they had not had sufficient impetus behind them to secure a general adhesion among the world's Governments. By reason of the misery due to the war it was feared that a great many women would be driven from home and that a great increase in the traffic would take place; consequently this problem was also specially transferred to the League. Some thirty nations met in Geneva last Spring and agreed upon a series of changes to strengthen the existing conventions. Instead of thirteen signatories, as was the case with the previous conventions, there are already thirty-three to the new document.

In line with this humanitarian work, and fully as important to the welfare of the world, is the League's activity in solving problems of international health. The most hardened enemy of international co-operation would not oppose united action to prevent the spread of plagues or world diseases. The need for co-operation in health matters was made apparent even before there had been any chance to organize it. Great armies of men seething back and forth across Poland had steeped that country in a typhus epidemic which threatened all Europe. Not only did the endangered countries of Europe respond to the League's appeals, but such distant lands as Canada, Japan, Persia, Siam, and South America. A sum of money was raised and the League organized an Epidemics Commission and sent

it to Poland to bring the best Western experience to the aid of the Polish national authorities. There is a real romance in this co-ordinated battle in building up the sanitary cordon along the Russian frontier to prevent the further importation of disease by the streams of returning refugees, and later in stamping out the typhus already in the country. The campaign largely succeeded, and Western Europe was freed for a time of a serious danger; but soon it reappeared, with the result that the League committee called a general conference, acting through Poland and convening in Warsaw, in which Soviet Russia and Germany, as well as Austria, Bulgaria, Hungary, Turkey, and other nations, totaling twenty-seven in all, were represented. From this meeting arose a general plan to cost $7,500,000 to free Eastern Europe and Russia of epidemics, and, second, a valuable health draft-convention to be signed by all the nations of that troubled area.

The League is conducting other international health work. At this moment, as a result of a previous international conference, the great public health laboratories of the world, such as the Pasteur Institute at Paris, the Kitasator at Tokio, the London, Copenhagen, Warsaw, and Berlin organizations, and the Public Health Laboratory at Washington, are conducting experiments in anti-toxic serums on a world-wide plan of co-operation, aimed at the securing of standardization. Some one slyly remarked that this League activity was one that need not be feared even by those most fearful of contamination by international association.

A World Clearing House

It is clear that the League is fast becoming a clearing house for the nations. An international centre is being built up where many international activities, whether of a permanent nature or prompted by a special emergency, may be co-ordinated under a single administrative machine spelling speed, efficiency, economy, and common sense. Few of these activities are

dominatingly political; they are mostly technical, social, and humanitarian.

As an example of how the League rises to meet the need of a sudden social emergency, I may cite an achievement of which the League may be justly proud, namely, the gigantic task undertaken by it through Dr. Fridtjof Nansen of repatriating the 400,000 war prisoners marooned in Russia after the war and doomed to perish of starvation and disease had not the League intervened and restored them to their families. At the same time 750,000 Russian refugees in Europe were repatriated. The desperate situation of these two great bodies of exiles was one of the greatest tragedies of the war. Again, several hundred thousand women and children, most of them Armenian Christians, had been seized by the Turks during the chaos that surged over Asia Minor and had been immured in Turkish harems; the League took hold of their tragic case, nominated a High Commissioner at Constantinople, brought about co-operation, took over a number of neutral houses for the salvation of girls rescued from these horrors, and brought moral pressure to bear upon the Turks with most gratifying results. All this could not have been accomplished without an organization like that which the League possesses, with a central Council meeting every three months, able to throw an immediate spotlight on any sudden international distress and illuminate the scene for such co-operative action as the nations may desire to take. Private charity is indispensable, but it is usually slow moving and cannot control shipping, food, medical supplies, and credits. Let the importance, the number of people affected, and the reaction of this work on international good-will be fully appreciated, for it is from such common humanitarian service that the nations will learn to live together in sympathy, understanding, and peace.

No one of all these various social activities has sufficient strength to function fully by itself; all need the stimulus and the machinery provided by affiliation with a broad international

organization which can advance their various objects without the turmoil created by the summoning of a special international conference or a special isolated agency.

Association or Disruption

Such, then, in briefest summary, is the League of Nations. Undoubtedly it has fallen short of expectations. It has not brought the millennium. It cannot immediately stem the high running tides of international discord; nor will it be more successful than other human organizations have been in making men perfect. But the true measure of the League is not what it might have done, or has not done, but rather what it has actually done that would otherwise have been done less well, or would not have been done at all. There is no single case where it has done harm; whatever be its record, it is all to the credit side. To recapitulate in one long sentence: The League has brought fifty-one nations to a common agreement for peace and co-operation; established an efficient and quick-moving machinery for conference; created a world court of justice and world organizations of health, transit, finance, and economics; helped toward world reconstruction in its financial conference at Brussels, transit conference at Barcelona, and health conference at Warsaw; stopped hostilities between Jugoslavia and Albania, prevented them between Poland and Lithuania, and mediated successfully in the Åland Islands and Upper Silesia disputes; created a new kind of international supervision in certain vexed Peace Conference problems of mandates, minorities, the Saar Valley, and Danzig; co-ordinated many isolated and struggling international activities, such as health problems and the white-slave and opium traffics; and co-operated in humanitarian tasks, such as repatriating 400,000 prisoners and taking the first steps for 800,000 Russian refugees and thousands of Christian women held prisoners in Turkish harems.

This is a record that amply justifies international association. It completely answers fears that the League would be an agency

of war. It has not moved a single soldier, has not taken and can not take a direct action without the consent of all its members, and has subjected no nations to a super-State rule. It is nought but an international forum where the member States accept certain minimum rules of decency, come together in conference, and work out such agreements as possible for subsequent ratification by the home authorities. It is the only present hope for an organized effort for world peace and co-operation.[1] More and more it seems that the present League will be changed or modified, but not replaced. It is grounded too deep in present-day world relations and is bound to the nations by

[1] In an address delivered before the Free Church Council at London on July 28, 1922, Premier Lloyd George gave utterance to reflections on the war, the post-war crisis, and the dangers of new conflicts. There is, he said, a growing assumption that a conflict is coming again sooner or later. "Nations that have been submerged, buried, are building up new armaments. We see national animosities, national fears, suspicions, dislike, ambition fostered and exaggerated. They are constructing more terrible machines than even the late war ever saw, to attack cities unarmed, to kill, to maim, to poison, to mutilate, to burn helpless women and children. . . . We have reduced our armaments, army, navy, and air, reduced them beyond what they were before the war, and, if all the nations on earth did the same, there would be no peril to peace. But it is difficult for one nation to remain defenseless when others construct machinery which may be used for its destruction." In the Christian spirit only, declared the British Premier, lay hope for the future, and in this connection he referred in most solemn words to the League of Nations. It was he, he declared, who first proposed that the League Covenant should be an essential part of the Versailles Treaty. "*The League of Nations*," he declared, "*is an essential part of the machinery of civilization. If it succeeds, civilization is safe. If it fails, and I speak advisedly, civilization is doomed.*" The machinery of the League alone could not save the world, but the spirit behind it, expressing itself internationally. The speaker recalled the aftermath of Waterloo, from 1815 to 1821, which saw millions starving to death, disorganization of trade and industry, high taxation, high prices, thousands tramping the streets in despair; in our time all this had been forgotten, while the glory of war was still blazoned forth. So Europe would forget again, unmindful of the tragic spectacle of Russia sinking ever deeper into the pit, of Germany clinging desperately to the rotten branch of debased currency. But the lesson must at last be learned. "What I saw day by day in those war years," he concluded, "makes me vow that I will consecrate what is left of my energies to make it impossible that humanity shall in future have to pass through the fire, the torment, the sacrilege, the horror, and the squalor of war."

too many strands to allow it to be cast off like a superfluous garment.

There is now being waged across the world arena a dramatic battle between the forces of disruption and the forces of co-operation. If Genoa did nought else, it threw a blinding search-light on the dangerous cleavages which still exist between former allies, former enemies, and former neutrals. The great question which it posed, and the question which is the root-problem of the League, is whether those cleavages shall continue or whether they shall be healed over into a co-operative world organization. The world's choice would seem to lie between allowing the nations to fall once more into that state of disorganization and confusion from which the World War was the almost certain issue or setting to strengthen and universalize those principles of co-operation which have made it possible for the existing League in its first two and a half years to make such effective contributions to international good-will.

WHAT IS SOCIALISM?[1]

HENRY JONES FORD

Professor Ford's concluding quotation has been amply confirmed by later verdicts. Not only in America but everywhere Socialism seems to be receding. It is antagonized by individualism, by the spiritual nature of man, and by the increasing trend toward democracy. In *Socialism: An Analysis*, a recent work by Rudolf Eucken, the conflict between Socialism and democracy is shown to be inherent and inevitable, since Socialism places the interest of the State above that of the individual, while democracy makes the good of the individual the aim of all State policy. John Spargo, the noted Socialistic writer, lecturer, and laborer, who resigned from the Socialist Party in 1917, declares in *The Literary Review*, New York, April 8, 1922, that Socialism has recently lost caste in all lands: "Socialism is everywhere on the decline; nowhere is it on the ascent. It is less feared by its foes than at any time in a generation. Likewise it is less potent to inspire its devotees. Its catastrophic breakdown in 1914 revealed a moral weakness which relatively few had suspected. Its grotesque caricature as Bolshevism has completed the discrediting process. It is to-day discredited by the facts of its own evolution as no amount of opposition from without could have discredited it. This condition may be a temporary one from which the movement will recover, more or less quickly, mightier in its resurgence than ever." But it cannot recover, he thinks, until it recognizes the necessity of re-capitalizing the world and of restoring productive processes to meet the elemental needs of life.

"SOCIALISM" is a very flexible term. Its primary meaning is simply that of association or companionship. But association is a condition of all human life unless one lives like Robinson Crusoe before he met man Friday. Therefore Socialism means nothing in particular until some indication is given of the actual conditions proposed.

[1] Reprinted from *Princeton Lectures*, Princeton University, March, 1922, by permission. This was the ninth lecture in a series delivered by members of the Princeton Faculty.

There is great variance of opinion among Socialists just what those conditions should be and opposing views are maintained with bitterness and animosity exceeding what is usual in political controversy. Hence the use of the term "Socialism" does not ordinarily imply any policy save that public ownership of the implements of associated industry should supersede private ownership. If a man shapes a stick into a cane or a fishing rod by his own labor, it is exclusively his own product and hence is his very own. But if he works in a factory that turns out canes or fishing rods the factory and its products should be under collective ownership.

There are extremists who demur to this distinction on the ground that if the existence of any right of private property is conceded logical consequences might have to be admitted that would be fatal to the whole scheme. The cogency of this objection appears as soon as one enters into calm examination of details. Why should not the individual labor applied to shaping a business create an individual property right as well as the individual labor applied to shaping a stick into a cane? It is therefore argued that the man who made a stick into a cane by his own unaided exertions does not thereby create an individual property right in his cane, for he himself is a social product and is really dependent upon society for the opportunity to get his stick and make his cane, so that after all there is no just basis for any individual property rights, although in ordinary practice personal belongings would be reserved to individual use by customs enjoying social sanction without positive legal right.

Logical difficulties in the application of Socialist principles can therefore be best avoided by strict adherence to the doctrine laid down by Proudhon [1] that in its very essence "property is

[1] Pierre Joseph Proudhon (1809–1865) was born in humble circumstances and learned the printer's trade in his native town, Besançon, France. In 1837 he won a scholarship granted in aid of poor young men who wished to devote themselves to a literary or scientific career. He pursued his studies in Paris and acquired ideas

theft." This was at one time a widely accepted tenet of Socialism, but it does not hold that position now, and in a practical consideration of the movement as a political force in these times it would be a mistake to regard Socialism as the champion of this doctrine as an universal principle. The contention of modern Socialism is not that there should be no property rights at all, but that collective ownership should be substituted for capitalistic control of social production. The man who shaped modern Socialism is on all hands admitted to be Karl Marx,[1] and he declared its purpose to be "collective ownership of all the means of production brought about by the expropriation of the usurping capitalists."

Anarchism

But any sort of positive right to property, whether collective or individual, implies law and its restraints. Divergence at this point has produced a deep split in the revolutionary movement, dividing the Anarchists from the Socialists. It is a common error to ignore this distinction and lump them all together as a set of Anarchists. As a matter of fact Anarchy and modern Socialism are irreconcilable in their principles, discordant in

which he expressed in a number of works devoted to social problems. His principal treatise is *The System of Economic Contradictions or the Philosophy of Misery* (1846). Eventually he shifted from Socialism to Anarchism, opposing all interference with the free initiative of the people, a position which involved him in controversy with Socialist leaders. Participation in the revolutionary movement of 1848 landed him in prison where he wrote his *Confessions of a Revolutionary.* After his release he escaped further imprisonment by fleeing to Belgium. He was eventually pardoned and returned to France in 1863, but lived only about two years longer.

[1] Karl Marx (1818–1883) was born at Trier, Germany, the son of a Jewish lawyer who had embraced Christianity. He studied at Bonn and later at Berlin, where he took his doctor's degree. He became a journalist and edited the *Rhenish Gazette* until it was suppressed in 1843. Marx took refuge in Paris where his revolutionary activities got him into difficulties from which he fled to Belgium. He returned to Germany in 1848 but the following year again went into exile, settling in London where he remained until his death.

their aims, and hostile in their activities. The Socialists want to take possession of public authority; the Anarchists want to abolish public authority. Socialists favor political candidacy and participation in government; Anarchists reject and denounce all such activities. In 1864 Marx founded the International Workingmen's Association, and issued his famous call: "Proletarians of all countries, unite!" The Anarchists, under the lead of Bakounin,[1] organized in opposition to the Marxian Socialists and the conventions which the International held nearly every year became noisy battle grounds for the factions.

At the convention held at the Hague in 1872, Bakounin and his adherents were expelled, and since then the Anarchists have worked through their own organizations, apart from and opposed to the Socialists. John Most, at one time a Socialist member of the German Reichstag, went over to Anarchism, and he introduced its organization in this country in 1882. It spread so rapidly, championed by his incessant activity as speaker and writer, that for a time it almost wiped out the Socialist organization, absorbing its membership so that ever since Socialism has been confused with Anarchism in the minds of the American public. Not until the Haymarket tragedy of May 4, 1886, had caused a reaction against Anarchism did the Socialist party make any important gains in the United States.

It should be observed that Anarchism does not necessarily imply violence or even disorder. It means literally absence

[1] Michael Bakounin (1814–1876) belonged to the old nobility of Russia and he was well educated. He became an officer in the army, but in 1834 renounced his military career and gave himself up to the study of philosophy, from which he deduced anarchistic principles which got him into such trouble that he went into exile. In 1849 he took an active part in an uprising in Germany and was sentenced to death but was eventually handed over to the Russian government. His sentence was commuted into a term of imprisonment, after which he was banished to Siberia. Through the efforts of his influential relatives he was allowed such freedom of movement that he was able to go to Japan, thence returning to Europe, where he spent the rest of his life in promoting terrorist methods which frankly included assassination.

of government by law, no ruler of any sort. There is a school of philosophic Anarchism that is in sympathetic touch with Pacifism and condemns any use of physical force as a violation of individual liberty. It holds that with all legal restraints removed social harmony would naturally grow out of human intercourse. Emerson and Thoreau have been claimed to be Anarchists of this type, by reason of views as to government expressed in their writings, which probably in their own intention did not amount to more than rhetorical emphasis on the rights of the individual.

The bad odor which clings to the term Anarchism is the work of the terrorist section of the Anarchists, inspired and promoted by Bakounin. "Our task," he declared, "is terrible, total, inexorable, and universal destruction." Not until every vestige of existing institutions had been swept from the earth, could "Anarchy, that is to say, the complete manifestation of unchained popular life," be made secure. He held that for practical revolutionists all speculations about the future are "criminal, because they hinder pure destruction and trammel the march of the revolution." Such views and such tactics were not at all to Marx's liking and a vigorous pamphlet warfare took place in which each denounced the other. The antagonism between Socialism and Anarchism has ever since continued to be active and bitter.

Utopian Socialism

In considering modern Socialism as a political force it is scarcely necessary to go back very far in time. Socialists themselves distinguish modern Socialism from its precursors by designating the old Socialism as Utopian and modern Socialism as Scientific. This must not be taken to mean that modern Socialism rejects the ideas and principles of Utopian Socialism. On the contrary, Frederick Engels,[1] who first made the distinction

[1] Friedrich Engels (1820–1895) was born in Prussia of well-to-do people, who obtained for him a business opening in Manchester, England, where he settled.

and stated its terms, credits some of the Utopians — such as Owen[1] in England, Saint Simon[2] and Fourier[3] in France, — with almost all the ideas of present-day Socialism that are not strictly economic. Engels held that the Liberal institutions propagated by the French Revolution were, despite their fine pretences, a huge swindle of the poor. He observed that when the French philosophers of the eighteenth century substituted reason for moral obligation as the basis of government this rule of reason was in reality nothing more than "the idealized

He became acquainted with Marx while a youth, imbibed his theories, and became his close friend and active associate. After Marx's death he got out complete editions of Marx's writings. His own literary activity, which was considerable, was as an exponent and interpreter of Marxian views.

[1] Robert Owen (1771–1858) became manager of a large cotton mill in England when only nineteen years of age, and he introduced marked improvements in cotton spinning. He bought a large mill at New Lanark, Scotland, and effected such improvements in living conditions there that New Lanark was regarded as a model community. He held that education combined with coöperation would remove social ills, and his plans were received with great favor and commanded influential support, but as his agitation proceeded his business success declined and his position became that of the head of vigorous propaganda of Socialism and Secularism in which he dissipated his fortune. He went to the United States and established a number of communistic societies, none of which had more than temporary success.

[2] Claude Henri, Count de Saint Simon (1760–1825), served with the French troops in this country during the Yorktown campaign. On his return to France he was promoted to the rank of colonel, but in 1785 he resigned his commission. In the Revolution of 1789 he voted to abolish titles, but he was not otherwise active in the Revolution. After order had been restored Saint Simon devoted himself to literary labors and published a series of works in which he proposed plans for the reorganization of the institutions of religion, family, and property on Socialist principles.

[3] François Marie Charles Fourier (1772–1837) was educated in the college of his native city, Besançon. He inherited a fortune from his father, but lost it during the Reign of Terror. He was imprisoned and obtained release only by enlisting. Discharged from the army in 1795 on account of ill-health he got commercial employment at small pay and gave all his spare time to producing treatises which he published himself as fast as he could scrape together sufficient funds. He began publishing in 1808, but his views attracted no attention until 1831. The distinctive feature of his scheme of social reorganization was the phalanstery, in which 1800 people were to work and enjoy life together. His ideas gained some disciples, who were able to secure considerable vogue for them, particularly in the United States, but this was not until after his death.

understanding of the Eighteenth century citizen, just then evolving into the bourgeois." By introducing this rational society and government the Liberalism of the Nineteenth century merely established the rule of business interests.

The antagonism between rich and poor, instead of dissolving into general prosperity, had become intensified by the removal of the guild and other privileges, which had to some extent bridged it over, and by the removal of the charitable institutions of the Church. The "freedom of property" from feudal fetters, now veritably accomplished, turned out to be for the small capitalists and small proprietors, the freedom to sell their small property, crushed under the overwhelming competition of the large capitalists and landlords, to these great lords, and thus, as far as the small capitalists and peasant proprietors were concerned, became "freedom from property." The development of industry on a capitalistic basis made poverty and misery of the working masses conditions of existence of society.

Owen, Saint Simon, and Fourier are credited with having done work of inestimable value in exposing the fraud of Liberalism and in showing that "the social and political institutions born of the 'triumph of reason' were bitterly disappointing caricatures." But the working masses were then so lacking in political opportunity that only partial and inadequate solutions of the social problem were then available. They sought "to discover new and more perfect systems of social order and to impose them upon society from without by propaganda, and wherever it was possible, by the example of model experiments. These new social systems were foredoomed as Utopian; the more completely they were worked out in detail, the more they could not avoid drifting off into pure phantasies."

Although Robert Owen began the example of model experiments in England, with brilliant temporary results, the principal scene for them soon became the United States, where Owen started a number of communistic colonies. This Utopian Socialism aroused great enthusiasm and secured many eminent adherents. The Brook Farm community, one of the experiments of this nature, has become famous in our literary history.

Nathaniel Hawthorne was one of its members and an imaginative portrayal of it is given in his *Blithedale Romance.* Numerous communistic experiments were made in this country from about 1824 to 1849, with results that vindicate the accuracy of Engels's statement.

Scientific Socialism

The year 1859 is regarded as an epoch in the history of Socialism, as it was then that what is characterized as Scientific Socialism made its appearance. Its founder was Marx, who in that year published his *Contributions to the Criticism of Political Economy*, in which work he formulated the ideas which subsequently he developed in his elaborate treatise on *Capital*, published eight years later. Darwin's [1] *Origin of Species* was also published in 1859. The naturalistic view of human origins suggested by that work was promptly appropriated by Marx, and this coalescence of Socialist dialectic with natural history has been exhibited as complete justification of the claim made by modern Socialism that it possesses genuine scientific character; — that it is no longer merely an emotional movement sustained by the benevolent considerations to which the Utopian Socialists appealed, but it now rests upon premises established by strict scientific induction from economic history. Important departures from Marx's theories have taken place among Socialists, but one must have some notion of Marx's teachings before one can understand what is going on.

[1] Charles Darwin (1809–1882). His activities were purely scientific, and the use which the Socialists made of his theories surprised and somewhat amused him. Although his writings profoundly affected the thought of his times, he wrote purely as a naturalist, without any attempt to develop the philosophical or political implications of his theories. Further research along the lines he indicated has discredited the factors he instanced as accounting for the formation of species, although his fundamental idea that in some way they originate from antecedent types by transformation is still generally held among naturalists. The view that appears to be now ascendent is that the transformation appears by abrupt mutation, so that the process assumes a creative aspect.

Marxian Doctrine

The fundamental principle laid down by Marx is what he termed "the Materialist Conception of History," for which in ordinary discussion the term "economic determinism" is commonly substituted as a briefer expression of the same idea, which is that all institutions — religious, political, juridical, or social — take their characteristic shape from economic conditions. This law of economic determinism as stated by Marx was this:

> In the social production of their everyday existence, men enter into definite relations that are at once necessary and independent of their own volition — relations of production that correspond to a definite stage of the material powers of production. The totality of these relations of production constitutes the economic structure of society — the real basis on which is erected the legal and political edifice and to which there correspond definite forms of social, political, and mental evolution in general.

Marx held his theory to be the extension and completion of Darwinism. He held that whereas Darwin showed that material conditions explain the structure of plants and animals, and the form of their organs, it was equally true that the material conditions explain the structure of society and the form of social organs. From this standpoint Marx examined economic history. His analysis of the changes that have taken place in material conditions shows much acute criticism, and he displayed marked intellectual power in working out the details of his thesis. His great treatise on *Capital* is copious in statistical data and is highly technical in character, but it is philosophical in tone, full of abstract reasoning often presented in mathematical form, and it is decidedly tough reading. It is a remarkable circumstance that such a ponderous work has become so renowned and influential among the masses, but this has been due not so much to the direct effect of his writings as to the diffusion of his views by literary adherents and interpreters, just as Darwin's views have been spread abroad by innumerable

popular treatises and essays so that they have reached multitudes of people who would never have cared to tackle Darwin's own writings.

The conclusions at which Marx arrived were in brief as follows: The overthrow of feudalism, the rise of nationality, the Reformation, the destruction of guild industry, the spread of the wage system, the growth of factory production, and the capitalistic system of industrial management, have transformed labor from a social function into a commodity and made pauperism the lot of the working classes. Incidentally, however, the capitalist system has promoted invention, improved technique, economized industrial process, and has expanded commerce until the whole world has been enclosed in its net. But just as material conditions generated the capitalistic system, so too the material conditions produced by that system will eventually supersede it.

Marx's huge treatise is nothing more than a detailed exposition of the thesis that modern capitalist society must needs bring forth as its natural result the socialistic order of society.

The principal doctrines laid down by Marx have ever since been of cardinal importance in Socialist discussion, and in surveying modern Socialism some mention must be made of them. They are:

1. *The Surplus Value Theory.* Although all wealth is produced by labor, labor gets in wages only a portion of the wealth produced by it, leaving a surplus value which, according to Marx, is "a value acquired without compensation, the product of the unremunerated labor of others." The accumulation of this surplus value forms capital, which by its nature continually seeks further accumulation of surplus value through the exploitation of labor. An inevitable incident of the capitalistic system is therefore

2. *Progressive Pauperization.* The more the share of the worker in the value he creates is reduced, the greater becomes the surplus value appropriated by capital. The system

therefore tends to depress wages to the level of bare subsistence. Hence there is "an accumulation of misery corresponding to the accumulation of capital," and pauperism develops much faster than population and wealth.

3. *Concentration of Capital.* Since capital is derived from exploitation, it operates against the small capitalist as well as against the workers, and thus tends to concentrate in fewer hands. "One capitalist kills a good many others." Industries on a large scale keep ousting industries conducted on a small scale. The means of production are monopolized more and more in the hands of a few great capitalists. This internecine struggle naturally produces

4. *Collapse and Crisis.* In stimulating production the capitalistic system subjects itself to a fierce need for markets, and a struggle for them rages among capitalists culminating "on the average every tenth year in an economic crisis which convulses society to its very foundations." Overproduction results in business failures and compulsory liquidation producing further accumulation of capital in the hands of the few and further decrease of small proprietors, the goal to which the process naturally tends being the concentration of wealth in a few hands while the masses of the people are absorbed into the ranks of the proletariate, whom meanwhile the system accustoms to associated effort. Marx remarks that while capitalism is really anarchic in its activities, bending law and institutions to its purposes, within the workshops and factories production approaches more and more to socialist organization. A new order is maturing which will be established by

5. *The Proletarian Revolution.* Marx gave this account of the process:

> Along with the diminishing number of the magnates of capital . . . grows the mass of misery, oppression, slavery, degradation, exploitation; but with this too grows the revolt of the working class, a class always increasing its numbers, and disciplined, united, organized, by the very mechanism of the process of capitalistic

production itself. The monopoly of capital becomes a fetter on the mode of production, which has sprung up and flourished under it. Centralization of the means of production and socialization of labor at last reach a point where they become incompatible with their capitalist integument. This integument is burst asunder. The knell of capitalist private property sounds. The expropriators are expropriated.

This account of the Proletarian Revolution it will be noted is rather vague, and the point is now much discussed whether Marx would have approved such a revolution as has taken place in Russia. His account of the state of things that would ensue from the Proletarian Revolution is also rather vague. He distinguishes two periods or phases in

6. *The Socialist Commonwealth.* In the first period of communist society, when it is but newly hatched from the egg of capitalist society, and still bears traces of the old shell, labor-time must serve as a basis of distribution. The individual labor-time of each producer is the part of the social working day furnished by him; it constitutes his share. The society will give him a certificate that he has furnished a certain quantity of labor-time, and by presenting his certificate he may draw from the society's stores goods or provisions, of equivalent value as computed in labor-time. But when human nature has received the full impress of the new social order, every one may be allowed to take from the common store whatever he needs, without any medium of exchange. Here is Marx's own account of this profound change in the nature and habits of mankind:

In a higher phase of communist society, after the slavish subordination of the individual under the divisions of labor, and consequently the opposition between mental and bodily work, has disappeared; after labor has ceased to be merely the means of sustaining life, but has become an urgent desire; after the individual has become more perfect in every respect, increasing thereby also the productive forces and giving full play to the fountains of coöperative wealth — then only can the narrow barriers of right and justice be demolished and society inscribe upon its banner: *From each according to his abilities, to each according to his needs.*

This remarkable passage should be borne in mind in considering the prospects of Socialism. It is a frank admission that it can not fulfill its ideals without a revolution in human nature. Great confidence was at one time expressed by Socialist writers that this would surely result from communism once it was fully installed. The English poet and artist, William Morris,[1] was so sure of it that in his *News From Nowhere*, in which he portrays life in the Socialist Commonwealth, he insisted that the main difficulty with which society would then have to contend would be "a work famine," — not enough work to do to fully satisfy the urgent desire for work that would then exist. But among Socialists themselves the question has at times been raised whether this expectation is not Utopian rather than scientific.

Socialist Criticism of Marxian Dogma

At one period practically all Socialists, as distinguished from Anarchists, were Marxists, just as all evolutionists were Darwinians, but as discussion proceeded and more information became available, modification of views and variance of opinion took place among Marxists, resulting in different schools that clash among themselves. Every one of the dogmas on which the Marxian system rests has been shaken by criticism. His labor theory of value when subjected to analysis at once brings forward the question, just what is meant by the term "labor"? Does it mean merely the physical effort of the workers, exclusive of the management that directs their activities? If so, then how can it be claimed that it is the source of all wealth, and that

[1] William Morris (1834–1896) produced much charming narrative in prose and verse, designed furniture, tapestry, and wall-paper patterns, set up a printing press, devised new type faces, and turned out books that are beautiful artistic products. He abominated ordinary factory products and threw himself into the Socialist movement with characteristic energy and vehemence in order to demolish the social order that had such inartistic results. In the ideal society he described in his *News From Nowhere* he swept away most of the present public buildings of London, and although he spared the houses of Parliament it was only as a convenient place to store manure for Socialist gardening operations.

the share of the value of the product taken by the management is a surplus labor value that really belongs to the workers? If ten shoemakers can make ten pair of shoes a day by their labor, and if their labor is supplemented by factory appliances and management so that the same amount of labor produces one hundred pairs of shoes, is the extra ninety pair thus obtained due to the labor or to the direction given to that labor by skilful management?

Confronted by such difficulties, the term labor is sometimes broadened by Socialists so as to include effort expended in direction and management, a view which in fine makes the term labor equivalent to human capacity. But in that case the share of the product taken by the management is not surplus value but is an actual value resting upon a basis of distinct creation. Logical difficulty of this order is to some extent avoided by the averment that as an incident of the evolutionary process which Marx described technique will be so generally diffused and methods be so standardized that the element of direction and management will dwindle in importance and eventually disappear as an important factor in production. But this view, however stoutly maintained, has yet to be brought into agreement with well known facts. Everybody who gives any attention to facts knows that the success of every enterprise in which men work together depends upon the ability of the management.

Some Marxian dogmas are admitted to have fared badly under the test of actual experience. His theory of progressive pauperization was completely refuted by the solid statistics collected by the precise methods of German income tax returns and charitable relief. So too was his theory of the concentration of capital. Statistics showed that the growth of big concentrations of capital instead of wiping out small capitalists made more of them. If their number declined in some lines they increased in other lines, the conditions introduced by large capital opening new opportunities for small capital.

The ten year period assigned by Marx for industrial crises has become obsolete with improvement in banking methods. With correction of Marx's views on those points the premises from which he deduced the proletarian revolution were removed, and it no longer appeared to be a necessary consequence of modern industrial conditions, as Marx had contended.

The movement of Socialist thought has also been affected by the change that has taken place in the intellectual climate. The scientific world has emerged from the Darwinian period. Materialism is no longer in fashion among philosophers. The new theories of physics, which display the atom as a very complex structure, have played havoc with the so-called law of evolution, one of whose tenets was that its process was from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous.

Probably the most marked characteristic of applied science and modern business system is now the general tendency towards standardization, making homogeneous what had been heterogeneous. About all that is left of the philosophical theory so influential in Marx's time is the truism that events have their antecedents and their consequences, but it is now generally recognized that it makes an immense difference how events are treated and what direction is given to their influence. The scientific data on which Marx relied in framing his theory of economic determinism are now either discarded or are so extensively modified that they no longer prop his doctrines.

Socialist Schism

This process of criticism eventually caused a split in the Socialist camp. It was the work of one who had himself been a recognized official exponent of orthodox Marxism. Edward Bernstein was the editor of the Zurich *Social Democrat*, the official organ of the German Socialist organization during the period of Bismarck's anti-Socialist laws. With the cessation of Bismarck's attempts to crush Socialism by law, Bernstein returned to Germany and continued his discussion of the

movement by a series of articles in the *Neue Zeit*, a Socialist party organ.

In 1897 he published a compilation of his articles under the title *Socialist Problems*. The book made a great stir among the Socialists, for in it he admitted that doctrines propounded by Marx had been so impaired by criticism that it was necessary to revise Socialist principles. In the hot controversy that followed, Bernstein and his adherents were dubbed the Revisionists, and the issue thus raised between Revisionists and orthodox Marxists extended all over Europe, producing a voluminous literature.

The Revisionists hold that while Marx's labors should always be honored, the Socialist movement must not be bound by his theories. "Socialism," declared Bernstein, "has outlived many a superstition; it will also outlive the superstition that its future depends on the concentration of property, or, if you prefer, on the absorption of surplus value by a diminishing number of capitalist mammoths."

The Revisionist split has been followed by other factional groupings among European Socialists. Revisionism is the dominant school of opinion, but among Revisionists differences exist as to party policy and these differences keep constantly tending to produce factions.

Christian Socialism

Marxian Socialism in general has been strongly anti-religionist. But the term Socialism is so plastic that there is no logical difficulty in the way of giving it a Christian complexion. It is merely a matter of appropriate definition. Important movements bearing that name took place in England and France, but as an organization which is a distinct factor in European politics Christian Socialism owes its origin to Ketteler,[1] whose

[1] William Emanuel, Baron von Ketteler (1811–1877), came of a wealthy and noble family. He studied law, and in 1834 entered public administration, but in 1838 he resigned his post to take up the study of theology, and he was ordained

public activity dates from 1848, the year of revolutions. With his active support and effective guidance Christian Socialist societies were founded, which hold annual conventions to consider ways and means of solving social problems.

The movement is quite practical in its activities. It promotes coöperative enterprises and operates coöperative stores; it founds banks and building associations; it maintains inns and clubs; it provides legal assistance for its members; it champions legislative measures the details of which are worked out with skill and prudence. It has produced many treatises displaying ability that commands attention and inspires discussion, and it sustains a flourishing periodical press securing publicity for its aims and activities. Similar methods of organization had extended into Belgium, France, Switzerland, and Austria before the war, and they now appear to be penetrating Italy and Spain, but no exact statistics are available as to conditions since the war. Christian Socialism agrees with much that Socialist writers in general say against the capitalistic system, but it holds that the remedy is not to destroy individual property rights but to humanize their exercise by enforcing moral, religious, and legal obligations.

Present State of Socialism

Party alignments were much disturbed by the recent war and by the Russian Revolution, which has produced lines of cleavage on the whole correspondent to the old differences between orthodox Marxists and Revisionists, but which have brought new political labels into use, such as revolutionary Socialists,

in 1844. During the revolutionary year of 1848 he attracted general attention by a series of sermons on *The Great Social Questions of the Day*. In 1850 he was appointed Archbishop of Mayence. During the long period of his episcopate he never ceased his fruitful activity in the interests of the working classes. His endeavors always had a practical cast, and his great administrative abilities were evinced in the organization of "associations of production in the soil of Christianity." The institutions he founded have perpetuated the movement which he originated.

moderate Socialists, evolutionary Socialists, Guild Socialists, Possibilists, etc.

In general, political ascendency is with the moderate Socialists, whose leaders both in Germany and France now dominate the administration of public affairs, acting with promptness and energy in repressing revolutionary outbreaks.

The Spartacan uprising in Germany was an attempt to bring on the proletarian revolution as predicted by Marx, but it was crushed by the Socialist administration.

The question whether or not the Bolshevist regime in Russia is an exhibition of Marxism in actual practice is a matter of controversy, but it is of record that Marx held that "we must finally have recourse to violence" and that "the revolution must be universal."

So far as one can judge the character of the present Russian government from its literature it appears to be an unflinching attempt to give effect to Marxian principles. At present Bolshevism and Socialism are pitted against one another in European politics as furious enemies. Hence the term "Socialist" has ceased to suggest revolutionary activity, and it appears to be getting to be as vague and generally acceptable a term as "democratic," which in the early days of our republic was a term of opprobrium. In some countries the political leaders of our times all seem to have turned Socialists, each with his own recipe for producing the genuine article. There is now a marked tendency in Europe among old-fashioned Socialists to describe themselves as Communists and no longer as Socialists, since that title has lost its original revolutionary significance and has become an ordinary party label.

In the United States Socialism was never more than a minor party, split into two irreconcilable factions, each of which at elections cumbered the ballot with its own distinct list of candidates.

The Revisionist movement in Germany did not have any noticeable effect on the character of the American movement.

The Russian Revolution has, however, split the American Socialists into wrangling factions, and rhetoric that used to be concentrated on the bourgeoisie now blazes for or against Bolshevism. The row has had a marked effect in checking Socialist propaganda in this country. *The Appeal to Reason*, the Socialist organ of largest circulation, in its issue of September 10, 1921, declared: "For the first time since its inception in this country, the Socialist movement is failing to function. . . . All admit that the Socialist movement not only fails to meet present needs, but it is less effective than it was a decade ago. We have not only failed to go forward, but we have gone backward."

THE AGE OF LAWLESSNESS [1]

JAMES M. BECK

Compare Mr. Beck's conclusions with those presented by the Special Committee on Law Enforcement at the meeting of the American Bar Association in San Francisco, August 10, 1922. The Committee found after prolonged and detailed investigation that "The criminal situation in the United States, so far as crimes of violence are concerned, is worse than that in any other civilized country." They found, however, that "In crimes which indicate the dishonesty of the people, such as larceny, extortion, counterfeiting, forgery, fraud, and other crimes of swindling, a comparison of conditions demonstrates that the morals of this country are better than in any other of the large countries of the world." Among other recommendations the members of the Committee urge that the parole and probation system be changed, that the law against carrying pistols be rigidly enforced, that delay in criminal cases be limited by statute, that legislation be enacted to punish and prevent mob violence, and that lawyers in every community volunteer their services without pay in behalf of the poor. "From what has been intimated," concludes the report, "many more specific recommendations could have been made which, if adopted, might improve the efficiency of our courts. But in the opinion of the Committee it is not necessary to wait another day, or to wait for new laws. Such laws would be helpful, but if we honestly and thoroughly enforce those which we already have we shall have traveled a long way toward the solution of the problem." See "What Shall We Do to Stop Crime?" by William B. Swaney, Chairman of the American Bar Association's Committee on Law Enforcement, in the *New York Times Current History*, September, 1922.

IT is my purpose to discuss the moral psychology of the present revolt against the spirit of authority. Conceding that lawlessness is not a novel phenomenon, has not the present age

[1] An address delivered before the Bar Association of the United States at Cincinnati, Ohio, August 31, 1921. Reprinted from the *New York Times Current History*, October, 1921, by permission.

been characterized by an exceptional revolt against the authority of law? The statistics of our criminal courts show in recent years an unprecedented growth in crimes. Thus, in the Federal courts, pending criminal indictments have increased from 9,503 in the year 1912 to over 70,000 in the year 1921.

While this abnormal increase is, in part, due to sumptuary legislation — for approximately 30,000 cases now pending arise under the prohibition statutes — yet, eliminating these, there yet remains an increase in nine years of nearly 400 per cent. in the comparatively narrow sphere of the Federal criminal jurisdiction.

I have been unable to get the data from the State courts, but the growth of crimes can be measured by a few illustrative statistics. Thus, the losses from burglaries which have been repaid by casualty companies have grown in amount from $886,000 in 1914 to over $10,000,000 in 1920; and, in a like period, embezzlements have increased fivefold.

It is notorious that the thefts from the mails and express companies and other carriers have grown to enormous proportions. The hold-up of railroad trains is now of frequent occurrence, and is not confined to the unsettled sections of the country. Not only in the United States, but even in Europe, such crimes of violence are of increasing frequency, and a recent dispatch from Berne, under date of Aug. 7, stated that the famous International Expresses of Europe were now run under a military guard.

The streets of our cities, once reasonably secure from crimes of violence, have now become the field of operations for the footpad and highwayman. The days of Dick Turpin and Jack Sheppard have returned, with this serious difference — that the Turpins and Sheppards of our day are not dependent upon the horse, but have the powerful automobile to facilitate their crimes and make sure their escape.

In Chicago alone 5,000 automobiles were stolen in a single year. Once murder was an infrequent and abnormal crime.

Today in our large cities it is of almost daily occurrence. In New York, in 1917, there were 236 murders and only sixty-seven convictions; in 1918, 221, and seventy-seven convictions. In Chicago, in 1919, there were 336, and forty-four convictions.

It has been estimated that the annual profits from violations of the prohibition laws have reached $300,000,000. Men who thus violate these laws for sordid gain are not likely to obey other laws, and the respect for law among all classes steadily diminishes as our people become familiar with and tolerant to wholesale criminality. Whether the moral and economic results of prohibition overbalance this rising wave of crime, time will tell.

In the recent deflation in commodity values there was widespread repudiation of contracts among business men who had theretofore been classed as reputable. Of course, I recognize that a far greater number kept their contracts, even when it brought them to the verge of ruin. But when in the history of American business was there such a volume of broken faith as a year ago?

In the greater sphere of social life we find the same revolt against the institutions which have the sanction of the past. Laws which mark the decent restraints of print, speech, and dress have in recent decades been increasingly disregarded. The very foundations of the great and primitive institutions of mankind — like the family, the Church, and the State — have been shaken. Nature itself is defied. Thus, the fundamental difference of sex is disregarded by social and political movements which ignore the permanent differentiation of social function ordained by God Himself.

All these are but illustrations of the general revolt against the authority of the past — a revolt that can be measured by the change in the fundamental presumption of men with regard to the value of human experience. In all former ages all that was in the past was presumptively true, and the burden was upon him who sought to change it. Today the human mind

apparently regards the lessons of the past as presumptively false — and the burden is upon him who seeks to invoke them.

Lest I be accused of undue pessimism, let me cite as a witness one who of all men is probably best equipped to express an opinion upon the moral state of the world. I refer to the venerable head of that religious organization which, with its trained representatives in every part of the world, is probably better informed as to its spiritual state than any other organization. Speaking last Christmas Eve, in an address to the College of Cardinals, the venerable Pontiff gave expression to an estimate of present conditions which should have attracted far greater attention than it apparently did.

The Pope said that five plagues were now afflicting humanity. The first was the unprecedented challenge to authority. The second, an equally unprecedented hatred between man and man. The third was the abnormal aversion to work. The fourth, the excessive thirst for pleasure as the great aim of life. And the fifth, a gross materialism which denied the reality of the spiritual in human life. The accuracy of this indictment will commend itself to men who, like myself, are not of Pope Benedict's communion.

Universal Revolt

I trust that I have already shown that the challenge to authority is universal and is not confined to that of the political State. Even in the narrower confines of the latter the fires of revolution are either violently burning, or, at least, smoldering.

Two of the oldest empires in the world, which, together, have more than half of its population — China and Russia — are in a welter of anarchy; while India, Egypt, Ireland, and Mesopotamia are in a state of submerged revolt. If the revolt were confined to autocratic Governments we might see in it merely a reaction against tyranny; but even in the most stable of democracies and among the most enlightened peoples the underground rumblings of revolution may be heard.

The Government of Italy has been preserved from overthrow, not alone by its constituted authorities, but by a band of resolute men, called the "fascisti," who have taken the law into their own hands, as did the vigilance committees in Western mining camps, to put down worse disorders.

Even England, the mother of democracies, and once the most stable of all Governments in the maintenance of law, has been shaken to its very foundations in the last three years, when powerful groups of men attempted to seize the State by the throat and compel submission to their demands by threatening to starve the community. This would be serious enough if it were only the world-old struggle between capital and labor and had only involved the conditions of manual toil. But the insurrection against the political State in England was more political than it was economic. It marked, on the part of millions of men, a portentous decay of belief in representative government and its chosen organ — the ballot box.

Great and powerful groups had suddenly discovered — and it may be the most portentous political discovery of the twentieth century — that the power involved in their control over the necessaries of life, as compared with the power of the voting franchise, was as a 42-centimeter cannon to the bow and arrow.

The end sought to be attained, namely, the nationalization of the basic industries, and even the control of the foreign policy of Great Britain, vindicated the truth of the British Prime Minister's statement that these great strikes involved something more than a mere struggle over the conditions of labor, and that they were essentially seditious attempts against the life of the State.

Nor were they altogether unsuccessful; for, when the armies of Lenin and Trotzky were at the gates of Warsaw, in the summer of 1920, the attempts of the Governments of England and Belgium to afford assistance to the embattled Poles were paralyzed by the labor groups of both countries, who threatened a general strike if those two nations joined with France in aiding

Poland to resist a possibly greater menace to Western civilization than has occurred since Attila and his Huns stood on the banks of the Marne.

Of greater significance to the welfare of civilization is the complete subversion during the World War of nearly all the international laws which had been slowly built up in a thousand years. These principles, as codified by the two Hague conventions, were immediately swept aside in the fierce struggle for existence, and civilized man, with his liquid fire and poison gas and his deliberate attacks upon undefended cities and their women and children, waged war with the unrelenting ferocity of primitive times. Surely, this fierce war of extermination, which caused the loss of three hundred billion dollars in property and thirty millions of human lives, did mark the "twilight of civilization." The hands on the dial of time had been put back — temporarily, let us hope and pray — a thousand years.

Nor will many question the accuracy of the second count in Pope Benedict's indictment. The war to end war only ended in unprecedented hatred between nation and nation, class and class, and man and man. Victors and vanquished are involved in a common ruin. And if in this deluge which has submerged the world there is a Mount Ararat, upon which the ark of a truer and better peace can find refuge, it has not yet appeared above the troubled surface of the waters.

Aversion to Work

Still less can one question the closely related third and fourth counts in Pope Benedict's indictment, namely, the unprecedented aversion to work, when work is most needed to reconstruct the foundations of prosperity, or the excessive thirst for pleasure which preceded, accompanied, and now has followed the most terrible tragedy in the annals of mankind. The morale of our industrial civilization has been shattered. Work for work's sake, as the most glorious privilege of human faculties, has gone, both as an ideal and as a potent spirit. The conception of work

as a degrading servitude, to be done with reluctance and grudging inefficiency, seems to be the ideal of millions of men of all classes and in all countries.

The great evil of the world today is this aversion to work. As the mechanical era diminished the element of physical exertion in work, we would have supposed that man would have sought expression for his physical faculties in other ways. On the contrary, the whole history of the mechanical era is a persistent struggle for more pay and shorter hours, and today it has culminated in world-wide ruin; for there is not a nation in civilization which is not now in the throes of economic distress, and many of them are on the verge of ruin. In my judgment, the economic catastrophe of 1921 is far greater than the politico-military catastrophe of 1914.

The results of these two tendencies, measured in the statistics of productive industry, are literally appalling. Thus, in 1920 Italy, according to statistics of her Minister of Labor, lost 55,000,000 days of work because of strikes alone. From July to September many great factories were in the hands of revolutionary communists. A full third of these strikes had for their end political and not economic purposes. In Germany the progressive revolt of labor against work is thus measured by competent authority: There were lost in strikes in 1917, 900,000 working days; in 1918 4,900,000 and in 1919 46,600,000. Even in our own favored land the same phenomena are observable. In the State of New York alone for 1920 there was a loss due to strikes of over 10,000,000 working days. In all countries the losses by such cessations from labor are little as compared with those due to the spirit which in England is called "ca' canny," or the shirking of performance of work, and to sabotage, which means the deliberate destruction of machinery in operation.

Everywhere the phenomenon has been observed that, with the highest wages known in the history of modern times, there has been an unmistakable lessening of efficiency, and that with

an increase in the number of workers there has been a decrease in output. Thus, the transportation companies in this country have seriously made a claim against the United States Government for damages to their roads amounting to $750,000,000, claimed to be due to the inefficiency of labor during the period of Governmental operation.

Accompanying this indisposition to work efficiently has been a mad desire for pleasure such as, if it existed in like measure in preceding ages, has not been seen within the memory of living man. . . .

Of the last count in Pope Benedict's indictment I shall say but little. It is more appropriate for the members of that great and noble profession which is more intimately concerned with the spiritual advance of mankind. It is enough to say that, while the Church as an institution continues to exist, the belief in the supernatural and even in the spiritual has been supplanted by a gross and widespread materialism.

Causes Deeper Than War

If you agree with me in my premises, then we are not likely to disagree in the conclusion that the causes of these grave symptoms are not ephemeral or superficial, but must have their origin in some deep-seated and world-wide change in human society. If there is to be a remedy, we must diagnose this malady of the human soul.

For example, let us not "lay the flattering unction to our souls" that this spirit is but the reaction of the great war. The present weariness and lassitude of human spirit and the disappointment and disillusion as to the aftermath of the harvest of blood may have aggravated, but they could not cause the symptoms of which I speak; for the very obvious reason that all these symptoms were in existence and apparent to a few discerning men for decades before the war. Indeed, it is possible that the World War, far from causing the "malaise" of the age, was, in itself, but one of its many symptoms.

A race of individuals obey reluctantly, when they obey at all, any laws which they regard as unreasonable or vexatious. This spirit has always existed, and the so-called "best people" have not been innocent. Thus, nearly all women are involuntary smugglers. They deny the authority of the State to impose a tax upon a Paquin gown. Again, our profession must sorrowfully confess that the law's delay and laxity in administration breed a spirit of contempt, and too often invite men to take the law into their own hands. These causes are so familiar that their statement is a commonplace.

Proceeding to deeper and less recognized causes, some would attribute this spirit of lawlessness to the rampant individualism which began in the eighteenth century and which has steadily and naturally grown with the advance of democratic institutions. Men talked, and still talk, loudly of their rights, but too rarely of their duties. To diagnose truly this malady we must look to some cause that is coterminous in time with the disease itself, and which has been operative throughout civilization. . . .

Machines and Supermen

Man has suddenly become the superman. His voice can now reach from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and, taking wings in his airplane, he can fly in one swift flight from Nova Scotia to England, or he can leave Lausanne and, resting upon the icy summit of Mont Blanc, outfly the eagles themselves.

In thus acquiring from the forces of nature almost illimitable power, he has minimized the necessity for his own physical exertion or even mental skill. The machine now not only acts for him, but almost thinks for him. This almost infinite multiplication of human power has tended to intoxicate man. The lust for power has obsessed him, without regard to whether it be constructive or destructive. He consumes the treasures of the earth faster than it produces them, deforesting its surface and disemboweling its hidden wealth.

As he feverishly multiplies the things he desires, even more feverishly he multiplies his wants. To gain these he seeks the congested centres of human life. And, while the world as a whole is not overpopulated, the leading countries of civilization are subjected to this tremendous pressure. Europe, which at the beginning of the nineteenth century barely numbered 100,000,000 people, suddenly grew nearly fivefold. Millions have left the farms to gather into the cities and exploit their new and seemingly easy conquest over nature.

In our own country, as recently as 1880, only 15 per cent. of our people were crowded in the cities; 85 per cent. remained upon the farms and still followed that occupation, which, of all occupations, still preserves in its integrity the dominance of human labor over the machine. Today 52 per cent. of our population is in the cities, and with many of them existence is both feverish and artificial. While they have employment, many of them do not themselves work, but spend their lives in watching machines work. The result has been a minute subdivision of labor that has denied to many workers the true significance and physical benefit of labor.

The printing press has piled up great treasures of human knowledge which make this age the richest in accessible information. I am not speaking of knowledge, but rather of the current thought of the living generation. I gravely question whether it has the same clarity as the brain of the generation which fashioned the Constitution of the United States. Our fathers could not talk over the telephone for 3,000 miles, but have we surpassed them in thoughts of enduring value? Washington and Franklin could not travel sixty miles an hour in a railroad train, or twice that distance in an airplane, but does it follow that they did not travel to as good purpose as we, who scurry to and fro like the ants in a disordered ant-heap?

New York, which has fifty theatres and annually spends $100,000,000 in the box offices of its varied amusement resorts, has never in two centuries produced a single play that has

lived. Today man has a cinematographic brain. A thousand images are impressed daily upon the screen of his consciousness, and they are as fleeting as moving pictures in a cinema theatre.

The press prints every year over 29,000,000,000 issues. No one can question its educational possibilities, for the best of all colleges is the University of Gutenberg. If it printed only the truth, its value would be infinite; but who can say in what proportions of this vast volume of printed matter are the true and the false?

Before the beginning of the present mechanical age the current of living thought could be likened to a mountain stream, which, though confined within narrow banks, yet had waters of transparent clearness. May not the current of thought of our time be compared with the mighty Mississippi in the period of a spring freshet? Its banks are wide and its current swift, but the turbid stream that flows onward is one of muddy swirls and eddies and overflows its banks to their destruction.

The great indictment, however, of the present age of mechanical power is that it has largely destroyed the spirit of work. The great enigma which it propounds to us, and which, like the riddle of the Sphinx, we will solve or be destroyed, is this: "Has the increase in the potential of human power, through thermodynamics, been accompanied by a corresponding increase in the potential of human character?"

Mass Morality

The specialization of our modern mechanical civilization has caused a submergence of the individual into the group or class. Man is fast ceasing to be the unit of human society; self-governing groups are becoming the new units. This is true of all classes of men, the employers as well as the employes. A mass morality has been substituted for individual morality, and, unfortunately, group morality generally intensifies the vices more than the virtues of man. What was true of Germany was true — although in lesser degree — of all civilized nations.

In all of them the individual had been submerged in formations, and the effect upon the character of man has not been beneficial.

To all this, the nineteenth century, in its exultant pride in its conquest of the invisible forces, was almost blind. It not only accepted progress as an unmistakable fact — mistaking, however, acceleration and facilitation for progress — but in its mad pride believed in an immutable law of progress which, working with the blind forces of machinery, would propel man forward. A few men, however, standing on the mountain ranges of human observation, saw the future more clearly than did the mass. Emerson, Carlyle, Ruskin, Samuel Butler, and Max Nordau, in the nineteenth century, and, in our time, Ferrero, all pointed out the inevitable dangers of the excessive mechanization of human society. Their prophecies were, unhappily, little heeded. . . .

Possible Remedies

There are many palliatives for the evils which I have discussed. To rekindle in men the love of work for work's sake and the spirit of discipline, which the lost sense of human solidarity once inspired, would do much to solve the problem, for work is the greatest moral force in the world. If we of this generation can only recognize that the evil exists, then the situation is not past remedy.

I have faith in the inextinguishable spark of the Divine which is in the human soul and which our complex mechanical civilization has not extinguished. Of this, the World War was in itself a proof. All the horrible resources of mechanics and chemistry were utilized to coerce the human soul, and all proved ineffectual. Never did men rise to greater heights of self-sacrifice or show a greater fidelity "even unto death." Millions went to their graves, as to their beds, for an ideal; and when that is possible, this Pandora's box of modern civilization, which contained all imaginable evils, as well as benefits, also leaves hope intact. I am reminded of a remark that the great Rumanian statesman,

Take Jonescu, made during the Peace Conference at Paris. When asked his views as to the future of civilization, he replied: "Judged by the light of reason there is but little hope, but I have faith in man's inextinguishable impulse to live."

But what can the law and our profession do in this warfare against the blind forces of nature? The law can do something to protect the soul of man from destruction by the soulless machine. It can defend the spirit of individualism. We must defend the right to work against those who would either destroy or degrade it. We must defend the right of every man not only to join with others in protecting his interests, whether he is a brain worker or a hand worker — for without the right of combination the individual would often be the victim of giant forces — but we must vindicate the equal right of an individual, if he so wills, to depend upon his own strength.

Bulwark in the Constitution

Of this spirit of individualism the noblest expression is the Constitution of the United States. That institution has not wholly escaped the destructive tendencies of a mechanical age. It was framed at the very end of the pastoral-agricultural age and at a time when the spirit of individualism was in full flower. The mechanical civilization has greatly modified the dual character of our Government.

If, however, in this respect, the Constitution has proved little more than a sandy beach, which the tidal waves of elemental forces have slowly eroded, yet we can proudly claim that in another and more important respect the Constitution has withstood the ceaseless washing of the waves of changing circumstances, as the Rock of Gibraltar itself.

The greatest and noblest purpose of the Constitution was not alone to hold in nicest equipoise the relative powers of the nation and the States, but also to maintain in the scales of justice a true equilibrium between the rights of government and the rights of an individual. It does not believe that the State,

much less the caprices of a fleeting majority, is omnipotent, or that it has been sanctified with any oil of anointing, such as was once assumed to give the monarch infallibility. About the individual the Constitution draws the solemn circle of its protection. It defends the integrity of the human soul.

In other Governments these fundamental decencies of liberty rest upon the conscience of the Legislature. In our country they are part of the fundamental law, and, as such, enforcible by Judges sworn to defend the integrity of the individual as fully as the integrity of the State. Therefore, the greatest service that the bench and bar can render in combating the evils of a mechanical age is to defend and preserve in its full integrity the Constitution of our fathers. Let us, then, as its interpreters and guardians — and as such the civilian soldiers of the State — do all that in us lies to preserve this inspired vision of the fathers, for again the solemn warning of the wise man of old recurs to us: "Where there is no vision, the people perish; but he that keepeth the law, happy is he."

AMERICAN INDIVIDUALISM [1]

HERBERT HOOVER

In the chapter on "Individualism and Fellowship" in *The American Mind*, 1912, Professor Bliss Perry writes: "It is clear enough nowadays that Whitman and Carlyle underrated the value of discipline. The lack of discipline is the chief obstacle to effective individualism. The private person must be well trained, or he cannot do his work; and as civilization advances, it becomes exceedingly difficult to train the individual without social coöperation. A Paul or a Mahomet may discipline his own soul in the Desert of Arabia; he may there learn the lessons that may later make him a leader of men. But for the average man and indeed for most of the exceptional men, the path to effectiveness lies through social and professional discipline. Here is where the frontier stage of our American life was necessarily weak. We have seen that our ancestors gained something, no doubt, from their spirit of unconventionality and freedom. But they also lost something through their dislike for discipline, their indifference to criticism, their ineradicable tendency, whether in business, in diplomacy, in art and letters and education, to go 'across lots.'" Is there any contradiction between Professor Perry's view and that of Mr. Hoover? "We requested Mr. Hoover," say the editors of *The World's Work*, "to permit us to publish this fragment of a speech written for delivery at the fall opening of one of the American universities, which he was unable to attend."

FIVE or six great philosophies are at struggle in the world for ascendency. There is the Individualism of America. There is the Individualism of the more democratic states of Europe with its careful reservations of castes and classes. There are Communism, Socialism, Syndicalism, Capitalism, and finally there is Autocracy — whether by birth, land ownership, militarism, or divine right of kings — which still lingers on although our lifetime has seen fully two thirds of the earth's population, including Germany, Austria, Russia,

[1] From *The World's Work*, April, 1822, by permission.

and China, arrive at a state of angry disgust with this type of social motive power, and throw it on the scrap heap.

All those ideas are in ferment to-day in every country in the world. They fluctuate in ascendency with times and places. They compromise with each other in daily reaction on governments and peoples. Some of these ideas are perhaps more adapted to one race than another. Some are false, some are true. What we are interested in is their challenge to the physical and spiritual forces of America.

The partisans of some of these other brands of social schemes challenge us to comparison; and some of their partisans even among our own people are increasing in their agitation that we adopt one or another or parts of their devices in place of our tried individualism. They insist that our social foundations are exhausted, that like feudalism and autocracy America's plan has served its purpose — that it must be abandoned.

For myself, let me say at the very outset that my faith in the essential truth, strength, and vitality of the developing creed by which we have hitherto lived in this country of ours, has been confirmed and deepened by the searching experiences in which I have shared. I am an individualist — an unashamed individualist — a proud individualist. But let me say also that I am an American individualist. It is not the individualism of other countries for which I would speak, but the individualism of America, with its profoundly developed character of abiding faith in the sovereign worth of individuality and its glorification of equality of opportunity for all.

We have a special social system of our own. We have made it ourselves; we have lived it; we have seldom tried to define it. It abhors autocracy and does not argue with it, but fights it. It is not capitalism or socialism or syndicalism. Like most Americans, I refuse to be damned by anybody's word-classification or to any kind of compartments that are based on the right of somebody dominating somebody else. The social force in which I am interested is far higher and far more precious

a thing than all these. It springs from something infinitely more enduring; it springs from the one source of human progress — that each individual may be given the freedom for development of the best with which he has been endowed in heart and mind. There is no other source of progress.

Individualism has been the primary force of American civilization for three centuries. It is individualism that has supplied the motivation of America's political, economic, and spiritual institutions in all these years. Our very form of government is the product of the individualism of our people, the demand for an equal opportunity, for a fair chance. Democracy is merely the mechanism which individualism invented as a device that would carry on the necessary political work of social organization, with the minimum of interference with economic and spiritual individualism. Democracy arises out of individualism and alone prospers through it.

The American pioneer is the epic expression of that individualism and the pioneer spirit of response to the challenge of opportunity, to the challenge of nature, to the challenge of life, to the call of the frontier. That spirit need never die for lack of something for it to achieve. There will always be a frontier to conquer or to hold as long as men think and plan and dare. Our American individualism has received much of its character from our contacts with the forces of nature on a new continent. The days of the pioneer are not over. The great continent of science is as yet explored only on its borders, and it is only the pioneer who will penetrate the frontier in the quest for new worlds to conquer. The very genius of our institutions has been given to them by the pioneer spirit. Our individualism is rooted in our very nature. It is based on conviction born of experience. Equal opportunity, the demand for a fair chance, became the formula of American individualism because it was the method of American achievement.

Whatever may be the case with regard to Old World individualism, the truth that is important for us to grasp to-day is that

there is a world of difference between the spirit of Old World individualism and that of our own country. Socialism of different varieties may have something to recommend it as an intellectual stop-look-and-listen sign, more especially for Old World individualism. But it contains no motivation to progress in our social system. Salvation will not come to us out of the wreckage of individualism. Our need is not for a way out but for a way forward. We found our way out three centuries ago when our forefathers left Europe for these shores, to set up here a commonwealth conceived in liberty and dedicated to the development of individuality. What we need to-day is not a way out of individualism but to discover a wider way forward into a bigger, better, brighter, broader individualism.

The rightfulness of our basic individualism can rest either on economic, spiritual, or philosophic grounds. It can rest on the ground of being the only avenue to further human progress with our present civilization.

Intelligence, initiative, character, courage, and the divine spark of the human soul are alone the property of individuals, nor does the divine spark lie in agreements, in organizations, in institutions, in masses, or in groups. It abides alone in the individual heart.

Production both of mind and hand rests upon impulses in each individual. These impulses are made of the varied forces of original instincts and acquired desires. They differ in proportions in each individual. Of these impulses many are selfish. But no lasting civilization can be built or can endure solely upon the groundwork of individual self-interest. Many of the necessary impulses are altruistic in character, and are evoked by things of the spirit, — the yearning for fuller expression of the individual faculty of creation, the service due to one's fellowmen, service to the community and nation. But true as this is, the day has not arrived when any economic or social system will function and last if founded upon *altruism alone.*

If we examine the impulses that carry us forward, none is so potent to progress as the yearning for self-expression, the desire for creation of something. Here lies the constructive spirit of mankind and it can alone thrive in a society where the very essence of progress should be to see every individual developed to the utmost, that the community may join in the profit of his creation.

With the growth of ideals through education, with the higher realization of freedom, of justice, of humanity, of service, the selfish impulses to production become less and less dominant and if we ever reach the millennium, they will disappear in the aspirations and satisfactions of pure altruism. For the next several generations, we dare not abandon self-interest as a motive force, lest we die.

The American ideal of human society is one where every individual should have equal opportunity to take that position in the organized community to which his character, ability, and ambition entitle him. We in America have had too much experience of life to fool ourselves into pretending that all men are equal in ability, in character, in intelligence, in ambition. We have grown to conceive that all we can assure to the individual is liberty, justice, and equality of opportunity. It is in this last particular especially that our democracy departs from the democracies of Europe, that every man shall be entitled and assisted to take that position in the community for which his ability, character, and intelligence fit him. There can be no rise for the individual through the frozen strata of classes, or of castes, and likewise no stratification can take place in a mass livened by the free stir of its particles.

This guarding of our individualism against stratification insists not only on keeping the paths open for the able and ambitious to come up from the bottom: it insists also that the sons of the successful shall not by any mere right of birth or favor, continue to occupy their fathers' places of power against the rise of a new generation in process of coming up from the bottom. The

pioneers of our American individualism had the good sense not to reward Washington and Jefferson and Hamilton with hereditary dukedoms and fixtures in landed estates, as Great Britain rewarded Marlborough and Nelson. Otherwise our American fields of opportunity would have been clogged with second generations inheriting their fathers' privileges without their fathers' capacity for service.

Furthermore, the maintenance of productivity and the advancement of the things of the spirit depend upon the ever-renewed supply of those in the mass who rise to leadership.

Even so, leadership cannot carry progress far ahead of the average of its individual units. For advancing elevation in both leaders and the average, we are dependent upon increasing (and upon freedom of) opportunity for the individual. Progress is born out of the womb of the individual mind, not out of the mind of the crowd. The crowd feels; it has no mind of its own which can plan. The crowd destroys, it consumes, it hates, and it dreams — but it never builds. It is one of the most profound and important of exact psychological truths that man in the mass does not think but only feels. The mob functions only in a world of emotion. It is the individual alone who can function in the world of intellect. Real social progress is the sum of the progress of individual units, and thus the only road to the realization of great hopes of human progress is the steady and sure advancement of the individual.

How great and well grounded this progress of ours really is, has often come home to me in considering the numbers of our people fitted for government. The most progressive European state could scarcely summon more than four complete sets of national officials capable of carrying on even moderately successful government. None of us will hesitate to believe that we could summon forty-eight sets of such officials to Washington.

Nor is individualism only a stimulus to production and the road to liberty — it lies at the foundation of things of the spirit. Our social and economic system cannot march toward better

days unless it is accompanied by spiritual advance. Men do not live by bread alone. I may repeat that the divine spark does not lie in agreements, in organizations, in institutions, in masses, or in groups. It abides alone in the individual human heart. And in proportion as each individual increases his own store of spirituality, in that proportion each individual increases the idealism of democracy.

It is true that our economic life is the first of considerations, for we have long since realized that the basis of an advancing civilization must be a high and growing standard of living for all the people, not for a single class; that education, food, clothing, housing, and the spreading use of what we so often term non-essentials is the real fertilizer of the soil from which spring the finer flowers of life.

On the economic side I scarcely need to recount the intricate crowding of our economic life; that we now are so many in number that unless we maintain our productivity half of us will die. If we throttle the fundamental impulses of man, our production will decay. The world is this hour witnessing the most overshadowing tragedy of ten centuries in the heart-breaking life and death struggle with starvation by a nation of a hundred and fifty millions of people in Russia, who, in pursuit of social theories, have destroyed the impulse to production.

But those are utterly wrong who say that individualism has as its only end the acquisition and preservation of private property. Our American individualism, indeed, is only in part an economic creed. It aims to provide opportunity for self-expression, not merely economically, but spiritually as well. It is where all private property is assembled in the hands of the groups who head the state that the individual begins to feel capital as an oppressor. Our American demand for equality of opportunity prevents capital from becoming a thing to be feared. American individualism keeps capital in bounds and at the service of each and all. Out of fear it sometimes even goes too far and stifles the reproductive use of capital.

Our legislation of recent years is the monument of the constant vigilance which guards and preserves our deeper individualism against too great rigidities or control of capital and private property.

We have found that to maintain equality of opportunity we cannot permit for long the domination of any group. In government grounded upon our conception of individualism we have found that its powers must perpetually expand in the restraint of new manifestations of the baser instincts for domination. As we build up our powers of production through the advancing application of science, new tools are created with which men may dominate. The initiative of men who create these tools leads them in time to domination. Temporary blockades to equality of opportunity are produced. We have year by year to amend the rules of the game to fortify and protect our basic philosophy.

For the economic system which is the result of our individualism is not an immovable thing. It moves rapidly in its form of organization under the impulse of initiative of our citizens, of growing science, of larger production, and of constantly cheapening distribution. Three decades ago it moved strongly in the direction of consolidation of enterprise, until the size of units began to threaten a domination over equality of opportunity, when strong checks were put upon it. To-day it is moving strongly to coöperation. There are in this latter development great hopes that we can even gain in individuality, equality of opportunity, and initiative, and at the same time reduce many of the great wastes of overreckless competition in production and distribution.

Day by day we learn more as to the practical application of restrictions against economic and political domination. While these restraints must keep pace with the growing complexity of our economic organization, they must not undermine the self-interest and initiative of the individual. We sometimes lag behind in the correction of those forces that would override liberty, justice, and equality of opportunity, but the instinct

is so strong within us that domination of the few, of the group, will not be tolerated.

While there are forces in the growth of our individualism which must be curbed with vigilance, yet there are no less glorious forces growing within, that promise of the future. There is developing in our people a new valuation of individuals and of groups and of nations. It is a rising vision of service.

When we rehearse our own individual memories of success, we find that none give us such comfort as memory of service given. Do we not refer to our veterans as service men? Do not our merchants and business men pride themselves in something of service given beyond the price of their goods? When we traverse the glorious deeds of our fathers, we to-day never enumerate those acts that were not rooted in the soil of service. Herein lies the uplift of the human heart, the uplift of the world.

But service is a quality of the individual, and the sum of service is the sum of the deeds of individuals. Our failures indeed are failures of service, and the soul of our nation suffers for it.

Just now we are weakened by the feeling of failure of immediate realization of the great ideas and hopes that arose through the exaltation of war. With the ending of the war, the world had hopes of a civilization suddenly purified and ennobled by the sacrifices and services; it had thought the fine unity of purpose gained in war would be carried into great unity of action in remedy of the faults of civilization in peace. Great formulas came into life that promised to dissolve all trouble.

But from concentration of every spiritual and material energy upon the single purpose of war, the scene changed to the immense complexity and the many purposes of peace. The submergence of the individual in the struggle of the race could be but temporary — its continuance would destroy the foundations of our civilization.

The spiritual reaction has been in part the fruit of a great spiritual illusion during those five years. In the presence of

unity of purpose and the mystic emotions of war, many men came to believe that salvation lay in mass and group action. They have seen the spiritual and material mobilization of nations, of classes, and groups, for sacrifice and service; they have conceived that real human progress can be achieved by working on "the psychology of the people" — by the "mass mind" — by "group action"; they have forgotten that progress lies with the individual inspired to service.

As a matter of practical fact, social progress is the sum of the progress of individual units. The only road to the realization of great hopes of human progress is the steady and sure advancement of the individual.

We cannot afford to rest at ease in the comfortable assumption that right ideas always prevail by some virtue of their own. In the long run they do. But there can be and there have been periods of centuries when the world slumped back toward darkness merely because great masses of men became impregnated with wrong ideas and wrong social philosophies. The declines of civilization have been born of wrong ideas. Most of the wars of the world, including the recent one, have been fought by the advocates of contrasting ideas of social philosophy.

There are great ends to be accomplished. We can, if we will, march steadily toward a better distribution of our productivity; to an increase in our production; and thus to higher standards of living for all, not for any special group. We can give to all the more general access to the finer side of life; we can contribute to the steady advance of civilization itself. They will come if we hold an abiding faith in the intelligence, the initiative, the character, the courage, and the divine touch in the human soul of the individual. We can safeguard these ends if we give to each individual that opportunity for which the spirit of America stands.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF LABOR[1]

EDWARD L. THORNDIKE

We have so often bracketed capital and labor and seen them bracketed that it is a relief to find an article on labor that does not consider or even mention capital. The "five fundamental trends in human nature" are interesting in themselves and peculiarly illuminating in the discussion of labor. They are good dips of litmus paper also in the analysis of character. They help us to take stock of our assets and liabilities not only as laborers but as human beings. From which of the five do you get the greatest amount of happiness? Or, would you increase the number? The demands of labor — just wages, improvement of living conditions, shorter hours, etc. — are demands made upon the employer. But in this article human nature itself speaks. It pleads its cause before both employer and employee. It says: "I have and have always had certain fundamental impulses. Whether you are employer or employee, student or practitioner, man or woman, married or single, take care how you choose or are assigned a job before you have confronted it with at least five questions. Let your survey be impartial. You may change the job; you cannot change me."

MOST of us have been taught to think of labor as a necessary evil which men are bribed to carry on with wages or profits, much as we have been taught to think of east as where the sun rises and west as where it sets, or of two and two as making four. Man is cursed with labor since Adam; the less he has of it the better. Freedom from productive occupations is the Eden we all crave. Shorter hours and higher wages are the two rails on which the world's workers move toward welfare. So we have been taught.

We may perhaps concede that labor has a value for health and morality, and that we shall enjoy heaven better for having toiled on earth. But intrinsically, from the simple selfish

[1] From *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, May, 1922, by permission.

point of view of the laborer, labor is a cloud whose only silver lining is wages. To keep the world going so many tons of coal must be mined, so many bushels of wheat raised, so many yards of cloth woven; and the world labors to produce these rather than go without them. Labor is a suffering endured only because it prevents the greater suffering of lacking what the wages or profits would have bought.

Labor laws, labor disputes (at least on the surface), and welfare schemes for laborers reflect and, in the main, confirm this view. It is, however, an unsound and dangerously incomplete view of the psychology of labor. A sound and adequate view of human nature in its relation to labor must take into account all the important facts about productive labor, not merely the fact that much of it to many persons is objectionable. It must consider all the conditions and results of labor as well as the contents of the pay envelope.

First of all, activity of body or mind is not intrinsically objectionable to human beings. On the contrary, if the activity is within the individual's capacity in quality, quantity, and duration, so as to be done without strain, it is intrinsically desirable. Boys and men leave their farm chores to engage in more violent activity in hunting. The lawyer stops thinking of his brief in order to think harder in a chess game. The housewife abandons the family mending to do fancy embroidery.

Nor is productive labor intrinsically more objectionable than the same activity undertaken for sport. Human nature has no predilection for the useless as such. On the contrary, the child would prefer to have his mud pies edible, the hunter would prefer to secure a useful trophy, the lawyer would enjoy his game of chess no less if by some magic it made two blades of grass grow where one grew before. Indeed, it adds somewhat to his enjoyment if he thinks of it as valuable mental training or a healthful mental relief.

In fact, there is hardly a gainful occupation that is not used as a cherished pastime by some men or women. Rowing a boat,

driving a team, maintaining a garden, driving, overhauling, and repairing an automobile, managing a farm, and breeding live stock are cases easily observable. Sawing logs has been the sport of famous and infamous men. Drain digging and bookkeeping are the recreations of some known to the writer, if not to fame.

Many men and women would, if they sought happiness with wisdom, continue their productive labor even if they were given ample wealth. This is admittedly true of the eager inventor, the zealous musician, the captain of industry, the man of science, and many others whose productive labor is what they would wish to do in any case. We admit it because the facts show that they work regardless of wage or after the need of profit ceases. It is to some extent true of almost all men. Probably three out of four chauffeurs would really much rather drive a car than live as the King of England does. The locomotive engineer may bewail his hardships, and ostensibly yearn to sit on his porch, smoking a pipe, but his real longing may be for the work he is paid to do.

The economist will here object that our illustrations are from highly skilled labor and do not justify the generalizations. Most labor, he may assert, is out and out objectionable to the laborer. Farm work, mining, factory work, routine clerical work, or selling and domestic service are fair specimens of the great bulk of labor, and these, he will claim, are essentially unpleasant, not to say intolerable. Who would for month after month milk cows, or dig holes, or hammer a drill, or operate a punch press, or wheel boxes, or copy names, or wash dishes, or scrub floors, except for a money reward?

Doubtless the economist would not. Doubtless it would be a great sacrifice to him to milk cows and clean stalls for a year. If by a miracle he were to be doing it, and if I insisted that he was being paid for what he would fairly well like to do in any case, he would rightly scorn my sense of fact and logic. But he is not the one who is doing it. If the one who is doing

it is a person strong in body, dull in mind, who hates being forced to think, decide, or step outside his beaten track of routine; who enjoys the company of animals, and feels a certain sense of mastery and pride in being a good milker, the economist may well be wrong. To such a one milking cows and cleaning stalls may be no more objectionable than talking and writing are to the college professor. The work of chambermaid in an institution would doubtless be 100 per cent objectionable to the economist, but it is very nearly 100 per cent satisfaction to certain feeble-minded girls and women, though they get no wages of any sort for it. They would worry at having their bedmaking taken away from them as a prima donna mourns her retirement from the stage, or a President of this country his failure of nomination for a second term!

A woman of limited intelligence may feel the same satisfaction in emptying a slop jar without spilling it on the floor that the economist would feel in refuting Professor Keynes's arguments concerning the economic consequences of the war.

If the labor of the man sailing an airship is not all bad — a necessary evil to him, endured for wages — neither is the labor of the chauffeur driving his chosen car, nor that of the taxicab driver, nor necessarily that of the motorman, nor that of the man on the truck, nor that of the man on the tip cart, nor even that of the day laborer pushing his wheelbarrow load of bricks! There is no necessary gap. Doubtless more men would drive for enjoyment a motor car than a wheelbarrow, but some men get some genuine satisfaction from pushing the wheelbarrow. Labor is not all bad, a nasty pill sugar-coated by wages.

Wages and profits are rarely the only reward for labor. Many workers work to some extent for love of the work. Still more are paid in part by the approval their skill and achievements receive. Some are paid in part by the sociability of the workers or the friendliness of the boss. In fact, almost every fundamental human appetite may be gratified to some extent by productive labor.

We should not think of the laborer as leaving most of his human nature behind him when he goes to work, and becoming then a single-hearted devotee of money. We should consider all the instincts and habits, some of them deep hidden, that move him as truly when he works as when he rests with his family or plays with his friends or fights or votes or marries.

There are five fundamental trends in human nature which specially deserve our consideration. The first is the satisfyingness of activity, physical or mental, at which one can succeed. Man tends to do something when he is wakeful as truly as to rest when fatigued. Continued idleness is seductive when accompanied by sociability, or stimulation by novel sights and sounds, or a sense of superiority to those who cannot afford to be idle, or opportunity to display one's power or wealth; but mere idleness *per se*, as in a sanitarium or jail, is attractive only to exhausted bodies or minds. The labor problem is not so much to bribe men from idleness to activity as to induce them to be active in ways that are advantageous to the community.

The second is the satisfyingness of mastery. To have other human beings step out of the way, bend the knee, lower the glance, and obey the command, is worth more than fine gold to most men and to many women. It would be an interesting study to ascertain whether a plumber has a helper, a farmer a hired man, a waiter a bus boy, and so on, simply because these helpers really increase efficiency, or partly because the plumber, farmer, and waiter thus have some one on whom to gratify their craving for mastery.

The third is the satisfyingness of submission — *to the right kind of man.* Contradictory as it may seem, it is as natural for human beings to submit to the person whose size, looks, voice, prowess, and status make him an acceptable master, as to exercise mastery themselves where they can. The same man who enjoys mastery almost to the point of tyranny over his employees may enjoy submission almost to the point of servility to some business giant, or to some hero of baseball, or even

to his wife. The strength of this tendency to submissive loyalty varies, being much greater in some men than in others, and greater in general in women than in men. The same man who excites ready loyal submission in some, may thus excite rebellion and attempted contra-mastery in others; and some men may never, as workers, find a foreman whose power over them is not a constant irritation.

Probably the present work of the world cannot under present conditions be done without a balance of dissatisfaction, because for the great majority there is too much need for submission and too little chance for mastery. Roughly speaking, labor has to be too submissive to suit human nature. But not all of the submissiveness is annoying, and the two trends, though often opposed, need not always be. If Jones appeals to Smith as a creature to be mastered, and Smith appeals to Jones in the same way, both cannot be satisfied. They are not necessarily and inevitably opposed, however. If Smith appeals to Jones as a great man whose smile produces thrills of delight, whose nod is a benediction, whose commands are unquestionable, both may be happy.

Next to be considered is the satisfyingness of company and cheerfulness. Man is by nature gregarious and fond of human happiness about him. He likes to have human beings around him, and to have them smiling and laughing rather than peevish and sad. The department store and factory are actual reliefs to many girls whose home life is essentially a complaining mother and crying children. Many a young man gets enjoyment from the bustle of the office very similar to that for which he pays at the amusement park or on the excursion steamer.

Last and most important is the satisfyingness of that feeling that one is somebody of consequence, who is or should be treated respectfully by his community, which we may call the love of approval. The human animal derives keen satisfaction from humble approval, as by admiring glances of anybody, and from

all forms of approval of those whom we esteem. The withdrawal of approving intercourse by our equals or superiors, and looks of scorn and derision from anybody, provoke a discomfort that may strengthen to utter wretchedness. Besides these outer signs of approbation, man reacts to his own inner image of himself. If men neglect or scorn him, he may derive some satisfaction from concluding that they do not appreciate him properly. Religion often is a comfort by its assurance that in the sight of God and in a future life he will have a station above those rich and successful in this.

Now this hunger for consideration, approval, and eminence is one of the great moving forces in human life. Under present conditions in America it deserves to be ranked along with the primary motives of physical hunger, sex, and craving for physical safety, and the intolerance of bodily pain.

The New England housewife did not sand her floors, and polish her kettles, and relentlessly pursue dust beneath beds and in far corners, for wages. Her husband would in most cases have paid her more to be less tidy! She cleaned her house so that it might force glances of admiration, ready or unwilling, from her friends and foes. Women devote an enormous amount of labor to dress and other personal adornment; and a large percentage of this is not a matter of sex attraction, but simply to win a general diffuse approval, chiefly from other women. It is said that many a miner will, not exceptionally, but almost as a rule, sacrifice wages for the sake of setting up his blasts in such a way that other miners passing by will admire his skill in using so few drill holes, or the like.

It may be accepted as axiomatic that labor which adds to the laborer's sense of worth and consideration by those whose opinion he lives for has a plus over its money wages, and that labor which detracts therefrom has a lack which wages or some other considerations must supply.

In general, the reward for labor is not only the power to buy food, shelter, clothes, and whatever else money will buy,

which comes as a money wage, but the degree of gratification given to each and every human craving by the job itself. The evil of work to the worker is not only that he has to work so long for so little, but that he may have to strain his powers at work for which he is not fit, submit to rule that is humiliating, lose caste in his world, and in general be thwarted in the fundamental impulses of his nature.

He comes to a job not simply as an operator of the X Y Z machine, but as a man. The job brings to him each week not only a pay envelope, but forty-eight hours of life, whose desirability may vary almost from heaven to hell. We must consider both him and the job in an adequate way.

More than this, we must, if we wish to understand a labor problem, consider the total situation of which the job is a part. Human nature tends to attribute to any obvious external fact, such as a locality, or a person, or a job, whatever feelings have been associated with it, regardless of whether it is really their cause. Thus a clergyman suffering from slight melancholia insisted that his parish lacked religion, devotion, and coöperativeness, though his predecessor and successor made no such complaint. Thus, being tired and cross as a result of the work and worry of the war, we attributed general folly and mismanagement to President Wilson — or to the Senate. Thus a workman, really upset by the illness and peevishness of his wife, may think that his work is too hard, his machine not properly adjusted, or his foreman unfair. It makes a difference to the laborer, just as it does to his boss, whether his home is comfortable to him, whether he can digest his food, whether the community in general is peevish and miserable.

A factory does not and cannot live to itself alone. Its jobs acquire merit or demerit from total community conditions. Sagacious employers realize this. It is a main reason why they so abominate the presence of the mere agitator, professional or amateur. The mere agitator, they claim, does nothing of any value to the workers, and does much harm to both the

employers and employees by replacing a general peacefulness and content and good feeling with irritability and suspicion.

The behavior of the owner's family or the manager's family, though it has no causal relation to any condition of the job itself, can soothe or irritate the workers. Transportation conditions, similarly, come to be felt as part of the job. If a worker has to go a long distance and stand up and travel in unpleasant company, he tends, consciously or unconsciously, to figure this in on the job. Even though he may be led to blame it exclusively on the greed of the traction companies, the effects of it carry on to his work.

Finally, there is to some extent a different labor problem for each laborer. What is objectionable and what is attractive in each job and in the general community conditions associated with that job will vary enormously with individuals. Partly by inborn nature and partly by the circumstances of training, individuals vary in physical strength, in acuity of vision, in the endurance of the eye muscles, in love of order and system, in neatness, in memory, in whatever trait may be in question. The postman's walk and burden would be physically a pastime to one and a daily fatigue to another. The work of a clerk in a bank or insurance company is as easy as knitting to certain young women of sturdy visual apparatus and a passion for arranging items, but it would be a form of torture to others. To hear a signal over the phone and report a number of a letter and six figures, like N 314297, would, after training at it, be objectionable to some men only by its monotonous ease, but it would require an almost intolerable strain of attention from others.

Dirt, monotony, noise, and solitude vary in their annoyance to individuals from zero or near zero to an almost insupportable agony. The conflict of personalities in trading varies from an agony to the joy of living. Politeness, attentive consideration, and winning persuasiveness as required of the salesman would be as ashes in the mouth to most miners, engineers, and cowboys.

There is also large variation in the public opinion whose approval is so large a factor in man's tolerance of his work. The opinion of Cedar Street that John Smith the barber has done very well counts more to John Smith than the opinion of all polite literature that the barber's is a rather servile trade. There is, of course, a general sensitiveness to the diffuse approval of the world as it filters through to all communities. And this is of great importance. But each locality and social group has its special public opinion. The man whose abilities qualify him to be an unskilled laborer or machine hand usually has been born and bred in a group who do not in the least scorn him because he is an unskilled laborer. By them he is never made to feel a failure because he is not a professional man or expert tradesman. He is esteemed within this group as the tradesman is within his. Similarly, a successful plumber usually feels no more degradation at not being a sanitary engineer than the average doctor feels at not being a Pasteur or Lister. A plumber lives in a plumber's world. The prize fighter cares as little for the economist's scorn of his intellect or the moralist's scorn of his trade, as they care for the prize fighter's scorn of their puny blows — probably less. The prize fighter lives in a prize fighter's world.

It seems certain that the acceptance of the facts reviewed here will help to improve the management of labor by employers and by workers themselves. By reducing what is really objectionable in labor, rather than by reducing labor indiscriminately, by attending to its immaterial as well as its material rewards, by considering the total situation as it influences the worker rather than the job just as it appears in the company's scheme for production, and by studying men as complex individualities, we may hope to get more and better work done with more satisfaction to all concerned.

This seems certain, because we find actual improvement now in cases where men base their action on these facts, and because we find difficulty where they are neglected. A brief mention of such cases may prove instructive.

Some of the objectionable features of labor may be mitigated, and in some cases eliminated, at no cost. Work that is either too far above or too far below the worker's ability involves in the one case painful strain, and in the other irritating boredom. A shop manager would not use a wood saw to cut steel, nor, on the other hand, run it at half speed. Wise employers who spend time in studying their personnel as well as their machines, uniformly report that it is profitable.

Needless personal indignities inflicted on workers by foremen, works policemen, and others who have an official status of mastery make work a misery to the sufferers and debauch the inflicters of the affront. From the day that a boss, small or great, sacrifices the welfare of the concern to gratify his craving for personal power, he begins to lose in value to the concern, and probably will lose more and more rapidly. Carlton Parker related as typical of industrial disputes a case where some women employees in a garment factory were sent away from the passenger elevator to the freight elevator because it was being used by some woman buyer. This led to one of the most bitter strikes of the season. Yet all that was required was to ask the operatives to wait or request them in a decent way to waive their privilege for the time.

Sex affronts to women employees, common as they are, seem worse than needless. Men will in the long run keep their minds on their jobs much better if they understand that any annoyance to women employees means summary dismissal. Any high executive who has not the self-control to set a proper example should consult a psychiatrist.

It should be understood that it is not the actual infringements of personal rights and dignity that is the main trouble. It is the rankling memory of them for weeks afterward and the daily bitterness of expected tyranny. It should be understood further that the elimination of needless personal tyranny does not imply any foolish idealization of workers or treatment of them with refinements of courtesy which they would interpret as

signs of weakness or fear. The distinction, indeed, is not between a harsh and a gentle treatment, but between bossing them in the interest of the concern and bossing them out of sheer thoughtlessness to gratify the craving for personal mastery. Not the will of the employer, but the welfare of the business should be the master of the shop.

The immaterial wages which the whole man receives in addition to the pay envelope which the "economic man" receives can be increased at little or no cost. A large concern operated a workmen's club house itself at considerable expense. It was rather a failure, little use being made of it. The policy was changed to one of payment by the workers for the club privileges, and it became a success. The men were glad to pay for self-respect. A factory superintendent who went through the war and post-war periods without labor troubles attributes his success in large measure to a number of simple rules treating workers as men and women. For example, the doorman is chosen partly for his cheerful voice and smile. He greets each worker, by name if he can. The foremen take pains to learn the name of each new worker and exactly how to pronounce it on his or her first day. They are instructed to call workers by their names always, inquiring in case they forget. Soon everyone who has contact with the worker calls him or her by name. The, "Here, you," and, "You over there," and, "You on Number Twelve" are never heard.

Contrast this procedure with that of a company which kept men waiting in the rain, without cover, long past the time announced before hiring any of them, and left a score of them so waiting long after the jobs advertised were filled before informing them that they were filled.

How far business and manufacturing concerns should go in providing in connection with the concern gratification for the fundamental trends of human nature is a matter for study and experiment. Other things being equal, the worker will enjoy his work better in proportion as this is done, but the

other things may not be equal. Here are a few sample problems. Should each job be given dignity by a title, so that the youth can say, "I am second assistant operator on Number Forty-three" instead of, "I am a machine hand?" Should each driver drive the same team or truck, not only to place responsibility better and reduce accidents, but also to enlist whatever loyalty and affection he may feel toward something he lives with as his, and give room for his instincts of ownership and mastery? How far should the craving to "belong to" something be gratified by social and athletic clubs connected with the concern? How much of an argument for turning over a share in the management of the shop to its workers is found in the satisfaction of the craving for personal dignity and importance which accrues thereby? Would it be silly to put the name and title of each clerk in a bank or office on his desk, so that he could be addressed by name by whoever cared to do so? Would it be utterly silly to do this in a department store? What is the proper use of rivalry between individuals and between departments? What is the golden mean between a sullen gloom which depresses all workers, and such cheerful sociability that work is neglected?

From an impartial consideration of the total setting of labor in the community and nation, every worthy interest should gain. Labor is part of a total life which it affects, and by which it is affected. Other things being equal, good schools and churches and hospitals and parks and a friendly community life are good for labor. General peace, decency, and happiness help him to work and to like his work. On the other hand, vice, disease, and quarrels of all sorts cut both his productivity and his enjoyment. Every crook who leads an easy life, every loafer, rich or poor, who has public esteem, degrades labor. Every false economic prophet who hides essential facts misleads labor.

Other things being equal, the American worker will be efficient and happy in proportion as the general life for him, his parents, his wife, and his children is desirable.

This desirability should, however, be such as fits their actual natures, not necessarily such as a philanthropist or social philosopher might choose. Model cottages designed to suit the subtle refinements of highly cultivated tastes may be less desirable to me than the crude home which I choose for myself and help to build. We should beware of the library full of unexceptionable books which nobody reads, and of the high school which only the rich can afford to attend.

Perhaps the greatest gains of all are to be expected from the adjustment of labor to individual differences in abilities and tastes, and from such education of individuals as will fit them for the world's work. A perfect fit of work to workers cannot, of course, be guaranteed. There may be more dirty work than men who do not mind dirt can do easily, more monotonous work than men to whom monotony is inoffensive, and the like. It does not appear, however, that this will happen frequently unless we set up fantastic ideals for the young. The likelihood is greater that there will be more intellectual and managerial work than men who are able and willing to think and plan and execute.

At least we can do much better than now, when vocational guidance is a mixture of casual reports of some friends about their jobs, irrational prejudices, and fantastic expectations derived from storybooks, all operating on ignorance both of the world's work and of one's own powers and temperament. Employers can at least realize that a job is never really filled until the employee is found who fits that job in the sense of being able to do it reasonably well and get reasonable satisfaction from it. Anything short of that is a makeshift.

So far the gains illustrated have been such as required action by employers and the public rather than by the laborers as such. It seemed more convenient to present the facts in this way, but there is no implication that these psychological studies of labor as a total fact, including all its evils and all its rewards, for all sorts of individuals, should be made chiefly by employers and

by the public. On the contrary, it seems highly desirable that workers themselves should provide for the scientific study of work, and for hopeful enterprises to improve efficiency and enjoyment in work as well as to attain and maintain fair hours and wages. Many of the best friends of organized labor are hoping that it may increasingly become the source of impartial knowledge of labor in all its aspects.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE SOLDIER[1]

WILLIAM ERNEST HOCKING

"The soldier is the perpetual pioneer." "He is the man who declines to take shelter." These two elements in the psychology of the soldier suggest fruitful lines of thought. Note how frequently the pioneer and pioneer virtues reappear in all essays that seek to trace the fundamentals of American character. We are accustomed to think that the pioneer belongs almost exclusively to American history; but, if Professor Hocking is right, all nations perpetuate a pioneer life in their soldiers. There is certainly one basic difference, however, between the pioneer and the soldier. The pioneer was discontented with the old and turned his face hopefully and resolutely to the future; he was a creator rather than a preserver; he was an excessive individualist; he was not only undisciplined but a contemner of discipline, especially the discipline of subordination and mass-movement. Does not this differentiate him sharply from the soldier? The soldier often does the work of the pioneer but with a different motive and a different loyalty. Then, too, what is said about "the deed of killing," "the disposition to kill," the "severity" of character thus induced, needs to be balanced by another consideration. The soldier is not primarily the man who kills. He is the man who offers himself to be killed. This is why poetry and romance gather about the soldier and not about the butcher or executioner.

ANY one — and certainly the soldier — might reasonably resent the suggestion that there is something peculiar about his psychology. Soldiers of to-day are not a separate caste with distinct talents and specialized moral development; they are not chosen like gladiators for their native muscle and pugnacity; they are not bred like fighting-cocks for their irritability and gameness. They are plain men, engaged in a special and temporary task; they intend, most of them, to become plain citizens once more when that task is done.

[1] From *Morale and Its Enemies*, 1918, Part II, Chapter X, by permission of the publishers, the Yale University Press.

In ancient and in feudal times, it was considered not that the soldier, but that most of the rest of society, was a little peculiar. City life, trade life, farm life, were supposed to sap the warlike temper and produce an unspirited human variety. The former contempt for the merchant was due not only to the idea that he was given over to an unmanly sort of competition, that he liked too well the rule of the civil order whereby everything must be got by wit and nothing by courage, that he too willingly forgot how far the security of that very rule depends on men of another fiber: it was due also, I presume, to sad experience in various attempts to turn him, in an emergency, into a warrior. For in the earlier stages of the division of labor, a very real division of mental quality took place with it, and these mental grooves between occupational groups tended to deepen. Agricultural populations became an easy prey to the wilder tribes about them; wealthy cities had to buy their protection from sounder-spirited professional fighters. Even to-day, the phrase "a nation of shop-keepers" has just enough sting in it to make the eagle and the lion squirm.

But we have learned how to be specialists without sacrificing too much of what is called "all-around development." Occupation still leaves its heavy mental mark; but the disappearance of hereditary trades, the liberal mingling and cross-classing of men on all lines of interest outside of their work, and the immense growth of new arts of recreation go far to erase it, until seemingly only enough is left of the visible trade-mark of carpenter, teacher, grocer, lawyer, teamster, artist, parson, for the caricaturist — and Sherlock Holmes — to work upon. In free modern States, every man is in essentials a complete man: the soldierly qualities are in him, and can be turned to account when occasion demands. So, from the ranks of labor and trade, from students, clerks, and professional men, we recruit an army that we are ready to set against the most pretentious military machine the world has yet seen assembled. This army contains men of every variety of taste and temper, who will by no

means cease to be themselves because for the time they are soldiers. What is the point, then, in speaking of the psychology of the soldier?

It is this. That a man's mental self cannot be separated from his daily habits, from the environment he lives in, from the kind of difficulties he is coping with, from the plans, ambitions, and ideas he is occupied with. In all these ways, the mind of the soldier is marked off from the mind of the same man in civil life. Soldiering is a life having its own special strains, and its own standards. It not only brings different muscles into action; it tests character in new places. It is a profession in itself: one in which an amateur can indeed win his spurs, but only by dint of such "trying" as he may not have known he was capable of. Indeed, a large part of the demand which this new environment imposes upon the recruit is that he learns what it means to "try," until the slack and sag of an indulgent existence are taken out of him. Further, the army is a world of peculiar structure: the conditions of success and the meaning of success are not the same as elsewhere; consequently it is not always the same men who come to the top. In all these ways, it requires and tends to produce a mentality of its own.

The immediate change of garb and of code of manners is prophetic of the inward transformation which — more or less instinctively — we expect to follow. Society takes a new look at every man when he has stepped into uniform. It knows that he is making a fundamental start once more from the beginning; and that few of his habits or ideas will be unaffected. It has, indeed, learned to avoid the waste involved in assuming that prior talents and training count for nothing; and that all must begin again at zero. But all talents are to undergo a new test and rating on the basis of the special demands of the service. Many a man who has been pegging away at a task not quite suited to him, never gaining headway enough to leap the hurdle just ahead, finds himself now dealing with a technique he can readily master and with a margin. This margin fits him for

a step on the ladder; and with responsibility, latent and unsuspected powers of command are brought to the surface. Thus, in the army, many a man is born again. And many another is converted in another sense, by having to face at last the kind of task he has habitually shrunk from, and learning the age-old human lessons of labor and obedience.

There is thus a re-sifting of human material in the army; and the truths men discover about themselves, welcome or unwelcome, leave their lasting marks in consciousness. The occasional reversal of social position that occurs — exploited in various popular war-plays, as if it were a step in the direction of more essential justice — is but an external symptom of this new growth within, which comes alike to nearly every man in the service.

The basic part of this mental change — seldom the most conscious part — is simply what is symbolized by the uniform itself, the new relation which the soldier holds to the rest of society, and which he will feel most quickly in its altered attitude toward him. It is finely sketched by Barrie in a play which represents a father coming with difficulty to recognize that his son has suddenly supplanted him as the head of the family, by virtue of the fact that he is now its defender. As one such father said to me, "I look upon my sons now with a sort of awe, for I know that they have been meeting things which it will never be my lot to meet." The ferment that works more or less subconsciously in every soldier's mind, and brings other changes of personality in its train is this: that society in its hard hour has found in him what it needed. A foundation of *conscious worth or validity* is laid in him, which is distinct in its quality from that of other social successes, more primitive and more inalienable.

I do not say that this sense of import in the soldier's consciousness is always good: it may become a sense of importance and special privilege and be his damnation. It is natural that the distinguishing character of the soldier's psychology should be

its distinguishing malady, when it goes wrong, generating the braggart, the libertine, the military loafer, the claim-all, or the swashbuckler.

And I do not say that the new strains of army existence necessarily "show what men really are" or "give their true measure." Not uncommonly a man knows very well that in becoming a soldier he is leaving behind him his best chances of showing what is in him. The "real man," presumably, is found in the work his talents fit him to do: whereas much that is in men, the army makes no pretence to measure or to use. There is a good deal of unfairness, and even of mental treason to social welfare, in the instinctive assumption that the men who can rough-it with distinguished efficiency, your Crusoes, your Admirable Crichtons, real men as they are, are the only real men, while the rest are but shams or parasites.

Yet there is this degree of justice in the case: that war, like every direct encounter with natural obstacles, calls not so much for special talents as for the common denominators of human nature, the qualities which every man is supposed to have because they form the basis of all the rest. The elemental grit, the will to power, must be there at the foundation of character if anything good is to come out of us. Art, poetry, philosophy, transform — but do not omit, this essential virility: in music — if it is good music, in wit — if it works, we feel the ultimate tang; we surmise the force that mind could bring to bear against the original challenges of physical nature. Thus the musician or poet who becomes the soldier gives evidence not alone of the vitality of his body but also of the vitality of his art. The pride of the soldier is pride not merely in his fighting powers, but in the integrity of all his work. And society is right, in principle, in citing the vigor of its fighting men as pertinent evidence in disproof of the accusation of decadence: in honoring them it takes a just pride in its own soundness.

I believe, therefore, that the popular feeling for the man in arms is rationally justified; it is no mere matter of "crowd

psychology." And this feeling, which like all others has to learn its own due balance by experience, is an integral part of the soldier's basic self-confidence: so far as he fills the character of a soldier, he deserves it, — it belongs to him.

Except when he is mixing with the populace, however, and sensitive to their admiration (or neglect, as the case may be), the soldier's consciousness is little occupied with his social worth or other merits. It is occupied with a highly prosaic round of duties. War is an eruption of extraordinary evil somewhere in the world, and the character of its origin marks all the measures devised to wage it. Long before he reaches the trenches, the soldier has occasion to know that his task is one of exigency and stress. Permanence, abundance, grace, and beauty are not the leading traits of barracks life. The merely artful side of civilian manners disappears as by magic. "The relations between man and man," as Paul Lintier says, "become primitively direct. One's first preoccupation is to make oneself respected." The immediate contest with nature, digging, scrubbing, cleaning, lugging, fills the hours not given to military formations, increasingly as one approaches the front. Masefield has said that his composite picture of war is that of a man begrimed and mud-sodden, carrying a heavy load. And one wonders whether the psychological variation of the soldier is not really in the direction of the drudge rather than in that of the traditional hero.

In his very spontaneous *Reactions of a Rookie*, Mr. Walter Agard offers some rather savage reflections upon a letter from the front in which a college lad wrote as follows:

> I'm thankful for what this war is doing for me. It has grown hair on my chest, taught me to obey disagreeable orders graciously, and wiped away the damn superficial attitude of college.

Mr. Agard had reached the state of mind in which the civilization he had left behind him was glowing in alluring colors. He could feel little sympathy with a man to whom behavior "essentially commonplace, obvious, and unrefined" could bring a refreshing smack of sincerity and strength. The best

things in literature, science, philosophy, he realized, are not superficial matters; they are not "veneer": they are life itself. To be forced to leave them is not a good, but a calamity: to find oneself improving under the change, — bah! — what an ass one must have been before!

It stands to reason that there is nothing intrinsically desirable in crudity and dirt. What the world has been laboring these thousands of years to secure in the way of life's amenities is certainly better than the "state of nature" left behind, — far better therefore than what the soldier has to return to. It remains true that while the things are better, the people who enjoy them are not necessarily made better by the things: there is always a chance for moral loss or malproportion in the way society treats its advantages. There is no absurdity in the idea that a man who thoroughly appreciates the good things of peace should find in the situation of the soldier something of his character that he had previously missed.

One of the most genuine soldiers it has been my privilege to know, Captain Norman Hall, now of the Lafayette Flying Squadron, came to Plattsburg as just such a rookie, after serving for a year or more in the Flanders fighting with "Kitchener's Mob." He wanted to compare the American with the British system of training. At that time the impulse to get back into the trenches was strong upon him; and it was not for any particular bloodthirsty streak in his disposition, nor for any love of trench conditions. Hall, too, was a college man, though I doubt whether he suffered much from the "damn superficial attitude": he knew what civilization was worth. But in that impulse of his to get back, there was, beside other things, a human interest. "Over there," he said, "you see men as they are; something comes out in them that one hardly finds anywhere else."[1] Even in these days when war has become so

[1] This is his *De Profundis* from the trenches: "I felt actually happy, for I was witnessing splendid, heroic things. It was an experience which gave one a new and unshakable faith in his fellows." *With Kitchener's Mob*, page 167.

much a matter of engineering and infernal toil, the fancy that it may develop admirable qualities in men is not a myth.

It is, however, a part of the psychology of the soldier that these qualities should be more visible to everybody else than to himself. The words "endurance," "courage," and the rest of the names of the traditional military virtues, do not at once call up to his mind anything of which he is especially conscious. For as a matter of fact a virtue is not something separate from the outer situation: it is simply the habit of meeting that situation well, and it will be the difficulty of the situation that the man will be most conscious of. So to the soldier, the tedium he suffers from time to time seems simply tedium; so pain is pain, and fatigue is fatigue, — bits of dismal experience to be met and lived through as best one may. It does not at once occur to him that the act of living through these things well *is* the "heroism," etc., that sounded so attractive in the auditorium.

Hence if we are to describe the mind of the soldier in terms he is likely to recognize, it would be well to begin — as the realist does — by mentioning the things he has to contend with, — the physical grind and danger, the loss of personal freedom and distinction, the inescapable consciousness of waste and ruin that deepens as time wears on, and withal a certain bleakness in the moral atmosphere, etc. It would be a false and unrecognizable psychology that should ignore these things; it would be an equally false psychology that should end with them, as if the mind were identical with the things it struggles against.

The loss of his personal freedom is something the soldier never entirely ceases to feel, and its mental effects are far-reaching. In many ways, he has to unlearn the initiative of civil life, and to disuse the constant preoccupation of the independent man — the *making of plans* for the morrow, and for the weeks and years ahead. There are few responsible recruits to whom this check to the habit of planning one's actions does not come at first as a relief mingled with bewilderment; it

adds, in any case, a certain spice of adventure to existence. But in a free State, responsibility is of the very nature of maturity; and in a democratic army the impulses toward self-management and plan-making will find in a hundred ways new outlets, feeding on such knowledge as the soldier can raffle together. The critical humor, the incessant inquiring, speculating, and discussing on the part of the democratic soldier are due largely to his restless desire to feel himself master of his own destiny. This desire can never be wholly satisfied, even in civil life; and its necessary repression in the army is but the rough side of the soldier's primary virtue of obedience. But meanwhile, anything that can add to his consciousness that the war is his war, and that he is co-responsible for its outcome; anything that can make him more of a mental sharer in its ups and downs, in its geography, history, and aims; anything that can give him a definite province of his own, however limited, for initiative and invention, will both materially aid the morale of the man as a soldier, and keep vigorous a quality invaluable for later civilian life.

One important mental consequence of transferring so much of his will to his commanders is that the thrust of his will is *simplified and concentrated.* In the mere shaping of the day's work, its goings and comings, its prescribed ways of turning around, of getting from one place to another, its times of waking up, eating, going to sleep, the labor of decision is greatly reduced. Having but one purpose to fulfill to the utmost, the whole stream of his interest can be directed to that; and he experiences, perhaps for the first time, the full value of having a mental attitude wholly definite and free from the many weighings, distractions, invitations, of ordinary existence. So far, the soldier is likely to become unified, categorical, direct, decisive, strong. He can deal in yeses and noes, in black and white, instead of in half tones. The finality of will that marks the higher command — I am speaking of the armies in the field — penetrates the entire mentality of the force, and lends to the

will of every soldier the power that comes only from the reduction of all issues to one — the defeat of the enemy.

But this moral simplification, it is fair to note, is accompanied by a *physical complication.* For the soldier has everything to do, and the specialization of his civil career is largely undone. There are of course many specialties within the army, in the several branches of the service, in the company, the platoon, and even in the squad. But even so, the soldier must be a versatile animal, must know how to be his own bed-maker, barber, laundryman, and at times his own builder and cook, though billets normally relieve him of various of these functions. The most ancient of all divisions of labor, that between the work of man and woman, is wiped out. The accomplished army engineer is the nearest surviving example of the jack-of-all-trades. In short, the life of the soldier has all the complications of an attempt at self-sufficiency. He must carry in his pack and kit-bag all the essential elements of civilization in portable form. The soldier, by necessity, becomes man generalized.

Men who enter the army with a hearty spirit of ambition, whether from love of adventure or from eagerness to serve and to learn the technique of the new activity, may be hardly at all conscious at first either of the loss of freedom or of the rather crude and primitive conditions of camp life. They come with the expectation of being ordered about; and they know that some involuntary austerities are in store for them. Whatever is characteristic of army life has its keen interest just on that account. They are usually less aware of the hierarchy of official rank than of a very different hierarchy, — the superiority of the experienced man over the new man. There is, beside this new art of living a portable and all-around existence, an elaborate set of abbreviations and signs, a new language to be learned: and one is less worried by the crudeness of ways and means than by his own greenness in making use of them. Soldierly ambition, in fact, is an almost perfect anesthetic for the minor trials incident to life in camp and field: and those officers who

are skilled in securing a strong morale are those that take a high personal pride in the technique of their calling, and communicate it, in encouraging fashion, to their command.

But it lies in the nature of the work of a soldier that not much is said about the ideals and sentiments that sustain his labor. Reticence on such points is, in fact, one of the traditional military ideals. A man is supposed to have sufficient motive power within him, so that all attention can be given to the material business in hand. The moral atmosphere is rarefied; it is *meant to be* rarefied, — and correspondingly bracing. Thus arises one of the profound contrasts that mark the existence of the soldier.

For while his daily life is a sacrifice for an ideal — without which he is simply a man in misfortune; while he is therefore more dependent than any civilian on idealism, if he is to keep his spirit alive; he is more exposed than any other human being to the insistence of the material facts, and so to a sort of disillusion and fatalistic slump. The foreground of his life is apparently hard-headed, realistic, sordid; the feelings and sentiments that were in evidence during the recruiting campaign have retired to the background. He finds himself summoned to "pack up his troubles in the old kit-bag," and if he is wise he does so; but the philosophy of "smile" hardly meets all his requirements: he recognizes it for what it is, less a philosophy than a life-preserver. He is likely to get the impression that his ideals, and the people that talked of them, have somehow gone back on him.

The impression is mistaken. But like every other man who undertakes a man's job, the soldier must go through his own struggle with this contrast between the foreground and the background, and must find a way to keep his background alive within himself. What is necessary is that he should be able to think of himself, with his background, in a way that the foreground does not banish. We shall try to suggest such a way of picturing the case.

It has sometimes aided me to put things into the right per-

spective to think of the soldier as the man *who lives always at the frontier.* The frontier of civilization is not a line that has kept moving westward until it has passed out of existence; civilization is always in contact with its enemies, even with its beginnings. The foundations of the social order are not laid once for all in a remote past: as long as there are spots of disorder and chaos in the world, there are beginnings to be made. And here the soldier is always found.

In times of peace, he is there, where great canals are being dug, or where forest-reserves are being warded, or where mountain roads are being built, or irrigation projects carried out, or where law and order have broken down. His task is to face original chaos and to create the beginnings of social life. And in times of war, he is still doing the same thing: the soldier is the perpetual pioneer.

It is from this angle, I believe, that we can best judge how much the experience of the soldier may have to contribute to the mental equipment of the specialized and civilized man. If, as a pioneer, he takes part in the foundations of the State, he gets an understanding of the efforts of those that have built his society; he joins hands with them, and his mind stretches the gamut from origin to finished product with a new sense of mastery. His imagination becomes adequate and responsible in proportion as he sees what it has cost to make a social order. He ceases to look on the virtues of the historical State-makers as strange, ancient, and inaccessible. He knows what is involved in building a State, for he himself is now one of the founders.[1]

[1] This same view of the case should give us a means of judging the value of military training in times of peace. It can never be a matter of educational indifference to have an active share in the beginnings of the State. The attempt of a certain small part of civilian society to get "back to nature" during the summer months is evidence that, quite apart from the need for recreation, a psychological need for the pioneering rôle is felt; while the manifest absurdity of turning the entire population of the land to such an existence for any period of time, is evidence that the need in question is imperfectly understood or met. Naturally, having a sham share in pioneering is of no educational worth. Military drill without military labor becomes stale and unprofitable. But some union of the two may fill an educational gap.

The soldier, then, is the man permanently at the frontier. But the character of the soldier only appears when we add the reason for his being there. The reason is simply that the frontier is the place where the residual perils to society are to be found. The essential thing in the character of the soldier thus appears: he is *the man who declines to take shelter from these perils at the cost of anybody else.* This unwillingness to be the protected person, an expression of the one characteristic instinct of manhood, seems to me to be the quality from which all the more particular military virtues are derived.

This state of mind, declining to be sheltered by others, naturally links itself with many another motive, — with whatever love of adventure and whatever "desire for fear" (as Mr. Graham Wallas calls it) there is in a man's make up, with the temper which finds it intolerable that there is anything in the universe of which mankind must be lastingly afraid. It excites all the latent gaming spirit, and that curious artificial instinct which civilization creates for the crude and raw, a symptom of the fact that our advances are not all advance. All these and many another strand of motive might be detected in the psychology of the soldier, which tend to cast a glamor over the rough sides of his experience — at least in retrospect.

But whether or not one takes any organic satisfaction in the difficulties and perils of soldiering for their own sakes — and the time comes when the stoutest gets sick unto death of them — the virtue of the soldier is to go through with them willy nilly on the general principle that if there is anything that has to be stood, he can stand it. He is not going to let the other fellow stand it for him.

There is an act of faith required in this state of mind; because one does not know in advance what he may have to go through. He has to face it in a sort of blanket-clause: he commits himself to "whatever is involved," on the assumption that what man has done man can do again, and probably more. And *loyalty*, which means holding to this commitment when things are at

their worst, includes the other traditional soldierly virtues, endurance, severity, courage.

For *endurance* means, There is nothing we can't stand if we have to. *Severity* means, There is nothing we can't do, if we have to, i.e., in the way of the killing deed. And *courage* means, There is nothing we can't face if we have to.

Of courage we shall have more to say in the chapter on fear. But here a few words about severity, of all these qualities least spoken of, and yet not the least necessary, nor the least difficult to acquire. The deed of killing is psychologically repellent to the majority of civilians. There is thought to be a "hunting instinct" in us, but comparatively few, in our day, develop it; and I venture to think that there are few to whom the occasional acts of minor surgery that come under the head of "heroic measures" do not cause a certain moral effort. The soldier has to achieve a disposition to kill, under the control of the knowledge that this deed has become his duty. To many civilians, this necessarily involves a "hardening" of the soldier's fiber; and some dare to use the word "brutalizing." The latter would be fitly dealt with by being required to kill their own meat, or go without. Nothing that is a necessary duty can be intrinsically brutalizing. Neither is "hardening" the word, if by that is meant a loss of sensitiveness. It is usual, I believe, that in soldiers who have seen much fighting — and just on that account — the growth of sternness in the grim work of war goes with a deepening of tenderness toward the people at home. Severity, I think, is the word for the normal effect of this requirement on character, a trait which implies an effort against one's own shrinking, one's misplaced tenderness and pity, as well as against the life of the enemy: it is the noble resolve to accept the disagreeable task, even the revolting task, if it is something that has to be done by somebody.

There are those who profess to see in the psychology of the soldier, so far as he differs from his usual self, simply atavism, reversion toward the savage type. Primitive men, it seems,

killed for the love of it: and in all of us, it is said, there lurks this murderous lust, to which only war gives free outlet. In this day of grace, it is given to few men except the soldier to "see red" in the original and literal sense of the phrase; and the experience, delirious and fearful, leaves its mark no doubt upon his memory, and his character.

But what mark does it leave? The mark of the mind that went into action. In the passion of combat, the man becomes partly mechanized, works to a degree as an automaton, becomes so far insensitive to pain that operations without anesthetics have been performed (I have heard) on soldiers still under the spell of the fighting, without causing severe suffering:[1] He knows more or less vaguely that he is as it were merely the physical agent of himself, — that thought and deliberation are put away in the intense concentration of the physical action.[2] It is the *whole mind* that gives the character to any action; and it is some time before the whole of that almost somnambulistic fighting mind can be reassembled. That whole mind has the quality of the man's enduring purposes; and it would be absurd to speak of these as atavistic, — quite as much so to describe in these terms that moment of absorption in the frenzy of battle.

I think it fair to judge that if events call us back at any time in history to the rude work of dealing with public crime, the event shows that there was something meretricious about our

[1] Even the wounded refuse to abandon the struggle. As though possessed by devils, they fight on until they fall senseless from loss of blood. A surgeon in a front line post told me that at one moment anesthetics ran out, owing to the impossibility of bringing forward fresh supplies through the bombardment. Arms, even legs, were amputated without a groan, and even afterward the men seemed hardly to have felt the shock. *Despatch from Verdun, May 24, 1916.*

[2] It has often happened in war that some stubbornness in attack or defense has roused the same quality in the opposer, till the honor of the armies seems pledged to the taking or holding of one patch of ground perhaps not vital to the battle. It may be that in war one resolute soul can bind the excited minds of multitudes in a kind of bloody mesmerism; but these strange things are not studied as they should be. JOHN MASEFIELD, *Gallipoli*, page 155.

prior refinement, something over-protected and self-content. War is the calamity that reminds us that we have come to the details of our paradise too soon; we were taking our ease before we had a full right to it. Thus war belongs to that mysterious side of life called "earning," an apportionment of effort to reward whose quantitative reason always escapes us, a tax which no human utopia-deviser would impose as the price for his enjoyments, and yet which instantly becomes the debt of honor of every man whence the demand is made. And perhaps we must remain capable for all time of the harsh as well as of the mild in our conduct. It is a poor microscope that is not equipped with the coarser as well as with the finer adjustment; for in fineness itself there is an element of restraint and confinement. Without an echo of severity, as of a force held in distant reserve, something of the masculine character seems lacking, whether in war or in peace.

The qualities so far mentioned have been defined in negative terms, because they are the bottom qualities which a man must fall back upon when he is nearing his limit. Under ordinary circumstances, however, the "decliner of shelter" wears a lighter mask. Endurance is covered over by cheerfulness, and cheerfulness in turn by a superficial freedom in "grousing" which implies that there is nothing too serious going on, and so no reason for not saying what comes into one's head. Severity and courage are commonly covered over in the same way — according to taste — by a certain hardness or nonchalance of demeanor and language, which, like the callouses on a much-used hand, are assumed to fit the environment. And just as the assumed cheerfulness loses its value in time, and dies a natural death, so an assumed huskiness, aggressiveness, bravado, or coarseness of manner give way in time to a simpler, quieter, and franker dealing with things as they come.

Perhaps the finest things in the temper of the soldier are these later qualities that only come with experience, — *steadiness*,

absence of pretense, and the firm undemonstrative *readiness* for whatever may happen next. I know of no single name for these qualities, unless it is the word "reality." In it, the psychology of the soldier joins with that of the man everywhere who has learned to worship the god of things as they are. He has made his mental detour, passed through the stage of special character and contrast to the civilian mind, and has returned to his natural self. It is perhaps only a few who complete the circuit; but those who are genuinely "first in war" are ready without another reversal of character to become the "first in peace." War has been their path to wholeness.

In describing "the soul of the soldier," Lieutenant Morize of the first French Military Mission to this country, said, "To my thinking, that means for you two things, — the spirit of sacrifice and the spirit of discipline." The "spirit of sacrifice" may be taken as another name for the qualities we have been discussing. The "spirit of discipline" is a chapter by itself.

PSYCHOLOGICAL ELEMENTS OF ORGANIZATION [1]

LINCOLN C. ANDREWS

If you are ever put at the head of any enterprise, large or small, civil or military, you will have to think through the problems of organization which General Andrews has here outlined. Even in the task of organizing your course of study in college or university, a consideration of the psychological elements discussed in this chapter will prove helpful. The author had in mind, however, the problems that arise in handling large bodies of men. Organization is not an enemy to individualism. Individualism that feeds on aloofness becomes angular or eccentric, and collectivism that dissolves individualism becomes mechanical or mushy. "Higher types of society," says Herbert Spencer, "are made possible only by higher types of nature; and the implication is that the best industrial institutions are possible only with the best men." The supreme task of Americanism is so to group men that individualism, so far from being suppressed or reduced, will be released, enriched, and energized by the common impulse of a common purpose.

IF even two persons are going to work together for a common purpose, they will do better if they "organize" for it. The more clearly they define their purpose, their policy and methods, and the responsibilities and functions each is to assume; — the more they will gain in efficiency by avoiding friction, lost motion, and the deadening mental effect of misunderstandings and questionings. As the number engaged increases, the advantages of organization increase, until when many are engaged organization becomes a necessity. And no matter what the purpose, from building a cathedral to robbing a bank — in conducting a school, office, hospital, or factory — the success of the affair will depend largely on the efficiency of its organization and the extent to which all concerned understand its purpose, its policy and methods, and the responsibilities and functions of all engaged.

[1] From *Manpower*, 1920, Chapter II, by permission of the publishers, E. P. Dutton and Company.

Organization is of course the responsibility of the governing head. The more attention and skill he shows here, the less he will need to give to all the varied requirements of his position. Our present interest in organization lies in such a sketch as will show its framework, and thus enable us to analyze such of its psychological elements as affect the question of handling the men who compose it.

THE FRAMEWORK. — No matter how large the number of men brought together for any purpose, proper organization groups them into divisions and subdivisions in accordance with the nature of their work. This grouping is continued until in each case the smallest subdivision contains no more individuals than one man can control in that particular work through direct personal contact and supervision. A chief, or leader, is put in charge of each division and subdivision. He transmits instructions from higher authority, and is held personally responsible for the control, work, discipline, and efficiency of everyone under him. Thus organization lines everyone up in his own place, gives him a definite part to play under a prescribed chief, and thus enables the whole body to function smoothly like a machine in exact response to the policies and control of the governing head.

In military organization, no matter how large the army, the will of its high command quickly passes from superior to subordinate until in the end it has reached the squad leaders and they have transmitted it to the men in ranks. The whole vast machine may thus move uniformly, accurately responsive to the master mind. So in any large business; department heads, superintendents, foremen, and subforemen furnish the line of control from the head to all his men no matter how numerous or how far removed. These subordinates represent his policies, his will, and his spirit. How important that they understand them clearly and execute them fairly and efficiently.

It is impossible for one mind to encompass all the details of a large undertaking, and furthermore too much attention to

detail crowds out the possibility of vision and future planning. Hence the necessity for organization and for delegating to subordinate leaders the authority and initiative of the chief. For this reason we say that the big man as an executive is he who picks good subordinates, develops them into his responsible and responsive agents, and then gives them wide initiative. And as army officers must be trained for their positions and particularly in the art of handling men, so these subordinate leaders must be so schooled as to assure to the chief that policies and instructions are being carried out properly, and that the men are being handled to the best advantage.

PSYCHOLOGICAL ELEMENTS. — The chief thus finds in the organization of his undertaking a machine with which he is to work out his purpose. And this machine, in all its component parts, is built up of live sentient human beings, capable of splendid work if properly handled. Maximum results depend therefore on the chief's understanding of human nature, and on his applying this understanding to the practical management of the undertaking. Thus the psychological elements assume importance. The wise chief therefore clearly defines his purpose, and his policies and methods for accomplishing it. He provides regulations which define the responsibilities and functions of the various members of the organization, and sees to it that all understand and observe them. As the affair progresses he keeps the requirements of organization ever in mind, makes frequent changes in personnel and methods as developments require, and continually watches the working of the psychological elements which make his organization a going concern. This means to see that all are observing the requirements of *subordination* and *command;* that there is intelligent *teamwork;* and above all that there exists throughout the whole organization a fine spirit of *discipline* and *morale.* All these important elements lie directly in the hands of his subordinate leaders, who are responsible under him for their existence and proper use throughout the organization. These leaders must therefore

know how to handle their positions so as to develop and maintain these important elements in their subordinates. This introduces the last and most important of the elements, *leadership*, which must be understood by all subordinate leaders. The importance of maintaining all these elements so vital to the success of an organization explains why his qualifications for leadership are so carefully considered in determining a subordinate's fitness for his position, and why his training in leadership may be necessary.

Subordination means that everyone shall continually recognize the fact that each individual in his own office has his own particular responsibilities and privileges, and that these must be observed by all both above and below him. Particularly must each superior take pains always to recognize the rights and responsibilities of his subordinates and to give full play to their powers in the proper exercise of the functions of their grades. If the superintendent saw a man going wrong he would properly correct the foreman, not the man himself; if he was so fortunate as to see something praiseworthy he would commend the foreman, or at least be sure that the foreman was present and shared the praise. This makes the men realize that the foreman is held responsible for their work, good or bad, that he is really their leader, thus strengthening his authority over them. It also shows the foreman that superior authority recognized him as the boss and holds him responsible for results, thus developing his initiative, his legitimate pride of office, and his keen interest in the performance of his men.

While for the sake of this psychological effect these minor corrections and commendations are thus made in the presence of the men involved, if the foreman needs serious correction for mistaken policy, slackness, poor judgment, anything which corrected in the hearing of his men would necessarily lower their respect for him, he should be corrected in private and given the opportunity to win the added respect of his men by appearing to make the correction on his own initiative. Where the sub-

ordinate does not respond to these methods, he is lacking in the essentials of teamwork and leadership and not up to his job.

To prevent friction, the function of each of these steps in subordination from the chief down to his men in the ranks should be well defined, and thoroughly understood by all members of the entire force. And as these steps form the quick, sure means of transmitting the will of the chief to his men, so in the ideal case they would be the equally sure means of transmitting to the chief the sentiment, opinions, and suggestions of his men. In any case these steps form the rungs of the ladder by which any man may aspire to climb to advancement in the organization, and there should be an ever present atmosphere of encouragement for every man who will strive to fit himself to do the work of the man next above him. Such an atmosphere frees in the man the instincts of ambition, and construction and thus promotes interest, inventiveness, and constructive criticism and suggestion.

TEAMWORK. — The meaning of teamwork and its importance to the success of an undertaking are easily understood, but its practical application to our daily affairs is not always so easily brought about. Too often selfish interests seem to stand in the way, and it is necessary in some way to make the interests of the team appear of greater importance to the individual than his own. It can generally be shown that the greater success of each is dependent on the success of the whole, and if the leader always gives merit where it is due, he should be able to establish this understanding. It should help the leader, particularly in getting this spirit of co-operation into his men, if he realizes how this too is one of the great laws of nature. Bishop Brent says "Bible history — and for that matter all history — begins with a garden and closes with a city." This is because the developments of progress necessarily depend on the co-operative efforts of mankind, and thus force men to live and work together. It is true that progress results from the development of the individual; but not in isolation. He must work in close relations with his fellows. A man can do little alone, but in combination

men perform miracles of achievement. So they have got to work together, have got to practice the give and take of common membership in community living, and of common responsibility for accomplishing the progress of the race. This means fellowship and teamwork all along the line. It means that each man has a part to play and is entitled to respect and consideration in accordance with how he plays it rather than what it is; and it means that no man is entitled to consider solely his own selfish interests, but must faithfully play his part in the team with his fellows. Our ideals of fairness and decency in work and play are built on this foundation.

Good teamwork assures two states of mind in the individual which are most helpful for efficient work. No matter in what isolation or obscurity the individual has to work he feels sure that his work is a necessary and important part of the whole and that it will receive due appreciation; and he is also borne up by feeling sure that each of his fellows is doing his own part with equal faithfulness and likewise counting on him to do his. In many phases of work as well as in sport this latter feeling is a great incentive to doing one's best. Teamwork is of course intimately connected with leadership; and will be frequently mentioned in discussing the latter.

Command. — It is very important to get a clear conception of the modern theory of command, or way of directing what subordinates shall do. It is important because rather new and not always understood, and particularly because it is the one guiding principle for the leader in all his conduct of office. Command no longer depends solely on the implicit obedience of subordinates, but gets its best results from developing in them the two essential qualities of *loyalty* and *intelligent initiative*, and then trusting them to play their part in the proposed work. This is a development of the last half century, an intelligent response to changed conditions. It is based on the modern development of the individual as a responsible unit in the social and political community, and more particularly on the fact that

the bigness of modern-time enterprises makes impracticable older-time dictatorial control by a single head. Implicit obedience to exact orders can be successful only when the man who gives the order is on the spot and fully acquainted with the existing conditions at the time, and this is impossible for all the details of large enterprises. The "I order, you obey" and the "You're not paid to think" stuff is entirely inadequate for big affairs, where opportunities for subordinates to do good work must constantly occur beyond the vision of the big chief and go unimproved if the subordinate has to wait for the chief's instructions before acting, and where circumstances will often have arisen without the chief's knowledge which would make it disadvantageous to carry out certain instructions which he had given.

So modern command recognizes that the man who is on the spot is in the best position to judge what to do, and that if he has been properly instructed, we will get better results from his acting on his own judgment than from his blindly obeying orders. Sad as it is for romance the man who to-day led a "Charge of the Light Brigade" would be considered stupid, and probably relieved as unfit for command. Subordinates are now required to know what is going on about them, and to use intelligent judgment. Positive orders are of course as rigidly obeyed as ever, but they are not given unless the superior is on the spot in person and knows all the conditions. In the general case the subordinate is instructed as to the plan of action and the part he is to play in it, and then expected to carry on to the best advantage. For this purpose army training is now designed, not only to cultivate the man's exact obedience to positive orders, but even more *to develop his powers of observation and analysis so he may sense conditions; his powers of reason so he may arrive at a logical decision as to what should be done; and his strength of character so he may willingly accept and cheerfully bear the full responsibility of acting on his own initiative.* Can anyone find a better formula for training to play one's part in any of life's activities!

This system of command is thoroughly in keeping with the democratic character, and is eminently adapted for use in civil undertakings. The keynote for any successful management is the development and use of loyalty and intelligent initiative in subordinates. Initiative without loyalty would be dangerous, but from the combination flow the big results.

DISCIPLINE. — The discipline of any group is the direct responsibility of its particular leader. Many men shrink from this responsibility through distaste for administering discipline as they understand it. And the old ideas of discipline based on fear and punishments are indeed calculated to be repugnant to any democrat of sensibilities. But let him once understand what discipline really is, and how the highest type of discipline is brought about through employing the better qualities of mankind, and his responsibility for it may then become a matter of keen interest and satisfaction.

It will make an understanding of discipline much easier to realize how common a thing it is in everyday life. It is perhaps the most common, for it controls us in practically all our personal affairs. Even the cave man has to observe the discipline imposed by the laws of nature; while civilized man must bow more or less cheerfully to social and community regulations ranging in seriousness from some convention as to wearing his hat up to the Eighteenth Constitutional Amendment. We are always the objects of some discipline; that of the home, of school, church, office, the hotel, or the street car. The decent man and the happy one is he who accepts this discipline cheerfully — or else flees from the strictures of community living. How absurd therefore is the common conception that army discipline is such a unique affair, and that to be a disciplinarian is necessarily so difficult. In fact the most perfect example of real efficient discipline, and the example most worthy our emulation, is the discipline which a wise father inspires in his son. Here we see the unswerving loyalty, quick, cheerful obedience, and readiness to fight for the honor of his chief that are the

characteristics of good discipline and the sure rewards of good leadership.

Group discipline may be defined as the spirit which pervades the members of a group — the controlling spirit which governs the impulses of the individuals and makes them try to do right and give their best in the common cause. It is as essential to the successful working of an organized machine of humans as is live steam to the working of a cold engine. Its existence in any group is recognized by a ready, cheerful obedience to instructions, by respect for those in authority, by keenness for the common success, and by a high sense of individual duty. It has been well called the "soul" of armies. This means that it is the responsive animating spirit which leads men to splendid deeds of heroism, gives them heart for cheerful endurance of untold hardships, makes them freely surrender individual wills to the will of the leader, and binds them into a loyal fellowship, aspiring, sacrificing, working together for a common cause.

Given a policy of unfailing justice, and no matter for what purpose men are brought together, this spirit of discipline may be made to pervade the whole group. It is the direct result of good leadership, and comes naturally from knowing how to handle men. It cannot exist under poor leadership. Its relative value for attaining results has been measured by Napoleon as seventy-five per cent of all the elements that go to make success in battle. In any undertaking demanding the continued application of the powers of man, its value must be rated very high. An organization that lacks discipline may not hope for efficiency. And as poor leadership thus denies efficiency to an organization, so may its efficiency be increased in direct proportion to the quality of leadership shown by those in control, especially by those in direct contact with the men.

The object of discipline is therefore seen to be an increase in the total of results. So do not let the mind get fixed on discipline as the end sought by leadership; it is but a means to the attainment of this real object — better results. As in

the army many an officer failed of success because he centered his attention on being a disciplinarian and forgot that the object of all training and discipline was success in action, so in any activity, the leader must not let the importance of discipline in itself obscure his judgment when deciding any step toward attaining or maintaining it. It is not the end, but is to be used as a means toward attaining the real end — one hundred per cent results.

MORALE is the final development of the highest type of discipline, and is thus the prize reward for good leadership. Based fundamentally on a belief in the cause for which we are working, it can never be inspired in an atmosphere of injustice or suspicion. Having morale means that no matter what obstacle or difficulty we face, we meet it absolutely confident of our ability to overcome it. Confidence — a justified confidence — is therefore the cornerstone of morale. Discipline and experience have made each man confident of his own fitness and ability, confident of the intelligent leadership of his chief, and confident of the ability and loyal co-operation of his fellow-mates in the team. To establish his men's confidence in these three things must therefore be a constant consideration in the mind of the leader. This consideration influences his every decision as to what to do and what to say, and how to do and say it. He uses the words and the method best adapted to work toward these results, well knowing that his men are influenced by his every act toward either confidence in or distrust of his leadership, their own ability, or the worth of their fellows. He thus builds up through honest, intelligent confidence that morale which is going to make his team ready to meet anything.

The manifestations of discipline and morale, and the various appeals to inspire them, differ in accordance with the work to be done by the members of the group and with the personalities of both the leader and his men. But all spring from an application of the same principles — and making this application to the specific case in hand becomes the interesting study and

exercise of wit for the leader concerned. It is for him to arouse just the kind of spirit he needs for the special work and with the particular men he has. The spirit which holds the stoker faithful to his task in the bowels of the ship is different in form from that which animates the gun crew on the deck above — yet both spring from the same sources.

LEADERSHIP. — The development of man as an individual, his inherent qualities of manliness, high purpose, and a self-respecting individuality which still recognizes its responsibility as a citizen of the community — all these developed qualities make him potentially a splendid tool in the hands of a skillful master, and a dangerous one in the hands of a bungler. To handle these tools skillfully has therefore become a recognized art. It will be only when this art is generally known and practiced by our leaders that the nation may hope to benefit by anything like the full measure of its manpower.

This art of handling men is called leadership; and during the late war was made a study for practical application in all armies. On his excellence in the practice of this art depended every military leader's ability to deliver that superior manpower of his men which made his unit victorious. In the past this used to be the function of the few "born leaders" who seemed to know instinctively how to inspire others to give their uttermost. But these born leaders were too few to meet modern requirements, so we were forced to make their natural art a matter of analysis and instruction.

This art is based on the fact that there is in every man a tremendous latent force which may be aroused and used by a skillful leader who knows how to inspire the man's loyalty, pride, and ambition to do his utmost for the glory of his group and the honor of his cherished leader. The poor leader leaves all this enthusiastic service and devotion dormant in his men, and therefore commands only mediocrity. His men do just well enough to conform to cold requirements. The letter of the law is their sole guide, and they may even seek means to evade

that. Such leadership paralyzes efficiency, and does actual harm to the character of the man who must operate under it. Denied the privilege of giving free play to his constructive instincts, he becomes prey to those which breed on discouragement and discontent, and the end of this man is far worse than the beginning.

Not so with good leadership. It wins its efficiency and material reward, not at the expense of manhood, but by appeal to the very instincts whose free play gives pleasure to the inner man and results in the upbuilding of his character and his faculties. The end thus finds him a better man and citizen for the kind of work he has done. It is this dual result which so highly commends the practice of this art. The most mercenary may well adopt it for the material gain it will bring; the altruist may adopt it for the inner joy of seeing the character and manliness of his men growing under his hands. And in the end even the leader who accepted it for material reasons will find self-satisfaction in that he must feel that the community is better for his living in it.

Leadership is an art, not an exact science. Its seat is in a man's soul rather than in his brain. To attempt to teach it we appeal broadly to a man's understanding and appreciation of what the laws of life require. It is a comprehensive subject which may be far from completely covered in one chapter. But fortunately one need not attain anything like perfection in order to be recognized as a good leader and to win a fine response from his men. So much is man a creature of the better instincts, so responsive is he to fair and decent treatment, that if his leader but be genuine in his practice of but a few of these principles of leadership, his men will deny his weaknesses and failures, and give him their loyalty and service without measure.

LEADERSHIP

R. C. Parker

This essay by Commander Parker, U. S. N., won the prize offered by Admiral Henry B. Wilson, Commander-in-Chief of the Atlantic Fleet, to the officers and men of the Fleet for the best paper on "Leadership." "It was my object," wrote Admiral Wilson, "in offering the prize to obtain material for a handbook on 'Leadership' for the use of officers, with particular reference to a Naval Officer's qualifications for the leadership of enlisted men. But I wished also to encourage thought along these lines throughout the Fleet's personnel and to this end invited the enlisted men to compete." The essay will also encourage thought along these lines beyond the bounds of the Navy, for it puts the emphasis upon those essentials of leadership that must be called into play wherever leadership actually leads. The question discussed is not how to attain the qualities of leadership seen in a Caesar, a Napoleon, a Lincoln, or a Lee, but how to train and mobilize to the maximum of effectiveness the latent qualities of leadership that you already have. "No one expects perfection," says the author of *Manpower* from whom we took our preceding selection. "All history records but one Leader without fault. It is impracticable to follow rules or to assume qualities that are not natural. The thing to do is to realize that leadership may be developed, to absorb its ordinary fundamentals into your system, and to study yourself as applying them to the problems of your position." It was the great Mahan who said: "Each man has his special gift and to succeed must act in accordance with it." This selection, then, is not so much a psychological analysis of the qualities of leadership as an urgent and persuasive appeal to put the qualities that you possess into immediate practice in an atmosphere of sympathy, loyalty, and understanding. One suggestion may be added. No man can lead who is not himself being led. "I count not myself to have attained," said Paul, and his continuing leadership marches in the words. The stagnant man, the man who has caught up with his ideal, the man who has ceased striving, however high the pinnacle on which he sits, will never inspire the forward movement in others.

THE following brief article has little enough to do with Leadership as a general subject. It would be difficult to conceive of a single thought, principle, or viewpoint that has not already been enunciated by various able writers, ancient and modern; and what we might conceive to be our own originality on the subject would probably be merely our ignorance of what some wiser man had expounded yesterday — or a thousand years ago.

To the earnest student of the Art of Leadership there are always available three wide sources on which to draw: first, the many excellent books and articles that have been written on the very subject; second, the lives and precepts of the really great leaders of all ages; and third, but not least, a clear recollection of those men under whom we have ourselves served, who by their methods and character succeeded in drawing from us the very best we had to give in loyalty, obedience, and efficiency. I think this last is perhaps greatest of all, being nothing more than a practical application of the Golden Rule — to deal wisely with others by imitating those who dealt wisely with us.

Never, I think, in the history of our Navy has Leadership been so necessary a quality for the young officer as today. The general feeling of unrest throughout the world, the shaking of faith in old beliefs and in the established order of things, the spirit, not exactly of Bolshevism, but of discontent with our own position and rewards, all are reflected more or less among us in the Naval Service. The end of the war brought with it a most pronounced "let down" in morale, which, however distasteful to the disciplinarian, is at least not surprising to the psychologist. Human emotions are bound to move more or less in cycles. For every peak there is a corresponding valley; and the stimulus of war which stirred to a high pitch the qualities of enthusiasm, loyalty, and sense of duty, did, unfortunately, like other stimulants, leave behind it a period of depression.

If I should advance the proposition that peace-time demands a higher quality of Leadership than war-time, it

would probably be ridiculed as contrary to all established ideas. Yet, within certain limits, it is absolutely true. Ask any of the men who held commands afloat in the war-zone and they will tell you that in many ways their work was made easy for them. Tremendous was the responsibility, but at the same time danger, excitement, patriotism, all combined to foster an alertness and morale which gave the superior a confidence in the subordinate such as has seldom been enjoyed under more settled conditions. Eyes that are searching for the feather of a periscope or wake of a torpedo are not likely to become drowsy, nor is discipline hard to enforce when destruction may be the price paid for the lack of it. More than that, the common danger and the greatness of the cause developed almost automatically a mutual loyalty between officers and men which is not come by so easily when these factors are removed.

Yet the exercise of all our finer qualities in time of war is not enough. History is replete with instances where nations as well as individuals gave all that they possessed of Leadership, patriotism, heroism, and industry toward the prosecution of a war, and yet went down to defeat, simply because they had reserved them for war and not applied them to the fullest extent in time of peace. Wherefore those of us, young or old, who still cherish a few ideals concerning the Service and intend to stick by it, must spur ourselves with the realization that the best we possess of Leadership should not await the call of some vague tomorrow, but is needed now, today, more desperately against the forces tending to lower our morale than against any enemy we are liable to encounter.

American officers have a more difficult task to handle and standard of Leadership to maintain than the officers of any other nationality. The very superior mentality of our men imposes this. However much of a hero the European conscript may have proven himself to be, he has not the education or assertiveness to be intensely analytical of his superiors. Hundreds of years of the feudal and military systems have ingrained in him a respect

for the officer caste and a ready belief in its superiority. The proper relationship between officer and man exists almost automatically. But in the case of an American officer and his men, when first brought into contact, there is no existing relationship whatsoever, and it requires to be established from the very beginning.

And the problem is no simple one. For the ordinary American boy, on first enlisting, has not the faintest conception of discipline or military duty nor of the respect and obedience due to his superiors in rank. How should he have, who never before heard of rank? Does he learn it at home? In the public schools? Is it something we have a right to expect of him like common honesty and morality? Most certainly not. The obvious fact is that this initial ignorance of his relationship to his officers is a perfectly normal condition and one which should never be allowed to cause a rise in blood-pressure on our part. And the work of establishing the relationship is as clearly part of an officer's routine duty as standing watch or caring for his battery.

Let us pause a moment, then, and look from the viewpoint of the recruit in the rear rank, seeing his division officers for the first time. What impression do you make in his eyes, Mr. Junior-Officer? Does he see you lolling and indifferent? Careless or "non-reg" in your dress? Diffident and apparently afraid of your own voice? Blustering and brow-beating? Giving orders in a "won't you please" manner? Excitable and inclined to throw fits over trifles?

Or does he see you a proper figure of a man, self-confident, firm, courteous, military; and conveying the impression of being in command, not so much by the stripes on the sleeve of your uniform as *by virtue of the Man inside of it?* Continuing the acquaintance, does he find you an active force whose presence helps the work along, or is it "Bo'sun's Mate, take charge"? Do you so throw yourself into all branches of work that you kindle a like enthusiasm in him? When the sun is hottest, or the rain has turned the coal dust to mud, are you there in the

middle of it, encouraging? Do you correct his mistakes consistently and thoroughly, or apparently just when the mood strikes you? When he transgresses the law do you deal with him in such fashion that he realizes why he was wrong and should henceforth do better, or do you merely give the impression of having worked off a fit of temper? Does he feel that being in the same division, same ship, and same Service with yourself is a bond between you, or a barrier? If in trouble or needing help or advice, are you the first man he would turn to, or the last? Are you a true leader in the sense that your *influence and example make men give freely of their best efforts*, or are you a sort of human lemon-squeezer that by dint of much pressure extracts a little sour obedience? All these questions it were well to ask yourself before looking in the mirror with too much satisfaction and asking permission to go ashore!

Have faith in your men! I do not believe that any officer who habitually mistrusted or looked down upon his men ever yet achieved success as a leader. Picton at Waterloo may have led his troops to the charge with the words, "Come on, you damned thieves and pickpockets," but I will venture to say he *smiled* when he said it, — and *led*, not drove them. Too often nowadays one finds a young officer sitting in the wardroom and growling about the shortcomings of the enlisted personnel he has to deal with. Are they lazy? *Be you industrious.* Are they dirty and unmilitary? *See to it that you are above reproach yourself.* Is their morale low? *Then for shame's sake, stop whining, get up there and show them what a man should be!*

Study them, work with them, guide them; report whom you must and commend whom you can, but whatever you do, *never lose faith*, for when that happens, it is not they who are hopeless but you who are beaten. If you are well born and brought up, with a background of family, and your government has spent four years educating you, and gives you rank and position in the world, what is it all for, if not that *you may have something to give in character* to those whose start in life was less fortunate?

And rest assured that teaching even one hopeless specimen to hold up his head and take a Man's pride in himself, is THE GRANDEST WORK AN OFFICER CAN DO — better than writing fifty articles on *Leadership* or on *The Higher Ethics of the Fire and Bilge Pump.*

The MAN is the thing, not the machine or the idea or the Regulation. We are too prone to work for results alone without considering that the *real* problem is the MAN on whom we should depend to get those results.

As a humble example: suppose our First Sailing Launch, under care of Bill Jones, Coxswain, has continually fallen below the required standard of cleanliness. Now, our primary mission and objective should be, not the sailing-launch, but Bill Jones himself. By heckling and driving we may finally get the boat fixed up for inspection — and thereby have accomplished a little. But if we are able to get Bill Jones himself fixed up, to get him to take a pride and intelligent interest in his boat, then we have accomplished as much *and a great deal more.* For not only is the boat now clean, but Bill Jones has become an asset instead of a liability, and THE SEED THUS SOWN TENDS TO MULTIPLY ITSELF.

Farther back than this, the same principle holds good. You yourself bear much the same relationship to Bill Jones that he does to the boat. Get *yourself* fixed up; get yourself in the proper relationship to your men; *make yourself a true leader;* and all the Bill Joneses and sub-Bill Joneses and their boats will in due course fall into line, and the whole lump be leavened. If something is wrong, set it to rights by all means, but do not stop there. *Why* was it wrong? Did some human element of the system fail? Then repair *him.* Reprimand him or encourage him; teach him or court-martial him; retain him or get rid of him; handle him in whatever best way heaven gives you wisdom to do, *but don't leave him to muddle along unrepaired.* And when you are through with him, then go back one step farther and ask yourself, "What was wrong with *me*, that *he* should have been wrong?" There is an

expression current among salesmen, I believe, to "sell" a man, meaning to convince him that their line of goods is the best and is what he needs. The man who desires to exercise true Leadership must "sell" himself to his men in the same way, to the extent of carrying to them the conviction that he *is* the man best fitted to command.

Were we always engaged in battle or emergencies it would be comparatively simple, but failing that, the leader must identify himself as such by certain invariable characteristics.

Ability

The young officer, at least, should be able to do everything that he requires others to do, and do it better, no matter how small the detail or humble the task. When the men find that you *are* right even in small things, they will have faith in you for the bigger things.

Loyalty

There is loyalty "down" as well as loyalty "up," and one cannot exist without the other. As you feel toward your men, so will they feel toward you. Give, and unto you it shall be given.

Tact

It is the lubricating oil of human relationships. The man who considers tact unnecessary in dealing with subordinates is probably the same man who hammers his sextant with a monkey wrench to make it work!

Justice

It is not enough to think yourself that you are just and fair; make your men think so too. You do not demean yourself by explaining the why and wherefore of an order or decision. A sense of injustice will kill spirit and morale quicker than any other agency.

Courage

We know you have it; but take heed that never by the slightest accident or error your men get the idea that there is any danger you would not undergo or hardship you would not share with them. If ever you lose your nerve before them, pack your trunk and get transferred quickly.

Truth

Tell them what you can, when you can. Neither conceal nor exaggerate nor minimize. Keep your word whether it be to give a promotion or a court-martial. Better never to make a promise than ever to break one.

Firmness and Consistency

Be firm as a rock when right, but never obstinate. If wrong, admit it, and you will gain rather than lose in prestige. Finish what you start. Never give up. Never blow hot and cold according to circumstances, but invariably live up to the same principles.

The foregoing are a few, a very few, of the points which no officer can neglect. Ceaseless study and constant effort are none too much. For in the final analysis, *he who has mastered the Art of Leadership has mastered everything, since through others all other arts are subject to him!*

THE FAMILY[1]

Thames Ross Williamson

It is a singular fact that, in spite of the growing number of sociological studies now pursued in colleges and universities, very little attention is paid to the family. Yet the family is not only the ultimate social unit, the mold and model of the larger collective units; it is the most intimately formative influence exerted on human life and character. It is also the agency by which each of us in turn may transmit a corresponding influence on others. We are products and producers of the family social unit, though we give more thought to civic units, industrial units, and political units than to the basic unit that forms the title of this chapter. No thorough study, so far as I know, has been made of the family in fiction. Is not the relation, however, of father and mother and child as interesting and as elemental a theme as that exemplified in the old triangle of one woman and two lovers? The founders of English fiction thought so, and there is reason to believe that a grateful public will greet a return to the earlier tradition. Professor Williamson appends the following questions on his text:

1. What is the significance of the family?
2. What were the essential characteristics of the medieval family?
3. Why is the modern family in a period of transition?
4. Outline the effect of the Industrial Revolution upon the family.
5. To what extent has the factory supplanted the home as an industrial center?
6. Discuss the difficulties of home-making in crowded cities.
7. How have many groups of women become economically independent?
8. Discuss the political emancipation of women.
9. What is the extent of divorce in this country? What two factors must be taken into account in interpreting these figures?
10. To what extent are our divorce and marriage laws lax?
11. What proposals have been made toward the correction of this evil?
12. Why is law not the ultimate cure for family instability?
13. What is the importance of economic and social readjustment in the problem of the family?
14. What should be the chief aims of education with regard to preparation for home-making?

[1] From *Problems in American Democracy*, 1922, Chapter XXIII, by permission of the publishers, D. C. Heath and Company.

1. *Significance of the family.* From whatever angle we approach society, the family is the ultimate unit and basis. The whole fabric of civilization, whether considered from an economic, a social, or a political standpoint, depends upon the integrity of the family, and upon the wholesomeness of the home life centering about the father, mother, and children. The home is the nursery of our fundamental institutions: it is the origin of our physical and mental inheritances; it is the center of our training for private and public life; it is the moral and religious fount which nourishes the ideals and beliefs which fashion our lives and mold our character. A nation built upon decaying homes is bound to perish; a nation composed of normal prosperous families is in a good way to perpetuate itself. It is of the very greatest importance, therefore, that we enquire into the character and tendencies of the American family.

2. *The family in the Middle Ages.* Fully to appreciate the nature of the modern family we must know something of the family as it existed in Europe in the Middle Ages.

Unity was the striking characteristic of the medieval family. Economically it was very nearly self-sufficing, that is to say, most of the food, clothing, and other necessities consumed by it were prepared by the family members. Very little in the way of education and recreation existed beyond the family circle. In religious activities the family played an important rôle, family worship under the leadership of the father being a common domestic function. The medieval family was stable, partly because legal and religious authority was concentrated in the hands of the father, partly because the family members were economically interdependent, and partly because the social and religious interests of the family members tended to coincide. Divorce was uncommon, and the children generally remained in the home until their majority had been attained.

3. *The family in modern times.* We have already seen that since the close of the Middle Ages, and especially during the

last two centuries, important economic, social, and political changes have been going on in civilized society. In common with other social institutions, the family has been greatly influenced by these changes. The family which we have described as the medieval type has been either destroyed or greatly modified, and a new type is being developed. Probably this new type of family will present substantial gains over the family of the Middle Ages, nevertheless the period of transition is fraught with danger. A great problem of American democracy is to aid in the social readjustment of the family. In order that we may be competent to aid in this readjustment, let us discover in what ways the family has been modified by the economic, social, and political changes referred to above.

4. *The Industrial Revolution and the family.* We have examined somewhat in detail the effect of the Industrial Revolution upon our economic life; it remains to be pointed out that the same phenomenon has profoundly affected the character of our most vital social institution, the family.

Directly or indirectly, the Industrial Revolution has affected family life among all classes of the population. To some extent capitalism has given rise to a class of idle rich, living upon the proceeds of permanent investments, and resorting to extravagance and loose methods of living in order to occupy their time. This development is doubly unfortunate. In the first place it renders difficult the maintenance of normal homes among the idle rich. In the second place, the tendency of certain types of individuals to imitate and envy the idle rich encourages false standards and leads to a depraved moral sense.

To those classes which furnish the majority of our professional men, the complex division of labor has brought a serious danger. So great is the need of specialized training among these groups that marriage is often delayed until after the age of thirty. The individual is then in a better position to support a family, but often his habits are so firmly fixed that he finds it difficult to adapt himself to family life.

Even more important, perhaps, have been the effects of the Industrial Revolution upon the masses of wage earners. Men earning low wages are often unable to marry, or, if they assume that responsibility, they are unable properly to support their families. In spite of the fact that capitalism has greatly increased our material welfare, the dependence of large numbers of people upon day wages increases the hazards of family life. Industrial accidents, occupational diseases, or the interruption of earnings by strikes and unemployment, — any one of these mishaps may work a hardship upon the wage earner's family. Poverty may induce child labor, deprive the family of proper food and other necessities, and retard the education of the children. Finally it may so emphasize the elements of strain and worry that parents are unable to give proper attention to the training of their children.

5. *The factory system and the home.* The Industrial Revolution has lessened the economic importance of the home. The typical modern family is no longer self-sufficing, but is dependent upon the factory system for many commodities formerly prepared within the home circle. Spinning, weaving, tailoring, shoe-making, soap-making, and other industries have moved out of the home and into the factory. Even the preparation of food is increasingly a function of agencies outside the home. Especially in cities there has been a steady development of restaurants, delicatessen shops, and factories engaged in the large-scale preparation of bread, canned soups, and other food products.

There is thus less work to be done in the home than formerly; at the same time the development of our industrial life has notably increased the amount of work to be done outside the home. The outcome of these two complementary forces has been that not only the father, but often the mother and the half-grown children as well, have been drawn into industry. As the result of this development, the economic interdependence of the family has been destroyed, and the way has been opened

to the disintegration of the home. Social contacts between family members have decreased, while the specialized character of the individual's daily work has operated to break down the common interests which family members formerly had outside the home.

6. *Lack of preparation for home-making.* The factory system has rendered more difficult the preparation of our boys and girls for home-making. Where boys go out to work at an early age and are deprived of home training during the adolescent period, neither father nor mother has the opportunity properly to acquaint them with the nature and responsibilities of home-making. Girls very often are reared without adequate knowledge of cooking, sewing, and other household arts. This is due, partly, to the transfer of many of the domestic functions to specialists beyond the home, and partly to the fact that where girls go into industry they spend most of their time outside the home. In the case of both boys and girls, the decreased amount of time spent in the home not only prevents proper training by the parents, but it stresses outside interests which are too often opposed to domestic ideals. Many parents either allow or encourage their children to acquire frivolous habits. As the result of all of these factors, both young men and young women frequently marry without having been properly prepared for the responsibilities of home-making.

7. *Difficulties of home-making in crowded cities.* With the development of manufacturing, a larger and larger proportion of our people have made their homes in large cities. To many, city life has brought increased opportunities for education and recreation, nevertheless it is difficult to maintain a normal home life in a crowded city. Urban life is highly artificial. Simple and wholesome amusements are less common than expensive and injurious forms of recreation. The noise and jar of city life often result in strain and jaded nerves. The scarcity and high cost of house room is, for many city dwellers, an unavoidable evil. The poor are cramped into small,

uncomfortable tenements, while even the well-to-do are frequently found in congested apartment houses. Under such circumstances, the home often becomes merely a lodging place. Social life is developed out of, rather than in, the home. For the children of the poor there is often no yard and no adequate provision for recreation. Among the rich, conditions are somewhat better, though in fashionable apartment houses children are frequently objected to by neighboring tenants or banned by landlords.

8. *Economic independence of women.* Until very recently a married woman was economically dependent upon her husband. But one of the effects of the Industrial Revolution has been to make many women economically independent. Women are entering the industrial field with great rapidity, and their presence there is now taken as a matter of course. Many women now avoid marriage, partly because domestic interests fail to attract them, and partly because they have become genuinely interested in industry. Where domesticity is the ultimate aim, many women delay marriage because self-support renders them both able and desirous of retaining their independence for a considerable period.

Domestic tranquillity is sometimes disturbed by the fact that wives were formerly self-supporting girls. In most cases wives are dependent upon their husbands in money matters, a situation which is apt to irritate women who were formerly self-supporting. The husband is often inclined to rate the generalized character of housework as being of less importance than his own highly specialized work. The wife's irritation at this may be increased by the fact that often she, too, believes that her domestic duties are less dignified and less valuable than her former work.

Not only has the former independence of the wife made her less tolerant of domestic wrongs and slights, but the realization that she can support herself, frequently encourages her to seek a divorce. The temptation to take this step is increased by

the fact that public opinion now rarely frowns upon a divorced woman. This is in striking contrast to the situation two hundred years ago, when most divorced women were not only unable to support themselves, but were socially ostracized.

9. *Political emancipation of women.* Until very recently women have been legally and politically subordinate to men. As recently as a century ago women in the leading countries of the world were allowed neither to vote, nor to contract debts in their own name, nor to hold or will property.

But within the last century women have been emancipated politically. Property rights have been extended them; the growth of the woman's movement has resulted in the winning of female suffrage. Economic independence and social freedom have combined with political emancipation to emphasize the spirit of individualism among women. Politics and club work have, in the eyes of many wives and mothers, become more attractive than domestic concerns, with a resultant neglect of the home. Higher education for women, including a wider knowledge of legal matters, has acquainted women with their legal rights and privileges, and has made them familiar with the steps necessary to secure a divorce.

10. *Individualism may be exaggerated.* The American people are celebrated for their strongly individualistic character. This trait is closely related to the initiative and self-reliance which have helped toward our industrial success; on the other hand, individualism may be carried to the point of selfishness. It is desirable, of course, that both men and women maintain high standards of living, and that they cultivate their respective personalities. It should be noted, however, that marriage is often delayed or altogether avoided because of selfish ambition and the desire to live a care-free and self-centered life. The insistence which many young people place upon personal rights has encouraged the belief that marriage is intended for man's and woman's convenience, rather than for the building of normal homes and the development of community life. In too many

marriages the contracting parties selfishly refuse to make the mutual concessions necessary in married life, and so wreck their domestic happiness.

11. *The divorce evil.* Family instability has been increased by the demoralizing influences which we have been discussing. A familiar symptom of family instability is the divorce rate. One out of every eight or nine marriages in the United States is dissolved by divorce. Not only do we have more divorces than all of the rest of the world together, but our divorce rate is increasing three times as fast as is our population.

The value of these statistics is affected by two factors. In the first place, much domestic unhappiness does not express itself in the separation of husband and wife. Or, where such separation does take place, it may not be through the divorce court. Among the city poor, for example, desertion is four times as common as is divorce. Thus the divorce rate indicates only a share of family instability.

The second modifying factor, however, lessens the force of our divorce statistics. A high divorce rate is not necessarily an evil omen. Our divorce rate is higher than that of European countries, but it should be remembered that in those countries where customs, laws, and religious beliefs are relatively conservative, families may be held together legally in spite of the fact that they have already disintegrated. In the sense that divorce affords relief from an intolerable situation, dissolution of the marriage bond may be necessary, if not desirable.

12. *Laxity of our divorce laws.* Although divorce may very often be justified, it is clear that in many of the states of the Union divorce laws are too lax. The practice of the states as regards divorce is divergent: in South Carolina divorce is absolutely prohibited; in the remaining states there is a variable number of grounds upon which divorce may be secured. Divorces are often rushed through the courts, partly because of the overworked character of the divorce tribunals, and partly because public opinion tolerates the lax administration of divorce

laws. In some states divorces have been secured in fifteen minutes, being granted without any attempt at solemnity, with no adequate investigation, and with numerous opportunities for collusion between the parties involved. The effect of this laxness has been to encourage the dissolution of the home for trivial and improper causes.

13. *The question of stricter divorce laws.* Uniform divorce laws among the several states are now being agitated. The essential provisions of such laws may be outlined as follows: It is desirable to have a court of domestic relations, which shall carefully and wisely attempt a reconciliation of husband and wife before divorce proceedings are resorted to. Applicants for divorce should be *bona fide* residents of the state in which the suit is filed, and should be required to reside in the state two years before a decree of absolute divorce is granted. In some states at least, the number of grounds upon which divorce may be secured should be reduced. An adequate investigation should be undertaken, both in order to determine the justice of the suit, and to prevent collusion. The primary aim of the divorce laws should be to allow relief from an oppressive and unsuccessful marriage, but at the same time to prevent the misuse of the statutes by unscrupulous persons.

14. *Laxity of our marriage laws.* The fact that unwise marriages are an immediate cause of divorce leads back to the question of our marriage laws. Marriage laws often permit the mating of couples unfit for home-making. In some states the authorities are not overcareful to prevent the marriage of persons who are mentally defective. There is among the several states no agreement as to the legal age of marriage, and no agreement as to the relationship within which marriage is forbidden. Hasty unions have been encouraged by the lack of solemnity which characterizes civil marriage. Marriage is more and more a civil contract, devoid of religious sanctions and spiritual associations. Many consider marriage as a civil relation not radically different from any other contract. The effect of this changed

attitude has been to encourage the enactment of loose marriage laws, and the careless administration of sound marriage laws.

15. *The question of stricter marriage laws.* Stricter marriage laws are being advocated in many states. We know far too little about eugenics to warrant prediction as to the type of individuals best fitted to build normal homes, but it is clearly desirable to prohibit the marriage of all mental defectives. There are also good reasons for the restriction of the marriage of minors, of persons between whose ages there is a wide disparity, and of persons who are members of widely divergent races. It would probably check hasty marriages to increase the length of time elapsing between the issuance of the marriage license and the performance of the ceremony. If modern marriages were more distinctly upon a religious basis, it is likely that many persons who now rush thoughtlessly into marriage would be led seriously to reflect upon the significance of the step.

16. *Law not the ultimate remedy for family instability.* The careful enactment and wise administration of sound laws on marriage and divorce will undoubtedly check the number of unhappy and unsuccessful marriages. Nevertheless, law is not the ultimate remedy for family instability. Unduly restrictive marriage laws may result in abnormal tendencies among certain classes of the population, while severe prohibitions upon divorce may prevent individuals from securing release from a hopelessly wrecked marriage. Divorce is only a symptom of deeper-lying evils. Really to remove the dangers which threaten the integrity of the family we must go deeper than legislation.

17. *Economic and social readjustment.* One fundamental method of safeguarding the family is to counteract the injurious effects of the Industrial Revolution. Poverty must be lessened or eliminated, so that men will be enabled to marry and support families decently. The evils of overcrowding must be attacked in the interest of a normal home life. Mothers' pensions and social insurance are desirable methods of protecting the laborer's family against the risks of industry. The prohibition of child

labor and the safeguarding of women in industry will also tend to keep the family intact, and to permit proper home training. In short, any measures which will help individuals to adjust themselves to the economic and social changes of the present age will provide a more firm and solid foundation for a normal family life.

18. *Education and the family.* Far more fundamental than legislation on marriage and divorce is the training of young people toward a fuller appreciation of the responsibilities of home-making. In the problem of family instability, laws reach symptoms, while education attacks causes. By education is here meant not merely formal training in the school, but character-building of every type. This includes training in the home, in the school, and in the church. Only when boys and girls are accorded sound training by these various agencies will they be properly prepared to make homes.

Our whole educational system ought to emphasize the importance of a pure and wholesome family life. The sanctity of the marriage bond, the seriousness of family responsibilities, and the duty to rear a normal healthy family, ought to be impressed upon every boy and girl. Young people should be taught to consider adolescence as a period of preparation for home-building. During this period it is the duty of the boy to fit himself for the proper support of a family, while the girl ought to feel obligated to become familiar with the tasks and duties of housekeeping. The choice of a husband or wife ought to be made, not on the basis of passing fancy, but with regard to a life of mutual service. Extreme individualism ought to be discouraged; personal pleasure ought to be interpreted in the light of marriage as a partnership. Above all, marriage should be faced with the realization that it requires adaptation and concessions on the part of both husband and wife. Mutual consideration and respect must predominate in the future American family, while the spirit of impatience and selfishness must be eliminated.

INDEX

Addison, 226
Agard, W., 421
Agassiz, 41
Aiken, Conrad, 252–264
Aldington, R., 259, 277
Andrews, L. C., 433–444
Archer, W., 222
Arnold, M., 273, 285

Bacon, 105, 234
Bagehot, W., 69
Baird-Smith, 52, 54
Bakounin, M., 361, 362
Barnes, W., 134–145
Barrie, J. M., 419
Beaty, J. O., 252
Beck, J. M., 377–390
Bellamy, E., 113
Belloc, H., 227
Bergson, 157, 163
Bergström, 30
Bernstein, E., 372, 373
Bodenheim, M., 256, 259, 262
Bohr, N., 109
Bourget, P., 51
Bourne, Randolph, 12
Briand, 344
Bridges, R., 227
Brisbane, A., 236
Brown, R. C. E., 241–251
Brown, Warner, 32
Brownell, W. C., 219
Browning, 177, 256, 273, 279
Bryant, W. C., 221, 255, 304
Bryce, Viscount, 62
Burns, 305
Butler, S., 388

Cabell, J. B., 296
Cæsar, 62, 114, 176, 445
Carlyle, 388, 391
Carpenter, E., 61
Carpenter, W. B., 26
Chapman, R. W., 223–235
Chaucer, 83
Chesterton, 61
Chevrillon, A., 82
Cobb, F. I., 245, 247
Cohen, L., 113
Columbus, 16, 114
Cooper, J. F., 219
Cox, H., 231
Cromwell, 52
Crusoe, Robinson, 114, 358

Dante, 70, 71, 114, 300
Darwin, 83, 204, 365
Davis, B., 107
DeForest, L., 130
De la Mare, W., 256, 274
De Quincey, T., 53
Dewey, John, 12–23, 57, 156, 157, 162, 219
Dickens, 83, 226
Dickinson, Emily, 256
Dole, C. F., 167–187
Dondo, M. M., 252
Donne, 305
Dooley, Mr., 68, 220
Dreiser, T., 295, 296, 298, 302
Dryden, 226

Edwards, A., 335
Einstein, A., 133
Eliot, T. S., 256, 259, 262
Emerson, 83, 90, 134, 152, 165, 270, 304, 362, 388
Engels, F., 362
Epstein, P. S., 107–112
Eucken, R., 358

Ferrero, 388
Fessenden, 130
Firkins, C., 286
Fletcher, H., 57, 59
Fletcher, J. G., 256, 259, 261, 264, 275
Ford, H. J., 358–376
Ford, P. L., 63
Fort, P., 256
Fourier, 363
Franklin, 62–63, 65, 83, 386
Freud, S., 253
Frost, R., 256, 259, 264, 273

Galsworthy, J., 75–89
George, Lloyd, 344, 345, 356

George, W. L., 295, 296, 312
Gladstone, 78, 83
Goethe, 4, 152
Gordon, A. C., 24
Grant, U. S., 52, 83

Haeckel, 174–175
Hall, Fitzedward, 221
Hall, N., 422
Hamilton, A., 90
Hardy, T., 83, 256
Harris, J. C., 90
Harte, Bret, 220
Haweis, H. R., 284
Hawthorne, 83, 90, 365
Hayes, C. J. H., 319
H. D., 259, 261, 268, 275
Healy, J. F., 212
Helfferich, 321
Henry, O., 24
Herbart, 6
Herder, 10
Hill, J. J., 42
Hocking, W. E., 416–432
Hodgson, R., 89
Holmes, O. W., 67, 219
Hoover, H., 391–400
Howells, W. D., 83
Hubbell, J. B., 252
Hughes, Charles E., 146–150, 323
Huxley, 168
Hyslop, T., 60

Irving, W., 90, 308

James, Henry, 83
James, Wm., 24, 35, 41, 43, 44–61, 83, 152, 158, 162, 163, 167, 175, 283
Janet, P., 53
Jespersen, O., 217
Johnson, S., 225, 228, 234
Jonescu, T., 389
Jonson, B., 83, 258

Kant, 107
Keats, 101
Ketteler, 373
Keynes, J. M., 331, 332, 404
Kimball, D. S., 113
King, Basil, 196–210
Kingsley, Charles, 168
Kipling, 337
Kreymborg, A., 259, 262

Lamb, Charles, 223, 225
Lanier, S., 255
LeBon, G., 151
Lee, R. E., 83, 445
Leibnitz, 6
Lenin, 381
Lewis, E. St. E., 40
Lewis, W. D., 67
Lewisohn, L., 295
Lichtenberg, G. C., 10
Lincoln, 65, 83, 96, 176, 307, 445
Lindsay, V., 256, 257
Lintier, P., 421
Livingstone, 101
Lodge, H. C., 71
Longfellow, 83, 255
Lowell, Amy, 252, 253, 256, 262, 264, 266, 270, 271, 275, 276, 277
Lowell, J. R., 67, 219, 255
Lowes, J. L., 252
Loyola, 55
Lucas, E. V., 227
Ludendorf, 327

Macaulay, 62, 71
MacKaye, P., 286
MacOrlan, P., 24
Mahan, A. T., 445
Malory, 68
Marconi, 113, 120, 121, 130
Marcosson, I. F., 90
March, A., 107
Marshall, J., 219
Martin, E. D., 151–166
Martin, E. S., 188, 190
Marx, K., 253, 285, 320, 360, 365–373
Masaryk, T. G., 331
Masefield, J., 227, 430
Masters, E. L., 256, 258, 259, 271, 273
Matthews, Brander, 62–74
Maupassant, 24, 236
Maynard, T., 265–278
Mazzini, 330
Mencken, H. L., 211–222
Meredith, G., 83
Mill, J. S., 50
Millikan, R. A., 107–112
Milton, 67, 258
Monroe, Harriet, 252, 255, 265, 273
Montaigne, 67, 152, 220
Moore, G., 294, 296
Morley, C., 236–240
Morley, J., 67
Morris, W., 370
Münsterberg, 29, 30, 31
Murray, G., 219
Murry, J. M., 253

Nansen, F., 354
Napoleon, 176, 445

Newton, 107, 109
Nordau, M., 388
Norton, C. E., 52

Owen, R., 363, 364

Parker, R. C., 445–452
Parkman, 72–73
Patterson, W. M., 252
Perry, Bliss, 308, 391
Planck, M., 110
Poe, 90, 219, 256
Pope, 3
Pound, E., 255, 259, 262, 275
Prince, Morton, 53
Proudhon, P. J., 359
Pueckler-Muskau, 58

Quiller-Couch, 103, 217

Raleigh, W., 62, 83
Rathenau, W., 321
Reiche, F., 107
Robinson, E. A., 255, 259, 261, 264, 273
Roosevelt, 62–74
Root, E., 347
Rousseau, 29
Ruskin, 388
Rutherford, E., 109

Sainte-Beuve, 232
Saint-Gaudens, 305
Saint-Simon, 363
Sandburg, C., 257, 258, 271, 273, 274
Schiller, F. C. S., 163
Schopenhauer, 1–11, 12
Scott, F. N., 279–290
Scott, W., 305
Seneca, 9
Shakespeare, 83, 258
Shaw, G. B., 60, 61
Sherman, S. P., 291–307
Showerman, G., 308–318
Sidney, P., 62, 285
Sill, E. R., 255
Skeat, W. W., 213
Slosson, E. E., 97–106
Smuts, J. C., 90–96, 328, 339
Sommerfeld, A., 107, 108
Spargo, J., 358
Spencer, 83
Spenser, 83, 303
Spingarn, J. E., 295, 298, 302
Spinoza, 6
Squier, G. O., 113, 118, 120–121, 131
Stephens, M., 72
Stevens, W., 256, 259, 272
Stinnes, H., 330
Strother, F., 113–133
Sunday, W. A., 189, 190
Swaney, W. B., 377
Sweet, H., 219
Sweetser, 335–357
Swift, E. J., 24–43
Swift, Jonathan, 226

Taylor, Bayard, 221
Teasdale, S., 260
Tennyson, 44, 68, 105, 273
Thackeray, 83
Thoreau, 308, 362
Thorndike, E. L., 38, 401–415
Trollope, A., 226
Trotzky, 381
Tucker, G. M., 212
Twain, Mark, 83, 219
Tyndall, 179

Untermeyer, L., 252, 253, 255, 265

Van Dyke, Henry, 308

Wallas, G., 428
Walpole, Hugh, 238
Washington, 83, 90, 96, 386
Wells, H. G., 61
Whibley, C. W., 211
White, R. G., 221
Whitman, 71, 83, 152, 253, 255, 273, 303, 391
Whittier, 83
Wilkinson, M., 252
Williamson, T. R., 453–463
Wilson, H. B., 443
Wilson, P. W., 75
Wilson, Woodrow, 62, 90–96, 218, 326, 328, 346
Winthrop, J., 291
Wordsworth, 271

Zimmern, A., 319–334